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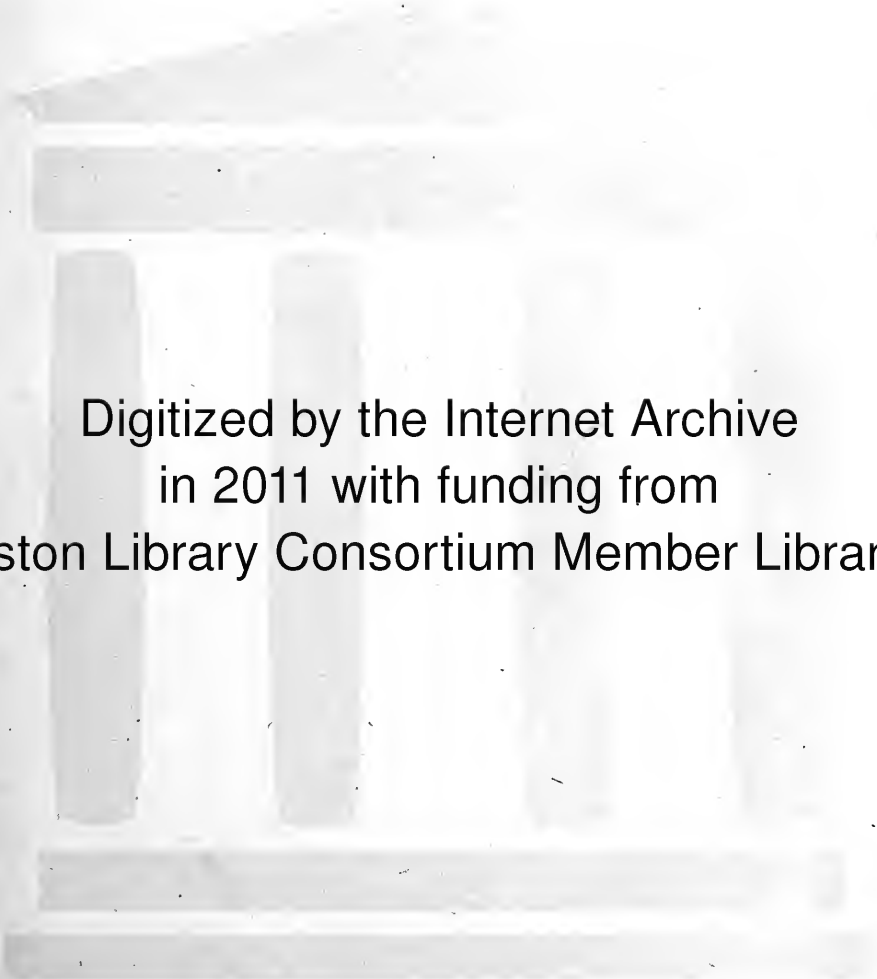
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OUTING.

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OF

SPORT, TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

VOL. XXXIII.

OCTOBER, 1898—MARCH, 1899.

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BEN J. WORMAN, }

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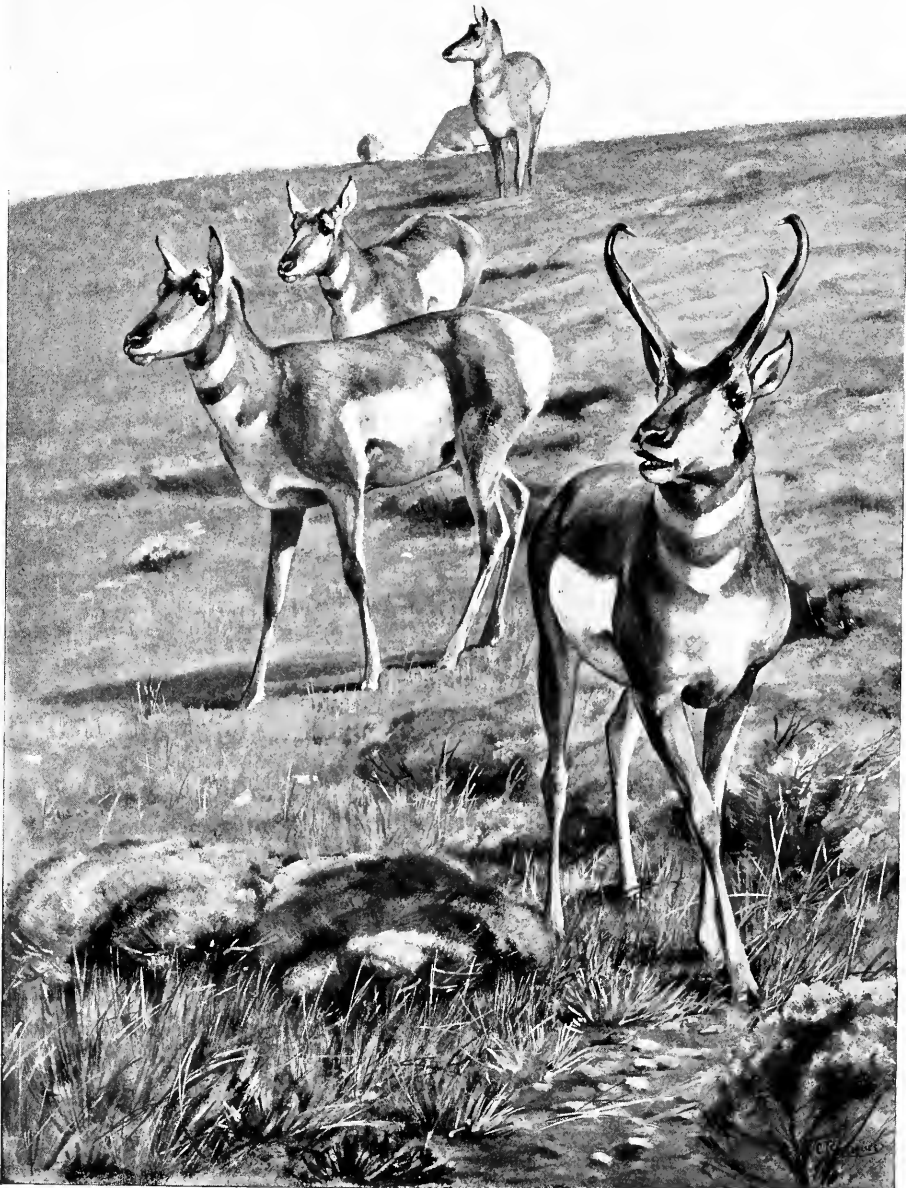
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Painted for OUTING by C. Rungius.

See "A Day with the Pronghorns." (pp. 53-57.)

"CURIOSITY IS HIS MOST FATAL POSSESSION."

OUTING.

VOL. XXXIII.

OCTOBER, 1898.

No. 1.

OCTOBER DUCK-SHOOTING.

BY J. DAY KNAP



IT was late in October. On the previous day half a gale of wind had blown from the north, bringing down the mercury to near freezing, and, dying out about sundown, had left the air clear and the sky cloudless, with a glorious full moon throwing its silver radiance on sleeping hillside and silent river.

The town clock was slowly striking five, everything had a coating of white frost, and we were both glad to bend to the paddles.

An hour's work brought us to Van Orden's Point, four miles down the river, which marks the northern end of the Embocht Bay, called the "Buff," for short. This is a sheet of water perhaps two miles long and three-quarters wide, covered with eel-grass at low tide, and dotted by clumps of rushes.

North of this point, on the same side of the river, there stretch flats abounding in wild rice, and bordered on the west by heavily wooded swamps, which are cut up by little creeks filled with lilies and grass, great spots for wood-duck in September and mallard later on.

Day was just breaking when we landed, and George, taking a pair of field-glasses, climbed up to a projecting ledge of rock from which an excellent view could be had.

I had just lighted my pipe and was preparing to heat some coffee when George slid down from the rocks and hustling me into the boat pushed her off. He then explained, while, with two paddles out, we were going at a good clip, that there was a flock of six black duck feeding in the rushes about half way down the bay.

Keeping both paddles working until the ducks could be seen with the naked eye, I stopped to get my guns ready, while George commenced to "creep" on the unsuspecting flock.

We had fastened on the bow a cross-piece, in which flat cedar was placed to conceal our movements when seated low in the boat and the ducks were directly in front. This is called a "battery."

My armament consisted of three guns—an eight-gauge, a ten-gauge hammerless, and a light twelve for shooting cripples. I used the number eight for long shots or at flocks, and the hammerless at short range.

We were now getting pretty close to the birds, and as they came together the report of the old eight echoed among the hills. Through the smoke I could see some of the ducks flapping about on the water, and sent the other barrel in. Three, although slightly wounded, rose, and picking up the ten-gauge I killed one of them before they were out of range.

We then paddled down to Post's Point, a large rock which extends out into the water, and affords an excellent vantage ground from which a good lookout can be kept. The view that met our eyes on gaining the summit was glorious.

To the north the shore extended in a big semi-circle, ending in the high and heavily wooded bluff, Van Orden's



Painted for OUTFITTING by James L. Weston.

A MORNING AT LAKE ST. CLAIR.

A last word at starting—"Bring me some matches!"

Point; the mist was rising from the lilies and grass, while the foliage on the banks glowed red and gold in the slanting rays of the rising sun. To the west and south the lofty range of the Catskills stood out in bold relief against the clear sky, with a soft line of white fog clothing their summits.

I was brought back to earth again from my momentary enjoyment of the scenery by an exclamation from George, and looking out over the bay saw a flock of twenty black duck with their wings set and apparently going to strike the water in front of the point. They kept us in suspense by circling and scaling, as if not quite certain of their surroundings, until they lit finally about three hundred yards away.

Quietly we stole to the boat, pushed

ously, entirely unconscious of our presence.

I had been lying so low in the boat that, when George whispered, "Now's your time," I raised myself slowly, not knowing what to expect. With my eye along the barrel of the big eight, I reached a position where it was possible to see over the battery, and there, at a distance of forty yards, sat six ducks in a little round bunch, while a seventh was feeding a few feet away from them.

A quick sight, a loud report, and then the sunlight shone on the glistening bodies and red legs of two black ducks as they sprung into view above the smoke. Another report, and only one of the seven joined the rest of the flock that was making record time down the bay.



RECONNOITERING WITH FIELD-GLASSES.

off and started creeping. The ducks, however, began to spread out, and soon were so scattered that the ones on either end of the flock could see the sides of our boat; and, with a muttered malediction on the whole duck tribe in general and this flock in particular, George was obliged to stop paddling, as the slightest movement of his arms could be seen and might put them up.

At last, tired of waiting, and aided by a light breeze on the quarter, he managed to shove the boat sideways, and worked her up on one end of the bunch, seven of which had become separated from the rest and were feeding industri-

ously. There lay six, with hardly the movement of a feather. "Slaughter" some might say, but let him who says slaughter come up the river and if, after a week's trial (and it will be a trial of his patience), he still holds this opinion, I will have nothing more to say.

Here the ducks have everything in their favor, open water with little or no cover to hide the hunter's approach; and, if he be a novice, they will have plenty of time to seek safety in flight.

It is rather amusing to watch a novice creeping. His boat travels in a jerky manner, rolling from side to side with his exertions to "get there quick." He



"OUR BATTERY."

strikes his boat with every stroke of the paddle, and is continually looking over the battery to see if the ducks are still there. When they jump, which generally happens at a distance of about one hundred yards or more, he curses his luck, and wonders what on earth could have scared them up.

Mark the experienced hunter in a similar situation; his boat moves along slowly on a perfectly even keel, there is not a splash, not a sound, there is no movement of the apparently harmless bunch of cedar as it comes steadily toward the unsuspecting birds feeding in fancied security in front of him. But even the best of men will fail at times and their patience be sorely tried by having the duck jump just out of range when a good shot seemed assured.

We once more regained the point, where George called my attention to another duck-boat. Its occupant was an old friend and soon joined us.

We then took comfortable positions about the fire, the morning still being quite frosty, and over a light breakfast discussed the ducking prospects, and told of past adventures on this and other shooting grounds. An hour or so later four black ducks came along and lit about half way up the bay. As George and I had reached the point before the other boat, it was, according to the unwritten law of this section, our shot; so we started and, after a long creep, got up within forty yards of the duck, which

were quietly sitting on the water about three feet apart, picking and preening themselves. There we waited for some time in the hope of getting them together before shooting.

Finally, as they showed no signs of moving, I rose carefully, killed one in the water and another as they jumped, with the twelve-gauge, then, picking up the number ten, I winged a third, while the fourth came down to my other barrel.

We threw the four ducks into the boat and then paddled back to the point, feeling very well satisfied. I was destined to have the conceit taken out of me later in the day, however, when a very easy shot at three mallards was missed in a most disheartening way.

The time passed swiftly enough, loafing in the sun and smoking, with an occasional shot to break the monotony, until the sun went down, when we paddled up the quiet river in the moonlight, having had a good day's sport to look back upon and every prospect of equaling it on the morrow.

The next morning I started out alone and five o'clock found me at the mouth of Ramshorn Creek. I had decided to take my chances there in the early part of the day and then shove down to the bay later on. At daybreak the mist was rising from the creek, and it was some time before it cleared away sufficiently for me to go up. Then, getting all in readiness, I seated myself in the stern and started slowly along

the edge of the lilies which fringed the bank on either hand.

The sun had just risen above the eastern hills, and, touching the tree-tops here and there through the swamp, sent long shafts of golden light into the woods beyond. There was complete silence everywhere. The trees were motionless in the frosty air; occasionally a leaf floated softly down to rest on the glassy surface of the water, or a muskrat swam lazily across and disappeared in the rushes on the opposite side.

I had paddled some distance amid these surroundings when, suddenly, on turning a sharp bend of the creek, six mallards jumped within twenty yards of my boat. The noise they made, coming as it did in the midst of such complete silence, was so startling that I shot at least two feet below the bunch with my first barrel, but managed to point the second where it would do more good, and dropped three of them; then, grabbing the number eight, I knocked a fourth down as he was disappearing over the tree-tops. He fell in the swamp, and, running my boat ashore, I jumped out and started on a still hunt through the underbrush in search of him.

I had about given it up as a bad job, and was returning to the boat, when my attention was attracted by a slight movement in the grass by the water's edge, and I just caught a glimpse of my bird as he dove. Getting back to the

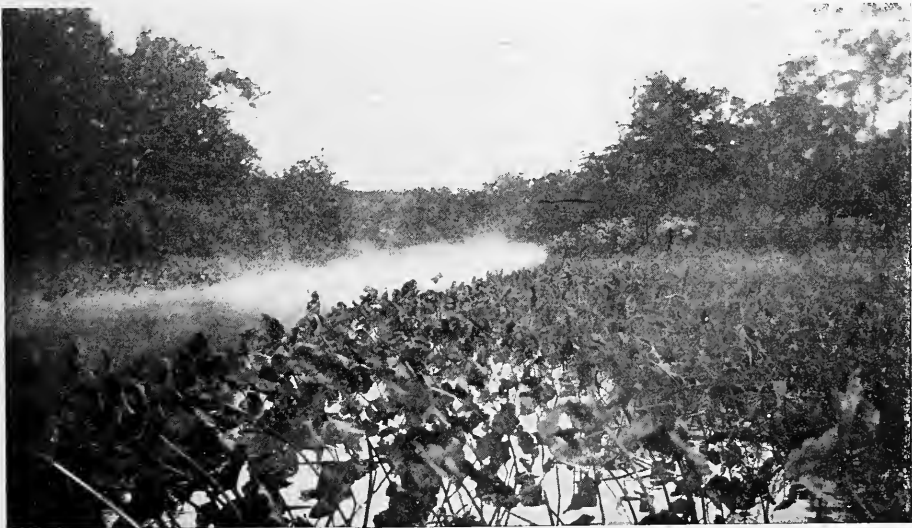
boat as quickly as possible, I picked up the twelve-gauge, and, as his head rose near the opposite bank, spread a charge of number tens over him, ending all his troubles.

I had another shot at a pair of black ducks near the head of the creek, and paddled out well satisfied, with four mallards and two black ducks as a starter.

Standing up in the boat and using a nine-foot paddle, I shoved down through the grass to Van Orden's Point, and remained there most of the day, seeing a few ducks flying, but not getting a shot until about sun-down. I was thinking of the hot supper awaiting me on my return, and that perhaps it was as well to start for home, when, chancing to look off down the bay, I saw five ducks on the water and evidently enjoying a much-needed rest.

There was not a moment to be lost as another hunter was coming up the bay. By careful work I approached within sixty yards, and with the big gun killed three. They proved to be red-heads, rare fowl in this region.

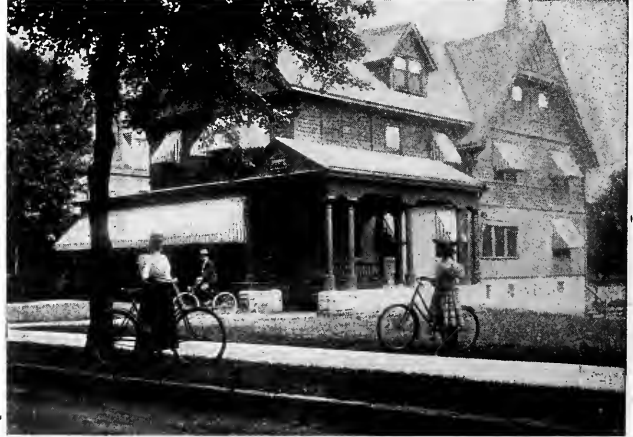
It was getting dark rapidly now, so, paddling out into the river, I took the flood-tide for home. My vacation was at an end, but, smoking my pipe and watching the splendors of the sunset fading over the mountains, I felt that I could return to the city with less regret, and that the memory of these two days would, in a measure, compensate me for many hours of humdrum office work.



"THE MIST WAS RISING FROM THE CREEK." (p. 6)

AWHEEL
 OVER
 THE JERSEY
 HIGHLANDS
 TO
 THE SEA.

BY A. H. GODFREY.



"WE STARTED ONE BY ONE."



"NOW, mi-
 lady,
 where
 next?"

"Well, suppose I give you a really brilliant idea! What do you say to a glide down from the Oranges to the seacoast? I am tired of climbing the everlasting hills and looking upward. Let's go where one can look down on things."

That settled it.

Indeed, past experience has taught the masculine section of our touring club to allow the gentler sex a free rein in the matter of choosing routes, for invariably their instinct, reason, or whatever faculty they bring into service when dealing apparently hap-hazard with a geographical problem, prompts them to decide satisfactorily.

On this occasion, however, we were the more easily persuaded to start our tour from a point in the Orange Mountains, so handily reached from New York, as we were just in receipt of an invitation from our friend W. D. to come out and see him at his new home, located, as he facetiously described it, in "H street, Roseville avenue, Highland Avenue Brick Church, East Orange, Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

Now, how in thunder he expected us to find him, with such an address, unless we happened along about the hour the mail-carriers of Orange were starting out on their daily trudge, heaven only knows. But on putting the question to our soothsayer and trying our hardest to get her mixed up by intimating that there were a multitude of New Jersey Oranges, North, South, East, West, as well as Orange proper, and, for all we knew to the contrary, one or two other "soobubs" named after the luscious fruit, the little lady in a flash quietly murmured: "Take a train to Newark, 'tis but a twenty-minute ride, mount your wheel and pedal around until you discover your friend's 'palatial residence.' When found, return home, and some fine day we will all go out there together and surprise the natives."

It was early morning on one of those days when life in the crowded metropolis is well-nigh unbearable that we therefore started for "the Oranges," with the ultimate determination of riding to the seashore and taking a dip in the frothy surf, if the Fates were willing. We were just yearning for ocean breezes, and, having mapped out our route, we knew that the saline zephyrs would strike us as we coasted down the long smooth roads that lay along the brows of the Watchungs. If we grew weary of this, railroad trains and stations were plenty, and thereby bad spots or sandy patches could easily be skipped.

The conjured difficulties of finding our metropolitan friend in his suburban home vanished quickly before that



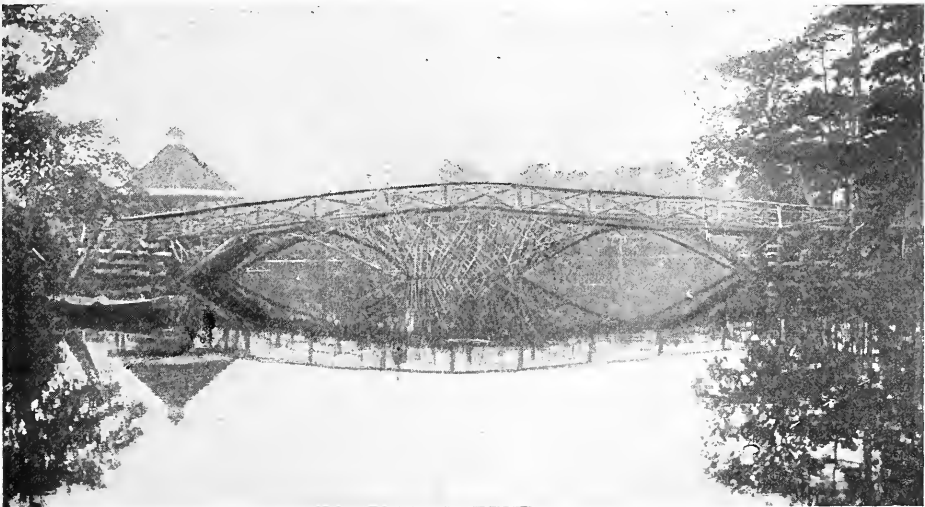
ON THE RUMSEN PIKE.

knowledge of everybody which is so nigh incomprehensible to us dwellers in big cities, and after partaking of an appetizing breakfast at his easily-found Orange home-nest, we, one by one, mounted our wheels and pedaled joyfully along 'neath the stately elms and spreading chestnut trees that border the avenues thereabouts.

Center street and the Valley road were in prime order that morning, and, while we could not linger to study the variety of architectural effects presented

in the façades of the many luxurious mansions set along the emerald ridges and overlooking the charming landscapes, yet we could not help but take note of the more prominent of them. Especially was our attention called to the picturesque links of the local golfing club.

Sweeping around the lower end of the valley, and crossing the Rahway River, which is here merely a trickling creek, we presently drew up at the foot of the steep incline traversed by the Orange



THE BAMBOO BRIDGE AT ALLENHURST.



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

Mountain traction car. This we all perceive must take, our feminine martinet being desirous of exercising her prerogative to "look down on things." The car affords safe passage to the mountain top, but rapid transit was evidently not thought of when this means of transportation was devised, for one could devour a fair-sized summer novellette twixt "all aboard and all ashore." The trip, however, has its delights, for, as you slowly rise higher and higher, some new feature of the glorious landscape, which spreads out like a Japanese fan, is brought into range.

As you rise the Oranges are all beneath you, and tree-embowered avenues leading in a hundred different directions divide a gorgeous section of country into townships, each of which vies with the other in its cozy seclusion and beauty.

The Upper Ridge road and Prospect avenue were both finely surfaced, and took us, without the expenditure of an effort, to Eagle Rock Mountain, the eyrie of that courageous member of the feathered fraternity which has very properly been honored as the national emblem. From this point we looked upon a seemingly endless undulating plain stretching from the northeast to the southwest and eastward to the foot of the Palisade range. Like a streak of

gray ribbon the Hudson glimmered in the haze, and beyond the higher ridges of Manhattan's isle were easily discernible.

No American artist seeking inspiration for scenery combining the atmosphere of the strictly rural with that of the residential need journey further afield than this spot, and indeed many thousands of tourists, artistic and otherwise, come here annually to feast their eyes.

But we had other fields to conquer, and so we tore ourselves away from the bluff and turned our cycles southward. A pleasant diversion was that we enjoyed at dear old Mother Woodruff's well. Here we dropped a genuine old oaken bucket down a deep, cool well, and as it came up fixed the old-fashioned pole with a rocky boulder. Every wheelman knows the taste of this sparkling spring, and the courteous old lady cheerfully keeps her glassware handy for those to use who will.

From here some of our party took the Northfield road and Cherry lane, which skirt the brow of Second Mountain and end at Milburn, and so enjoyed a coast of several miles; but our section pushed on to the road with the seven bridges, which brings up in the quaint old settlement of Springfield.

Here several turnpikes diverge, Springfield avenue being the route made famous by reason of the road races that have been held thereon. Morris avenue eastward leads to the little settlement of Connecticut Farms, where in Revolutionary times the dastard Hessians played havoc with the good deacon's home, and by the murder of his gentle wife made that worthy patriot so enraged that he served out the pages of his prayer books to his fighting friends when their stock of musket wads became exhausted.

The turnpike leading westward runs to old-fashioned Morristown, where quite a colony finds quiet and seclusion. Morristown, and indeed all the old settlements hereabouts, as well as the highways connecting them, bear evidences of the gallant struggles of the patriot hosts in the dark days of '76. In the market-place at Springfield the troops rallied time and time again, prisoners were exchanged, and the place was the scene of many a heart-rending episode. Knyphausen's clumsy troopers, en-

camped in force on Staten Island, used frequently to raid this section, the foreign commander's set purpose being to control the entire plain which General Washington overlooked from his elevated encampment on the rock which now bears his name.

From Springfield we enjoyed a charming ride on Westfield avenue direct into Locust Grove, passing *en route* the "House that Jack Built," where one can, like the proverbial blacksmith, sit under a spreading chestnut tree and hear the village bell. The country round about here is eminently agricultural, the rich arable land being well watered and yielding a heavy return for the labor spent upon it. Anon the extensive golf-links of Baltusrol were within visiting distance on our right, and we could not resist taking a peep at the athletic young and old fellows in bright scarlet coats. There must be some subtle influence at work in behalf of golf, for to a cyclist, who, on principle, never walks a yard if he can ride, it is simply incomprehensible how golfing enthusiasts can work themselves up to such a state that they will tramp mile after mile just for the pleasure of thwacking at one ball, when they might, so far as a wheeling enthusiast can see, have so much more variety by keeping a barrelful of balls on one spot and shying at the whole business, one after the other.

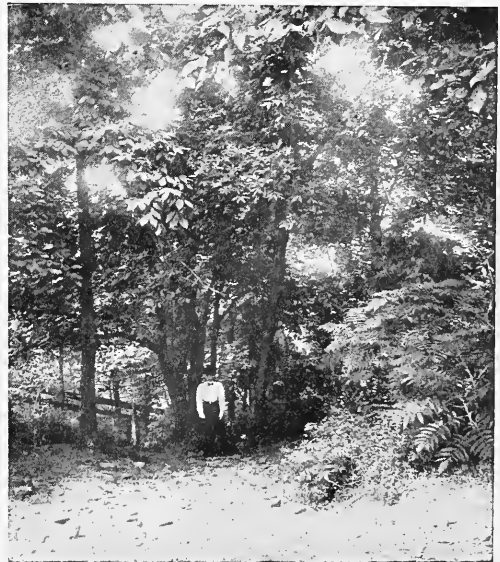
From Locust Grove the macadamized roadway swings inward towards the hills, and, after passing the canary-colored edifice which Uncle Sam utilizes as a Post-Office, dips into a forest of pines, firs and stunted cedars fringing the face of the tall bluffs. Anon the road becomes a wide pathway through dense shrubbery, and later a level avenue bordered by charming estates, where the landscape gardener has been given *carte blanche*, although not to the extent of totally destroying the primitive naturalness of the section.

We rested awhile at Emery's, in Scotch Plains, and from there took Mountain avenue into North Plainfield, one of the largest and best appointed cities of suburban New Jersey. It is a town which particularly appeals to the sportsman whose world is all outdoors. Everybody either drives, rides or cycles, goes fishing, shoots, hunts, plays golf, lawn tennis, or something or

other. And each set has its own clubhouse, the Union County, the Park, the Hillside Tennis and the Riding and Driving Clubs all being liberally patronized. In Plainfield cyclers and athletes of every variety have facilities for indulgence in their favorite branch of sport.

As no self-respecting Plainfieldite would have anything to do with a visitor who declined to visit Washington's Rock, our party, wishful ever to retain the good feeling of the native element, took the Somerset avenue as it winds along by Stony Brook, and climbed through the notch in the hills to Wetumpka Falls and the sequestered village of Washingtonville, which is located behind the mountain.

After a hard climb we presently wheeled out onto the bluff known as Washington's Rock, and found the eastern half of central New Jersey lying at our feet. The prospect was indeed superb. The small villages are so numerous and placed at such regular intervals that the plain resembles nothing so much as a chess-board, with church spires and meeting-house cupolas taking the places of ivory kings and castles. The whole country is splendidly cultivated, and is irrigated by hundreds of tributaries of either the Rahway or Raritan Rivers. In the distance Staten Island, with its timber-crested heights, rests like an emerald gem in the sea,



UP TO THE WATCHUNG.

and beyond it and away to the northeast the blue waters of the lower New York Bay form the horizon.

Leaving Plainfield by Main street, or Front street, as it is more generally called, we found excellent going direct into the comparatively new settlement of Dunellen, Green Brook—a considerable stream, very pretty in places—being kept on our right hand. The mountains were always, of course, looming up on that side of our path, and the vistas presented to us by openings in the cliffs here and there afforded us some charming views indicative of the nature of the country back of the first mountain, where dwell the quaint Dutch and Huguenot farmers, who farm to-day identically as their great-grandfathers did when they

ing as agile as when they started in the morning, we wheeled to the left under the railroad tracks, and so on to the banks of the Raritan River.

The valley through which this stream takes its way is picturesque to a degree almost beyond description. It commences at the foot of the wooded heights which form the southernmost spur of the Watchungs, and seems to come from underneath them, although in reality it takes a sharp curve below the town of Bound Brook. Our way was marked by old stone bridges, which cross little streamlets tumbling down the hillsides at intervals. The foliage all about was of brightest green and most luxuriant, for the greater part running wild, just as it has done for centuries. Young



OUR GOAL.

bartered trinkets with the Indians for their land.

Beyond Dunellen, had it not been for the magnificent scenery which kept us entranced, we certainly should not have wheeled, for, to speak truly, the roads were, after the rainfall of the previous evening, execrable. But we "kept a-pushin' on, pushin' on," and finally crossed the bridge that spans the Bound Brook.

In a few moments afterwards we pulled up on Main street at the Berkely, an inn long noted for its coziness and the excellence of its fare. Here we had intended to stay over night, for we had wheeled a good thirty miles, the masculine assisting the feminine contingent over the rougher spots. After a bath, refreshment and a rest, however, it was unanimously agreed that we push on to New Brunswick, and, the ladies mount-

pine trees rise straight along the upper ridges, and the delicate aroma which they and the flora exhale increases one's appreciation of nature's handiwork. The country on either hand is purely agricultural, and the solid farmhouses seen clustering on the knolls must have been intended by their builders to last for ages.

As we mounted the rising ground further on we got a magnificent view of the lower reaches of the river and of the canal skirting the more rapid stream. It was an extremely peaceful prospect, and as the canal barges, drawn by sleepy quadrupeds of the long-eared variety, swept lazily by, we cyclists must have become imbued with the slothful spirit of the hour, for, throwing our wheels aside for the nonce, we stretched ourselves out under the overhanging branches of chestnut trees



CRABBING AT GOOSE NECK BRIDGE.

and enjoyed a siesta, under the influence of which we voted to take a railroad train out of New Brunswick rather than push on to Matawan over the roads, which were known, or believed, to be

sandy. Matawan, however, was thereby reached in too short order to suit our lazy fit; besides, our smoking battalion had scarcely more than tasted their first cigar, so we remained aboard the train



THE TWIN-LIGHTS AT NAVESINK.

as far as Redbank, by which time we were all heartily ashamed of our sloth.

It was getting late, too, and we discussed the possibility of inducing the ladies to travel further that evening. That they were game hardly expresses their apparent eagerness to continue, but the more staid of our party decided that if they were to take any pleasure out of the next day's run we must call a halt now, and so we had all but decided when some bright genius remembered that old Jonty Smith, the inn-keeper at Little Silver, served clams in the old-fashioned Indian style, roasting them (the clams, not the Indians) on stones, held in place by an iron wheel-tire and covered with brush. Of course, none confessed themselves the least bit weary when it was proposed to ride the two or three miles to old Jonty's place, and almost before one could raise a protest the advance guard was mounted and leaving the lazy brigade in its wake. We let 'em go on, however, at their own speed, because we preferred to arrive in state when the feast was prepared, and, incidentally, we wanted our supper by invitation of the first section. They didn't catch on until the bill was paid, but they got even, for Jonty was solicitous for our personal welfare after the major portion of the party left, and then it dawned upon us that there were a few of the old man's choicest cigars still to be settled for.

So far our trip had been all smiles and sunshine, but when we turned out at Redbank the next morning the rain—well, it was just falling down in sheets, in a manner which indicated that the old man of the clouds had turned on every hydrant in his bailiwick. For a while we laughed at it, imagining, in our metropolitan innocence, that it could not rain as long at the seaside as it did in the city. Didn't it, though! That seaside weather led us astray, too, for it stopped raining just long enough to get us fairly started on the road to the Highlands of the Navesink, when down it came worse than ever, and your humble servant led a water-soaked troop of disgusted cyclists into old Pap Rosewell's cabin, on Gooseneck Bridge. But misfortune loves company, and mostly gets it, too. By and by, while the elements were getting in their worst, along came two truck-loads of saturated

femininity, en route to Long Branch, bound on a day's excursionizing. Whew, but what a water-soaked dry-goods store each of those wagons resembled! No tarpaulin coverings, not even a parasol in the whole outfit, and the rain kept on a-rainin'. The jolly old bridge-keeper's grandsons, young boy Joe in particular, kept things lively for us with their antics. Then we acted the part of a good Samaritan to a water-logged fisherman, whose skiff was sunk to the thwarts, by passing down to him a bottle of life-saving fluid.

The weather had to let up some time, and it finally decided to give us a respite, and then the wailing and gnashing of teeth, as the full extent of the damage became evident, was worse than the shrieking that had accompanied the first downpour.

After a reasonable time had elapsed we pushed on to the Rumson turnpike, which, after an hour or so, dried out in fair shape and afforded us good wheeling to Seabright. Seen at its best this pike is one of the finest highways in the world, tree-embowered its entire length and affording vistas which would be very hard to duplicate. In fact, the whole ride from Red Bank to Seabright and beyond to the Twin-Lighthouses on the Navesink Highlands was a series of glad surprises. In every cove were fishing parties and seekers after the succulent crab, while trollers for bluefish were sighted away off the headlands. The appetizing odors of the toothsome clam assailed the nostrils at frequent intervals, and the salty zephyrs which continually swept landwards from the sea played their part in compelling us to halt for refreshment at the one or the other of the numerous hostleries that stood invitingly by.

Red Bank, appropriately named after the iron-stained bluffs on which it stands, is a spot charming alike in its natural beauty and social environment. From any point within its limits a view of the Shrewsbury River can be enjoyed. Inland the river narrows to a mere creek, and it can be traced as it winds for several miles through flower-bedecked meadows and virgin forests of pine and willow.

Those of our party who sought cool shade wheeled out to quaint old Shrewsbury, and found it situate on a fertile plain and half buried in foliage. In-

deed, nowhere else in this region are found such weather-worn old trees, and hedges and shrubbery seem allowed to grow as they list. The stone church, built in 1715, on a site consecrated as early as 1689, was well worth a visit. Its belfry, surmounted by a gilded ball, carries an iron crown much battered by Revolutionary rifle bullets. The edifice still bears the scars of the flames which the Tories started in an attempt to destroy the place. Two other churches stand sentinel in its vicinity, but neither of them antedates the picturesque old toll-bar at the junction of the crossroads.

Arrived at Seabright the ocean breezes were just a shade too chilly to suit some of the thinly clad, but the ceaseless roar of the breakers excited us to our best efforts, and then came a glide most delightful past Low Moor, Galilee and Monmouth Beach to Long Branch, in the height of its season. This part of the trip was voted equal to the shore ride at Newport, minus, of course, the marble palaces; but the pretty Swiss-like chateaux, with varicolored shingled roofs, steep gables and spacious verandas, made up in part for the absence of the more pretentious mansions.

At Asbury Park we plunged into the surf in company with the more sedate Quakers, Philadelphians and Baltimoreans, and I must admit that the facilities for bathing and promenading are here perfect. And one can have quite some fun in staid old (or rather new) Asbury if you are "on the inside."

Wheeling on to Avon we crossed the narrow inlet where the waters of Shark River, beloved of anglers, join those of the Atlantic Ocean. The riding was only fair, however, through here and Como, but at the more pretentious set-

tlement of Spring Lake, fast growing in importance, we found the going excellent over flag sidewalks past the State Military Camp at Sea Girt and so on into quaint old Manasquan (pronounced Manna-squan, or, native, Squawn). From Squawn we pedaled through Brielle (Bree-ell), a charming settlement on the borders of Glimmerglass Lake, from which a detour to the beach brought us to the wreck of the old Spanish brig, whose hull is embedded in the sand.

Across the long trestle we then took our way in order to finish our tour of close upon eighty miles (actual cyclometer register) at Point Pleasant. Here come annually a crowd of marine painters to put on their canvas the beauties of this seaside resort, and those in search of wild shore and ocean scenery can here find as much as they want of it. The wintry storms force the sand dunes into all sorts of peculiar shapes, and the summer visitors burrow into them to shield themselves from the winds, which blow all too cool, sometimes even in July. The ocean, Barnegat Bay and the Manasquan River afford every variety of boating and fishing.

The one spacious hotel, built of rough stone 'way out on the beach, and a number of cottages afford all the accommodation needed, but the crowd that comes here is an extremely quiet one, and passes its time beach-combing and bathing.

The life-saving station is one of the points of interest, and the museum of wreckage tells a host of interesting stories of the sea. South of this point the wheelmen cannot go along shore. A fair highway leads inland to Burrsville, and it improves somewhat as it skirts the Fetedeconck River, finally merging into Ocean avenue as it reaches the home of the fashionables, Lakewood.



CLARKE'S LANDING.

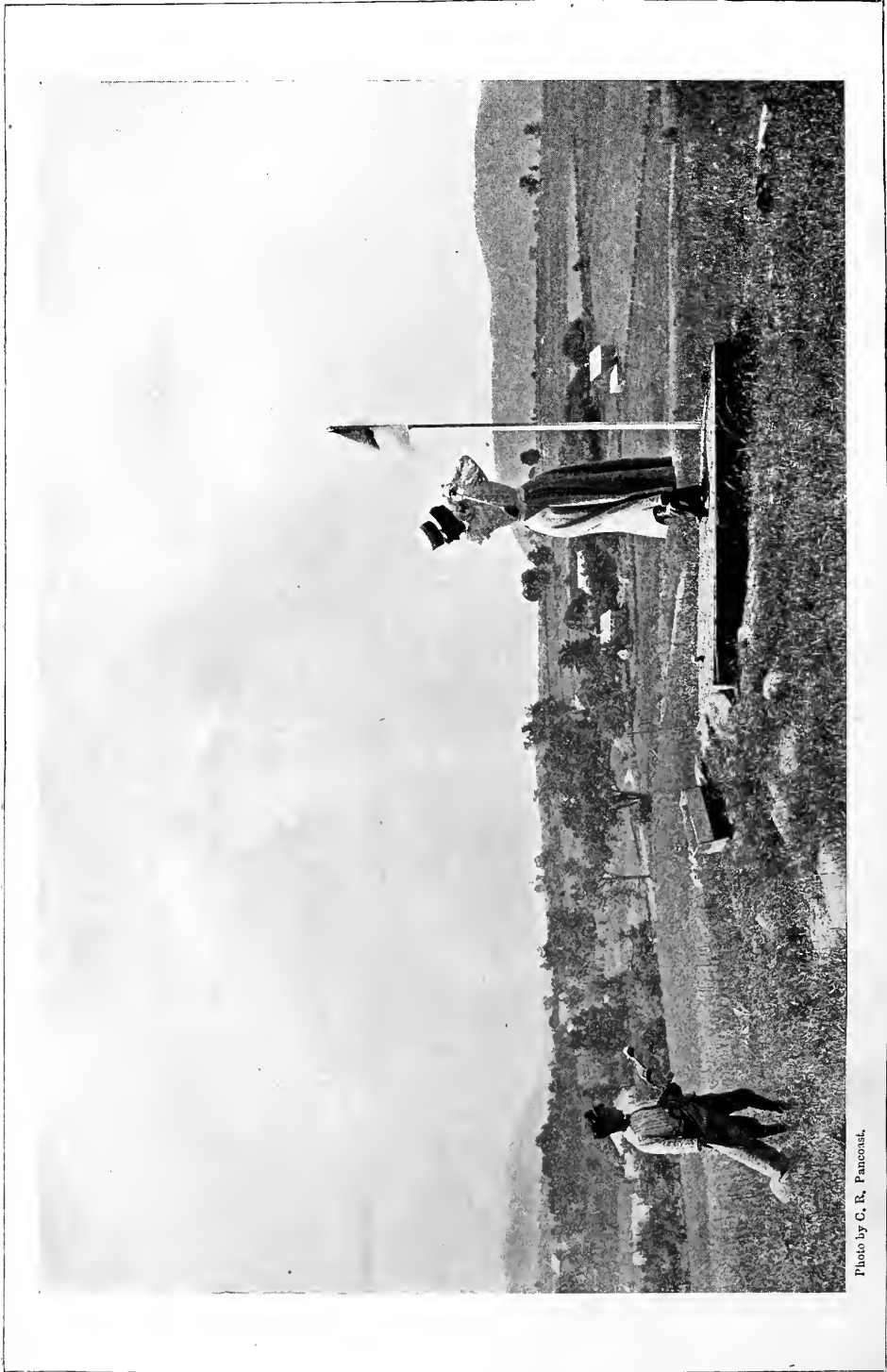
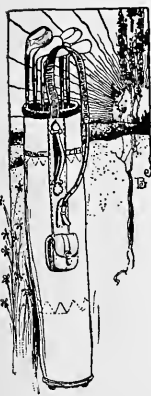


Photo by C. R. Pancost.

"SHE IMITATED HIS STYLE IN EVERY STROKE." (p. 22.)

MISS CARRINGTON'S PROFESSIONAL.

BY M. GERTRUDE CUNDILL.



FOR the end of September the morning was wonderfully warm, and the links were deserted. Young Hilyard sat in the front of the Professional's workshop and polished a mashie, occasionally calling to Thompson, the instructor, in no gentle voice to hurry up. He had come early to practice, and had found a desired club not yet complete. Hence his impatience.

Though, in general, a young man who dressed well, this morning was the exception that proved the rule. His heavy boots were dusty and his coat and collar had been discarded. A corn-cob pipe and a faded college cap completed his costume.

The 10:30 train whizzed past, and Hilyard was idly speculating as to the chances of some men arriving, when the gate clicked, and a girl came along the pathway.

For a moment he felt inclined to retreat as he surveyed the neat figure in spotless piqué. He had not expected such a visitor and felt he was hardly fit to be seen by such a one, but, on second thoughts, what was the good? If she meant to play she would see him sooner or later. And he gave a finishing rub to a club.

By this time the young lady had cut across the grass, and was only a yard or two away from him.

"Good morning," she said briskly.

Hilyard glanced over his shoulder to see if the professional instructor was visible.

"I want you to give me a lesson this morning, please."

Evidently she was addressing himself, and he faced about.

It was an exceedingly pretty girl who confronted him and she carried a bag of the latest pattern, full of new clubs.

The young man rose and lifted his cap. This was non-committal. It might mean to allow her to pass, or it might be in respectful acquiescence to her desire.

"Miss Dawson," she went on, "told me you preferred giving lessons in the morning, and I should like to begin at once."

The die was cast. Hilyard reflected that Thompson was busy in the workshop on the favorite club. He himself was as competent as Thompson, and it was awkward to enlighten her now; besides, it would take Thompson off the much-desired club.

"Certainly—er—miss—one moment, please," he stammered. Then he dashed into the workshop.

"Here, Thompson, there's a lady outside who wants a lesson. You go on with my club; I will take her in hand, and she can pay you just the same."

"Yes, Mr. Hilyard, quite so, sir," assented Thompson, agreeably.

Coaching beginners was no sinecure.

"I am very anxious to get on well," said the girl as he emerged again, "and I want you to teach me all the correct positions for different shots. A few lessons, I think, put one in the right way, and one has nothing to unlearn afterward. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, miss, I do. The ladies here would be all the better off for some."

Then he summoned a caddie and led the way to "Tee No. 1." Thereupon his pupil drew from her pocket an enormous red and white paper "tee" and proffered it.

"Good heavens! where did you —" began Hilyard, but her astonished face stopped him, and he proceeded. "I don't advise your using such a high one, miss. It's better to make your own tee," and he took a little sand, and showed her how to place her ball.

She was as obstinate as most novices as to the way of holding her club, and Hilyard had to restrain himself as he explained why the thumb of the right hand must come round, not down the shaft, and her eye must be fixed on the ball, not its destination.

However, after hurting her thumb, and expending great vigor in beating the air, she came round to his way of thinking, and adopted his suggestions in other small particulars.

The first hole was not reached until the ball had traversed most of the

surrounding country. By that time its form was barely recognizable, having been subjected to sudden "topplings" and severe poundings.

Amusing as the situation was, Hilyard wished he had met his pupil under more favorable auspices. It was quite impossible in his present rôle to be as nice as he well knew how to be. And this was somewhat of a privation.

He picked up the patent bag from its grasshopper-like position, gave it to the caddie, and prepared to follow the last erratic stroke. On the little silver plate the name "G. Carrington" met his eye. Why, the crack golfer who had lately come to reside near must be her father! And he wondered if it was permissible to ask her about it, but he decided that under the circumstances it was not.

"It is funny," said Miss Carrington, as he again showed her the position to drive from, "that Miss Dawson does not stand a bit like that to address her ball."

"Oh," said Hilyard, "no two people teach in the same style."

"Yes, but you taught her."

Hilyard was cornered.

"Well, you see one must let some people do as they can. It's no good following the teacher exactly if the style does not suit the pupil."

"Oh, I see. But Miss Dawson said she liked your style immensely. It was so simple——"

Never having, that he remembered, seen the lady in question, Hilyard had nothing to say, but he wished he had studied Thompson's attitudes more particularly.

And it struck him that the heat was becoming intense.

"Confound it all, I wish I'd introduced myself and offered to help her a bit. It is waste of time following such a pretty girl as mute as an oyster," he thought, as he trudged toward the second hole, having driven for her.

She used her iron through the green with great effect, and ran after her ball, in the pleasure of really having sent it some distance.

"I am improving, am I not, Thompson? Miss Dawson was sure I would play well."

"That's a good lie," remarked her instructor, coming upon the ball at the same moment.

Miss Carrington's face was a study.

"Really, Thompson, I think you're forgetting——"

And Hilyard, for a moment puzzled, almost forgot his respectful mien, and only just checked his laughter as he explained that he was referring to the position of her ball and not to her remark.

"Now, miss, you can play a nice approach shot. I would take your iron."

She played. Then, as she tried for the hole under his instructions——

"You are a Londoner, aren't you, Thompson?" inquired Miss Carrington.

"Yes, I came from there originally," Hilyard ingenuously replied.

"I thought Miss Dawson said so."

"Oh, bother Miss Dawson," thought Hilyard. "I'll begin to think she is my fate."

"But I notice," she continued, "you have not at all a cockney accent. It is so ugly. Still, I suppose the Board Schools have helped to do away with that."

"Yes, miss, no doubt," Hilyard replied, demurely. He could hardly repress a chuckle, however. A good public school and Cambridge after, perhaps, had assisted him in placing "H" correctly. But he was perfectly grave as he turned his attention to her putting.

The third drive was not an unqualified success, although the pupil addressed her ball for nearly five minutes, swung around on one toe, dropped the left shoulder and went through several wonderful preparations which mystified Hilyard until reminded they were due to Miss Dawson.

A chat with Thompson and a little putting would have been a more profitable way of spending the morning.

Then he recollected what fun it would be when subsequently some fellow introduced him as one of the best players the club could boast. For Mr. Hilyard did not undervalue himself altogether. Of course, she would be angry at first; then she would see the amusing side of it, and it would put them on a very friendly footing.

He tried to persuade her to confine herself to what he called "the lazy man's course" and play back over the first few holes. But nothing would deter her from playing across the brook, and a good half hour was spent in trying to induce her balls to go over, not into, the

water. After six new ones had valiantly taken a plunge, three only of which were recovered, Hilyard ventured his opinion.

"Your lesson will be over, miss, before we half finish the course, and you said you wanted to do the nine holes."

"Have you anybody else this morning?" she inquired.

"No, not until three o'clock."

"Oh, then, it is all right. I don't lunch till half-past one," and whack, went still another ball, while Hilyard groaned.

Finally she gave up, with tears in her eyes.

"I can't see what I do wrong," she said. "Oh, I detest this stupid game—and I haven't used my mashie or niblick or brasse yet!"

She threw down her club, and her instructor seized it and lifted the ball across.

"Now you can play a nice shot. Take your mashie, if you like; the grass is long. You play quite nicely through the green."

Miss Carrington brightened up.

"And I really don't put badly, do I?"

Hilyard thought ruefully of the six strokes it had required to put the ball in from a yard distant, but politeness is the rôle of the instructor, and a little ambiguity comes easily.

"Remarkably well for a beginner," he rejoined.

"But I must not be discouraged if I play worse to-morrow, must I?" she asked. "I know beginners generally do well, so I must not be too elated."

Worse to-morrow! Hilyard thought of the morose Thompson, and wondered if he would survive the round.

And then Miss Carrington declared herself tired, and, climbing onto the stone wall, sat down and fanned herself with her hat. Hilyard surveyed her lazily from his recumbent position on the grass, not quite sure whether he ought not to stand respectfully.

Evidently she was a young lady accustomed to being agreeable to her subordinates, for, after a moment's silence, she began:

"I suppose they don't require you here in winter, do they?"

Hilyard thought of the links in mid-winter, and shivered. "No, miss ——" How that word always stuck.

"Well, then, when you are out of

employment—do you make clubs?" Had she asked did he frequent them, it would have been more to the point.

"Not many. But there is the new curling club. I'm in hopes——" He paused before such an astounding prevarication.

"Oh, that they will make you caretaker. That will be nice."

She scanned the surrounding country, and her eyes fell upon the flock of ever-nibbling sheep, not far distant.

"I really think, do you know, it's rather cruel to have those sheep for—oh, obstacles, is it?"

"For what?" asked Hilyard, raising himself on one elbow and dropping the grass he was biting.

Miss Carrington reddened a little.

"Well, perhaps that is not the word I mean what they have to make play more difficult. Sometimes they are heaps of stones, I think, or sand-pits, or something——"

Hilyard saw daylight. "Oh, bunkers, you mean, or hazards of any kind. But what has that to do with sheep?"

"Well, aren't they 'hazards.' Every time I play they get in my way, and I thought they'd be more——"

But at the sight of the face before her, crimson in the effort to refrain from laughter, she stopped, and then laughed herself, as it was explained to her that their use was in keeping the grass short.

"I am very stupid," she ejaculated. "I'm always finding myself out in such stupid mistakes."

"There's a fine prospect of discovering another shortly," thought Hilyard, and nearly laughed again.

Play was resumed after a little by the undaunted lady.

"I wish you would play, too," she said, "for I should like to know how to score when I am playing with anybody."

So, helping himself to her driver, Hilyard drove in his best style, secretly pleased at a chance to distinguish himself. And the distance at which the ball dropped was a phenomenal one.

"How easily you play," said the girl behind him. "I have to take so much trouble, and my very best did not go so far."

And then she got mixed up with the scoring of the strokes. "I don't see what you mean. The like?—like what?"

"Oh, nothing. I mean it is your play. Now you'll have to play the odd. You are behind me still."

"I don't see anything odd. It is only natural I should be——"

She hit hard and badly.

"Play two more. Now I play one off two."

"Oh, dear, it's quite hopeless. No, I don't see a bit, and when I play with anybody I don't know what I'm doing. I never know whether I'm winning or losing. Can't you explain better?"

Hilyard was not, as a rule, "slow to anger," and what he would have blamed in a man he forgave in a pretty girl, though he marveled to himself, somewhat, at his painstaking explanation.

Some distant convent bell was ringing two o'clock, when he touched his cap and was about to retire to the workshop. "Half-past ten to-morrow morning, then, please," said Miss Carrington, smiling pleasantly. "I am very pleased with the way you teach. Shall I—pay you to-morrow or now?" "To-morrow, if you please. Good morning, miss."

Hilyard went in to have a "shower,"

in a very complex frame of mind. He felt rather guilty as regards his deception, and, furthermore, wondered if the amount of pleasure derived thereby counterbalanced the morning's work and a pump-like feeling in the top of his head. The sun was frequently too much for him.

To-morrow morning would certainly find him quietly at home, and the proper Thompson in the field.

But by the time he was sitting at lunch in the cool dining-room, with an extra good salad before him, and a huge glass containing one of Hawkins' best concoctions and lots of cracked ice, his mood changed. Now and then a faint smile passed over his face. And as he raised his glass to his lips he bowed, although drinking a health.

"To our next merry meeting, whatever capacity I am in," he said aloud. "And if the meetings continue I know in what capacity I'll hope to be," he added as an afterthought.

Of course, by to-morrow she might have found out her mistake. If so, his services, he thought ruefully, would be



"I WANT YOU TO GIVE ME A LESSON." (p. 17.)

dispensed with. If not, the chance must not be lost of meeting her again.

Before he left the links, he ran into Thompson's. "Look here," he said, "I want you to keep out of the way to-morrow about half-past ten, in case I should be late. If that young lady should see you first, tell her you are only the assistant. It is just for to-mor-

row morning," and he made for his train. And Thompson, as he felt in his pocket something that had not been there before, hoped the day might come when he would be rich enough to do other people's work and pay for the privilege.

The next day dawned bright and clear, and Hilyard was up betimes and out to the links on his wheel. He had considered the advisability of an improvement in his costume. Surely even a Professional might indulge in a

fresh colored shirt. He had discovered in the glass that a sweater, after all, was not conducive to beauty.

So when Miss Carrington came along the gallery from the ladies' room, she found him in the same position as the day before, looking a trifle more presentable. "Dear me," she thought, "he'd really look quite like a gentleman if he were only properly dressed."

Which somehow seems to disprove the old adage of "the coat not making the gentleman."

Fortunately, for the second time, there was no one about. At the second hole a foursome of ladies could be seen, but Hilyard had watched the start, and, as none of them was known to him, they were likely to cause him no inconvenience.

"I hope it doesn't matter, miss," he said, "but I can't give you any time after twelve. I am expecting a party (this sounded professional) then."

By lunch time there were sure to be lots of men and girls about, and he did not mean to have it made awkward for both of them. "Oh, twelve will do nicely," replied Miss Carrington. "I made myself too tired yesterday."

To give a beginner her due, Miss Car-

ington certainly did better. At all events, the difference was a marked one in Hilyard's eyes. With sincerest flattery she imitated his style in every stroke, and very gracefully, too.

Somehow the line between the lady of leisure and the Professional became less strictly drawn. Conversation seemed to come more naturally, though it was, perforce, confined to local topics.

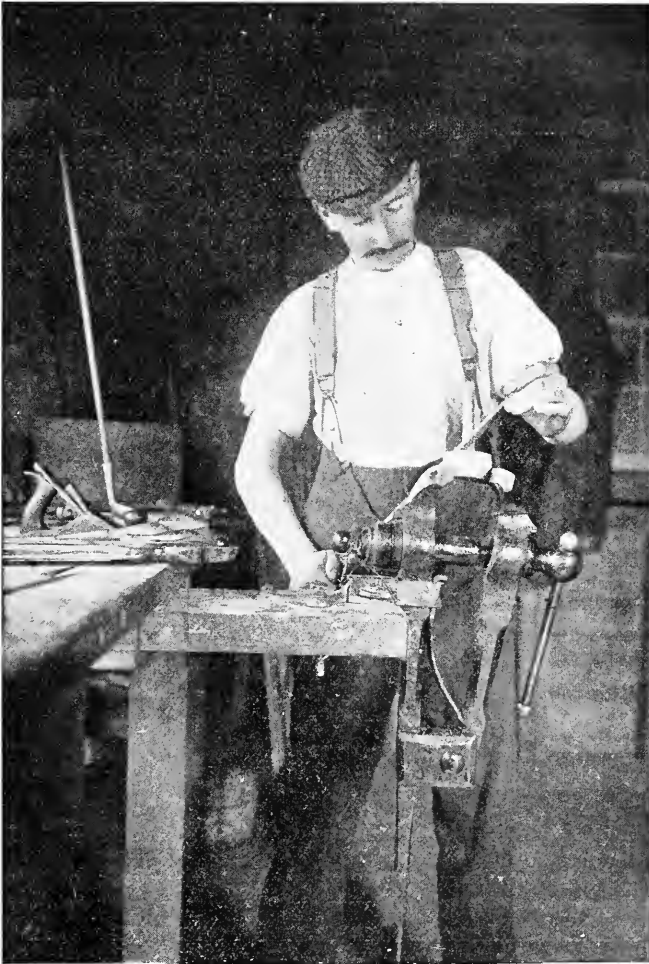


Photo by T. C. Turner.

"THOMPSON WAS BUSY IN THE WORKSHOP." (p. 17.)

As Hilyard holed out, when they were half-way round the links, he made some remark that fell a little strangely from the lips of a Thompson.

Miss Carrington looked up quickly. Then, as he replaced the flag:

"Have you never been anything better than"—she hesitated; "at least, have you always been in the position you are now?" she asked, rather shyly.

"Always," was the quick assent—"neither better nor worse."

Truthfully, his life had been singularly free from ups and downs.

"Oh!"—It was a disappointed "Oh"—"I thought, perhaps——" But she evidently decided to leave the thought unspoken, and she teed her ball quite expertly, and drove a fairly clean shot.

And Hilyard found it imperative to dally over the putting, and showed her many different tricks. Also, it must be confessed, the humble and inferior Thompson would have rendered his position an insecure one had he dared to look so often and so pleasantly upon a pupil, no matter what might be her charms.

They played the last hole, which was before the door. Two of Hilyard's chums had just set off from tee No. 1, but they were too far off to recognize him.

No one was on the gallery, though voices and laughter drifted out from the club-room. Feeling such luck was more than he should have expected, Hilyard dismissed himself as speedily as possible, and made his way to the workshop. It was a realistic touch that would have been better omitted. As he sallied from the door with some new balls, Miss Carrington sped across the grass to meet him.

"You went without my paying you, Thompson," she said, breathlessly. She held a five-dollar bill, and Hilyard saw a loophole.

"I haven't any change," he began; then the gate opened suddenly.

Miss Carrington turned and bowed smilingly in response to a cheery greeting, and Hilyard felt a bang on the back.

"Hello, Hilyard, old man, haven't seen you for an age! So glad you and Miss Carrington have met. I have been trying to get hold of you to give you the pleasure," said "that ass Elmore."

Hilyard, speechless, waited for re-

sults, and in the perceptibly drawn-up figure and cold, expressionless face read his death-blow.

"We have not met," she said stiffly. "I was merely obliged to speak on a matter of business. You are lunching with father later, are you not, Mr. Elmore? I'll see you in a few moments," and she returned to the club-house.

Elmore looked after her retreating form and then at his friend's dejected face.

"What on earth have you been doing, Hilyard?" he asked. "I never saw Miss Carrington so furious."

"What have *you* done, you mean," said Hilyard, sulkily. Then he told his tale.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Elmore, as the recital ended, "for pure, unadulterated cheek! Really, Hil, I can't believe it. And to Grace Carrington of all people!

"I'll do my best for you," in answer to an appeal, "but it will make a poor showing I am afraid. You'd better lunch else where if you wish to enjoy yourself," and he departed.

Hilyard's inward communings belong to the category of those things better left unsaid.

So the would-be Professional for several days felt far from happy in his mind. His susceptibilities had been worked upon in an incredibly short time. He was also unused to being denied anything that might add to his pleasure. Besides, it was not specially agreeable to keep continually coming upon his expupil evidently doing excellent work with driver and cleek, and have to pass by, while the genuine Thompson studiously turned his head away to hide his smiles. And he concluded he was more sinned against than sinning.

Elmore's reports, too, were unfavorable.

"It's no use talking to her, Hil; she's ripping. She told me never to refer to the subject again. And she says, apart from any other annoyance, it has been very provoking to be obliged to unlearn all you taught her."

This was the most cruel thrust of all. Hilyard almost made up his mind not to think of her again.

Golf being the uppermost thought in everybody's mind that season, Hilyard was not surprised to receive an invitation to a "golf dinner" from the wife of

the Golf Club president. Most of the guests were to be elderly, but a golf dinner without Hilyard would have had as much point to it as a links devoid of holes.

Accordingly he put on his scarlet coat and set off, thankful that golf was not a drawing-room accomplishment, and therefore no exhibition of his talent would be expected after dinner.

He was late in arriving and everybody was ready to go into the dining-room. Mrs. Granton was talking to a girl by the deep window-seat, and Hilyard recognized Miss Carrington, with a slight tremor of excitement.

Mrs. Granton greeted him with a playful remonstrance as to his lack of eagerness to join them. She was a woman who always had a little joke or smart saying in readiness, and fired it off whether or not the occasion was suitable.

Hilyard forgot to smile, but muttered some excuse, and found himself bowing, with heightened color, to the young lady he was to take in. She was self-possession personified, for in youth it is never acquired in half measures.

So the procession wended its way to dinner, and Hilyard wondered vaguely how long the corridor really was. They seemed to traverse miles, and not a remark was volunteered by the possessor of the small gloved hand that barely rested on his arm.

Mrs. Granton had worked nobly to introduce an atmosphere of golf. In the center of the table a miniature links was laid out in as detailed a fashion as space would permit. Even some tiny sheep grazed in one corner. The flowers and ribbons were of the club colors, scarlet and white. The dinner-cards were spirited little paintings of players in action; the *menus* fairly bristled with appropriate quotations—in fact, at a first glance they seemed to cater more to intellectual than bodily wants. The dinner-rolls were ball shaped, and the ices later were cunning imitations of the same. Everything of a golfing nature that could be made in confectionery was there.

Miss Carrington was having an animated discussion with her other neighbor, a gentleman of society. At least she looked animated and listened attentively, though the speaker was neither very able nor rapid.

Hilyard sat in silence, and resolved it was too late in life to learn to countenance being thus absolutely ignored.

He leaned forward.

"Miss Carrington," he began. She turned slightly.

"I'm sorry to bother you, but do you think it would be possible for us to address each other once during each course? I don't wish to make our hostesses feel more uncomfortable than necessary. Couldn't you pretend we were utter strangers meeting for the first time?"

"I am afraid I am not very good at pretending anything, Mr.—Hilyard."

"Oh, I think everybody has some instincts of the actor; don't you?" He helped himself to some entrée, the chief merit of which lay in its wonderful resemblance to balls on tees. "I wonder," he continued easily, "why we were not asked to eat our food with small cleeks or mashies, after the chopstick method. It would have been the essence of realism."

Miss Carrington barely allowed herself to smile.

"I think this dinner is a most charming idea."

"Yes, so do I. Originality in any form is delightful, even if carried to excess. Though I fancy the 'Etiquette of Entertaining' or some such volume is responsible for most of this."

There was a pause for some minutes, and both the young people seemed engrossed in the course set before them.

Miss Carrington suddenly straightened as if steeling herself to something unpleasant. "I wonder, Mr. Hilyard—and I can't help telling you that I am a little surprised—that you seem to think any apology quite unnecessary."

Hilyard was a bit of a judge. He knew better than to play the abject penitent in this case. So he looked up slowly at the blue eyes fixed upon him, and said in a deliberate tone:

"Really, Miss Carrington, I assure you I depended on Elmore to express my regret more trustworthily than he evidently has done. But I don't mind admitting to you that I have been a little astonished that you—well, you know, a fellow is *not* highly complimented at being taken for the Professional, and you can't deny the originality of the idea was due to you. I merely assisted in carrying it out."

Miss Carrington broke her bread nervously. Their eyes met and they both laughed.

"But you could have easily explained my mistake."

"Then I couldn't have gone round with you!"

The blue eyes dropped. Hilyard noted afresh the length of the lashes.

"Wouldn't it have been more prudent to have gone without your cake and waited for another that would have lasted longer?"

"It takes a very big cake to satisfy me. But still, I have hopes"

The conversation then became general. With dessert came a lull, and Hilyard, noticing Miss Carrington and the talkative old gentleman seemed destitute of ideas, ventured again to turn the conversation to personalities by observing, in an apparently easy-going way: "By the bye, Miss Carrington, has Thompson shown you when to use a niblick yet? I remember——"

"Thompson has shown me everything," she somewhat tartly responded. "I know the use of every club, from a driving cleek to a bulger brassey. Oh," with enthusiasm, "*how well he plays!*"

"Indeed. Well, I hope he will get you thoroughly grounded before the new man comes. It will be a pity," with emphasis, "to be obliged to unlearn all he has taught you."

Miss Carrington tried to look unconscious of the hit.

"He is a remarkably nice man," she retorted, "and he does not expect to be taken any notice of."

"Seen better days, I expect," rejoined Hilyard; "and then, you know, the Board Schools," he added.

Miss Carrington's chair was pushed out from the table with rather too much vehemence. And she followed in the wake of the other ladies.

Hilyard, left alone with the men, was the life of the party. He told his own new jokes and laughed as heartily at the Captain's three-year-olds.

On returning to the drawing-room he devoted himself to the oldest lady in the room, apparently ignorant of the fact that the youngest one was being bored to distraction by the golfing anecdotes of her host.

Truly, he was a master of finesse.

As the party broke up he found himself side by side with somebody who would have looked demure enough if her eyes had not contradicted it, and a low voice said:

"Thompson is obliged to be in town to-morrow, Mr. Hilyard. So I shan't get a lesson unless——"

She received no encouragement.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind showing me that three-quarter swing with the niblick you spoke of."

It is astonishing how easily a novice adopts the correct phrases.

"Shall I have to call you 'Miss' every second word, and carry all the clubs, and not speak until spoken to?"

"No; you can do anything you please."

"Then may I call for you at ten? I feel I am entitled to some little return for giving over to Thompson my most promising and only pupil. Don't you think so, too?"

Miss Carrington evidently did.

So, after that, Hilyard's friends found he was useless in a foursome, and, in fact, impossible to fix any engagement with, unless the party happened to include——But, after all, that is neither here nor there.

Suffice it to add that the two days' golf Professional plays his new part quite as well as his first one—at least, if one can judge from the success with which the new venture, not an athletic one, is crowned.



THE YARN OF THE "YAMPA."

PART III. FROM KIEL TO ST. PETERSBURG.

BY E. H. L. M'GINNIS.



WITH flags waving and a long, easy stroke of the oars that sent us flying along, we were soon alongside the German Emperor's yacht. We were met at the carpeted gangway by a young officer, who greeted us with

"You gentlemen are from the big American?" On being answered in the affirmative, he said that his Majesty had been much interested in us all the morning. We were ushered into a deck-house of most tasteful arrangement, and there signed our names in the visitors' book and left cards. Stepping out on deck again, we chatted for a few moments, and were shown a little of the vessel, which was most interesting.

Next day Niblack dined with us, and in the evening we went up to the Kiel Yacht Club to see the presentation of prizes by his Majesty. He was in particularly jolly humor, and his speeches of presentation were most happily spoken. One prize-winner, a little German officer, fully realized the importance of the occasion, and was the more easily embarrassed when, with cap in one hand, and sword in the other, he stood ready to receive his prize, a pair of large vases

At the close of the Kaiser's speech, he handed the vases to the little officer, who hurriedly put cap under one arm, sword under the other, and received them, whereupon the Kaiser insisted upon shaking hands in congratulation, much to the embarrassment, chagrin and bliss of the winner and the shouts of laughter from everyone else, led by his Majesty.

The next winner was given a liqueur set and received orders not to drink from all twelve glasses alone; and so a jolly evening was spent and unlimited hospitality abounded.

We browsed around on shore all the morning, and in the afternoon we four went on to Hamburg for a little visit.

We were driven to the Hamburger Hof and were given adjacent rooms. Richie and I went up to Hagenbeck's to look for a pet monkey for the yacht's mascot. We saw plenty of monkeys of all sorts and kinds, but none seemed to look strong enough to stand the climates we were bound for. One pet Richie was determined to get: a baby lion, about the size of a full-grown cat, but as cunning and playful as possible. Negotiations were *not* successfully completed, a fortunate thing, probably, for the health of *somebody* on board, but to this day Richie bewails the fact that he didn't invest in that lion cub.



"ON WE FLEW." (p. 26.)

Returning to the hotel, we all jumped on one of the little local steamers that ply between points of interest in this beautiful modern Venice, where lakes and canals run through the city, and were soon at the Uhlendorst Fährhaus, a large open-air restaurant, where we had an excellent and typical German dinner ordered by "Courier John," as I have been dubbed, eaten to the music of a magnificent band. The stroll through that part of the town, which had preceded the dinner, had sharpened our appetites, and the German beer in Germany was a revelation to those who had not been there before; and those who *had* were not opposed to following their example in its consumption. We returned to town later by boat, and searched for meerschaum pipes, finding nothing that quite suited us. But the day has been a busy one, so we were ready for bed at an early hour.

On our last day in Hamburg we went to Wilken's for lunch, which was thoroughly enjoyed, especially the wine; and in the afternoon we went to the "Zoo," one of the most celebrated in the world. We would have enjoyed the magnificent military band immensely if we had not been caught in a deluge of rain, our only shelter being under a tree. Making a sprint for the gate in a momentary lull, we were fortunate enough to find a carriage, and went back to the hotel, and from there to the station, where we took a "Bummelzug" for Kiel, and at eight o'clock were sitting down to dinner on board with Niblack, whom we found waiting for us. This being the Fourth, the ship was gayly decked out in colors. As stores and ice were on board, we had made arrangements to sail next morning for Stockholm, and bade farewell to him that night.

Our intention to make an early start for Stockholm was frustrated by the information that the second steward had yesterday received permission to go ashore for ten minutes, and was still there. Richie was not particularly well pleased at being kept waiting, so ordered a boat for the purpose of leaving his money and luggage at the Consul's. On our way to the landing we passed him going out to the yacht in a shore boat, looking as if the Kiel air or *something* had been a bit strong for him. On our return from the Consul's his case

was promptly and effectually disposed of, and he tearfully went over the side again with his stuff.

The home cables having been sent off and all being ready at last, we weighed anchor, and were soon running out of the harbor and past the fortifications, with the fresh breeze from the southwest, carrying all plain sails, topsails and spinnaker. The breeze kept increasing, and midnight found us tearing along at our old favorite twelve-knot gait, which she held till morning.

Early in the afternoon we were passed by the huge Russian battleship *Rossia* on her return from the jubilee celebration. Her four yellow-and-black smokestacks were pouring out great volumes of black smoke, and she was going very fast. Many small trading vessels carrying the Swedish and Norwegian flags were passed, their crews gazing at us in open-mouthed wonder as we dashed on, throwing the spray up over the rail in showers, probably never having seen such speed in a sailing vessel before; but then they were not familiar with the dear old *Yampa*.

On we flew, catching occasional glimpses of the Swedish coast, with the waves dashing up against the storm-beaten cliffs. Old sea-captains had told us before we left home of the fearful blows and knocking about we were sure to have in the terrible Baltic, and advised our leaving the yacht near the mainland and taking a steamer up the coast. Nothing could exceed our enjoyment of the trip north thus far. The crew forward, catching the "home-fever" as we neared the native land of many of them, had fished out an old chart and pair of glasses from among their possessions, and were pointing out familiar spots to their companions while down on their knees examining this ancient chart, and very comical they were with their heads together in solemn but happy conclave.

About 4:30 p. m. we sighted Alma-gründet Lightship, and at 5 o'clock we were abreast of it, and much interested in its little light-tower. We rounded to, and Mr. Evans, second mate, shouted in Swedish through the megaphone, to know where we could get a pilot. The answer came back to set our pilot signal, and the keeper ran to hoist his ensign in salute. Hardly had our signal been broken out before a tiny speck of a sail

was seen coming out from the shore, about ten miles distant.

In time the boat grew to assume the lines and proportions of a veritable ark of other days, and as she neared us the fresh breeze and heavy seas thrashed her around at a fearful rate. We were soon treated to a most remarkable performance by a dapper little man in blue, with brass buttons and blue and gold chevrons, rejoicing in the mystic name of *pilot*. Jumping into his dory, he was rowed in under our lee, and, watching his chance, he made a wild "leap for life," as Barnum's advertising agent would say, landing on our deck on all fours. He promptly saluted everybody in sight, and then trotted aft by the wheel to take charge.

To our joy he spoke English, and, after carefully putting a large plate of sandwiches and mug of beer where it would do the most good, he gave the word to drive the yacht for a solid wall of rock in the distance.

As we wondered on which particular rock he proposed to land our blessed ship, a little opening appeared, into which we shot, much to the amazement of ourselves and the entire population of the little Swedish village of Sandham, as well as all the congregated Russian and Swedish yachtsmen belonging to the big fleet of boats moored there and packed in like sardines with their sterns toward shore. The time for celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of King Oscar's coronation was near, and there was to be a week of racing. We were surprised to see so many modern racing craft, but all of small tonnage.

The entrance to the harbor was so narrow that it looked as if we could step ashore or, more properly, touch the cliffs on either side of our deck; but the little pilot knew his business, and in a few seconds we shot into a broader sheet of water.

Then began a sail, the beauty of which I have never seen equaled. The city lies thirty-eight miles up inland from this point, and the entire route is between small islands of rock, sparsely covered by a growth of pine and fir. The very air was laden with balsam from these, and was most exhilarating in its effect.

On the shores of these little islands were hundreds of little Swedish villas,

built in the quaintest and most picturesque of styles so prevalent in this country. Many were built of logs stripped of bark and varnished or oiled. Two and three stories high they were, with many windows and balconies.

Word had evidently been received that we were coming, for people had flocked to the shores to see us pass, each man, woman and child bringing something to wave in welcome. From the windows of the dainty little cottages even the servants were hanging, waving anything in the shape of cloth, from flags to bedding, from table-covers to dusters. Some of the nearer ones jumped into their skiffs and hurriedly rowed out to us, shouting "Hail, Columbia!" with the funniest little accent on each syllable. The pretty faces of the flaxen-haired Swedish girls were immensely enhanced by their quaint national costume and head-dresses, and Theo has decided that this is certainly a great country and he was glad to be here. From the flag-staffs of some places "Old Glory" was floating in our honor, and was rapidly jiggled up and down in salute. It was one incessant dip and raise, dip and raise, while cheer after cheer came across the water, to be again taken up by those in the myriad of boats surrounding us. It did seem as if the entire population of Sweden was gathered on the banks to do us honor. Even the old washer-women on the banks caught the infection, and desisted from their efforts to drive garments through the rough rocks with clubs (*their* idea of a scrubbing-board!) long enough to wave whatever garment it happened to be. For originality of salute, this certainly was ahead of anything yet encountered in our wanderings, but it was so spontaneous and so heartfelt that we were left in no doubts as to the genuineness of our welcome. Perhaps many of those we saw had some Niels, Ole or Tekla in the far-away land across the seas from whence we came, and the sight of the "Stars and Stripes" over our stern may have awakened the memory of them. Never could mariners have a warmer or more enthusiastic reception, and it *almost* took our attention away from the superb scenery which surrounded us on all sides. Just as we would settle back into our deck-chairs to enjoy the views and vistas constantly opening up to our enchanted sight, some-

one would shout, "More girls, Theo!" and then we had to wave and cheer and dip again.

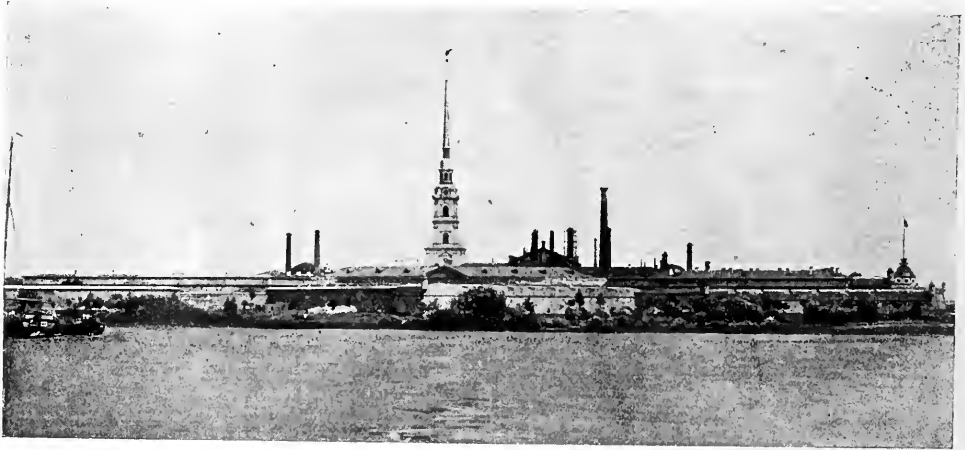
All this time we were under sail, and when the bends in the channel brought the wind dead ahead, we relied upon our 116 tons of lead ballast to shoot us through the straits. The pilot finally told us that prudence demanded our shortening sail, and a fussy little tug which had tried to catch us all the way from Sandham was allowed to take hold about 9 P. M. (bright sunlight). A little further on, we passed through a narrow strait with fortifications on both bluffs. The sentinels stopped their patrolling in wonderment at the great white yacht, and the flag was dipped in salute. The further up the ford we went, the more wild and beautiful the scenery became,

to have no night, as we understood it, accompanied by darkness, but we became accustomed to it, and finally slept.

A more perfect day than the next never was made, and after breakfast we all went ashore, landing on the steps of the National Museum, where our naphtha launch created a very great sensation.

In the afternoon we took the launch over to the boat-landing at the exhibition grounds, and poked around through the many large and beautiful buildings, being especially interested in that of Russia, in which the exhibits were excellent. There was also a rather good collection of pictures in the art gallery, and some very interesting examples of Scandinavian art.

Meeting Mrs. O'Neill, the Consul's



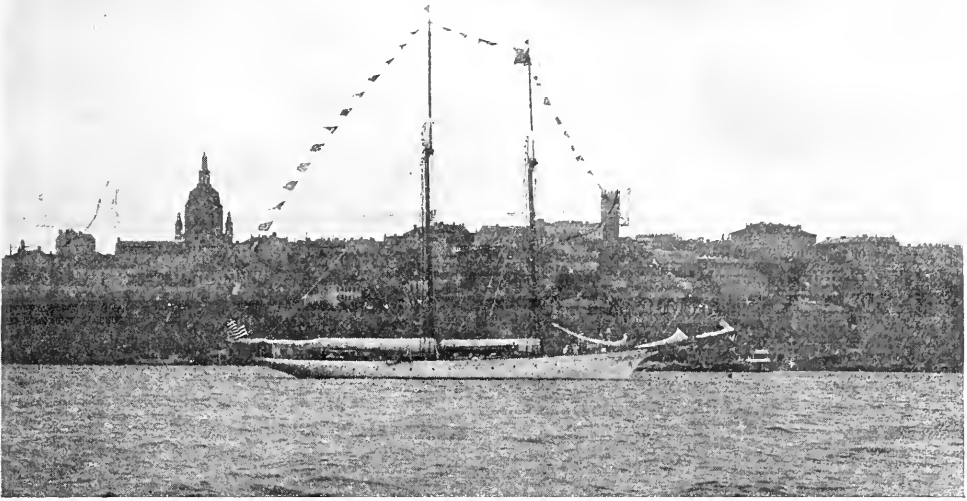
THE FORTRESS OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL, ST. PETERSBURG.

and a little after eleven we passed a large pavilion where people were dancing to the music of a military band, while others sat out under the trees at little tables.

About midnight (broad daylight) we came around a bend, and there lay Stockholm harbor, with its banks and cliffs built up to a great height. A fussy little harbor-master was yanked up over the side, and amid much whooping and shouting to the tug-captain, who managed to get our tow-line well fouled around a mooring buoy, we were given a good berth. We had some difficulty in getting to sleep that night (?), as the daylight insisted upon creeping into our staterooms, in spite of curtains over port-holes and skylight. It seems so queer

and a little after eleven we passed a large pavilion where people were dancing to the music of a military band, while others sat out under the trees at little tables. wife, Richie invited them with their son and daughters out on board for afternoon tea. We had a jolly time showing them around the ship, and enjoyed their glee at the taste of an American "ginger-snap," the first they had tasted in years.

In the evening we went ashore and dined at Hasselbacken's, a large open-air restaurant, where we had an excellent dinner. Richie, however, was the only one brave enough to sample a sort of sour milk soup, served ice-cold. He said it was fine; we were glad to know it and expressed our confidence in his verdict. Looking up from our table, we met the eyes of our friends, Messrs. Bourne and Alexander, of New York, who had just returned from Russia.

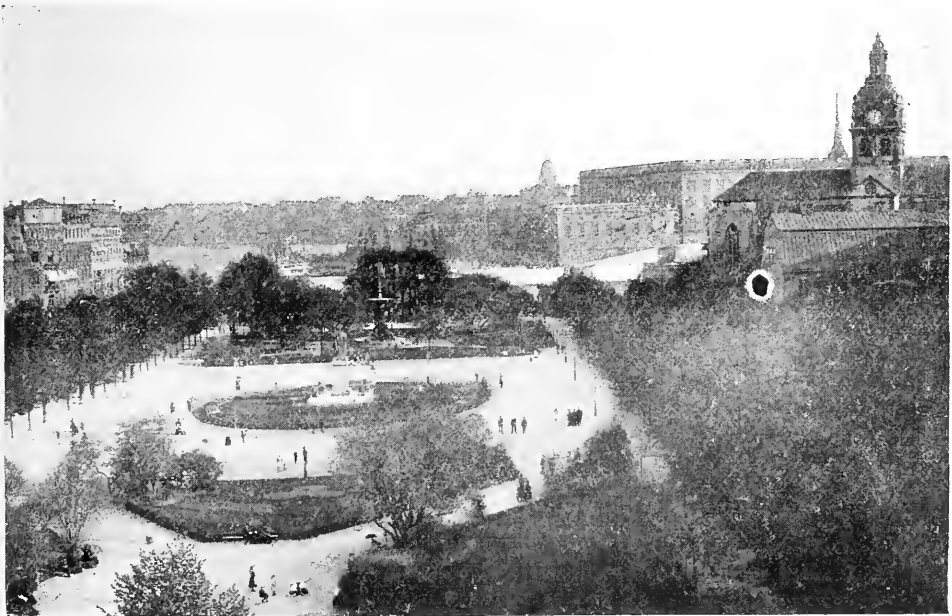


The "Yampa"—A Midnight Photo.

"IT SEEMS SO QUEER TO HAVE NO NIGHT." (*p. 28.*)

They joined us, and gave us many valuable hints as to where to go, and what to do when we arrived there. We were also joined by Mr. O'Neill, Jr., who introduced several Swedish officers of the King's Life Guards, whom we found to be charming fellows. The command-

er of the King's private steam-yacht was also one of the party, and ere long we learned that they were anxious to see our yacht. Richie's invitation having been accepted, we all trotted down to the little ferry-boat that went over to the town, and called a boat from the



THE KING'S GARDEN, STOCKHOLM.

yacht, which, after three trips, landed us on board. Being of a seafaring race, they were not long in appreciating the good qualities of our floating home, and when the inspection of her was finished they were introduced to the subtle and seductive cocktail and "Amerikansk visky." Bourne and Alexander, both being members of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, were soon coaxed into an exquisite duet, followed by a speech in English from the jolly little commander, in which he announced that he would "bring forth some toast" to America, *Yampa* and ourselves, and ending with a Swedish toast that sounded like :

"Min skaal, din skaal,
Alle vockra flicker skaal !"
(My health, thy health,
The health of every pretty girl !)

Not to be outdone in entertainment, they invited us to go ashore for a big supper. Having been warned that a Swedish invitation *must* be accepted, Richie and I said we would go for a little while, though the hour was 1:30 A. M.

We squeezed into the launch, and were landed on a float near the Grand Hotel, being taken from there to a great banqueting-hall in the opera house. The decoration of this hall was superb and the frescoes very celebrated. Huge rafters of beautifully carved oak were above us, and the fittings and furnishings were in excellent taste.

In spite of the lateness of the hour there seemed to be many people dining, and these were much interested in our party as we were ushered in, each of Richie's and my arms being linked with that of one of our hosts. Small tables were hurriedly placed together, and one long one thus made to accommodate all. There was ordered and served a splendid supper, the first course being of innumerable little dishes of *hors d'œuvre* (called *smörgasbord*) only in the greatest variety and profusion. Finest champagnes of rare vintages and famous other wines were served, and course after course came on of dishes, only a few of which we were familiar with. For coffee, etc., we were taken out on the terrace, which, in the fast-rising sunlight, commanded a superb view of the harbor, with the great white *Yampa* lying at anchor not far away. About 3:15 A. M. we reluctantly left our friends and made our way down to the boat-landing and so on board.

Next morning our hospitable friends of last evening came out to luncheon. It is a mystery to me how our busy little steward can so successfully do his marketing in these strange countries, where he cannot speak the language; but he certainly manages it wonderfully well, if our table is any indication of success.

Our guests were obliged to go ashore for target-practice about 3:30, so farewells were said, and they gave us a Swedish cheer as they passed under our stern.

The sail down to Sandham, in and out through the islands, was a repetition of our arrival, so far as saluting was concerned. In fact, it being Sunday, it seemed as if the good Swedes were even more numerous, and they are certainly most enthusiastic in their greetings.

About seven o'clock, just before dinner, a large tug was seen lying right across our channel, with many handkerchiefs waving from it. As we drew nearer, we discovered the "wavers" to be our friends of last evening, Mr. Ferguson and family, Mr. and Mrs. Pakenham (British Minister), Countess Leuvenhaupt, and quite a number of others, who had been down the harbor for a picnic, and had been on the watch for us, knowing we were sailing to-day. Their boat was brought alongside and the entire party came over the rail on board, with the suggestion that we all land on one of the islands and have our supper in picnic fashion.

We hurriedly piled our own dinner, already prepared with ice, etc., into one of the boats, and, taking several of the crew to gather wood, build a fire, etc., we were landed on the loveliest little islet imaginable, and soon had things cooking; while some of us heated the tomatoes, others dressed the salad, and, all being ready, down we sat on a little grassy knoll, and with shawls and rugs for table-cloths, fingers for forks, and ozone for an appetizer, we dined as only those *can* who are surrounded by good friends and are at peace with the world. Ah, that was a famous picnic, and it made our memory of Stockholm the pleasanter.

It was amusing to watch those of the crew who were with us run to pick wild flowers as soon as they were free, to take back to the men who were left on board, and to keep as souvenirs of their beloved Sweden. Who says "Jack"

hasn't a vein of romance under his leathery hide!

Supper being finished, Richie suggested a return on board for coffee and cigars. So ere long we were "at home" again and enjoying our last few hours strolling up and down the deck, explaining this or that, trying to make our friends oblivious to the fleeting time.

But all good things must have an end, and even the cigars grew smaller with the number of our remaining hours here. Reluctantly we said farewell, and the merry party, one by one, were assisted to board their boat, and with a dip of the ensign, a cheer and a salute from their tug, they left us, waving till they were afar, when one of us stationed himself in the rigging with the megaphone, and the toast, "Min skaal, din skaal, alle vockra flicker skaal," was shouted, while the tug's whistle informed us that it had been heard two miles away, as they faded from our sight around a bend. Good-by, dear little, quaint old Stockholm, and may your days be as happy and peaceful as you have made ours while within your limits.

The tug again took us down the harbor a little further to Sandham, where we cast anchor to wait for a pilot.

We were much interested next day in seeing the small boats going out to the regatta. They were all of the latest design, and are thoroughly "up to date" in every way. The rolling-boom seems to be more popular than reef-points for shortening sail, and it certainly does it quickly and neatly. Many of these small boats (20 to 30 feet water-line) flew the Russian flag, and on inspecting the chart we were surprised to see that a chain of islands extends from here across the Baltic and up the Gulf of Finland along its northern shore, making it possible to sail in behind them to St. Petersburg, except for about thirty-five miles, and for small boats we heard the route is much used. Richie and I went ashore for a pilot, but learned they were all on board the racing yachts, and we could not get one until they returned; but about 4:30 we managed to get a pilot, and although the channel was narrow and rocky, the dear old boat swung right about on her heel, and away she flew for Russia, a performance that simply dazed our pilot, who was wildly excited, not knowing how easily she handled. The breeze was fresh, and I

took a long trick at the wheel for exercise. As the Swedish coast grew dim astern of us we are all agreed that we have never left any port with happier recollections than those of Stockholm.

We made a splendid run all night, and toward evening we passed a very large steam vessel, one of the Russian Imperial yachts, with the King of Siam on board. She was brilliantly illuminated, and made a fine sight as she dashed past.

As evening drew near we saw in the distance the pilot-boat, lying a little to the westward of Kronstadt, and on hoisting our signal one of the pilots was towed alongside and came over the rail.

He spoke a little English, and with his assistance a tug was engaged to tow us up to the anchorage off Kronstadt.

As it was after quarantine hours, we lay there quietly all night, and were much interested in looking at the fortifications, as well as the red-shirted moujiks (peasants) in their fishing-boats, of which there seemed to be hundreds near us.

Kronstadt seemed to be nothing but fortifications and great dock-yards.

A bright, sunshiny morning greeted us next day, and we found the weather pretty warm on deck. We learned that the customs boat had been out to us very early, and, finding nobody awake, had gone off, leaving word that the officials would return later. After breakfast we went on deck, and were much interested in watching some Russian lads from a training-ship practicing rowing in a large cutter. The sailor who accompanied them did not seem to be of a particularly gentle disposition, and we had reason to believe the youngsters remembered his corrections.

About ten o'clock the little government boat came alongside, and a customs officer, quarantine doctor and police agent stepped over the rail on board, followed by two of their sailors, carrying a large tin box containing their hand-stamps, ink-plates, etc. The police agent's uniform of Russian blue, with high boots and flat-topped cap, was very striking, and Richie and I accompanied them down to the cabin for necessary inspection of papers, passports, etc. Language seemed at first to be a very serious stumbling-block, but finally the police agent and I hit upon German as a means of transacting business, and we were two very busy chaps.

for the next hour. The big, good-natured doctor was assured that we were a very healthy lot, the customs officer that we would take no wines or tobacco ashore, and the jolly little police agent that we had no proscribed persons on board, so far as we knew. Would we most graciously condescend to allow him the privilege of seeing the list of men on board? We would; and all the names were compared with those in large books they carried, with *other* names written therein, probably of proscribed persons. Did we have any Catholic priests or Jews on board? We had neither. Ah, then it would not take long to finish. Of course, it was plain to be seen that we were just traveling for pleasure, but then the Russian laws were made to be obeyed, you know, and with a shrug and a deprecating smile they went on with their work, stopping occasionally to ask about what weather we had encountered, etc., etc., in the best-natured way possible. One little thing more. Did we have such absurd things as passports? We did, and they were promptly produced, examined, the engraving much admired, as well as the water-mark of the parchment-paper, and, on seeing the visé of the Russian Consul at Havre, they were stamped and returned to us neatly folded.

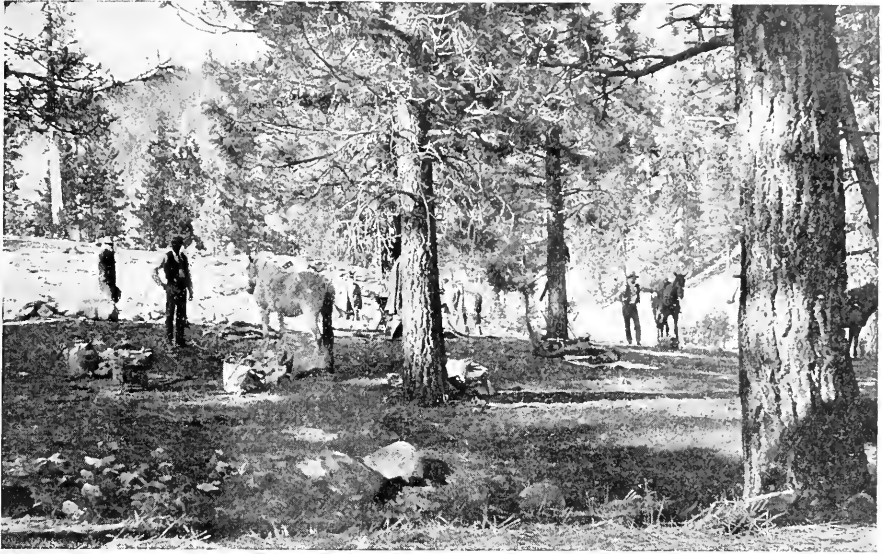
And now, would we permit them to feast their eyes on the beautiful yacht?

And many were the exclamations at the size of the staterooms, and actually running water in each! But how could we carry stores enough for such a long cruise? Up came the hatches, and our great hold of provisions was shown. Ah, we Americans were a great people, and, with a thousand thanks to us for having entertained them with a sight of the yacht, over the side they went, carrying with them all our rockets, powder, cartridges for cannon, night-signals, etc., and our bill of health, all of which would be returned to us on leaving. Good-natured chaps, these, and most obliging during their *complete examination* of us from keel to truck! Really, they were so nice that we were sorry to have caused them any work.

Shortly after, the tug came back, and, our anchor being hoisted, we started for the city, up the Neva, through two long rows of stakes with wire arrangements on top of each, looking like broomsticks in the mud. The current or depth of water is indicated by the way these tops are turned. On past the huge Imperial yacht *Standart* we went, dipping in salute to her, which was returned just as I koddaked her, and many of her four hundred crew ran to the side to see us pass. On shore the great, golden domes of the Russian churches were glistening in the sun, from which our awning protected us.

(To be continued.)





THE CAMP AT TUOHEY'S.

TROUTING OVER THE OLD HOCKETT TRAIL. (CALIFORNIA.)

BY J. R. MOORE.



THE Mount Whitney region of the southern Sierras, with the district lying directly north, including the Yosemite Valley, is perhaps the roughest of the whole of that exceedingly rough range of mountains. It was the favored home of the grizzly

bear, now almost exterminated thereabouts. The very roughness of the country makes it surpassingly beautiful; its variety of aspect, its ruggedness of form and ever-changing color, together with its great forests, in which are found the famous California big trees (*Sequoia gigantea*), the great sugar pine, most distinguished of its kind the yellow pine, with firs and cedars of enormous proportions, and adding to them a valley like the Yosemite at its head and the highest peak in the United States at its feet, all unite to render it a spot almost unique.

Numerous rivers head in these mountains. To the northward are the Merced

and the King, flowing into the San Joaquin, and to the south the Kaweah and the Kern, flowing into Tulare Lake; all following the western trend of the watershed.

In the rivers and lakes of the Sierras there are seven kinds of trout to be found. These embrace four varieties of the rainbow species: the two of the upper Sacramento and McCloud Rivers, one called *Salmo irideus shasta*, the rainbow of the fish culturist, and another, *S. irideus stouci*, or No Shee trout. In these waters is also found the only char of the Pacific Slope, known as *Salvelinus malma*, the Dolly Varden trout.

As you go further south, the rainbow is found in all the numerous streams running through the range until you reach the neighborhood of the Truckee River and the lakes in that region, including Tahoe, Independence, Webber, Donner and others, where, besides the rainbow, which is plentiful in the Truckee, the *Salmo mykiss*, or cutthroat or black-spotted trout, abounds. A number of the streams in this vicinity have also been stocked with *Salvelinus*

fontinalis, the brook-trout of our Eastern seaboard.

This makes five varieties, and, going still further south, to the Mount Whitney country, two others are found, the *S. irideus gilberti* or Kern River trout, and *S. irideus aqua bonita* or golden trout of Whitney Creek. It is of these two beautiful fishes, of which little has as yet been written, that some account will be given.

Should one enter this country from the Nevada side, following the railway down as far as Owens Lake, the trail into the cañon of the Big Kern would doubtless prove the easiest mode of approach. The usual method, however, is to start from Visalia, in Tulare County, California, and go eastward by wagon road as far as Mineral King, some sixty miles, and then by pack-horses over Farewell Gap to Trout Meadows, say, twenty-five miles, and from there into the cañon of the Kern, another day's ride.

We left Visalia on the 21st of June, and, as the snow in the Gap was not to be trusted so early in the season, were obliged to take the old Hockett Trail up the south fork of the Kaweah River, regulating our marches by the feeding grounds where pasturage was available for our animals. Our route, therefore, led us by Tuohy Meadows, Soda Springs and Trout Meadows, thence into the Kern, a much longer and far more difficult journey. Seven pack animals (six of them bronco mules, three-year-olds) and eight riding horses, with John Broder as guide, philosopher and friend, "Uncle Bob," the indispensable, a packer and a cook, completed our outfit.

If one happens to be roughing it on a trail, the companionship of John Broder is a liberal education, while from the view of the vaquero, "Uncle Bob" will furnish the points and the history thereof. Then if it be your misfortune to fall in with such a Mexican as the "Barrel Organ," a name he earned early in the march, a cook that didn't cook, and adding to this a packer who had to look to the "boss" to throw every diamond hitch; with six beautiful bronco mules which bucked their packs off every now and then, and had to be blindfolded, and lariatted both fore and aft, in order to replace them, you would be in the way, if an observing person, of seeing lots of fun.

The writer started from Visalia with "Uncle Bob" on a buckboard over the Mineral King road, expecting to overtake John with the pack-train before going many miles. After reaching the foothills we began to think that John must have had some differences to settle with those mules, for he was not within sight. We pushed on to Dave Carter's, about thirty miles out, where we called a halt.

Dave Carter is from Virginia, and his welcome was warm as he bade us come in. Although the house was filled to overflowing with Dave's family, and could therefore offer us no shelter, it is entirely surrounded by magnificent fig and mulberry trees, which make as good a roof as any camper could wish for, so, after getting something to eat, we adjusted our beds beneath the foliage and turned in for the night.

John and the pack-train arrived next morning. He had had several differences with those mules. The whole outfit on reaching us was in such a demoralized condition that it was deemed prudent to move on but five or six miles further, to the south fork of Kaweah River, and go into camp.

Getting off the dusty road and striking south by the trail was a great relief. We were soon among the hills, in beautiful timber skirting the river, where everything was green and wild flowers were growing in profusion, nodding their white, blue, yellow and purple heads to the gentle southern breeze.

After arranging camp we put our rods together and went to the river for a mess of trout, strictly for the pot. Now, the Kaweah is much resorted to by the sportsmen of Visalia, and is pretty well fished out; for few of these anglers have got beyond the ken of worms and grasshoppers, and they go for fish.

We did not find the trout over-numerous nor of any great size, but they rose to our flies in sufficient numbers to furnish an abundant meal. Pretty little rainbows they were, though quite unlike the variety found across the divide.

Reveille sounded at three A. M., and came in loud notes from the "Barrel Organ." With the prospect of work ahead the Mexican suddenly discovered pains in his interior that could be expressed only in heart-aching groans. He could not get breakfast, nor pull a pack-

rope. Utterly impossible. We were truly concerned for him and believed him to be in dire extremities. A large dose of chlorodyne was administered. He then mixed up about a quart of sweetened flour paste, which he heated over the fire, and swallowed the whole mess, after which he sat down by a tree and groaned as loudly as ever. We had to turn in and get breakfast without him, and pack the animals as well. It was a circus, and we all played clown to the six trick mules. Betimes the outfit was started, the Mexican having saddled his horse and dropped in behind.

The weather was delightful. The forest-covered hills in their richest green of early summer, the ground carpeted with masses of wild flowers, the distant peaks glistening in the sunshine, and the fresh morning air united to bring a sense of enjoyment to the faces of all save the "Barrel Organ" and the mules.

The Hockett Trail was built by a man of that name, under a grant by the Legislature of the State, in order to supply the mining camps in the neighborhood of Lone Pine, some one hundred and seventy miles from Visalia. During his ownership a toll was collected for its use, until the State finally regained possession by purchase. In the early days the trail was kept in good condition. Easier means of access have long since been found to reach Lone Pine, and the old trail has fallen into disuse. The mountains of the Big Horn are almost like pampas to it, and the trails of the Yosemite, kept in admirable condition, seem in comparison like veritable boulevards.

"Uncle Bob" twice led us off the trail, and once with almost disastrous results. A halt was called, but the mules, not understanding our language, crowded up, and one, getting a push on his pack, went ears over tail down the mountain. In his revolutions we saw a wheel going round, showing at rapid intervals, four legs, a pack, two ears and a tail. Why he did not go down three thousand feet into eternity will always remain a mystery, but he brought up with his forefeet against some obstruction about one hundred and fifty feet below, and we finally got him out—the pack still on his back, no bones broken, cut and bruised somewhat, but quite ready to follow on when we turned and picked up the trail again.

For many hours we had been rapidly ascending. The giant sugar and yellow pines, the huge cedars, became fewer in number, being replaced by firs and tamaracks. The mountain peaks quite near at hand were entirely covered with a mantle of snow sending down great white stripes where it filled the rocky ravines on their sides, while patches of considerable size lay still unmelted by the side of the trail. At intervals one saw the wonderful snow-plant, transparent in vermilion, and almost crystalline in appearance, looking far more like a creation in candy than a vegetable form.

The severity of the climb had been hard on the animals. Packs had to be re-adjusted frequently, and no one was sorry, when with the sun well below the western hills, the divide at Tuohy's Meadows was reached. The day had also proved a mule tamer. The business end of those animals had lost its aggressiveness, and one could approach them in comparative safety.

The Mexican had ridden this tough march and was not long in arriving, but the saddle had scarcely left his horse before the groans were resumed. A good dose of cholera mixture followed the chlorodyne; he mixed himself another quart of sweetened paste, partook quite liberally of other food, wrapped himself up in blankets, and was still groaning when sleep overtook us.

The horses were rounded up before daylight in the morning. In the wet places considerable ice had formed overnight, and the cool morning air, suggestive of early December, greeted our awakening. With a bit of breakfast aboard, we headed the outfit down the incline for Soda Springs. After passing beyond the flat of the meadows, the trail again assumed its old ruggedness. In the steep descents we most frequently led our horses, and did about as much walking as riding.

The previous day had tried our animals so severely that we determined to make a shorter march of this. Reaching the camping place about 2 P. M., we selected a beautiful spot where a small stream ran dancing down into the Little Kern River, which flowed within a quarter of a mile southward of us.

We were now on the other watershed, and I was curious to see the trout. Moreover, we wanted fish to eat. The

size of the stream as well as its character, forbade the possibility of any finny monsters, so a 5¼-oz. Leonard rod was soon rigged and quickly shot the flies over the rippling waters. Commencing with the brook by the camp, perhaps a dozen quarter-pounders were landed before reaching the Little Kern, out of which a sufficient addition was made to furnish the requisite "pot." Nothing over a half-pound fish was killed, but their eating quality was so far superior to those of the Kaweah as to command instant recognition. Their other peculiarities will be referred to later.

Throughout our whole day we had been traversing a country of surpassing loveliness. Every turn of the trail brought forth changing views of snow-capped mountains, rocky peaks, dark and sinister-looking defiles, with forest-laden valleys and sparkling brooks and waterfalls. But the wild flowers had almost disappeared, and

grass was nowhere to be seen. We had reached the country into which, in early spring, vast herds of sheep had been driven for pasture. The flowers had gone; where the grass should have been, nothing was to be seen but the gray soil.

In the flat country immediately surrounding the southern end of the Sierras, a large number of French immigrants, mostly from the Basque provinces of the Pyrenees, have settled. They own little or no land, few even have citizenship, but they raise sheep and drive their herds over the country, especially in the mountains, in search of

free grazing for their support. As soon as the grass crops out in the spring they leave the plains for the foothills, and before summer is over have consumed all the grass to be found in the meadows or on the most difficult plateaux of this mountainous region. In fact, they are a band of grazing tramps. One man, three or four sheep-dogs, a small burro packed with provisions, and about fifteen hundred sheep usually make up the outfit. In bands of about this size, it is said, some three hundred thousand sheep are driven into this locality annually.



ON THE MC CLOUD RIVER.

A considerable portion of this region, more especially the northern section of it, is held by the Government as a forest reserve, and within it is situated the Sequoia National Park, instituted for the preservation of the big trees, of which there are something over two hundred thousand on the reservation. A troop of cavalry is maintained for the protection of the

forests, as well as to keep the herders off, but the soldiers reach the mountains about the Fourth of July, going in from the north, while the herders entering the mountains from the south have occupied the country since April, and little remains in the way of fodder for those who come after them. Fortunately, an enterprising Frenchman has rented Trout Meadows, where he has saved the grazing, and charges a small amount per head for animals stopping there. Mr. Funston, who owns the meadows in the Kern River Cañon, has preserved them as well, but he is a lover of his kind, and

you are welcome to feed there as long as you please for nothing. Were it not for these two oases in this desert of fodder, animals could not be maintained on the Kern, without packing in grain.

We had descended to a lower altitude. All the snow had disappeared, and, though the air was fresh and bracing, it had reached a comfortable temperature. After spending a refreshing night at Soda Springs, an early start was made for Trout Meadows. Our course took us down the watershed of the Little Kern, though rarely in sight of the stream. While the country is not so rough, neither is it so picturesque as that of the previous day, and we reached our destination early in the afternoon.

The route into the Kern River Cañon from Trout Meadows was a much more difficult journey than I had imagined. Its early stages were fairly easy, but when we reached the divide the old rugged characteristics appeared, and the legs of our horses were "all of a tremble" after reaching the top of some of those many rocky climbs, where we halted that they might regain their wind. Through this winding trail every moment was enjoyable, for at every turn some new and entrancing scene was discovered, and when the great river came into view, flowing with rapid pace through a cañon that vies with Yosemite in loveliness, we could but stop and gaze. This, however, did not get us to camp, so on we went, struggling up the rough ascents and down the loose and treacherous rocks, crossing shady brooks in sheltered defiles, tak-

ing a peep here and there at phantom-like waterfalls issuing from the sides of mountains miles away, until we reached a spot on the river most commonly used as a camp. After looking over the ground, the conclusion was reached that the grazing was not sufficiently good to hold our animals in safety.

Leaving the Hockett Trail at this point, where it crosses the river by a ford and leads to the southeast, we pushed on to Funston's Meadows, some six miles further up-stream. On the route we passed two beautiful lakes, made by a big landslide which fell into

the river and blocked up sufficient space to form them. Dead trees still stood out of the water in many places, and the huge boulders with broken timber carried down marked a scene of wild confusion in that mighty tumble. Toward the end of our journey the sides of the cañon rise to splendid heights in rough, treeless crags, but the bottom through



NEVADA AND VERNAL FALLS FROM GLACIER POINT

which the river flows widens out for perhaps a mile along its course, and here one finds Funston's Meadows, with grass in plenty, and as charming a spot as one could wish for a permanent camp. Down by the riverside, in a grove of tamaracks, where a rapid made music, we pitched our tents.

There was still plenty of daylight left in which to go a-fishing. Rods, reels and fly-books came from the packs, and up-stream we went. The Kern for a river in the mountains is a large one, though partaking of all the characteristics of mountain streams, with rapids and pools in profusion. It is fairly high

at this season of the year, and carries an immense volume of water considering its altitude. It is without those peculiarities, however, which lead to the growth of exceedingly large trout, by which is meant fish of five to fifteen pounds in weight, a feature which has made the Williamson River of Oregon and the Walker River of Nevada so famous. It carries, however, large numbers of two-pound fish, with an occasional three, four or even five pounder. Quite good enough this for anyone. Then the fish are most beautiful in appearance, far handsomer than the rainbows of the Williamson, which, though yielding to no trout of the Pacific in their rising and fighting qualities, are the plainest of their species.

We had not gone two hundred yards from camp before we commenced taking fish. First, one weighing about a pound, then a little chap of half the size, next a greedy two-pounder rose, and presently another of the same weight. So on we went, until our creels began to pull a bit at the shoulder, when we sat down to have an inspection.

The most interesting feature of the trout of Kern River rests in the fact that it is said to furnish the connecting link between the cutthroat and the rainbow species. Consequently, the first thing to look for was the cutthroat mark, which is a deep scarlet blotch on the half-concealed membrane between the two branches of the lower jaw. In the specimens we caught it was not strikingly developed, though discoverable in all of them. Unfortunately, at this early season the fish were not in high condition. They were dark in color, and over their entire length and breadth profusely covered with spots, much more so than any true trout we had ever before observed. The fish had not as yet recovered from the effect of spawning, which evidently occurs very late in these waters, and their lack of activity upon the rod was a disappointment to the spirit of the angler. Their reputation as fighters, however, is high, and no doubt, later in the year, when they have recovered their full vigor, they will make as merry a struggle for life as any of their kin.

The individuals under observation offered as great a variety of tints as can be found in our Eastern char, and their coloring is certainly beautiful.

Were it not for the faint streak of red down their sides they have little resemblance to any of the other rainbows.

The small scales of the Kern River trout and an indication of the cutthroat mark give him a claim of relationship to the *Salmo mykiss*, while the red streak on the side and the color and profusion of spots connect him with the *Salmo irideus*, and serve to produce a most interesting individuality.

We made our way up-stream, climbing many difficult wind-falls to reach the various pools, and by nightfall had a goodly catch of fish. From their varied appearance and great diversity of color one might imagine they were of a dozen different varieties, but color in trout is often as fantastic as the taste of gentle womankind. We whipped the stream for several days, both above and below our camp, with varied success, taking fish from one-half to three and a half pounds in weight. This largest specimen was a spent male, twenty-two inches long, which in good condition would certainly have tipped the scale at five pounds.

The great curiosity of the region is the golden trout of Whitney Creek, *Salmo irideus aqua bonita*, and this we had yet to see. Some four miles below our camp at Funston's, Whitney Creek flows down through a little cañon of its own into the Big Kern, on the opposite side of the stream, and in order to reach it the river must be forded.

Riding down-stream about two miles, a place in the river came in sight which looked favorable to crossing, at least it did to John, and we took to the water. The footing on the bottom proved the correctness of his judgment, and though the current swept us down a considerable distance and the water at times nearly reached the backs of our horses, we landed safely on the other bank. I confess I was glad to get there. A climb of about three thousand feet out of the cañon of the Kern, brought us up again on the old Hockett Trail, which, crossing the river at a ford some distance below, makes its way through the watershed of Whitney Creek to the flatter country around the southern base of Mount Whitney, where Lone Pine is situated. A moderate ride brought us to the top of Whitney Creek Cañon, where we tied up our horses and proceeded to climb down.

Though the cañon is small when compared with the immensities of the region, it has an individuality as well as a beauty quite its own. Its rocky sides are of volcanic formation, generally of a reddish-brown color, in striking contrast with the granite and limestone of the locality, while the timber within it is plentiful and greatly varied. Looking up the stream one sees a succession of waterfalls of various heights, the one which breaks the sky-line at the top making perhaps seventy feet in its descent.

That it is one of the most beautiful spots in this surpassingly attractive country no one would question. But, how any fish can live in this succession of falls, with water surging and flying over rock everywhere in its precipitous descent, where scarcely a spot larger than an ordinary table-top approaches throughout its entire length anything like stillness, seems a mystery to the beholder. Yet, here is the home of the golden trout.

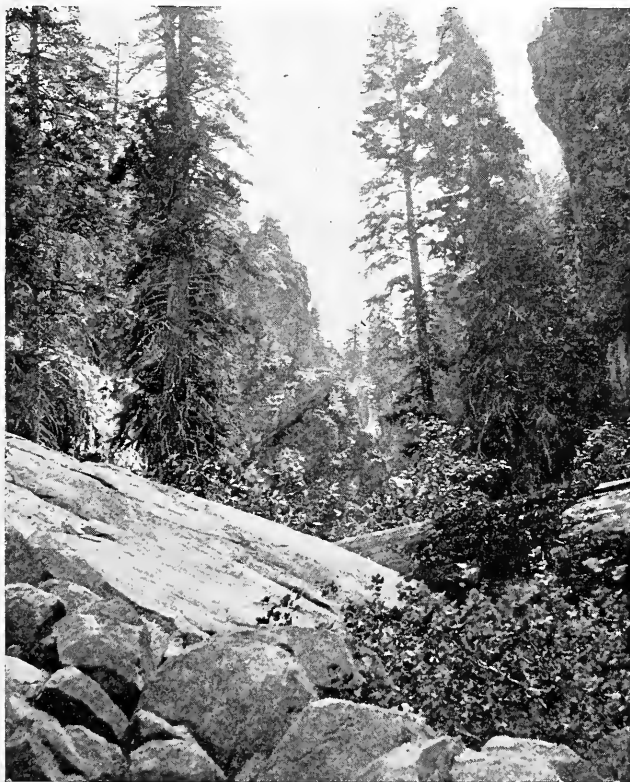
It was a stiff climb down to the bottom, where we put our rods together, and out of the little eddies soon commenced to lift those golden beauties, in appearance the most remarkable of the *Salmonidae*.

In color the golden carp, commonly known as gold-fish, is about as ten-carat metal compared with these, their color reaching the deep orange of old and

pure gold. Their bodies are so smooth as to give the impression they are scaleless. All have the finger-marks so universally shown in young rainbows, and it would seem, if this be the sign, they have discovered the fountain of eternal youth. Scarcely any spots are observable save upon the head, tail, and fins, while even there they are not numerous. In this respect these trout are as immaculate as the sea-river forms or those inhabiting alkali lakes.

This extraordinary appearance led us

to an examination of the water in which they live. While the water of the Kern and the brooks flowing into it was as clear as crystal, and excellent for drinking and domestic uses, that of Whitney Creek was of an altogether different character. It was of a milky appearance, with a decidedly hard feeling and alkaline taste. There was nothing in the weather



CAÑON OF WHITNEY CREEK.

to rile this or other contiguous streams, and the inference is, there must be something within its own bed to produce this notable characteristic. The alkaline water would account for the scarcity of spots upon the fish; and there may be some chemical property in the volcanic rocks through which the stream flows, to produce the extraordinary color they exhibit. In a few instances this golden hue was observed in the trout taken from the Little Kern, but it was confined to a streak upon the

belly, and slight indications back of the gills; otherwise the fish were the same as those of the Big Kern.

After fishing a few days more for the sturdier trout of the big river, where they were gaining in strength and rising with far more avidity, we regretfully took our rods apart, stowed away our angling paraphernalia; and prepared to turn our backs upon the improving sport.

The packer was dispatched to round up the animals in the meadows above the camp, and soon we heard their foot-falls in a gallop, resounding from up the cañon. Leading the band came the six

bronco mules, with ears pricked high and ominous switching of tails. Their long rest and food in plenty had restored to them their amusing little ways.

It required the active exertions of all to catch them and we were obliged to blindfold and lariat, as in the early days, before the packs were adjusted, but, eventually, the cavalcade was in readiness; and as the sun came peeping over the craggy peaks at the head of the cañon, we bade farewell to Funston's and the Big Kern, which had furnished us with so many days of pleasure and of sport.

FOOTBALL.

REVIEW OF SEASON OF 1897.

BY WALTER CAMP.



THE football season of 1897 was a succession of surprises. There is no more general and accurate way of characterizing the features of that season than by saying there was hardly one which turned out as the majority expected, and as those best equipped to know would have predicted.

Even the very detail of the arrangement and the location of the principal matches was a surprise. It was quite confidently assumed before the regular opening of the season that the Yale-Princeton game would be played at Princeton. It was easily assumed that the Yale-Harvard game would be played at New Haven. There was a good deal of friction liable to result from any other arrangement. This supposition was perhaps based upon erroneous premises, but the final result of placing the Harvard game at Cambridge and the Yale-Princeton game at New York was to many not the natural result of the early indications. It is greatly to the credit of the reform in general college politics that the final arrangement was reached without the airing of a lot

of grievances in the columns of the newspapers.

The early material offered at several of the universities was likewise unexpected. With the exception of Princeton, the big universities found a great deal more in the way of promising football material among the candidates than they had any right or reason to expect.

The methods of training offered another surprise, not only to the public, but to many football experts: Pennsylvania going stale, Harvard and Princeton getting too long a period of light work in mid-season, and Yale finishing in the best physical condition.

Beginning with the University of Pennsylvania, this organization under Mr. Woodruff took up their theory of the game where they had left it in the year before, and working along the lines of guards-back in offensive play and ends-in on defense, got into condition to operate their machine with facility and with telling force long before any of the others. Princeton perhaps was closer to them than any other team in early development. By the time that Pennsylvania was ready for even the early games of her season, there is little doubt that her team would have annihilated any organization in the field save possibly Princeton. And Pennsylvania had a special object in view. The memory of the previous

year and the extremely bitter defeat the eleven had been forced to accept at the hands of Lafayette, made the Pennsylvania management determined to wipe out 1896 by putting a team into the field for the Lafayette game which should truly represent Pennsylvania, and should demonstrate the folly of drawing conclusions as to the football ranking of the two teams from the previous season.

And when the day came it was a sorry one for Lafayette. Pennsylvania showed no mercy, not only playing Lafayette to a standstill, but literally sweeping her men back with resistless force, until discouragement was printed upon every line of Lafayette's work. But even then Pennsylvania was not quite up to her maximum of playing ability. The game in which she exhibited to the full her power and the game in which her men were at the top-notch of form, was unquestionably that against Brown. This latter organization had met Yale, and the only thing that prevented a tie between these two teams was the fact that Yale had the better goal-kicker and converted all three of her touch-downs, while Brown converted but one. When Pennsylvania met Brown her eleven defeated the Providence players 40 to 0, scoring almost at will, and giving Brown practically no chance whatever.

The training of the Pennsylvania team was characteristically early. They were put together well before the opening of the fall term, and a careful study was made of perfecting the heavy mass interference, secured by dropping men out of the line. This made an interference of such weight as to be well nigh irresistible. It took time to perfect this, but Pennsylvania made no mistake in judgment upon the point; and while at first the men moved slowly, and frequently even after the speed was accelerated did not get the time sufficiently well regulated to make the play work smoothly, there could be no doubt in the mind of any one watching their early practice as to the eventual success which would follow this method. But with it all came a danger which, while in a measure expected and provided for, it seemed impossible to avert, namely, that of too early development followed by a period of lifelessness which could not be overcome. Remarkably success-

ful until past mid-season, the Pennsylvania team began to show signs of over-ripeness by the time they met the Indians, and the team never fully recovered its pristine vigor. In the game with Cornell on Thanksgiving Day the methods were there and the execution was there, but the life and dash which made those methods successful had disappeared; and three times did Cornell seriously menace the Pennsylvania goal, and the final result was a victory for Pennsylvania by but the margin of a single touch-down.

The history of the Yale team was practically the reverse in almost every respect of that of Pennsylvania. Yale's season began late, and it took some time to weed out the mass of raw material and get it into such shape as to make it possible for the directors of the campaign to determine even upon the methods to be pursued. When meeting the minor teams early in the season there were but one or two occasions when the Yale team showed any promise. The game with Brown, already mentioned, followed by a tie with West Point, made the adherents of Yale look decidedly blue.

It was only in the week preceding the match with the Chicago Athletic Club that the Yale eleven began to show any signs of getting together. For this reason it was impossible in the judgment of the management to go beyond the simplest kind of plays, and there never was a Yale team that went into the final championship games with a more limited repertoire. Just before this Chicago match, and while many were predicting that Yale would cancel that game rather than run the risk of defeat and all that such a defeat would entail in the way of lowering the spirit of the organization, the New Haven eleven seemed for the first time to take on anything like shape. In the few days preceding that match the individuals gave the indications that they had secured the fundamental ideas of the Yale defense and the suggestion of team play in that respect. But once having reached that point their development was steady and phenomenal. After the first ten minutes of the Chicago game the spectators saw that the Western players stood no chance of winning, and the rumored victory that they were to secure over Yale vanished

into thin air. The progress of the Yale team during the next few days was exceptional even in the history of late-developing elevens. For all that, when they journeyed to Cambridge it was against big odds in the minds of even their best supporters. The reason for this feeling that they would have a hard task to prevent Harvard from breaking the list of Yale's victories was not so much any weakness supposed to be inherent in the Yale play, as it was that the very late getting together was pretty sure to be followed by periods of extreme variation in performance, and that at some point in the game such a let-down would enable Harvard to score. As a matter of fact Yale did her weakest playing in the first few moments of the game, and at that time the ball was in mid-field, and Yale had a strong wind in her favor. Hence the dreaded period passed before Harvard had much of an opportunity to take advantage of it, and Yale, steadying down, learned so much football in the first half hour of the game as to make her team practically a veteran one before the time came when she had the odds of the wind against her. Toward the end of the game her superior condition began to tell, and her eleven distinctly forced the play.

The tie game with Harvard and the experience therein acquired was the very best thing that could have happened to Yale so far as her chances with Princeton were concerned. Her eleven went into that game with the well-founded belief that it would take a remarkable team to score against her, and that with a small measure of luck she could wear down Princeton, as she had worn down Harvard, to a point where the life of young blood would be worth as much as the experience of old veterans. The result justified her anticipation, for by the latter part of the game one Yale man was, in point of physical vigor, almost the match for two Princeton men, so that the advantage of form and tactical skill was well nigh obliterated.

Princeton's history was more like that of Pennsylvania, though with much more serious results. The wonderful work of Princeton in her early games bade fair that her eleven of 1897 should be written down in history as her strongest aggregation. By the time she

played Lafayette she was ready to make a test case of that game as showing the comparative merits of her team and that of the University of Pennsylvania. It became simply a question of time as to her passing Pennsylvania's score, and before the limit expired her eleven had more than accomplished this. But from that time on her team retrograded. It was the intention shown in the arrangement of Princeton's dates to keep her team free from accidents in the short time preceding the Yale game. But the lack of vigorous work, the feeling of saving men and strength for a contest in the future told the usual tale, and Princeton entered the Yale match far less fit than when she finished the Lafayette game.

Harvard was unfortunate in the condition of some good teams that were designed to give her interference a chance to measure itself. More on that account than any other, although her team did not exhibit the quality usually shown by a hard-worked organization, her eleven seemed unable to take advantage of Yale's early period of nervousness. Much of her interference was evidently not laid out to meet severe defence of an aggressive nature, and it shut up on the runner and slowed him seriously. A description of the Yale-Harvard game is of interest in this connection and will follow later.

Cornell came late, but was very strong and willing in the Pennsylvania match. Young gave some evidences of overwork, but the rest of the team seemed eager and ready for any amount of hammering. It was not, however, a scoring team and lacked the irresistible momentary dash necessary to complete its work.

Of the matches of the season, those in which Pennsylvania and Princeton played their most accomplished game were unfortunately in mid-season, and hence not with the crack teams—Pennsylvania's game with Brown, and Princeton's with Lafayette being models, save in the fact that the teams against them were outclassed. The most interesting games of the season therefore were the Yale-Harvard, Yale-Princeton and Pennsylvania-Cornell.

It is doubtful if any surprise of the season was really greater than the entire character, from first to last, of the Yale-Harvard match at Cambridge.

It is true that a tie was an unsatisfactory result as it always is. But, on the other hand, it is also true that there never was a game played which furnished greater excitement for the spectators than this match of 1897. There was a high wind blowing from the west goal, in fact the wind was so strong as to make one feel that the side having it would certainly score if the two teams were equally matched. Yale winning the toss, chose this goal, and with wind and sun at their backs began the struggle. After the kick-off one attempt was made to run and then the ball was passed back for a punt. The line failed to hold and the kicker was too close as well, and the pass a bit slow; hence on the whole it was no wonder that the kick was blocked. Benjamin, of Yale, however, fell on the ball and gave the blue another chance to redeem themselves. This time McBride was called on and drove the ball a good 50 yards, the wind aiding materially. Harvard secured the ball at her 15-yard line. Dibblee got around Yale's end for a 12-yard gain, but the ball shortly went into Yale's possession for holding, and McBride punted over the Harvard goal-line. Haughton made a short kick of the attempt to kick out, but de Saulles muffed the ball and Cabot secured it. Harvard worked the ends fairly well and commenced to come up the field, but lost the ball shortly for holding. McBride had another punt blocked and Cabot got the ball. Then Warren got in Harvard's best run, circling Hall for 20 yards. A short time after, Hazen was circled in the same way by Dibblee, for very nearly the same distance. After an exchange of punts, landing the ball near the center of the field, Yale began a steady progress which was not checked until the ball was carried inside of Harvard's 15-yard line. Here on a fumble the ball was lost, and from that time to the end of the first half there was no more danger. Yale had had rather the better of it but hardly enough in the minds of the spectators to make up for the advantage which the wind gave them. It was therefore expected that Harvard would certainly score in the second half in spite of the unlooked-for quality of the Yale defense.

Yale started off the second half with a similar misplay to that with which she began the first half, save in the second

half it was a fumble and not a kick. Doucette secured the ball on Yale's 40-yard line. After some exchanges of punts the Harvard machine seemed to get in good working order and steadily forced Yale back until the 5-yard line was reached. There Yale made a heroic stand and Harvard slightly altering her tactics, the two combined put Yale out of danger. The rest of the game was marked by two beautiful runs made by de Saulles upon kicks by Haughton. Toward the end of the game Yale was steadily gaining ground; McBride's punting, in spite of the wind, being superior to the kicking of Haughton.

To sum up the contest, the defense of each team was superior to its offense. There were many errors made in the shape of muffs, fumbles and blocked kicks, but nobody suffered materially from them. When one thinks of the number of times that a big match has been settled by a muff or a fumble, or an intercepted punt happening only once in a game, it seems marvelous that with the number of flukes that entered into the Yale-Harvard game, not one of them paid any serious penalty. Yale's defense showed the result of the immense amount of coaching forced upon it in the last week or ten days. It was an aggressive defense, sharp, eager and almost intuitive on the part of the line men. Harvard's interference was too slow to meet such a defense successfully. In the earlier part of the game the Yale ends were not up to their work, but they improved materially and before the end of the game it was difficult to determine where Harvard could make a gain. Yale's offense was not strong enough to impress the spectator; for a short time in the first half a series of desperate plunges were able to force the Harvard team back, but before and after that one rally and until late in the game, one could not but feel that Yale was thinking of defense rather than offense. The brilliant play of de Saulles in running punts back and the fierce driving kicks of McBride against the wind, taken with the aggressiveness of Yale's defense, were what prevented Harvard from scoring during the second half. There was never a moment in the entire game when the excitement was not keen and when one did not feel that either side might win. During the first half Harvard gained 193 yards by

punting and 150 by rushing, while Yale gained 250 by punting and only 109 with her running. In the second half Harvard gained 364 yards by punting and 70 by rushing, while Yale gained 340 by punting and 95 by rushing. During the entire game Harvard lost 19 yards and Yale some 42. This was due to the fumbles and blocked kicks charged against Yale. While in an exact record Harvard gained by running only 16 yards more than Yale, most of Yale's large gains were not from scrimmage passing, but from de Saulles' running back of kicks. Haughton and McBride averaged the same distance on their punts, that is, a total of under 30 yards to the kick. But nearly two-thirds of McBride's were made against the wind.

At the match between Pennsylvania and Cornell at Philadelphia a most representative audience gathered, and while they did not expect a close game, they did anticipate some interesting playing. Cornell had been much under-rated and had also been getting into capital form just at the time when Pennsylvania was falling off. This brought the play of the two teams on that day far closer together than any one had expected and made the match extremely interesting. In the first half Cornell played a strong, active, forcing defense against Pennsylvania's combinations, and, in most instances, succeeded in checking the onslaught at the rush-line. But it was expensive work, and the Cornell players were tiring under it. Twice, yes, thrice in the first half Cornell was within striking distance of Penn's goal; in one case within a few yards, but Pennsylvania rallied and held them out. In the second half the forcing work of Pennsylvania began to tell, and, although stopped once by hard luck or a bad signal at the very goal-line, her team returned bravely to the attack and finally made the necessary touch-down.

Outside of the games and universities already mentioned, there were several interesting football careers. West Point made an excellent record, playing a tie game with Yale and defeating Brown, 42 to 0. The work of Mr. Graves was well shown by the quality of the play behind the line.

Brown, although thus defeated by West Point at the end of the season, put up, in the middle of the season, a very good game and showed the development

of some young blood in good fashion. Her best game was that against Yale, with a score of 18 to 14 in Yale's favor.

The Carlisle Indian School did some astonishingly good work, especially in the drop-kicking line. Thanks to Mr. Bull the public were treated to some pretty plays of this kind by Mr. Hudson, the most notable being on November 6th, at Philadelphia, when his work enabled Carlisle to score 10 points against Pennsylvania's 20. Carlisle also defeated the University of Illinois, at Chicago, in an indoor game, played under the roof of the Coliseum, the score being 23 to 6, but earlier in the season was beaten by Brown, 18 to 14.

The Naval Cadets, in spite of the fact that they had no game with West Point, kept up their practice and put a good team in the field, defeating Lehigh 28 to 6.

Dartmouth easily won the championship of the New England League, defeating Amherst and Williams, each over 50 points. Amherst and Williams themselves played a tie of 6 to 6. Wesleyan put up a very spirited style of play, and, considering the numbers from which to draw, sent out a most creditable team. Lafayette and Pennsylvania both defeated them by considerable scores, as did also Yale, but they played a good game with Brown, score 4 to 12, and defeated Trinity 6 to 4, and Williams 22 to 0. Tufts defeated Trinity 18 to 10.

In the South the interest was once more well sustained, the principal late game being the University of Virginia, 12, University of North Carolina, 0.

In the Middle West, University of Wisconsin, Chicago, Illinois, Michigan and Northwestern, kept up the good work. Others exhibited progress. The important games were Chicago's defeats of Northwestern, Illinois and Michigan and her loss to Wisconsin. Illinois defeated Perdue and Lake Forest, but was beaten by Chicago and Carlisle. Wisconsin won her way to the top, beating Chicago 23 to 8 and Northwestern 22 to 0. Nebraska defeated Iowa by a score of 6 to 0, and Kansas State University 6 to 5.

Athletic club football was as interesting as in former seasons, the Western teams getting rather the best of it. The two ties played by Elizabeth and Orange were followed by still another tie in their first game played on Election day



Photo by Gilbert & Bacon, Phila.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA 1897 FOOTBALL TEAM.

1. McIlhenny. 2. McCracken. 3. Overfield. 4. Hare. 5. Hedges. 6. Morice. 7. Minds (Capt.).
8. Jackson. 9. Boyle. 10. Outland. 11. Weeks. 12. Goodman.

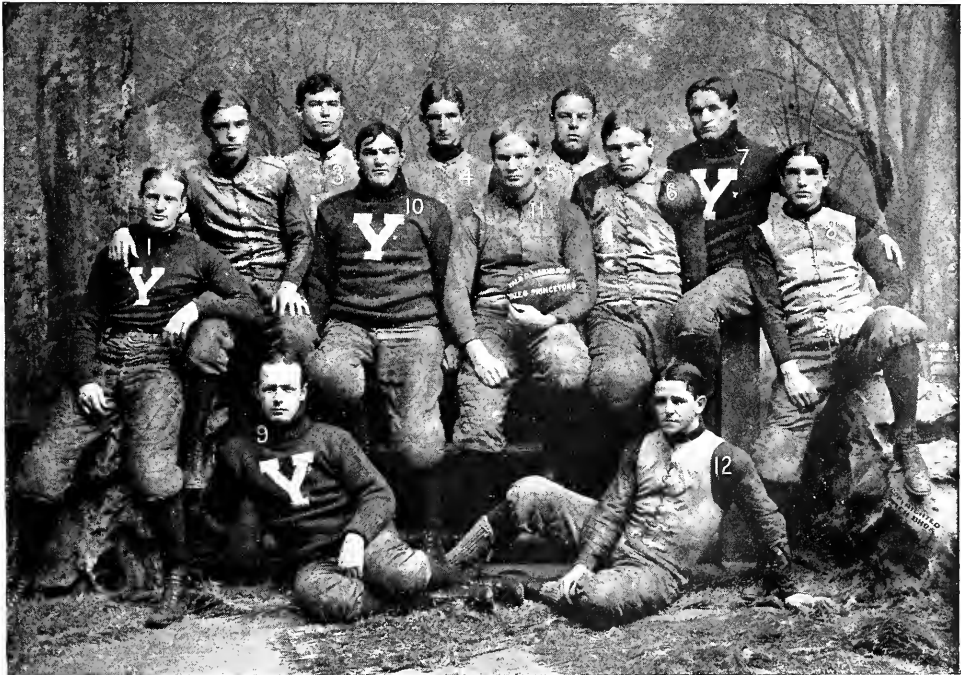


Photo by Pach Bros., N. Y.

YALE TEAM.

1. Hazen. 2. Benjamin. 3. Brown. 4. McBride. 5. Cadwalader. 6. Chadwick. 7. Corwin.
8. Dudley. 9. Hall. 10. Chamberlin. 11. Rodgers (Capt.). 12. De Saulles.

in 1897, the score being the same as the last game of the year preceding, namely 6 to 6. The tie was played off and the matter finally settled, however, on Thanksgiving Day, when, in an exceedingly rough game, Orange won 6 to 4. The Knickerbocker Athletic Club of New York went out to Chicago on Thanksgiving Day and were defeated there by the Bankers' Athletic Club, 46 to 8. On the same day the Chicago Athletic Club defeated the New Jersey

The New York City Interscholastic was won by Berkeley, and the Long Island by Brooklyn High.

The general results of the season's play were peculiar. The advance of knowledge of the sport seems to have been followed by a desire for special local legislation, and the season was hardly over before both Southern and Western players had determined upon appointing committees to alter certain of the rules. 'This in one way will be of

Dickey. Baird. McMasters.
Ayres. Kelly. Hillebrand. Reiter. Booth. Armstrong.

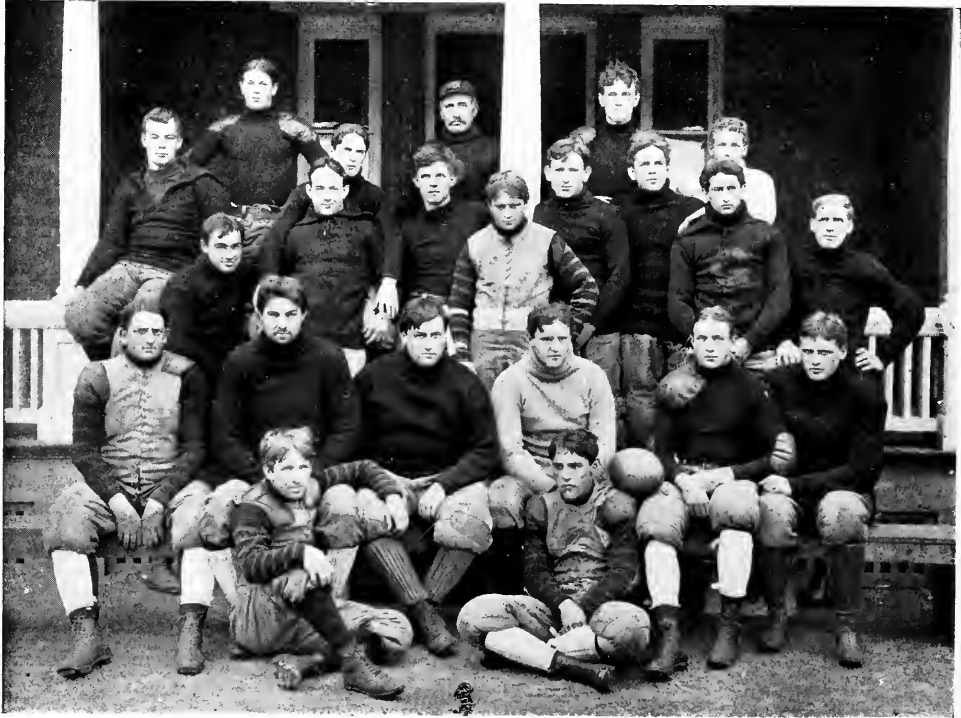


Photo by Rose & Sons
Edwards.

Holt. Suter. Crowdis. Cochran. Wheeler. H. Lathrop.
Bannard.

THE PRINCETON TEAM AND SUBSTITUTES.

Athletic Club by over 50 points. The Chicago Athletic Club had also earlier in the season defeated the Orange Athletic Club, 6 to 0. The Southern Athletic Club of New Orleans defeated Montgomery Athletic Club, but was defeated by University of Cincinnati.

School football was highly developed during the season, Brooklyn High School especially showing up a strong team. Andover after playing some good matches was rather unexpectedly defeated by Exeter by a score of 18 to 14. Lawrenceville defeated St Paul 14 to 4.

advantage to the sport, for it will put strongly before Eastern legislators, the requirements of the game in sections where there have not been such strong traditions or such conservatism exhibited as in the East. While it may interfere for a season with matches between teams from the various sections, it is likely in the end to bring about harmony once more through a better knowledge of the requirements of the game in remoter sections and the final restoration of equilibrium in a single set of rules for the country at large.



Photo by Curtiss, Madison, Wis.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN TEAM OF 1897.

- | | | | | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------------|------------------|----------------|--------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Temple (<i>Trainer</i>). | 2. Chamberlain. | 3. Fugitt. | 4. Forrest. | 5. Hazard. | 6. Anderson. |
| 7. Phil King (<i>Coach</i>). | 8. Geilfuss (<i>Asst. Manager</i>). | 9. A. O'Dea. | 10. Cochems. | 11. Riordan. | |
| 12. Holmes. | 13. Joliffe. | 14. Dean. | 15. Pat O'Dea. | 16. Gregg. | 17. Pratt. |
| 18. Comstock. | 19. Bradley. | 20. Chamberlain. | 21. Shong. | 22. Peele. | 23. Clark (<i>Manager</i>). |



Photo by Pach Bros., N. Y.

HARVARD TEAM.

- | | | | | | |
|---|---|--------------------------------|----------------------------------|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. W. A. Boal. | 2. Chester Swain. | 3. L. Warren. | 4. Percy Duncan Haughton. | 5. G. A. Sawin. | 6. F. E. Norton Shaw. |
| 7. Samuel Lester Fuller (<i>Manager</i>). | 8. Norman Winslow Cabot (<i>Captain</i>). | 9. John Babcock Moulton. | 10. A. E. Doucette. | 11. Malcolm Donald. | 12. George Winthrop Bouvé. |
| 13. Francis Douglas Cochrane. | 14. Samuel Frederic Mills. | 15. Frederic L. W. Richardson. | 16. William Lloyd Garretson, Jr. | 17. Benjamin Harris Dibblee. | 18. W. A. Parker. |



Photo by Evans, Ithaca.

CORNELL TEAM.

- | | | | | |
|--------------|----------------------------------|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|---|
| 1. Windsor. | 2. Hackett. | 3. McLaughlin (<i>Manager</i>). | 4. Smallwood. | 5. H. H. Tuller (<i>Asst. Manager</i>). |
| 6. Tangeman. | 7. C. V. P. Young. | 8. Lueder. | 9. Connors (<i>Trainer</i>). | 10. Alexander. |
| 11. Schoch. | 12. Reed. | 13. Pop Warner (<i>Head Coach</i>). | 14. J. W. Beacham (<i>Coach</i>). | 15. Dempsey. |
| 16. Perkins. | 17. Tracy. | 18. Riotte. | 19. Hill. | 20. Paville. |
| 21. Whiting. | 22. McKeever (<i>Captain</i>). | 23. G. H. Young. | 24. Lee. | 25. Wilson. |
| | | 26. Grimshaw. | | |



Photo by Pach Bros., N. Y.

WEST POINT TEAM.

- | | | | | | | | |
|-------------|-------------|--------------------------------|--------------|----------------------|---------------|-------------------------------------|------------|
| 1. Koehler. | 2. Ennis. | 3. Foy. | 4. Brown. | 5. Scott. | 6. Humphreys. | 7. Kromer (<i>Captain, 1898</i>). | 8. Wooten. |
| 9. Heidt. | 10. Scales. | 11. Nesbit (<i>Captain</i>). | 12. Waldron. | 13. E. H. Humphreys. | 14. Williams. | 15. Romeyn. | |



A Day with The Pronghorns

BY FRANK H. MAYER.

ANTELOPE-HUNTING is uncertain work. Given a favorite range, the best possible conditions of wind, weather and light, assuming skill and experience in their pursuit, and in the use of rifle and field-glass, there yet remains that indefinable element called "luck," which plays such an important part in sport.

Often, under such conditions, whole days will be barren of results other than hours of useless crawling on hands and knees through spiny cactus and stinging nettles that are such a constant quantity on Colorado's sandy antelope barrens. Nor is it conducive to a chaste style of expression to hear, just as you raise your sights in the forlorn hope of a scratch hit, the "whirr-r-r" of a rattlesnake near your left elbow, or to see him staring you out of countenance as you peer cautiously over the ridge it took you two weary hours of laborious stalking to attain.

Even with these factors eliminated, the odds are against your getting a shot, for no animal is more capricious and uncertain in his movements than the one under discussion. Ofttimes he will remain for hours in one spot, feeding industriously or kicking up his heels in fantastic play over the smallest area that will admit of his antics. At other times he will skip about from ridge to ridge in the most erratic manner without visible cause of alarm or reasons other than his instability of intention.

At times the sight of a man, either mounted or afoot, will throw him into a frenzy of excitement and suspicion, and at others he will watch your approach with an indifference verging upon senility. He is always in extremities, now fearful and suspicious, now apathetic

and mildly curious, and no man can foretell the order of his cogitation.

His curiosity is his most fatal possession. He *wants to know*, and the endeavor to find out often loses him the number of his mess. If you can once get possession, unobserved, of some eminence, however slight, in his vicinity, it is an easy matter, with favorable wind, to lure him into fair range. His attention is soon attracted, for the huge, bulging eyes—whose sockets are actually larger than the brain cavity behind them—restlessly sweep the horizon. A bit of fluttering rag on your gun muzzle or an occasional flicker of your hand or foot above cover will suffice. With ordinary luck and reasonable skill in shooting, you will flesh your whittle in twenty minutes.

Pandora was a fool in comparison to an antelope in the matter of curiosity. He just *has* to know, cost him what it may to find out. And he has a knack of finding out adroitly. An illy-timed movement of hand or head, and he is satisfied that he has left something somewhere, and he immediately goes after it; but oftener the wind plays you false, and, veering, sends him scudding before your futile storm of lead.

Come with us to-day to the rolling sand-hills behind my ranch, and we will endeavor to show you the sport in its entirety. As it is a large range and pronghorns are generally unaccommodating as to location, we will visit them on horseback. Our horses are wiry broncos, and have been thoroughly trained to this particular sport. The one my wife rides is a splendid type of the perfect antelope horse. Lean and muscular and a trifle undersized, he has been known on several occasions to run

down an antelope on favorable ground, for the pronghorn's endurance at a rapid gait is limited. But we have no such a pursuit in contemplation to-day. It will suffice if our mounts bear us into sight of the game. Upon our skill in stalking and the steadiness of eye and nerve will depend our success.

The cheerless barrenness of the rolling sand-hills causes wonder that our game should select such a habitat. To the unpracticed eye there is absolutely no visible food supply. Nothing save a few sparse sun-withered culms of miserable grass and clots of uninviting prickly pears. There is no water anywhere for miles, and the hot sand rises in suffocating clouds of dust under the horse's feet. But that grass is of two kinds, bunch and buffalo grass, and its ashen-brown stems are the most nutritious of all the wild hay, and in the olden time fattened to corpulency millions of buffalo and elk, as to day it forms the chief subsistence of countless herds of cattle and horses. Yonder bleached skull, with its short conical horns, is all that is left of the bison now. There are plenty of jack-rabbits, and in the stunted *artemisia* are dozens of sage hens and little cotton-tail rabbits.

Now we are on high ground, and the Donna is methodically scanning the adjacent slopes with her glass. Look carefully in the direction she indicates and tell me what you see. "Nothing but a sun glint on a white stone some twenty rods distant"? Look again at that white stone through this binocular. "What! Antelope, and five of them"? Yes, and another lying in the edge of that cloud shadow on the knoll above—the sentinel patriarch of the band. That apparent twenty rods is a long mile, my friend, and the wind is against us. There are no available approaches from this side, and there are better slopes and more antelope a few miles further on.

Stop! Did you notice how intently that bunch of range horses gazed into the swale just beyond them? It may pay us to see what attracted their attention. Ride up cautiously now, until you can just peer over the crest. Down to your pommel, quick! Those blotches of which you caught such a momentary glimpse were the white sides of a band of feeding antelope on the hillside across the swale. They have not seen us as yet.

Slip from your saddle and throw your bridle-reins over your horse's head. He will stand there motionless until you return. The Donna, with her usual independence, is abreast of us on the same ridge, but a half mile below. Now she has seen us dismount, and I wave her my handkerchief signal, "*Antelope on other side of ridge!*" Yes, it is convenient to have a code of signals. We learned its necessity long ago. See! she is ready now, and has taken her position where they must pass abreast of her if they run, as I think they will, quartering from us down the swale.

Pull your cap low down on your head and follow me rapidly, but cautiously, to the crest of the ridge. On your hands and knees, now, and get directly behind that tuft of stunted sage brush. Thrust your rifle muzzle gently over that low crotch, and then pause a minute to regain your breath and lessen your heart action. They are four hundred yards away yet, and we have plenty of time. No, they do *not* see us. That long, inquiring look ahead in our direction is habitual with them, and merely a customary precaution. They suspect nothing, and will resume feeding again in a moment.

Now, while their heads are down, is the time to get into your shooting position. Pick the animal you want, and never take the sight off him for an instant. Never mind if they do look inquisitively and suspiciously in our direction. The sun is on our backs and in their eyes, and the wind is from them to us. The slightest motion will be fatal, but a stationary object has no fears for them if they have perceived no previous motion in it. You are positively certain of your game, for you have a muzzle rest and your rifle is accurately sighted.

Contain yourself in patience for five minutes longer and they will be within an hundred yards. Watch their graceful manœuvres as they cease feeding and frolic about. A sleek doe makes a coquettish pretence of deserting the band, and is gallantly herded back again into the ranks by a stalwart buck. Now they begin to string out rapidly in our direction, a patriarchal old buck in the lead, and in ten minutes more they have crossed the danger line. Steady, now, and aim low—nine out of ten missed antelope are overshot.

What a spasmodic jump your buck!

makes as the echoes come back from the mountain cliffs beyond! Mine lies in his tracks with a broken neck, but your victim is still running. No, do not shoot again. He is hard hit and will soon come down. "Shoot at the others"? Certainly not. It would be a rear shot and would be either barbarous mutilation of saddle or a pitiful cripple. You will have other opportunities. And see, your buck is down. Be in no haste to get to him. When a wounded antelope does not fall at the report of the gun, but runs a distance and then falls, the chances are he is dead. If he falls instantly and then gets up and runs, *down him* if it takes every shell in your belt, or you have a stern chase ahead.

But now they have reached the Donna's stand, and see them scurry at the sound of her gun! Ah, he is down. There is a healthy shrill in that clear treble, and we give her an answering cheer.

"Easy," you say, as we lift our game into the light wagon driven by an attendant. Well, yes, and the next shot you get—from behind—at an unsuspecting sentinel lying on a hill slope is easier still. This is one of the extreme cases I spoke of, for we stalk him sufficiently near to allow of my photographing you in the act of shooting him. Easy enough so far, but wait a little.

The antelope you have seen so far have all been on their way to water. Living as they do, mainly upon dry feed, they require water even more urgently than deer and elk do, and daily travel many miles if necessary to drink. They generally drink between early sunrise and nine o'clock in the morning, and when on their way to water are more easily approached than after they have assuaged their thirst.

Antelope have two predominant anxieties—how to keep their stomachs full and their hides whole, and the necessities of the first often induce a fatal disregard of the second. It is so with them now. Even though ambushed at every furlong on their course, each successive fusillade would but have the effect of driving the survivors only the more rapidly to the river bottoms. If there were any certainty at just what point they would water on any particular morning it would be still easier to lie in wait for them there, but antelope seldom drink twice at the same place if once dis-

turbed, provided that other water is accessible.

It is high noon now, and, although we are in the very heart of the best antelope range in Colorado, no game is in sight. This is one of the inexplicable things in antelope hunting. Although the loose ground is everywhere cut up by fresh tracks, and other "signs" are plentiful, there is not a white stern visible in the horizon of our glasses. How they can disappear so entirely and suddenly will always remain a mystery. It is time for luncheon anyway, and over our digestive pipe let me give you a few "pointers" on the methods we will have to employ this afternoon.

At this time of the day antelope are the most watchful, and nothing short of hard, strategetic work will accomplish our ends. We will find them only on open ground now, and creep we never so warily, you will find that the factor of "easiness" in their approach has been practically eliminated. They are all eyes and nose now—their ears are never of the sharpest at any time—and were it not for their overweening fault of curiosity we might as well "hit the home trail." As it is, you will earn what shots you may be fortunate enough to get.

Let me criticise your habit of aiming. Your objective point should be the neck, instead of the shoulder or just behind it, as in deer-shooting. None of the *Cervidae* possess so much vitality as the pronghorns, and no other animal of this size requires so much killing. I have had a buck antelope run over two miles with an express bullet through his lungs, and once it took me an hour to catch another with both front legs broken above the knee. Struck fairly in the neck he will drop in his tracks, and there is a minimum of waste in hide and meat; and the configuration and size of his neck are inducement enough for a man who shoots a telescopic-sighted rifle.

Again, never be in a hurry when antelope-shooting. Even if plainly seen by your quarry, his overpowering curiosity will induce a nearer approach on his part, provided you remain motionless. Get into as easy a position as possible, with sights aligned and finger on trigger, and he will walk almost over you in his frantic desire to size you up. The rest is easy. Do not be deceived by his apparent size. He always looks

much larger than he really is, owing to the radiation of light from his long white hair. Aim always a trifle below the apparent center of his neck or body if you *must* shoot at the latter; and remember that no allowance need be made for the up-and-down motion of a running antelope, as he glides along in a practically straight line instead of bounding up and down like a deer.

Did you see that apparition arise from the ground seemingly, on yonder slope? No use to shoot, for he is out of range already, having taken our measure. Where did he come from? I give it up. And look! Over there is a band walking unconcernedly around behind the point of a ridge. It is an easy run of two hundred yards to the crest above them, and wind and sun are in our favor. They have not seen us, and already your fingers itch with anticipation. The crest gained,

you look eagerly over and see—nothing!

“Dreaming”? No, for if you look up yonder, *behind* us, you can see their white flags wave a contemptuous farewell. “What frightened them?” *Quien sabe!* They neither saw, heard nor smelled us. They only changed their minds, that is all, and with it their course.

Yonder is one feeding in the valley.

Keeping his only visible outlet in sight, we stalk him on hands and knees through a half mile of cactus beds and sand burrs, only to find that he has vanished when we gain the top of a commanding knoll. It is not so “easy” now, you think, and disgust and fatigue are fast breeding nostalgia in your heart.

But there is a cure for your *heimweh*. Down; quickly now, before they look

this way. Now for the poetry of antelope-hunting! Ensnounce yourself comfortably behind that sheltering clump of artemisia, and run your rifle out to a muzzle rest in a convenient crotch. Find a position you can maintain with ease for a half hour or more, and lay a handful of shells conveniently near, for you will need them. Loan me your white handkerchief to put with my red one on my wiping stick, and watch the symptoms of their ruling passion. Once, twice, thrice, I hoist and lower it alternately



A WELL-EARNED PRIZE.

with a slow, wriggling movement, and now they see it.

It is laughable to note through our binoculars the stare of incredulous surprise with which the old black-faced patriarch of the band regards that fluttering reproach to his ability as a sentinel. Wonder, chagrin and anxiety commingled are plainly depicted in the set glare of his big blue goggle-eyes,

as he stands petrified with stupid amazement.

"Surely," he thinks, "I had carefully scanned that knoll a dozen times from as many different points of view while heading this way, and there was nothing in sight. What on earth *can* that red and white thing be? And what must the band think of my carelessness in overlooking such a suspicious object? I must go and find out directly what it is, or all the young bucks will have the laugh on me. They have already noticed it, and that smart young two-year-old is only too anxious to forestall me in the good opinions of the does. I'll just lick him into shape, and then go and see what it all means."

This disciplinary process summarily effected, he puts on his most nonchalant air of grand seigniorage, and trots unconcernedly up the slope for a matter of fifty paces, and then stops and makes a pretense of feeding, while the rest of the band watch him with growing uncertainty, and shift about uneasily in the loose sand. A few of the most venturesome young bucks now advance a short distance, followed by a trio of foolish kids, whose mothers make a futile attempt to restrain their precocity, and then morbid curiosity dominates, and the whole band moves forward.

The two-year-old, with the view of future tribal importance in mind, leads them, stepping ostentatiously ahead of the old buck with an impertinence which is instantly and effectually rebuked by his elder with a charge which sends him and the entire band as well scurrying down the hill slope to a safe distance beyond in the swale. A dozen times this performance is repeated, varied occasionally by concentric circling about the knoll in the endeavor to catch the wind against the object of their suspicion, the radius of their arcs growing shorter at each repetition until, at last, with a shrill, whistling snort and spasmodic stamp of impatience, the old fellow, followed by the entire band, trots to within fifty yards of the crest and stops with head and neck extended and eyes almost bulging out of their sockets.

A gentle nudge of the elbow, a whispered admonition, "*Aim low*," and the blended report of two rifles rolls away down the swale in diminishing crescendo, while a misty film of white smoke clouds the knoll for an instant.

There is no indecision now. With a whirl like that of a pinwheel, the affrighted band dash madly down the slope with a speed constantly accelerated by the spiteful rifle-cracks which accentuate every score of bounds in their passage. Only four down, and three of these have wounds too large to have been made by the 38-caliber solid bullets you have been shooting. Just so, my friend. The old buck is yours beyond doubt, but in the excitement you overshot the game. They were running down hill, and such shots require a degree of deflection in aim generally unreconcilable to the ideas of a novice in this sport. But see! In the one farthest from the crest there are two holes, the smaller in the animal's poll. Do you see now the wisdom of my remarks?

As we ride slowly home in the gloaming, we encounter a neighbor friend who has just loaded a big buck on his horse. I note the high elevation of his rear sight and casually ask, "A long shot, captain?"

"About 400 yards," he answers. "I shot him here," pointing to a crimson spot in the paunch region, "some two hours back, and never again got to within shooting distance of him until a few minutes ago. I believe you are right, M—, about the caliber of antelope guns. It needs a .45 express bullet to do the work. They need more killing than a bear, I almost believe, and I want to borrow a telescope-sighted gun of you until I can order one."

When we skin out our game the next morning, preparatory to distribution among our dozen neighbors, you are amazed at the execution of the express bullets used and no less at the vitality possessed by these antelope. Your first buck was shot squarely in the chest, and the bullet entirely severed the aorta and passed through both liver and lungs, yet you remark that he ran over two hundred yards before falling. Three of the others were shot in the heart, and yet not one of them dropped in his tracks. You are convinced now that the best weapon to kill antelope with is a big-calibered, long-range, telescope-sighted rifle, with an express bullet ahead of plenty of powder in your shells.

And you will come other days to enjoy this, the most pleasurable of all field sports that our glorious State of Colorado affords.

A peculiarity of the antelope in this section, and one which I have never seen noted in print, is their habit of freely traversing thick timber in our mountain parks. On the wooded plains and prairies it is almost next to an impossibility to induce them to enter timber, even when hard pressed by men and dogs. As with the elk, long-continued persecution has brought about an entire change in their habits, and today it is a common occurrence to find them feeding and bedding in dense aspen and spruce thickets. In these localities I have observed a perceptible sharpening of the antelope's hearing.

In hunting these animals a good binocular is an indispensable requisite. Unlimited patience, good eyes and nerves, and powerful, long-range rifles are essential to success, no less than sound judgment in stalking and the ability to accurately estimate distances. The rifle should not be less than .40 caliber, shooting at least sixty or seventy grains of powder, and three hundred of lead, preferably in the form of an express bullet with hollow, roax-filled point, and fitted with telescopic or fine globe and peep sights for accurate work.

A small folding portable X-shaped rest constructed of three thin but rigid steel wires will often prove of value, especially in level grass and sand country, and being collapsible is easily carried.

A stout, single-bladed pocket knife with four-inch *narrow* blade, and a reliable pocket compass, together with a good-sized water canteen will complete the necessary outfit. Sheath knives are positively dangerous and should be avoided; besides they are regarded here as the insignia of the "tenderfoot."

An old mossback friend of mine who is a noted hunter, says that together with his gun, knife, canteen and rifle "it only needs a hoss, hoss luck and hoss sense to kill an ant'lope."

In view of the abundance of coyotes, ravens, magpies and other vermin infesting the antelope barrens it may be of benefit to the prospective antelope-hunter to know that a slight singeing of the hair with a match, or an empty cartridge shell or bit of rag laid on the body of game which from necessity must lay exposed overnight, will be effectual in preserving it from their ravages, provided that it is placed in such a position that no bare flesh is exposed.

WITH QUAIL AS QUARRY.

BY MAX SOUTHEY.

THE invigorating exercise, the fitness of the season for it, the requirements of the shooting, the habits of the birds, and, above all, the work of the intelligent dogs, combine to place quail-shooting among the foremost of our field sports.

The quail—called partridge south of Mason and Dixon's line, and "bob-white" everywhere—is an adjunct of civilization. The lonely mountain sides and desert wastes lands, the impenetrable swamps and sterile pine-covered regions, can give him no permanent refuge, because they contain no suitable food.

The call "bob white," or "bob, bob, white," which has given us our own pet name for the bird, is really only a summer mating note. From May to August it can be heard in the land, while the jaunty cock bird walks on the fence near his nesting mate, or when, earlier, he seeks her favors. His ideal courting time is the afternoons of beautiful days

in May and June. Then the veriest tyro at whistling can, by imitating his note, bring him within a short distance.

Until the approach of autumn, the birds, young or old, are quite tame, and will merely run along the ground or flutter off a few paces at the approach of a man. But in early August and September, when the young (often as many as eighteen or twenty) are beginning to show strength of wing, their habits change. The call "bob white" is heard no more. By some subtle instinct they are preparing for perils by man and hawk, and fox' and wintry weather. Now let a footstep be heard, and they run swiftly to the high grass or weeds, and then crouch close together, motionless, and almost indistinguishable by human eyes.

One's shooting qualities are officially gauged by the number of quail he can kill. A good shot will bag half the birds he shoots at, and a fair marksman

will be content with two or three to every ten empty shells, counting after a full day's sport. Then there are those rare old shots who, in open and thicket, taking snap shots that would give the average man scarcely time to raise his gun, will bring down fifteen or even eighteen and nineteen birds with twenty cartridges.

In finding the birds nearly all depends on the dogs. The setters and pointers are almost evenly used. The most satisfactory gun for quail, and upland shooting generally, is the twelve-gauge double-barreled breechloader. Some sportsmen prefer the smaller gauges, generally of fine make. Season before last the writer shot a sixteen-gauge hammerless with excellent results, and the lighter weight of gun possible with this small gauge is very grateful on a long tramp across country. The lighter gun can, too, be handled more quickly in snap-shots. Even in grouse shooting, when the birds are strong and wild, the smaller gun shows no inferiority.

The last satisfactory hunt in which the writer was engaged took place in a country famous for its fine shooting. There were two of us on horseback. We had four setters, and ran two upon alternate days, as few dogs, however sturdy, can stand continuous hunting in a rough country. The ride through a rolling country, and air as sharp and exhilarating as champagne, was charming in itself. The dogs followed at heel, making every now and then a quiet little detour into the fields, always timing their little improvised hunt so as to join us ahead when they found nothing of importance behind the clew.

We had cantered scarcely a mile when a magnificent stretch of cover appeared in the shape of a great field of wheat stubble and frost-bitten ragweed, which is the feeding-ground *par excellence*.

Having "hie'd" the dogs over the rail fence, we rode slowly along, watching their fine ranging. My white English setter, Spot, was the faster of the two, and fairly "ate up" ground at such a rapid, though easy gallop, that it seemed as if he must be careless, and be going too fast to avoid that cardinal sin of flushing birds. Rika, his Laverack companion, was a speedy dog, too, though far less so, and both were in fine condition.

It was a sharp morning, and as yet only half-past seven; hence we decided the birds, if there, would be feeding on some slope exposed to the sun's rays, and not far from the woods that bordered the field. The dogs soon covered the ground, and, seeing us move off, began to work down the hill. We slowed up a bit again, as Rika had broken into a cautious trot. Headstrong Spot did not notice her warning, and was hurtling along as usual, when suddenly he stopped as if lassoed. Rika, who was working carefully on the scent, caught sight of him, and, moving forward enough to make sure, backed him perfectly fifty yards away.

Over a rail fence our reins went in a jiffy, cartridges were slipped into our guns, and we moved quickly up behind the dogs. The birds were lying close and the dogs stood like rocks. Having admired the picture, one always dear to the sportsman's eye, and taken a view of the nearest thickets to decide whither the birds would fly, we walked ahead of the dogs. With a glorious rush, rose near by twenty strong-winged quail. As usual, I shot too quickly at my first bird, and had to use my second barrel to bring him down, while Crayton, who is a cooler head, made his right and left in fine style. Rika, after virtuously dropping to shot, retrieved my bird cleanly, while the incorrigible Spot, who has a disdain for conventional methods of any sort, ran in at the rise of the bevy, and was fetching both of "Cray's" birds five seconds after they fell. He brought them to me, by the way, as the rascal never in the course of his life consented to believe that any one except his master killed a bird he could capture.

We had carefully marked down the bevy a quarter of a mile away. On our way to them Rika pointed, then chased a rabbit. Some setters, like Rika, never can resist fur, and come panting back time after time to take their switching for the misdemeanor. Scarcely had we reached the edge of the briar-patch where most of the bevy had been marked, when both dogs stood again. "Cray" walked in and flushed five quail that flew across me in such a manner that he could not fire at them. I again hit and missed, while the noise frightened up a "single" that came down to my companion's gun.

By the time we had reloaded, the

dogs began to trail rapidly and excitedly to the right, showing that birds were running. Spot finally lost control of himself, made a dash ahead and flushed them too far away. I gave him an appropriate scolding, and, having waited a few moments to let both dogs cool off from the excitement, we hunted back toward the horses. Hoping to find an outlying bird of the original flock, we kept the dogs working close. In a few moments Spot began to sniff the air so wistfully in one direction that I gave him his way. He galloped over the field with that unerring nose stretched forward, evidently in great enjoyment of something—slower, slower, then a trot; still slower, and a hundred yards away he stood on another point.

Somewhat surprised that any birds should be in the open field, we hastened up to the motionless white statue. Rika again backed, and I walked in, bidding "Cray" take the shot, as I had been given the last. We were both unprepared for a new bevy of handsome birds that jumped up from under my feet. Two dropped to one of my barrels, while "Cray" again got in both shots. One of my birds, however, was only wing-tipped, and the dogs had a gay time in finding it, as the little fellow ran through the grass like a deer.

This bevy took shelter in a thick cover of small pine trees, where they were hard to get at, but we managed to make out of them a half-hour's shooting, and an addition of four to our bag. Then, not wishing to scatter and harass them too much, we had returned to our horses and begun to ride off when "Cray" called to me to come quickly under the shelter of the trees along the road, while he made the dogs charge. We could see over in the field a pair of great birds, locally known as "fall hawks," cruising rapidly along, a few feet from the top of the stubble, evidently in search of the same quarry as ourselves. These rapacious hunters do more toward killing out the game than even greedy man.

"Cray" began to whistle the call the quail makes in the autumn and winter when separated from the flock. One of the big hawks at once swerved in his flight, and, making in the direction of the supposed victim, came within range of a cartridge containing No. 4 shot that

I had quickly substituted for the eights. At fifty yards he was a sure thing for my left barrel, and he was soon tied to my saddle-ring, when I had quieted my mare, who objected seriously to the firing from her back. We dog-trotted on to our main objective point, a succession of bottom fields bordering a small stream. Spot was already lying at full length in the icy brook when we came up, as he had gone off in search of water. It is the one thing that a dog must have when working, and he is often made very miserable, or even utterly incapacitated, by a few hours of action in an upland country where the streams are few and far between. On such occasions a dog will disappear suddenly and be mysteriously absent for a quarter of an hour, in the course of which he will find what he wants if there is a spring within two miles. Though the country may be absolutely new to him some unexplained subtle instinct generally takes him in the right direction.

As we expected to find an abundance of birds here we tethered the horses, divided the ground between us, and worked along, a dog and a man on either side of the stream. In a few minutes Spot pointed in the bushes near the run, and I waited beside him until "Cray" could cross over and join us. It turned out to be a lone old woodcock, which looked big, whistling through the tops of the bushes until stopped by a long shot from Cray.

As Spot retrieved it we noticed that Rika was missing, and it took quite a search before we found her standing in the field on Cray's side. It was a fine bevy that flew nicely to the reeds and bushes along stream, so that one of us could walk on each side and work the dogs in the cover between us. The fun soon began to be fast and furious, interrupted every now and then by exasperating rabbit chasing on the part of Rika.

An hour after noon we found that Crayton had thirteen quail and two woodcock to my eleven quail. We were a couple of miles away from the horses, and decided to have lunch before hunting back toward them.

If one has ever taken a lunch sitting on the dried leaves beside a crystal spring in the middle of a fine day's hunt, with the dogs lying about in wait for the bits that are thrown to them,



Painted for OUTING by Jas. L. Weston.

(October Quail-shooting.)

HERE THEY ARE!

and with appetites that transcend in size even the sandwiches one's hostess has prepared, it is safe to say that thereafter tiffin under any other circumstances will seem a tame and insipid affair. It takes the alchemy of those exhilarating tramps to transform huge slices of bread and ham, long draughts of unqualified water, into ambrosia and nectar.

After a short rest, which Cray's pipe made the most of, we hunted during the afternoon by a different route to the horses. The birds feed again in the afternoon, and by dusk we had added a dozen to our bag, including a ruffed grouse.

It was cold riding home, and we were glad enough to finally reach a fire and a first-rate supper.

At other times one may hunt over the same country, however, with little or no success. The weather may be so wet that the birds have betaken themselves to the thick woods. Or it may be so dry that there is no scent, while the birds, instead of feeding in the fields, are clustered about some rill of water trickling through an impenetrable swamp.

It is a well-proved fact that when quail-shooting is conducted in a sportsmanlike fashion it actually aids in the ultimate preservation of the birds. The

hawks, foxes and other deadly enemies of the quail are kept down by the sportsmen, who only shoot in the proper season, when killing a half-dozen birds out of a bevy will not seriously impair the breeding stock.

The sportsman will, too, often come to "bob-white's" aid when the country is covered with deep snow and sleet. The "using-grounds" of the birds are generally known or suspected by the farmer who is fond of shooting, and on these wintry occasions he scatters "tailings" (a poor quality of wheat) where the starving quail can find them.

During the last hard winter the writer struck up an acquaintance through this means with two hard-put beves on a bleak hillside. They learned to know friendly footsteps, and grew so tame that they would come, half-running, half-flying, to be fed like chickens, all the time giving the most comfortable little whistlings and chucklings of delight at the windfall. It was really a hard matter to hunt that ground the next autumn, though the quail were again invisible and as wild as deer, until another gunner began to cut into them, when I felt that patience had ceased to be a virtue, and, with some pang of conscience, followed his example.

THE WEDDING FINGER OF COLLY.

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS.

A JUNO-TALL young woman, sturdy, round-armed and handsome, was seated across from the place where Sandy Walters and I were dining at the table of the mountain hotel. Her eyes were blackish brown, keen and flashing; the brilliancy of her cheeks, where the color came and went, made me wonder if love or merely rugged health were blowing at a forge of animation within; her hair, the essence of night in its lustrous blue-blackness, was coiled in masses on top of her head, but the singular thing that attracted my notice at once was her hand—the left. Such a gap between the fingers is rare with women, for the third was gone, and her wedding ring—a large and heavy girdle of virgin gold—was worn upon the second.

Sandy had nodded to her as we took

our seats and he nodded again as she left. Later I got him alone.

"Who is she—the tall young woman?" said I. "And how in the world did she lose that finger?"

"That's Colly," said Sandy. "You never met Shanny—Shanny Knox. He'll scrap at the drop of the hat and drop the hat himself. Oh, he's a fierce bit of a storm—one of them gray-eyed wolverine fellers."

"Well, but who is 'Shanny Knox'? What's he got to do with the story?"

"Him? He's the brother of Colly—well, I reckon. But say, she's taller'n Shanny. However, that ain't here nor there. The story's a whole considerable about Charlie Brown. He's that fire-eyed feller you've maybe clapped your view onto. Ever see blue fire?—that's his eyes. Man, he's the galliest

hunter in the range. He's still using one of them ole-constructed Kaintucky rifles—fifteen-pounders, with an octaroon, or occaragonal, or whatever-you-call-it barrel, an' a mended stock. Shoots little round bullets with a patch. Takes me half an hour to load 'er once, but Charlie's lightning. That's what he uses, an' he fetches bear. Yep, an' when he cracks at a buck, that there venison might as well go an' hang itself up in the smoke house a-jerkin', an' save a heap of trouble.

"You see, Charlie's hunted many a season out, to fetch up a living. Ever notice that he got a scar from the corner of his eye to the bottom of his ear? That's what he got from Scar-faced Sally, which is she-grizzly. Him an' her paid each other them scratches by way of a compliment, sabe? He's the con-ducedest rattle-weed that ever climbed a cañon, when it comes to waltzing off with a cub. Don't know no better, never, than to gather 'em in an' start right off; an' nary a grizzly can learn him no more respectful manners.

"Well, now, it ain't just plain what Charlie was doing up the Ragged Gulch without his rifle—it ain't his ways. I've always suspected he was nosing around on a private prospect for quartz. At any rate, there he was, an' he climbed up to Chaparral Ridge an' went thrashing through the brush, walking on top of all the branches he could bend, when kerslump he comes on his back an' rolls a stone's pitch down the hill. There he lands on Scar-faced Sally, which wasn't nary a scar face at the time, but just plain Mrs. Grizzly, till after the fight.

"She riz up rily an' come at him rakes and sickles. Charlie got out his knife, an' the two started paying them compliments. They ain't nobody living but them that knows what Charlie and Sally was up to before they got finished. They must have cut an' gashed tol'able free an' easy though, for Charlie limped home like a weepin' willer, his clothes hanging dangling like ropes, an' him painted red with two kinds of blood, while Mrs. Sally packed a long white streak of a scar across her jowl from nigh her eye that many a hunter's made acquaintance of. But none of 'em had ever lost no grizzly as big as a two-year-ole steer only Charlie. An' all we got from Charlie was the odds an' ravel

of a story, pulled out of him like a tooth coming out in splinters, which we gathered up to the effect that him an' her got to 'rastling an' rolled. When they fell on the top of the slick chaparral—which anybody is on lies smooth and willing to anything passing down the slope, like stroking a porkypine the way that's correct—why, over and flopping they went.

"They must have fetched a lick of speed, for they struck on a rock that jolted Mrs. Grizzly's hold, an' Charlie hung on to a manzanita's arm, while she went heaving on below. Then he clambered out of the ring, so to put it, an' came a-limping home for his rifle, after which he was trailing for the lady for more 'n a year without ever kicking the dust where her paws had pounded tracks.

"Well, I mind it was quite a spell after the fight that the Knoxes came to the valley. That morning me an' Charlie was out in the hills, which is where I was hunting for horses. Sure enough, here we came on a cub, an' Charlie was making a lady's muff of the rolling little scamp in a minute.

"'Taint safe to put him down,' says I.

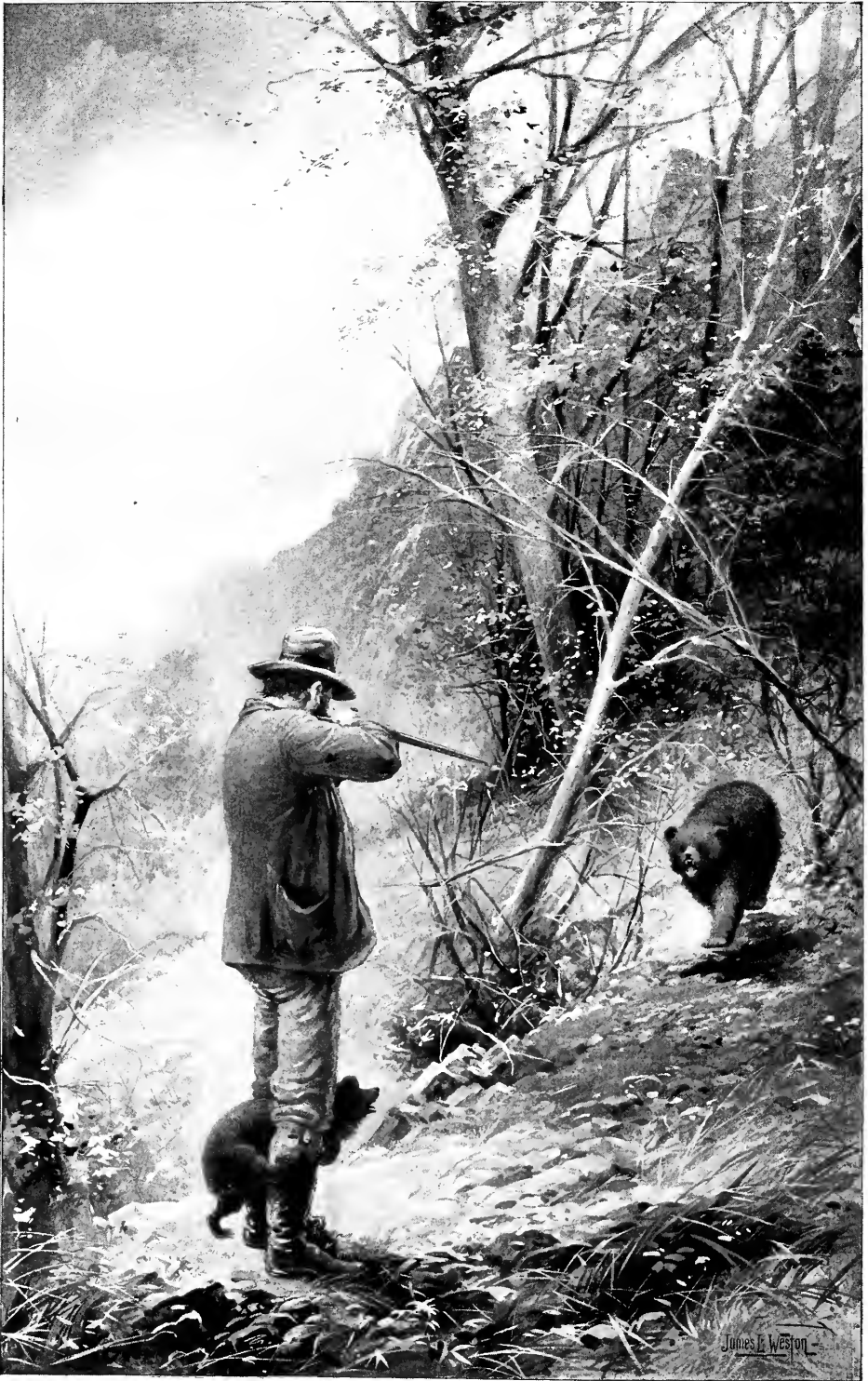
"'My pelt,' says Charlie, and started to lugging him off down the slope.

"Then a snapping of twigs in the alders up above was argumint enough for me that a drove of grizzlies was snooping for babies.

"Says I, 'Here's a tree an' maybe I can git a glimpse of horses from the top.' So up it I shinned—and presently here comes a roar from yonder that boosts me amazing.

"Charlie heard it—he could hear a grizzly think—an' he turns him fair around. There she come—no other side to the question—ripping up rocks where she clawed her trail down the steepish hill. Nothing could have run in the race with the mother bear and drewed a prize—she was coming like a slide of land.

"'Git out! Git out!' I yells to Charlie, but he only drops the cub between his legs and grips him tight. The sun was somewhat summit-ways, so he fetches his hat down a trifle nigher his eyes, at the time he's raising of ole Kaintuck. Up comes the hammer like pulling up a radish, an' I seen the dazzle-point of sunshine on the copper cap that was sot like a hat on the nipple.



Painted for OUTFIT by Jas. L. Weston.

"HOW SHE COME!" (p. 61.)

"How she come! She was bigger'n a house, her eyes a-setting the rest of her face to flaming, her long, white arrow-points of teeth showing big an' hungry in the red-hot furnace of her mouth, her claws digging prospects as she heaved. An' Charlie was standing there waiting, ole Kaintucky leveled an' holding on her as she come.

"Yep, ole Kentucky, an' loaded only with that little skid-a-ma-dink of a patched round bullet, an' no earthly show of ever gitting her charged an' primed again if he missed.

"An' he wouldn't jerk of the trigger—just kept a-waiting. She was almost on him—she was twenty feet away—then ten—she got to six, with him standing still as a tree in the granite—an' then he turned it loose. A roar from the grizzly and one from the rifle went crowding the air in the cañons for miles, an' clattering an' bouncing back from walls and gullies. An' Charlie jumped clear of the place he was standing, while the grizzly turned claws over muzzle, like a whirling boulder of fur an' meat, to land on the cub an' roll his life plump out with her shivering carcass.

"I come down from the tree, making noises that was loud in the quiet that settled. Charlie was pushing a bullet down the throat of ole Kaintuck, an' letting of a starter of a smile come shining from his eyes. But nary a bullet hole was anywhere in Mrs. Grizzly's hide, for the lead had struck her fair in the nostril and plowed to the back of her brain. Just a slowly crawling line of red, like a pushed-out fiery twig from the furnace of heat that was burning a moment ago in her head, came out of the nostril an' lost its way in the fur of the cub.

"'I wish the critter had a-been my Scar-faced Sally,' was all that Charlie remarked.

"That night here came the Knoxes, which I said so before. Shanny was common, but Colly was togged out in buckskin an' shouldering a bran'-new repeater. Charlie hadn't seen her more'n a glimpse, an' a squint at the gun an' the togs. He'd always had his nose way up to Z on repeaters, an' he'd fetched his bear that day, which gave him some rights to be hoighty.

"Says he to the gang, kind of scornful, 'I never went nothing on women as hunters, no way you can put it; 'taint

their nursing at all.' Then he wades into all the repeaters an' gives 'em a sack of black eyes. Well, Colly she hears him, which he didn't scent a little. By an' bye here she comes, flashing tippebob-royal looks of duels and dares at Charlie an' walking like the Queen of Spades with a basket of chips on both of her shoulders.

"Well, what does Charlie do but up an' fall knees over heart in love with her highness on the spot. That's just what he did an' he's never yet got shent of the notion.

"They took up at Scotty's, those Knoxes, Scotty having sold. Now an' again Charlie would see the girl an' maybe inform her that the day was large, or something—we never knowed just what he told her—but she stood as offish as a mountain sheep, a-thinking of the night she'd come an' what he'd said about women.

"The next on the programme a tall young feller would appear at the Knoxes a couple of times in a week, a-hanging around an' a-going for a shoot in the hills. He used to lug a shotgun or a rifle, new fangled an' stunning, which was accurate on quail an' grouse, an' once in a time on a buck.

"Charlie got ornary. He could look across to Knox's from the hill, but I don't say he slept on the hill to be there early an' late. Whenever the tall young stranger appeared, our Charlie would make for the cañons an' rustle for Scar-faced Sally like a Gordon setter in the tules. Them days he was ugly no end.

"So they went on for most of the summer, Charlie getting madder all the while an' floundering deeper in the lively quicksanders of love that you read about. One afternoon he had tramped it way over to Hell-door, which is way in back of Scotty's old Summit cabin. He was climbing down through an' around a nest of boulders an' chincopin bushes when he banged right up full tilt on Scar-faced Sally. She was a-coming, rolling an' shambling along around the granite, an' he was a-going, so they met.

"Now there's where ole Kaintuck was behind the procession, for he might have been pumping the lead into Sally in white-hot streaks as easy as saying his prayers. As it was, you can reckon, he had to shoot quick, an' the round little bullet went an' lost itself in the

steaks on the shoulder of Sally, which then she took offence.

"At him she came! He couldn't climb back, an' in front there was nothing but the big red cave in Sally's head, where her jaws was lolling open. She pushed herself up on her feet, till she loomed as big an' shaggy as a monster bale of hay on legs. The long white scar made a grin on her face that was nothing amusing to see.

"Up came ole Kaintuck, which was heavy in the barrel, for a club, but he clouted her only the once. She let out a noise that nearly shook the granite—she belted the gun such a slug that it broke off the stock—then Charlie dipped sudden for his knife, an' she closed an' come on him like a sister of the devil.

"Man, but they fought it like demons! The clearing was small an' the rocks were thick around, but Charlie was bounding about there like a panther. He slashed, stabbed, rammed his dagger at her throat, but she warded an' ripped him with claws like the teeth in a harrow. They crunched at the rocks an' reeled no little down the hill, but the sharp, loud rattle of a snake that was under a crevice warned man an' bear, till she pushed him away from the danger.

"Then she tore at him fearful, she gouged his arms an' shoulders, she shredded his pants to his knees, she got to his blood, an' the smell made her awful. An' he was a-socking the knife to the hilt in her tough ole body, but his wind was soon going, his muscle was getting to be stale, an' Sally was batting an' raging an' dragging him closer. It was all up in a minute.

"All of a sudden a roar busted out, as if the mountain had cracked in a million of pieces; a blaze of light came quick an' went; a smoke like a cloud was there in the air, an' the top of Sally's

head was blown clean off, an' brains was hanging around on the bushes for a rod. Then her monster paw came smash against the barrel of a gun, in her agony of death, and the tall young feller from Knox's was flung with his weapon down the slope.

"The grizzly toppled backward an' began to git cold. Charlie, with the whole explosion in his ears, was all but sure deafened, an' fell to the ground. But he raised himself, cat-like, in time to see that lurking rattlesnake straighten through the air, like the branch of a sapling uncoiling, an' fasten his fangs on the hand of the tall young stranger.

"He hates to be done, that Charlie. He was up in a second, with his bleeding an' all, an' had pounded that snake to a jelly in thought-time.

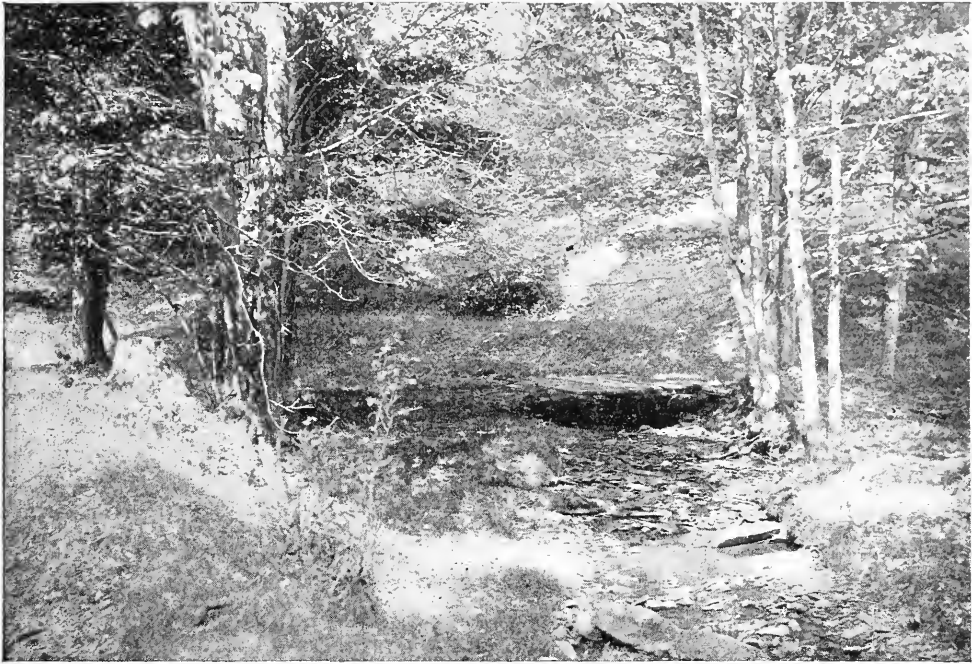
"'Here, git up, my friend, you're struck by a snake!' he shouted to the hunter, but, bless your spurs, the feller was stunned.

"Now, they ain't to be no fooling with the bite of a rattler. Charlie done what was right on the spot. He cut off the finger that the fangs had branded an' twisted a string on the stump in a jiffy.

"Then he looked like a man on the face of the feller he had hated from the jealous little corner of his heart. An' a mighty stunning face was what he saw. An' while he was gazing, the stranger moved a trifle so the hat fell off an' rolled a little ways along. Then those fine big ropes of hair that you see to day came tumbling slowly down, an' those paralyzing eyes kind of dreamily opened.

"An' there's nothing else about it that a man can't be a-guessing—if he's always been a man—even up to the racket of the wearing of the wedding ring on the middle finger of the hand which is Colly's—and Charlie's."





"A FEW TREES ON EITHER SIDE A LANGUID STREAM." (p. 64.)

WHEN OUR BIRDS GO SOUTH.

BY LYNN TEW SPRAGUE.

TO a bird-lover the return of his feathered friends with the advent of spring is, perhaps, fuller of interest than any other event in his study.

If the migration of the birds in the autumn is not so joyous an event, it is scarcely less full of interest. In the Middle Atlantic States the first of the birds to leave us begin their long flight in early September. By the middle of November all, save, perhaps, a belated individual now and then, that are not winter residents are gone. It is the dreamy, hazy days of October that take from us the hosts of our more familiar birds.

Those divine songsters, the wood thrush and the veery, left us when the first gray tints of September touched their leafy quietudes, but their still more gifted cousin, the hermit thrush, awaited "golden October's mellow coming." The yellow and the hooded warbler, the king-birds, the plovers and the pewees, the swallows and the orioles, the humming-birds and the bobolinks, had for

the most part left us then, but the wrens and the robins, the sparrows and the bluebirds, and most of our more common wood warblers, were yet here. And in October we had a few interesting transient visitors pausing here in their southward flight from more northern latitudes—kinglets, one or two unfamiliar varieties of warblers, the white-throated sparrow, the fox sparrow. Then, too, come the first of the rare horned larks, pine finches and winter wrens.

Bird ways are so full of changes and wonder and seeming sagacity, that to study them once is to continue always a student. Their poetic courtships and tender parental devotion, their economic home-building, and the mystery of their instinctive migrations, the marvel of their flight, and the beauty of their song, appeal to human sympathies and imagination, as nothing else in nature does. There is so much, even, symbolic of human ideals, that there is no such thing as a declining interest in birds. Every one who owns a sense of poetry, a heart

at all in harmony with the world in which he lives, loves them, though he may have no special knowledge of them.

But let such an one, in some solitary stroll, notice a bird new to him, and if the desire to identify it be strong enough to once lead him to the consultation of authorities, to the study of one species, he becomes from that time, in so far as opportunities allow, a bird student. It is no passing fancy, no transient love; it is a measure of poetry for life. Once discovered, the music to eye and ear and heart, that the bird life of field, byways and woodland glades holds, is a joy forever. And what a possession! Others may be lost in forests; you cannot go astray. Rural isolation cannot bore you, for every field is a friend and teacher, every tree of the woods a page of poetry or romance or wisdom in nature's unerring book.

Most birds gather in flocks preparatory to their southward migration; some species in large armies, others in modest little bands. A few flock together immediately after breeding, weeks before moving south. Any one who has been in the country in the late summer is familiar with the clouds of redwings and crow blackbirds that celebrate the sunny days so merrily together; and those who are accustomed to woodland rambles in early September remember as their brightest experience coming upon small gatherings of shy and active woodbirds and watching their restless flutterings from limb to limb.

May and June are, with us, the richest in bird music; there is a sensible decline both in quantity and quality in July; in August most of our most gifted songsters have ceased singing, though, in the first days of this month, some localities are still opulent in melody. The bush sparrow and the song sparrow often sing until late in September, and certain of the warblers may be heard in that month. The warbling vireo and the red-eyed vireo may be heard in October.

But though September is almost silent of bird song, as the first month of southward migration, it affords interesting phases of bird life. My note-book recalls a very pleasant ramble made then. It was a mid-month day of quiet splendor. I had found a narrow dell through which a lazy brook ran, flanked by low bushes of willow and alder.

A few trees grew on either side the languid stream, and the shallow dell was shut in by low, thickly-wooded hills. I noted many song-sparrows seated on the telegraph wires that followed the road out of which I turned, but they were grave and silent, and sat with their spotted breasts puffed out and with their heads drawn in, sleeping away the quiet hours of the perfect day. I walked through a waste of wild blue asters to the rail fence, fringed with goldenrod in all its glory, that shut in the inviting retreat. The grass in the open spaces of the glade wore an almost May freshness of color, while the foliage of the beeches and maples was touched here and there with autumn's brightest hues. There was not a breath of air; the distant hills were half-veiled in haze; the sky was the tenderest blue. It was a day as beautiful in its way as June's rarest.

I paused to watch a band of twenty robins seeking worms in the sod. How changed these familiar harbingers of the morning were from their midsummer selves! Then they were so tame and garrulous, piping their full-hearted calls from city shade-trees; now so timid and silent and gregarious. I could not come near them, they were so shy. Later, in the deep woods, I met with others, timid as thrushes. Robins often gather in such quietudes in flocks at the approach of autumn, and abide there, with a seeming entire change of disposition, until they migrate.

As I walked down the path that wound through the shallow glen, I heard the cry of cat-birds (beautiful singers, but so chary of their full song); saw a beautiful, but mute, purple finch; had my first autumnal glimpse of the ruby-crowned kinglet and the yellow-breasted fly-catcher, pausing here on their southward journey; flushed a cloud of crow blackbirds; heard a cuckoo call, and saw my last king-bird and humming-bird of the year.

But my brightest experience was the discovery of two large flocks of the hooded warbler. Turning suddenly around a thick clump of high bushes, I found myself almost within touch of a large company of them. They fairly covered the tops of a cluster of young willow shoots. Stopping short, for fear of frightening the birds, I found, to my surprise, that the manner of the

robin was reversed. My warblers were much more fearless in flocks than when single in the woods. Indeed, they were so tame that I came within three or four feet of them as they flitted about. But they were as restless as ever. Once they swept by me so near that I could distinctly feel the fanning of their wings. I spent a good hour following these beautiful warblers up and down the glade, watching the coruscations of their handsome plumage that glimmered yellow, brown, olive, black and white, and noting their friendly, happy ways.

Truly a bright and lovable little bird. Its finely moulded head seems covered with a black hood, and across the eyes it wears a mask of bright yellow that gives a very coquettish air. Now and then an isolated individual burst forth in a charming little tremolo of song. Next day they had decamped. Was it a resting place on one stage of their long flight south, I wonder?

The day grew warm toward noon, and in this damp little hollow I scented something of the aroma of spring. I was surprised to find a bit of turf at the edge of the woods sprinkled with violets, not the Canadian white violet, which is not very unusual at this season, but one of the blue varieties of spring. And a little later I was more surprised still to come upon an old wild apple tree, loaded with fruit, one of the

lower branches of which was in full blossom.

The short shrill cry of the nuthatch soon allured me into the woods. I found several of these birds tripping head first down the boles of trees. Robins started from me out of low branches, wild as quail. I heard the partridge drumming his crescendo, and caught now and again the mellow call of the cuckoo.

It is during the first weeks of October that the wrens, the cat-birds, the vireos, the scarlet tanagers, three or four of

the varieties of the warbler family, and one or two of the fly-catcher family leave us; and some time between the middle and the last of the month most of our oven birds or golden-crowned thrushes, song sparrows, chipping sparrows, che-winks, phoebes, Maryland yellow throats, and the remaining warblers go. It is then, too, that that handsome and friendly bird of many names, most

generally known as the flicker, which was created for a woodpecker, but which seems to be trying to become a lark by forsaking many of the ways of his family and aping his crescent-breasted fellows of the meadow, takes himself away to the South. By the middle of November that lovable little bird so poetically named, the vesper sparrow, the genial robin, the beautiful bluebird, his tender trills long since hushed, and the two varieties of the



WHERE THE BLUE ASTERS BLOOM.

blackbird are also gone, leaving us only our winter residents.

I wish to speak, in closing this sketch, of the last visit I made in autumn to a bird Arcadia among the Chautauqua hills which has been a theatre of ornithological study for me during many summer months. It is the especial haunt of thrushes.

Late October was manifest in its brightest golden glory, a delectable day, such as one chooses for lonely, sadly happy, autumn walks. In the fields, neutral tones of yellow, brown, and red blended softly with the fading green; the foliage of woodlands was gay with autumnal tints. Above, great folds of snowy clouds floated in a vast sea of turquoise. From the hill-top, the view across the opulent, luminously beautiful country was charming. Flocks of silent song sparrows and vesper sparrows flew up before me.

I enter the woods carpeted with tints surpassing Oriental tapestry. The sun shines through the half-clad limbs; dead leaves lazily rustle down, shimmering in the sun. Stalks of bushes are seer and brown. I stop at the verge of the glen where in summer I have so often sat, glass in hand, all my senses alert to the study of feathered life.

Here is a wood thrush's nest, of which I saw the building. At a little distance it looks not unlike a robin's. It is about the same size, but much more neat and compact. It is in the fork of a young maple, and not eight feet from the ground. First, a foundation of leaves, then fine roots and grass, the interior of velvet softness. Three eggs were laid and three young came prosperously forth, and while the mother-bird watched and tended, how joyously from the lower limbs of that near beech-tree the father-bird sang.

From the high fields I watched the splendid death of this perfect autumn day. Nowhere in this latitude does the sun set more gorgeously than among the Chautauqua hills. The horizon flamed with dazzling yellow, and cloud-banks burned with vermilion. From the pale zenith to the magnificence of the western verge of the world glowed every resplendent tint, and away below me the placid lake between the blue hills mirrored every witchcraft hue. Slowly the glory faded into dove colors, lilac tones, phantom shades. Behind me woodlands and fields blended in the dusk. How melancholy the landscape seemed in the indigo gloaming, its bird life, its voice, its soul, gone.



THE CROSS-COUNTRY RIDING-CLUB, OF AUGUSTA, GA.

BY ELLA BUTLER EVANS.



PROBABLY no country in the South is so splendidly suited to cross-country riding as that on either side of the Savannah River, in the neighborhood of Augusta. Much of the land is necessarily uncultivated, as it is too rocky and uneven to produce profitable crops, and there are few fences or ditches to obstruct the path of a rider.

The negro cabins to be met with here and there are picturesque additions to the landscape rather than obstacles in the way. This scrub-oak land is rarely wanting in natural beauty. Indeed, some of the most beautiful country in the South is that totally unknown to the average tourist, but to the horseback rider is as familiar as the face of some dear friend.

No farmer in this section knows the neighboring country so perfectly as does every member of the Cross-Country Riding-Club. While the pedestrians have to content themselves with the wooded paths, and the bicyclists with the smooth highways, the members of the Riding-Club are at liberty to roam at their will regardless of boundaries and barriers. They explore all those delightful places we feel sure lie just beyond the rise of every hill, and their horses can carry them safely across the creeks and branches, where the yellow jessamine blooms most luxuri-

antly and where, later in the spring, the air is heavy with the fragrance of bays. The wind but adds zest to the exercise, instead of proving a drawback as it does when steeds of wood and steel are ridden; and the easy motion of the horse across the springy sod is refreshment itself, where the too ardent kisses of the Southern sun make more strenuous exertion unbearable.

In the part of the world where the Cross-Country Riding-Club flourishes, the days that are uncomfortably warm far exceed those that are bracingly cool, and so the hunting season is necessarily restricted to a few short winter months. Then the sport is enjoyed to the fullest extent and the prowess of the riders is discussed at all social gatherings. Since the days when Savannah was still unknown, and Augusta was a small trading post for the Indians, when carriages were almost unheard of, and the women rode to church with long, dark homespun skirts covering their gala attire, the women of this section of the State have been famed for their skill in horsemanship, and to-day they are as proud



J. S. JOHNSON, PRESIDENT.



MR. WILL. WARDLAW.

of winning the brush as were their great-grandmothers in the times when the chase was fraught with greater dangers than those attendant upon high fences and almost impassable hedges and ditches. To-day, as yesterday, these fair daughters of Georgia are never so attractive as when seated on their spirited mounts. Because of the same climatic circumstances that regulate the chase, the trig cloth habit and stiff tiles give place very early in the spring season to the no less becoming and decidedly more comfortable shirt-waist

and sailor hat or light cloth cap. Summer is the season when the club most delights in its existence. True, its annual field day, the 25th of November, is always a brilliant event in the social world of Augusta, successfully combining as it does the glorious morning hunt, the fancy riding-contest, the elaborate luncheon served under the trees, and the afternoon dance; but the warmer season offers much more frequent excuse for these charming outings. Every two weeks the club meets at sunset for a long ride across country, ending, if the night is clear, with a supper in the open air and a ride home by moonlight. Nothing conceivable could be more beautiful than a Georgia pine forest in the light of the stars or moon. The silence is so deep that the whisperings



MR. JAMES RICHARDS. MISS ANNIE RICHARDS.



MISS SALLIE BAILIE.

of the tall trees, guarded by their shadows, become potent with meaning. The scene is one of witching diabolism, and the rider who has enjoyed its mysterious charm would not exchange the experience even for that of the most lightning-like run on a cold morning when movement itself is joy, and when a dash "as wild as the winds that tear the curled red leaf in the air" is pure intoxication.

Generally these club rides have some interesting objective point. Now, it will be historic Sand Bar Ferry, the famous duelling grounds for two States, where the merry strains evoked by the club bugler call from the opposite shore

the picturesque ferryman, who quickly and safely lands the entire party on Carolina soil. Again, some country house, such as the Hammond homestead, noted far and wide for its hospitality, will be the goal; and the evening will end with an old-fashioned supper and the Virginia reel. Up the river, down the canal bank, across the Carolina hills, and through the lagoons, the entire country is explored by the intrepid riders, the most inexperienced of whom can give the oldest inhabitants information concerning the flora and fauna of their native heath.

The importance of the Cross-Country Riding-Club as a social institution cannot be exaggerated. Its members are



DR. AND MRS. VICTOR BARBOT.

It is entirely possible that the women of the South do not desire the franchise, but it is an absolute surety that the women members of the Cross-Country enjoy their club as much for the opportunity it gives them for casting votes equal in power with those of the men as for the pleasure and profit afforded by the health-giving exercise and congenial companionship. The offices of the club, all of them elective, are filled with judgment impartial in the matter of sex, the present roster of the club showing the offices to be equally divided among the men and women members.

Notable among the foremost riders of the club are its President, Mr. J. S. Johnson, an intimate friend and one-time business partner of Mr. Jackson



MISS MATTIE GARDINER.

representatives of the oldest families of Middle Georgia, and invitations to its entertainments are always considered most desirable by the community at large. The club's coöperation in any public undertaking insures unflinchingly its success. The triumph of the Floral Parade of Augusta's Merry-Makers' week last spring would not have been half so marked had not the Cross-Country Riding-Club taken a prominent part, dressing in a uniform of white and red, and appearing in a body, giving an exhibition of fancy riding not to be equaled in the South. The Floral Parade was headed, last April, by fifty members of the club in uniform, and the conclusion of the afternoon's programme was a quadrille on horseback danced by eight of the club's most skillful riders.



MR. MARION RIDGELEY.



MR. TRACY HICKMAN,
MISS ELLEN HICKMAN,
MISS GERTRUDE SHEPPARD.

the President of the Elkridge Club of Maryland; Colonel Grabowski, a distinguished Pole; Mrs. Frank Beane, whose fine black mount is a noted fox-hunter who understands the chase as the war steed understands the art of war; Miss Julia Hammond, who is one of the finest horsewomen in the South, fearless, daring, and skillful in breaking in horses it would mean almost death for any one else to attempt to ride, and Miss Ellen Hickman, who is a dashing

little rider, and who makes an incomparably attractive picture on her small pet mount, Lucy. Other riders proudly pointed out by admiring onlookers are Mrs. Victor Barbot, Mrs. Grabowski, Mr. John Twiggs, Mr. Tom Plunkett, Mr. Warren Fair, Mr. Harry King, Miss Gertrude Sheppard, Miss Clara Doughty, Mr. Marion Ridgeley, Mr. Tracy Hickman, Miss Mattie Gardiner, Mrs. Edward Butt, Mr. Henry B. King, Mr. Will. Wardlaw, Miss S. Bailie and Mr. James and Miss Annie Richards.



MRS. FRANK BEANE.

O' RARE OCTOBER DAYS!

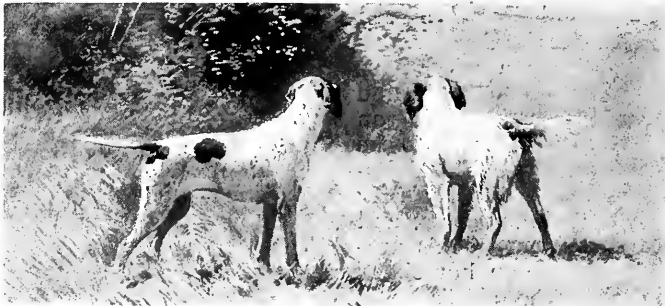
☉ THE rare days of October, when the stubbles are all bare.
And the harvest is outstanding in the shock;
When the russet leaves turn golden, and the world's
without a care,
As the sunrise glints on barrel and on stock.

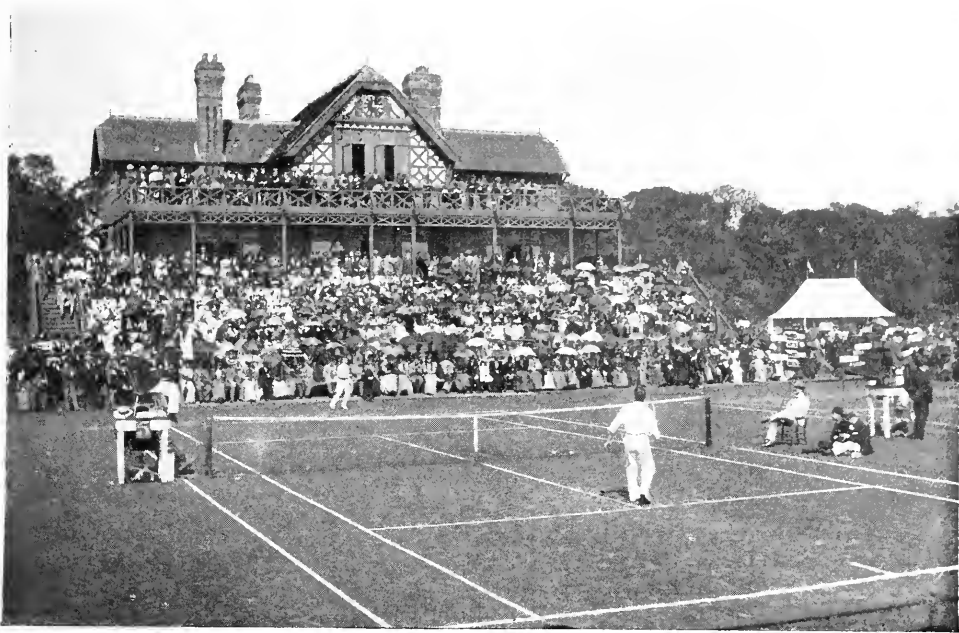
O' the days of hearty tramping after "merry, brave,
brown Bob,"
With the faithful pointers ranging, or at heels;
What can mar the exultation, or the upland hunter
rob,
Of the pleasure that on such a day he feels!

When the birds rise from the covert, with a whirl
that surges thro'
Every nerve and sets them tingling with a thrill;
While the soul is all absorbed with a glance along
the blue
And the query: Shall I miss or shall I kill?

O' the rare days of October, with the dogs both
on a point,
And the partridges a-skimming o'er the lea;
Let the statesman vainly wrestle with the times all out
of joint,
Give the joys of "rare October days" to me.

CHARLES TURNER.





A FINAL FOR THE NORTHERN CHAMPIONSHIP.

LAWN TENNIS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

• SEEN THROUGH AMERICAN EYES.

BY J. PARMLY PARET.



LAWN TENNIS is the same royal game the whole world over—it appeals to the same class of people, it enjoys the same degree of popularity, suffers from the same distractions, and faces the very same problems “in every land, in every clime” where it has earned its high place

among the recognized sports.

England is the traditional home of sport, and in tennis, as in so many of her other games, a larger proportion of her people understand and enjoy the game, whether they play it or not, than in any other country. America is her greatest imitator and rival in sports, and it is only natural that our standards and customs should be nearest to hers.

There is absolutely no important difference in the English rules of tennis from ours, and only two minor ones; the etiquette, terms and expressions of the game are only slightly different from

ours, and the standards of play very much the same. The individual skill of their men is very little better than ours, but the general average notably higher.

When one turns from the men to the women, candor compels me to admit that English and Irish women—not only the girls, but married women of mature years—show far better play than any ever seen among the American girls.

Tournaments are conducted more systematically, and the handicapping is more carefully studied—an advantage unquestionably due to the employment of professional referees and handicappers. One man in particular, the popular B. C. Evelegh, has done a great deal to organize and systematize this work, and his services are much in demand, for his popularity with the players is sure to bring success to the tournaments placed in his charge.

Spectators at the tournaments in both England and Ireland are more numerous, more appreciative and much better posted on the fine points of the play, the

technicalities of the handicaps and the skill of the players.

The courts, racquets, balls and other implements of the game are better than ours, but the differences are very slight. Their turf is firmer, the ground harder and the surface more reliable than American grass courts, and they do not have to resort to our poor substitute of "dirt" courts. So far as the balls are concerned—a most vulnerable point for an expert player—there is really very little difference indeed. Eaves and Mahony both found

Against all this "bill of particulars," we have a few items on the credit side of the American books. Our umpiring is distinctly better than the English variety; the social life at our tournaments and the "hospitality of the natives" are a greater feature on this side of the ocean; the prizes offered are more valuable; the conditions attached to our challenge cups generally less difficult; and last, but far from least, our weather is much more favorable for the game. Entirely apart from the climate, of which I shall

H. L. DOHERTY AND G. W. HILLIARD.



S. H. SMITH.

little to complain of in our balls last summer, and this testimony, added to Hobart's experience abroad this year and my own, would show that visiting players on either side of the ocean have little to fear in this respect. So far as I could discover, English balls are of the same size and weight, but they seem to be covered with a better quality of felt, having less nap on the surface; they fly faster, and their impact is slightly heavier in consequence.



CHAMPION R. F. DOHERTY.



H. S. MAHONY.

speaking later, there are many more days abroad when heavy winds and rain make good play, not only for visitors, but for home players as well, difficult, if not impossible.

"It always rains in Ireland," said Dr. Eaves to me encouragingly, while I was lunching with him at the Queen's Club the last day of the Wimbledon meeting. I am glad now that my tickets were bought, else I might have been tempted to forego my trip to the Emerald Isle, for the weather had been wet enough

during my short stay in England for this English estimate of Irish weather to appal me. But I found Irish weather quite as good as—or, should I say, no worse than—the English variety, and I am glad now that I did not heed Dr. Eaves's warning.

The climate is undoubtedly the most dangerous obstacle to American players abroad, as it probably is for British players on our courts, and I seriously doubt if it is possible for visitors to either side to become fully acclimated in less than two or three consecutive seasons at the lowest estimate. I know

April. British visitors to American courts have always complained of our heat—the atmosphere seems too enervating for strangers to show their best form—while Americans abroad find the climatic conditions there quite as disconcerting. It is not very uncommon for matches to be continued through the rain—in fact, Hobart's first important match abroad, his final at Liverpool against Doherty, was played through a storm; while other matches interrupted by bad weather are invariably continued as soon as the rain stops falling, despite sodden balls and uncertain ground,



A TYPICAL CROWD AT THE EASTBOURNE TOURNAMENT.

that both Larned and Hobart were appreciably affected by the altered conditions, and, so far as my own case is concerned, I wore heavy winter clothing from the day I reached English soil until after I left, though my five weeks' stay covered part of June and most of July. On wet or windy days, I found a winter overcoat none too warm.

Americans are accustomed to playing their matches in hot, dry weather, with little or no wind to affect the flight of the balls, but English and Irish players seem to be quite as skillful in damp, raw, windy weather, like that to which we are accustomed in March and early

These showers come so frequently that at Wimbledon and one or two other grounds they have tarpaulins always ready to cover the best courts, and the ball-boys spread over the "mackintoshes" as soon as play is stopped on account of rain.

Of the other conditions that are likely to prove stumbling-blocks to American players abroad, the lack of our customary rest between sets, the number of matches one is expected to play the same day, and the different rule governing service, are the most important, but none of them need be feared. The cooler climate makes it possible to play

almost continuously without severe fatigue, although the same custom of allowing no rest during matches would prove very severe if enforced in such hot weather as that to which we are accustomed.

It is easy to avoid playing too much abroad by entering fewer events or "scratching" (defaulting) in some of them; and those who are accustomed to our new rule for service will find little difficulty in conforming to the English law, which differs only in that the forward foot must be *on*, not *behind* the base-line. Of the difference in balls I have already spoken, and this need not be feared at all; on the contrary, theirs are an improvement.

"Umpiring is the curse of the game," says Dr. Dwight, and, if this be true, British lawn-tennis players suffer much more from the curse than do we. As in America, umpires and linemen (when there are any linemen) are generally reluctant volunteers from among the idle players and spectators, and good ones are as scarce as the proverbial "hen's teeth." They seem to have some constitutional objection to allowing their voices to be heard, and "Out" is called only on very doubtful balls. The scorer is expected to know that the others are out without any official call.

The twin brothers Allen, who furnish so much amusement for English tennis spectators, are always good-natured until the linemen begin to mumble, or forget to call entirely. Then it is that one of them breaks out plaintively, to the manifest merriment of the crowd and discomfiture of the umpire: "Oh, won't you *please* call a little louder? We're all *very* hard of hearing, you know!"

In a very large majority of the matches, even at Wimbledon in the championship meeting, the players have to be content with a single volunteer—umpire, scorer and linemen combined. This individual is perched up on a high chair at the net, and is expected to judge even the fastest balls on the opposite side-line and the distant base-lines. It is almost unnecessary to say that these volunteers often err, and some of them add lack of attention to poor eyesight. American linemen make errors, too, of course, but if a palpable one occurs in an important match it creates a seven-day scandal, while in

England the players grumble at it and tell afterward how they might have won if it were not for such-and-such bad decisions. I was greatly surprised at the number of these complaints that I heard. Why, in the recently published "Recollections of Famous Players," by H. Chipp, no less than four instances are quoted of grievously bad decisions of linemen in most important matches, and the writer—an excellent authority, by the way—draws the deduction that at least one of them actually reversed the result of a championship match.

Most English players are sportsman-like enough to offer to play over any stroke on which the decision is seriously doubted, for they know how fallible umpires are, and occasionally they reverse the umpire's edict by mutual consent. But it is very unsatisfactory to play over a stroke that has been fairly won and lost, particularly at a critical point of an important match. There were several linemen as well as an umpire for the final match at Wimbledon, this year, between Mahony and the younger Doherty, yet some of the decisions were very bad, and many bitter complaints were heard after the match about Mahony's poor treatment at the hands of the umpires. When the fifth set of the final match for the national championship runs up to 14—12, as it did in this case; when one stroke may throw the national championship to one or the other of the struggling contestants, a single bad decision—to say nothing of the four I counted in the set in question—plays an important part in making history.

What is almost as bad as the other phases of poor English umpiring is the lax way they have of enforcing their own rules. Foot-faults are called against one player and not another, the question resting entirely with the strictness or the temper of the man selected for the official chair. Many times did I see doubtful foot-faults called against players by the scorer at the net, an almost impossible position from which to judge of this transgression, while flagrant violations in other matches passed unnoticed. Mahony is guilty of foot-faulting frequently—excellent English judges confirmed my own opinion on this point—yet, even in his final match for the championship, no effort was made to make him conform to the rule.

In another tournament I saw a served ball strike an idle one in court, and, after considerable discussion, it was agreed to play the stroke over again. Now, the law provides in this case that the service is good and the server wins the ace if his opponent, whose duty it is to keep his court free, fails to return the ball; yet these players, both experts of undoubted skill, took the law into their own hands and played the stroke again. In still another instance I saw an umpire award a stroke to the lawful losers, when the ball, smashed rather wildly, hit the skirt of one of the players, just outside of the court.

Perhaps the question that will most interest American lovers of the sport, is the relative skill of English experts and those on this side of the water, and I approach this difficult subject with caution. Any comparison with our own players immediately brings up afresh the irritating question of climate, for it is necessary to take this factor into consideration at all times.

My tennis abroad was limited to five weeks of play, but in this time I took part in as many tournaments, including the championship meeting at Wimbledon and two other events in England, a small country tournament in Ireland, and also a more pretentious sectional championship meeting in the Emerald Isle. I also had a glimpse of the Welsh championship matches.

In these pages last fall I outlined the history of international matches up to that date, and this season has added little of importance to the record. Hobart went abroad last spring and played in two tournaments, including the English championship, but his matches shed no further light on the much-discussed question. He won easily from all of the second-class players he met, but he met only one first-class expert, the younger Doherty, and both times he encountered this most remarkable player of the year he was badly beaten, but in the very worst kind of weather. Under distinctly unfavorable conditions, therefore, he appeared to outclass the second-class English players, and in turn to be outclassed by the first-class men, so no valuable deductions are possible from his matches, so far as singles are concerned, anyway. Of his play in doubles I shall have more to say later.

A careful study of the British experts

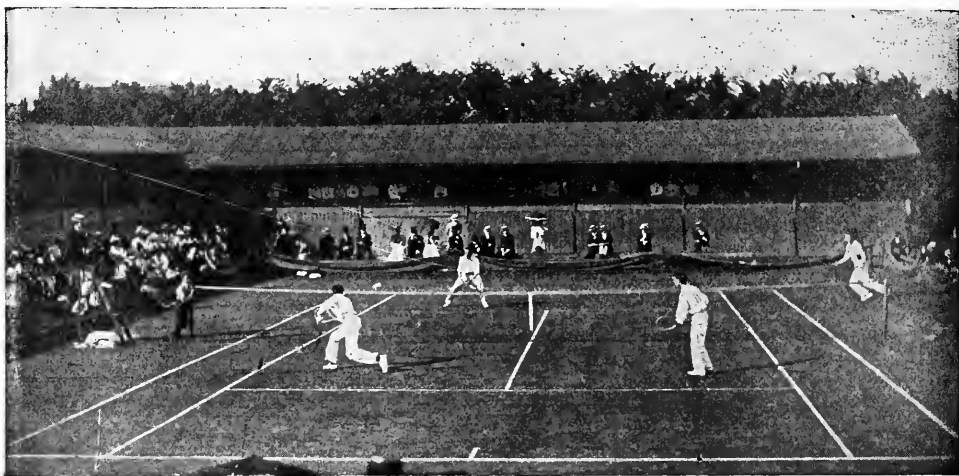
forced the conclusion on me that we have produced no players yet in America who can expect to win championship laurels at Wimbledon, although I feel almost as confident that American honors at Newport are also out of the reach of foreigners. Candor forces the confession, however, that our players abroad seem further from the top than do the English experts who have visited our courts. Under absolutely neutral conditions, therefore, if it were possible to find them, I should expect an American team to be still a trifle behind a team of representative Britishers.

But it is when we consider class by class that our players suffer most. There were this year five absolutely first-class players taking active part in the English tournaments — the brothers Doherty, Eaves, Mahony and Smith. Against these men we have only two active cracks, Wrenn and Larned, and even they were too busy fighting Spaniards to play this year. If we should include Hovey, Neel, Chace, and others who did not play last year or this, and Hobart, who played only abroad, there might be reckoned against us Pim, the Baddeley brothers, Stoker, and others of former fame. Class for class, then, we find our friends the enemy not only more numerous, but a shade more skillful among the top men, as nearly as comparative form under neutral conditions can be estimated.

Just behind these English leaders there are a dozen players who might be included in the second class, although two or three of them, like Gore and Hilliard, for instance, really hover between the two classes. Gore beat Smith in the championships, and played five close sets with Mahony, while Hilliard beat Eaves three weeks later. Yet neither of these men is considered first-class. With them, or just below them, might be rated Black, Greville, Nisbet, E. R. Allen, Boucher, Simond, Barrett, Pearson, Ridding and several others. Against these men we might muster Whitman, Bond, Davis, George Wrenn, Stevens, Collins, Ware, Fischer, Millett, Budlong, Forbes, Paret and the Whitney brothers, and the Hardy brothers, of the Pacific coast. Again, our men, as a class, suffer slightly by comparison, but they are not outnumbered as are the leaders; so, under neutral conditions, I should expect them to be beaten, though by a smaller margin.

But here our dream of equality ends, and the "fields," if the rest of the tournament players may be so summed up, are very far from equal. Below the second class, there are five British players of skill for every one we have on this side of the Atlantic. It simply takes one's breath away to see them crop up in every little tournament. Players as skillful as our poorest tournament performers are rated abroad as the veriest "duffers." Over in Ireland there is more skill shown at the garden parties than seen in some of our local tournaments, while in England there seem to be countless legions of skillful tournament players.

every stroke in perfect form; every play is made gracefully, and as one of the English experts put it to me: "It is more enjoyable to see the champion miss a stroke than to see most men make it." He never plays wide of the court; and when he loses, it is because his eye is only a few inches out, and the balls just miss the lines or just hit the band of the net. He is a brilliant and a showy player, while his younger brother is just the reverse. The latter is seldom brilliant, but always steady and reliable. His strokes are not pretty to watch, but they find the right spot almost invariably. He has not his brother's speed nor his brother's deli-



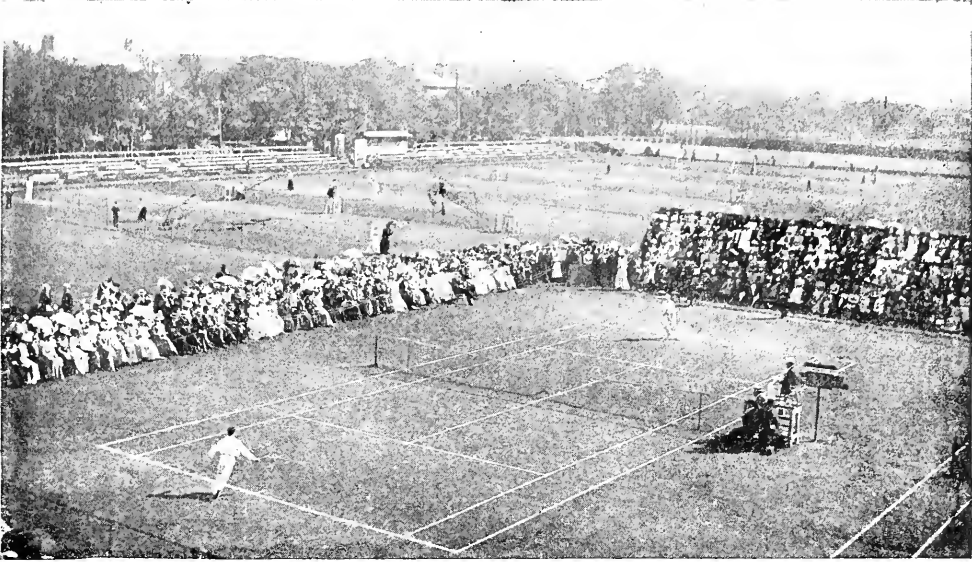
THE DOHERTY BROTHERS IN A CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH AT WIMBLEDON.

One popular American supposition—which I confess I shared myself—seems to have originated from a limited knowledge of English play, and to have been nurtured in imagination. British players are not all of one type; they are not all marvels of steadiness; they are not all consistent performers, and their backhand play is not always as strong as their forehand. There are even wider differences in style among our cousins across the water than among our players; some of them are woefully unsteady, and many of them inconsistent, while I saw several whose backhand play was quite as weak as that of the poorest of the Americans.

We need not look further than the champion brothers Doherty for variety in styles of play. The older plays

cacy of touch, but he makes very few errors and returns everything.

For absolute unsteadiness, we have two examples in Hilliard and Nisbet. Either of these men might beat the very best on his "on" day, but both have their "off" days as well, and their play is notoriously inconsistent as a result. There are many other players who are inconsistent in their play, though perhaps less noticeably so than Hilliard and Nisbet; and the lack of training and absolute disregard of all rules which we Americans think are necessary for success in tennis may have something to do with their unsteadiness. But tennis is a game in which the adjustment is so delicate and the differences between players—even between players of different classes—

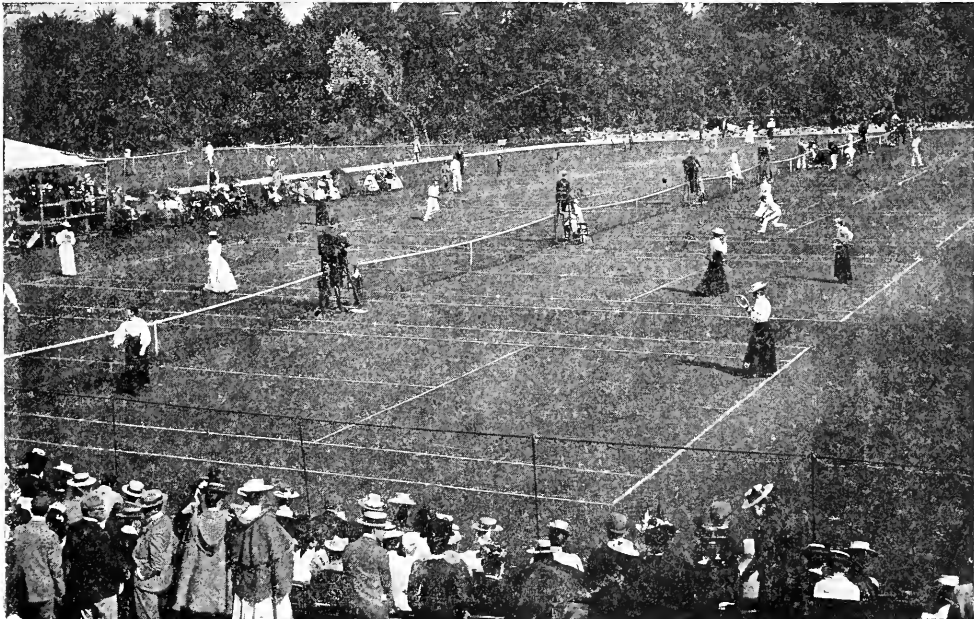


SMITH VS. YOUNG DOHERTY AT LIVERPOOL.

is so slight that such inconsistencies are bound to exist everywhere.

As for the old supposition that every English player had a stronger backhand than a forehand, this is the veriest myth. Take such men as Smith and Ridding, for instance. The former has almost no ability at all to play backhanded,

and invariably runs around a ball to protect his weakness, even at times going far out of his court to play a ball forehanded after it has bounded in the left side of his court. Ridding, a pupil of Smith's, I believe, is not quite so weak on his backhand as Smith, but that side of his play is far the weakest point. On



LOOKING DOWN THE COURTS AT EASTBOURNE.

the whole, I found the English players more evenly developed than the American, and there is less of the backhand weakness in the average player there than here, but it is exceptional to find more strength backhanded than forehanded, and there are many instances of the reverse.

Smith is exclusively a base-line player, being as hopeless at the net as our own Richard Stevens, and his wonderful success has brought base-line play once more into vogue in England. Half a dozen others have been winning without volleying, notably Gore, E. R. Allen, Ridding and Boucher, though none of these is quite so bigoted in his specialty as Smith; and the old discussion of the relative merits of base-line and net play has come up once more abroad. All the old problems that this endless question provokes have been dug up and argued over again with renewed vigor. But new arguments bring us no nearer to any reasonable conclusion, and it is evident that the method of the "survival of the fittest" must settle the matter.

The base-line men have had more than their share of success this season on the other side, and unless better volleyers are developed to stop their onslaught the net will soon be untenable again, and "pat-ball" will come in once more. But for the successes of the Dohertys and Mahony this year, volleying might soon be a lost art in England, so strong are the base-line men becoming.

The most bigoted and yet the most successful of all the back-court players is S. H. Smith, the most peculiar phenomenon yet seen on any lawn-tennis court. He knows only one stroke, and this the most ungainly, the most unfinished of all strokes, a veritable "slog" (as the English call a fierce drive), with only speed and blind force to recommend it. He cannot play back-handed, and runs around every ball to pound it from the very top of its bound (Anglice: "hop") with all his force and a fierce swing of the body that adds to the ugliness of the play.

That Smith and other base-line players should have had some success in doubles only helps to prove our contention that American double play is above that of the English. Further proof of the weakness of base-line play in doubles

is offered by the words of their own ex-champion and idol, Willifred Baddeley, who says in his recently published book: "In the double, the only possible way to win a match is for both players to volley the whole time."

This contention of the superior doubles in America is still disputed by many abroad, but we find as recently as last spring an authoritative writer on lawn tennis in a prominent English sporting magazine declaring that "in America, where double play has reached an even higher standard than in this country," etc., while both Pim and Mahony, who were badly beaten by Hovey and Hobart at West Newton three years ago, were both quoted as saying that such play could not be beaten by any of the best British teams. Without wishing to dive too deeply into the merits of this argument, I want to add one more piece of evidence which accumulated this year in favor of the American side of the question.

Hilliard and Smith, a brilliant volleyer and a brilliant base-line player, undoubtedly the strongest pair in the country at this combination game, and probably one of the strongest at any game, met Hobart and Nisbet in the finals at Wimbledon last July. Hilliard had just beaten Nisbet 6—0, 6—2, and Smith was distinctly better than Hobart in singles, yet the pair were beaten three sets to one in doubles, and after the match Mahony declared: "There was only one team in it after the first set." It was a victory for methods rather than players, for Hobart and Nisbet had never played together before, while their opponents were old partners. But the American and his partner both hurried to the net all the time in true American style, while Smith stayed back at the base-line and left his partner unsupported at the net. The successes of the Doherty brothers, the Baddeley brothers, and the Allen brothers, were all accomplished by constant net play, but their cases are exceptional, and the majority of English teams hang back from the net too much, and seldom, if ever, get close enough to volley as aggressively as do the crack American teams. Volleying from the service line, as do many of the English experts, is not orthodox, according to American principles.

Aside from questions of relative skill,

English tournaments are more pretentious and better patronized both in entries and spectators than those in America. It fairly takes an American's breath away to look at the programme of one of them, with its eight or ten events and sometimes forty entries in some of the events. In the Leamington tournament, scheduled for only three days and actually run off in that time without having to "divide" any of the finals, there were ten events with over two hundred matches to be played, and only seven courts to play them on. The handicap events draw many entries, and the mixed doubles are invariably patronized by a large number of teams. The players are usually entered in four or five events, and as soon as one walks off a court and turns in his score to the referee, he is "ordered into court" for another match in some other event or hears Mr. Eveleigh's good-natured call: "Smith, I shall want you in ten minutes for your handicap mixed." There is no rest for the weary, and the only alternative is to "scratch" in the events where your chances to win seem poorest, if you are too tired to play three or four matches a day.

The spectators crowd around the courts in great numbers, and in most of the clubs ropes or netting have to be put up to prevent interference with the players. Although the spectators do not seem to mix with the players as much as in America, one will hear intelligent discussions on every hand on the most intricate handicap odds, that most Americans would give up as beyond their comprehension. The speakers know the players' records, and they know good play from bad. A clever stroke is applauded every time, by whomever made, and, as a rule, they have fewer favorites and prejudices and more of the spirit of fair play in their applause than one finds at American tournaments. With such crowds to see the play, of course printed programmes are issued each day, with the previous day's winners and scores filed in.

It is at Eastbourne that the biggest crowds are seen. The two big autumn meetings each season are those at Brighton and Eastbourne, held on successive weeks in September. At both of these the number of entries as well as spectators is enormous, and Eastbourne in this respect is the greatest

tournament of the English season—greater even than Wimbledon.

Here the crowds are completely cut off from the players by high nettings, and around the outside of these there is a constant procession of promenaders, who wander from court to court, except when some match of exceptional importance is on, and then the whole throng gather around the favored court to watch the experts. There are always first-class players at Eastbourne and plenty of enthusiasm is shown by the spectators.

Except, perhaps, for the championship court at Wimbledon, which is surrounded on three sides by covered stands, and the fourth by an open one, there is no other club so well prepared for spectators as that at Aigworth, where the Northern championship matches are held, just outside of Liverpool. Here the best courts are just in front of the club-house, before which there is a large grand stand, while just opposite it, at the other end of these courts, a second large stand holds many hundreds of other spectators.

At Edgbaston, just outside of Birmingham, the best courts are opposite a series of narrow grass terraces, one behind another, on which are placed hundreds of camp chairs for the spectators. These courts are admirably arranged for watching the play.

The English are a nation of tea-drinkers, and even the players drink it between their matches. There is always a tent at one side of the grounds where both players and spectators repair for their inevitable cup of tea.

The etiquette of the game is much the same as in America, although the terms and expressions are in some cases different, and there are a few instances where American ways differ from the English. For instance, the players never shake hands after a match. Congratulations are done away with, and in their place some well-intended remark about luck being all on the side of the winner, or that the loser was badly out of form, is always in order; while, if only men are the competitors, the invariable custom is for the winner to invite the loser to "Come and have a drink." It is an indefinite invitation, and leaves the vanquished to select the exact bowl in which he will drown his sorrow. In women's events, however, this is altered

to "Won't you come and have a cup of tea?"

Another amusing custom that has become one of the strongest of habits with the English is to say "Oh! I'm sorry!" or simply, "Sorry!" on the slightest provocation. One partner in doubles always says it to the other when he misses a stroke, or if he makes a double fault, or if he calls a ball for out and it does not go out; while even opponents say it to each other, evidently with the hope of smoothing over ruffled feelings, when a ball touches the net and rolls over, or when it bounds badly from the

Abroad they always speak of the "hop" of the ball, not of its "bound," as we do; they call a "cut" or "twist" service a "screw"; they say a man has been "let in" a handicap, rather than that he is a "sleeper"; "steel points" is what they call our "spiked" shoes. English players "scratch" when we "default"; they have a "walkover" when we win "by default," and they "retire" in the middle of a match when we "default." A modest man will tell his antagonist over there, perhaps, that he will "romp" him, while on this side the same man would say "You'll go right through me;" and in doubles, when one partner thinks a ball is going out, he warns his partner not to play it by calling "Let it touch!" or, after it has fallen only a few inches out, he says "Well let!"

But these are only slight differences at most, and, from whatever light you look at it, the same conclusion is forced



"MACKINTOSHES" COVER THE COURT. (p. 73.)

ground, and once I heard a player say, "Sorry! very sorry!" to his antagonist after he had smashed the ball out of his reach and the other had rushed vainly across the court in his effort to return it. The habit had grown so strong with him that he used the customary expression, even when the cause of the other's misfortunes was his own good play.

I have said that the umpiring abroad is poor, but there is one point in which it excels our own. When an English player sees a doubtful ball and wants a decision from the lineman he simply calls "How?" and immediately comes back the answer "Play!" if it is good, or "Out!" if it is bad. This is more easily understood in the heat and excitement of a hard match than our burdensome way of calling "How is it?" and the less distinct reply, generally given grudgingly and after some considerable hesitation, "Good!"



THE TEA TABLES AT WIMBLEDON.

on one—the same with which I prefaced these notes on the game as played abroad—that, no matter where you find it, lawn tennis is the same royal game the whole world over. Abroad it has suffered from golf and bicycling, but in each case it emerged from the temporary eclipse with all its former glory, and with an increased number of devotees. American enthusiasts are confident that history will repeat itself on this side of the ocean, and that, when the present passion for golf has partially run its course, lawn tennis will once more find as much favor as before the advent of the new old game.



OUTING'S MONTHLY REVIEW

OF AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

GOLF.



THE HAVEMEYER CUP.
AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY.

brought to a high state of perfection, and on them chance is well-nigh eliminated and skill nearly alone counts.

Indeed, so perfect are the links at Norristown that some of the special conditions, especially that relating to balls out of bounds when merely outside a line marked by wire, might well have been spared. The rules relating to balls out of bounds (*i. e.*, unplayable) were :

(a) When outside of fences or other boundaries of club property, except when in the public road running *through* club property—*viz.*, from Madison avenue to railroad (holes 3 and 15), thence westerly, parallel with track, to point indicated by red stake (holes 4 and 14).

(b) When within twenty feet of the centre of the railway track, as indicated by white stakes.

(c) When in the woods outside a line marked by wires.

The final revision of the links left the distances of the eighteen holes as follows :

Yards.	Yards.	Yards.
1..... 238	7..... 350	13..... 545
2..... 175	8..... 350	14..... 333
3..... 234	9..... 433	15..... 165
4..... 370	10..... 253	16. 193
5..... 310	11..... 415	17..... 408
6..... 363	12..... 442	18. 383

So that, in the whole, in each tour of the holes each player must play over 5,960 yards and, of course, walk over a great deal more. It may be interesting to note here that the two classic foreign links, St. Andrew's, Scotland, are 6,323 yards and Hoylake 6,090 yards respectively, so that Morristown lacks little or nothing in length and has specially trying features of its own.

The amateur record over the links was, before the contest, 84, or 168 for the double round. Bogey over the course in members' matches had been established at 83, or 166 for the double round, and the best professional estimate was 156.

The contest was made especially hard by its terms. No players were to be eligible but those who on Monday made the lowest scores in a preliminary medal round of thirty-six holes. These thirty-two were to play thirty six-hole match-rounds during all the rest of the week.

In the qualifying round it was scarcely surprising that H. J. Whigham, the champion,

THE magnitude of the preparations, the width of the interest, and the skill of the players in the fourth amateur championship tournament, mark, with almost dramatic effect, the wonderful influence which golf has achieved in the ten years of its existence as a pastime of our people.

Months, nay, it might with truth be said years, have been devoted to the bringing of the links of the Morris County Club to a state of perfection equivalent to the importance of the occasion and the ever-increasing skill of the players, because, paradoxical as it may seem, the higher the accuracy of the contestant, the more exacting are the demands that no extraneous difficulties shall be placed in the way. Hence, at Norristown, the valleys have been exalted, the hills laid low, and veritable forests, in detachments, have been removed. In the result the eighteen holes have been

should fail, for, though he pluckily fought through the thirty-six holes, it was evident that he had left enough of his old-time vitality in the Cuban campaign to seriously mar his chances.

The weather on Monday morning, the 12th September, when the play commenced at 7:30 o'clock, was as perfect as was possible, a gentle breeze, a cloudless sky, a temperature that could be enjoyed and not felt, and a light that seemed to pierce the farthest horizon, so clear was it.

The result of the preliminary qualifying round was:

	First Round.	Second Round.	Total.
1. Joseph H. Choate, Jr., Stock-bridge.....	88	87	175
2. Walter B. Smith, Onwentsia.....	83	95	178
3. Charles B. Macdonald, Chicago.....	90	88	178
4. Robert D. Crowell, Cleveland.....	91	87	178
5. Walter J. Travis, Oakland.....	89	90	179
6. M. R. Wright, Philadel'a Cricket.....	89	90	179
7. Findlay Douglas, Fairfield.....	89	91	180
8. A. M. Coats, Newport.....	93	87	180
9. James A. Tyng, Morris County.....	92	89	181
10. Albert H. Smith, Huntington Valley.....	89	92	181
11. R. E. Griscom, Philadel'a Cricket.....	92	89	181
12. Foxhall P. Keene, Newport.....	89	92	181
13. W. Bayard Cutting, Jr., West- brook.....	86	95	181
14. G. G. Hubbard, Newport.....	94	89	183
15. James F. Curtis, Essex County.....	95	89	184
16. John I. Blair, Jr., Morris County.....	92	92	184
17. H. M. Billings, Ardsley.....	95	89	184
18. F. H. Bohler, Philadelphia Cricket.....	89	96	185
19. Louis P. Bayard, Jr., Baltusrol.....	93	92	185
20. F. W. Menzies, St. Andrew's.....	93	92	185
21. J. G. Thorp, Cambridge.....	94	92	186
22. James A. Stillman, Newport.....	97	89	186
23. Henry P. Toler, Baltusrol.....	95	91	186
24. A. De Witt Cochrane, St. An- drew's.....	97	89	186
25. C. A. Lineweaver, Philadelphia.....	89	98	187
26. Jasper Lynch, Lakewood.....	93	94	187
27. W. H. Sands, St. Andrew's.....	96	91	187
28. Hugh K. Toler, Baltusrol.....	88	99	187
29. George D. Fowle, Philadelphia.....	94	94	188
30. Dr. D. C. Rushmore, Tuxedo.....	94	94	188
31. John Reid, Jr., St. Andrew's.....	92	96	188
32. Alexander Morten, Westchester County.....	98	91	189

The list failing to qualify consisted of:

	First Round.	Second Round.	Ttl.
Percy Pyne, 2d, Morris County.....	98	92	190
Quincy A. Shaw, Myopia.....	96	94	190
George C. Clark, Jr., Shinnecock.....	95	95	190
W. P. Smith, Huntington Valley.....	93	97	190
C. F. Watson, Essex County.....	97	94	191
J. B. Baker, St. Andrew's.....	95	96	191
James D. Winsor, Jr., Merion Cricket.....	100	91	191
Mark Michael, Nutley.....	101	90	191
Herbert C. Leeds, Myopia.....	95	97	192
George E. Armstrong, Staten Island.....	93	99	192
Richard Talbot, Tuxedo.....	94	98	192
Daniel Chauncey, Dyker Meadow.....	94	98	192
E. R. Driver, Chicago.....	93	100	193
John Sippola, Milwaukee.....	102	91	193
H. J. Whigham, Onwentsia.....	95	99	194
Wm. R. Dinsmore, Jr., Tuxedo.....	89	105	194
Reginald Brooks, Newport.....	100	94	194
F. O. Beach, Meadowbrook.....	100	95	195
J. Nelson Manning, Auburndale, Mass.....	91	104	195
J. R. Chadwick, Richmond County.....	90	95	195
C. T. Stout, Staten Island Cricket.....	104	101	195
G. T. Rice, Brookline.....	96	99	195
Harry Holbrook, Jr., St. Andrew's.....	101	94	195
Otto Hockmeyer, Staten Island.....	99	96	195
Grenville Kane, Tuxedo.....	96	100	196
W. R. Thurston, Morris County.....	102	94	196
A. Z. Huntington, Scranton.....	97	99	196
C. L. Tappin, Westbrook.....	100	97	197
B. C. Allen, Philadelphia.....	95	102	197
W. C. Carnegie, Allegheny.....	94	103	197
C. L. Perkins, Rockaway Hunt.....	97	100	197
J. C. Rennard, Tuxedo.....	99	98	197
T. M. Robertson, St. Andrew's.....	96	102	198

	First Round.	Second Round.	Ttl.
A. L. Ripley, Cambridge.....	96	102	198
William Waller, Onwentsia.....	98	100	198
Patrick Grant, Palmetto.....	94	105	199
R. D. Graham, Harbor Hill.....	98	101	199
Martin Ballou, Apawamis.....	100	100	200
A. Wright Post, Morris County.....	101	99	200
De Lancey Nicoll, Westchester.....	99	102	200
Charles Seelye, Weburn.....	101	99	200
Richard Sykes, Denver.....	102	99	201
O. D. Thompson, Allegheny.....	98	103	201
R. A. Rainey, Cleveland.....	104	98	202
W. B. Chevey, Orford.....	97	105	202
Edward Leavitt, Fairfield.....	100	102	202
C. D. Barnes, Shinnecock.....	104	98	202
F. L. Woodward, Denver.....	103	100	203
Howard Elting, St. Louis.....	106	97	203
Sherman Day, Shinnecock.....	98	106	204
Victor Sorchan, Newport.....	105	99	204
T. T. Reid, Montclair.....	99	107	206
A. T. Jennings, Dyker Meadow.....	107	101	208
J. J. Manning, Seabright.....	105	103	208
Dr. B. O'Connor, Staten Island.....	107	102	209
H. M. Forrest, Philadelphia.....	107	103	210
R. C. Watson, Westbrook.....	98	112	210
E. I. Frost, Chicago.....	107	104	211
C. B. Van Brunt, Crescent.....	111	106	217
Siason Thompson, Onwentsia.....	115	104	219
H. W. Slocum, Baltusrol.....	109	110	219
F. L. Denny, Chevy Chase.....	101	120	221

Probably none of the contestants in the preliminary rounds exerted themselves to do their very best. It was sufficient that they were among the first thirty-two, and, of course, out of over a hundred entrants the best players, those who would really be called upon later on for the best, could gain a qualification without extreme effort. This may account for the fact that, in the preliminary round, the amateur record, 168 over the links, was not approached nearer than 175.

The next point of general interest arising out of the preliminary round was the important part played in it by college-trained golfers. Joseph H. Choate, Jr., who made the lowest score and took the gold medal, though entered from the Stockbridge Golf Club of Massachusetts, really is a Harvard player. Amongst his companions from the same University were: W. Bayard Cutting, Jr.; G. G. Hubbard and James F. Curtis, the Intercollegiate champion. Beside these Princeton claimed John I. Blair, Jr.; W. D. Vanderpool and L. P. Bayard, Jr., whilst Yale gave to the thirty-two John Reid, Jr., the worthy son of a worthy golfing sire, and W. B. Smith, who followed Choate closely with a score of 178, is a Yale graduate.

In other respects the field was broadly and distinctly representative of the first rank of the United States players gathered from forty-nine clubs, including nearly every principal city.

On Tuesday, the 13th, the thirty-two who had won the right of contesting were paired off in sixteen couples, with the result that—

J. G. Thorp, Cambridge, beat M. R. Wright, Philadelphia Cricket, by 3 up and 2 to play.
W. J. Travis, Oakland, beat J. L. Blair, Morris County, by 4 up and 3 to play.

A. Morten, County Club of Westchester, beat W. Bayard Cutting, Jr., Westbrook, by 2 up and 1 to play.
F. S. Douglas, Fairfield, beat J. F. Curtis by 6 up and 5 to play.

A. H. Smith, Huntington Valley, beat R. H. Crowell, Cleveland, by 2 up and 1 to play.

F. H. Bohlen, Philadelphia Cricket, beat W. H. Sands, St. Andrew's, by 2 up.

J. A. Tyng, Morris County, beat F. W. Menzies, St. Andrew's, by 6 up and 5 to play.

J. A. Stillman, Newport, beat E. C. Rushmore, Tuxedo, by 6 up and 4 to play.

W. B. Smith, Chicago, beat J. H. Choate, Jr., Stock-bridge, by 8 up and 7 to play.

A. M. Coats, Newport, beat H. K. Toler, Baltusrol, by 5 up and 4 to play.

C. B. MacDonald, Chicago, beat G. G. Hubbard, Newport, by 4 up and 2 to play.

P. P. Keene, Oakland, beat R. E. Griscom, Merion Cricket, by 5 up and 3 to play.

Jasper Lynch, Lakewood, beat C. P. Lineaweaver, Philadelphia, by 2 up.

John Reid, Jr., St. Andrew's, beat A. De Witt Cochran, Ardsley, by 2 up and 1 to play.

L. P. Bayard, Jr., Baltusrol, beat H. Mortimer Billings, Ardsley, by default.

G. D. Fowle, Philadelphia, beat H. P. Toler, Baltusrol, by 1 up (nineteen holes).

The eight successful players of Tuesday met on Wednesday, the 14th, and

W. J. Travis, Oakland, beat J. G. Thorp, Cambridge, by 7 up and 6 to play.

F. P. Keene, Oakland, beat J. A. Tyng, Morris County, by 5 up and 4 to play.

J. Stillman, Newport, beat A. Morten, Country Club of Westchester, by 4 up and 3 to play.

Findlay S. Douglas, Fairfield, beat A. H. Smith, Huntingdon Valley, by 4 up and 3 to play.

A. M. Coats, Newport, beat F. H. Bohlen, Philadelphia Cricket, by 8 up and 7 to play.

C. B. MacDonald, Chicago, beat John Reid, Jr., St. Andrew's, by 3 up and 1 to play.

W. B. Smith, Chicago, beat L. P. Bayard, Jr., Baltusrol, by 1 up.

G. D. Fowle, Philadelphia, beat Jasper Lynch, Lakewood, by 1 up (37 holes).

Friday, the 16th, brought another and not acceptable change in the climatic conditions. Mackintoshes were discarded, and under the influence of the rays of a sun hidden behind a murky veil of humidity, coats quickly followed. It was a day of discomfort even for the spectators, and must have been one of exhaustion for the players. But weather is never considered by golfers—hail, rain, sunshine or snow, they faithfully and fearlessly plod the round of duty and of pleasure. It is an unwritten law of golfing land, and one of its most health-giving features.

The pairing of the final fours was purposely so arranged that, whatever the result of the semi-finals, there should meet in the finals representatives of one Eastern and one Western club. In the result this effect was accomplished, Douglas representing Fairfield in the East and Smith Chicago in the West, though in truth, Smith, in a golfing sense, may be better claimed by the East for the reason that his three years of golfing have been largely done in the interests of his university, Yale, on whose champion team he is. Last May he won the golf championship there, and the close of this contest will find him on his way back for his senior year.

Douglas was matched against Travis, and the first round ended in Travis' favor by one hole. The hopes of the morning were rudely shattered in the afternoon round, in which his putting went all to pieces, and Douglas won by 7 holes and 6 to play.

The morning's round between Smith and MacDonald closed in Smith's favor by three holes, but the early play of the afternoon soon evened the scores until the fourteenth hole, when the score was equal. Then Smith scored three successive holes, the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth, in 3's; the seventeenth was halved in 5, Smith finally winning by 2 up and 1 to play.

The summary of the matches follows:

Findlay S. Douglas, Fairfield, beat Walter J. Travis, Oakland, by 8 up and 6 to play.

Walter B. Smith, Onwentsia, beat C. B. MacDonald, Chicago, by 2 up and 1 to play.

Saturday, the 17th, brought again perfect golfing conditions, and the final bout of the all-engrossing contest. Never were expectations keyed up to a higher pitch than when the young champion of Yale and home-taught golf, met the nearly equally young graduate of St. Andrew's University, Scotland, and Scotch training. The pair were well matched, too, because of their very differences in teaching in methods, and in strong personal points of play. Smith's reputation for long and accurate driving was counterpoised by that of Douglas for clever putting when on the green. Curiously enough they did not, in the final rounds, live up to their reputations in these respective points.

Smith won the first hole; the second was halved. Smith won the third, Douglas the fourth and fifth, so that at that point the game stood even; and so the game proceeded, hole by hole, sometimes one gaining, sometimes the other, until round one finished in favor of Douglas, three holes in the lead.

This by no means daunted either Smith or his followers, nor was there any ground for despondency. The second round began with a hole for Smith, and the second hole followed suit, reducing Douglas's lead to one. The third hole was halved. The fourth and fifth holes went to Douglas by the narrowest of margins, and thence for quite a time so frequent were the mishaps of both that the unexpected might have happened at any moment. Douglas sent his ball into the woods and played unsteadily on the green. Smith failed twice in his strong point, driving, with the result that at the thirteenth hole Douglas had his greatest lead, five, being dormie. Smith won the fourteenth, but at the fatal fifteenth Smith failed again to clear the bunker, and his ball ran out of bounds. His second ball fell short, too, and Douglas won the hole. This, of course, was the end of the match. A lead of five could not be broken down by the three only now remaining to be played, so that Douglas won his hard-fought triumph—the gold medal, the Havemeyer trophy, and, proudest of all, the title of Amateur Champion of the United States for one year.

The beautiful trophy, for the possession of which for the coming year the week's contest brought together the cream of the golfing world and of society, was designed and made by J. E. Caldwell & Co., of Philadelphia.

The scores, showing the strokes, were:

Findlay S. Douglas, Fairfield County—

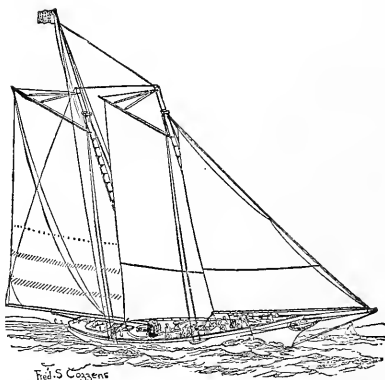
FIRST ROUND.											
Out.....	5	3	7*	5	4	4	3	4*	6	—41	
In.....	4	6	5	6	5	4	4	5	4	—43	84
SECOND ROUND.											
Out.....	5	5	4	4	4	5	6	5	—43		
In.....	4	5	6	5	5	4			—29	72	
Total, 33 holes.....											156

Walter B. Smith, Onwentsia—

FIRST ROUND.											
Out.....	4	3	4*	6	5	5	5	6*	6	—44	
In.....	4	6	5	5	5	4	7*	4	6	—46	90
SECOND ROUND.											
Out.....	4	3	5	5	5	4	5	4	7	—42	
In.....	5	5	6	7	4	6			—33	75	
Total, 33 holes.....											165

*Approximated.

YACHTING.



"AMERICA," THE ORIGINAL WINNER OF THE CUP.

THE AMERICA'S CUP CHALLENGE.

AS prophesied in OUTING last month, the challenge of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, on behalf of Sir Thomas Lipton, for the *America's Cup* will result in a race.

A meeting of the New York Yacht Club, called for the purpose of considering a cable communication of Secretary Hugh C. Kelly, of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, with regard to the challenge, was held at the New York Yacht Club, No. 67 Madison avenue, on Thursday evening, August 11th. There was a representative attendance. Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan presided. Secretary Oddie read the following despatch from Secretary Kelly :

" August 6, 1898.

" THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, No. 67 Madison avenue, New York :

" I have to inform you that the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, on behalf of Sir Thomas Lipton, have the honor to challenge for *America's Cup*. Kindly say if this is agreeable to you. A small committee appointed by the club will shortly sail for New York with formal challenge and to arrange details.

" HUGH C. KELLY, Secretary,
" Mountpottinger Road, Belfast."

The reply to the above was also read by Secretary Oddie, and is as follows :

" NEW YORK, August 6, 1898.

" HUGH C. KELLY, Secretary, Mountpottinger Road, Belfast :

" I have the honor, on behalf New York Yacht Club, to acknowledge receipt of cable of even date. Its purport is most agreeable, and will be considered as soon as meeting can be called. Your committee will be warmly welcomed. ODDIE, Secretary."

After a short discussion the following resolution was adopted :

" The Royal Ulster Yacht Club having communicated to this club its intention to challenge for the *America's Cup*.

" Resolved, That the flag officers, secretary and treasurer, be and they hereby are appointed a committee with power, on behalf of the club, to accept, under the deed of gift, such challenge for a match for the *America's Cup*, to arrange the terms thereof, and select a yacht to represent this club therein, and, by mutual consent with the challenging club, to make any arrangements as to dates, courses, number of trials, rules and sailing regulations and any and all other conditions of the match ; and the said committee shall have power, in their discretion, to add to their number. Said match shall be sailed under the direction of the Regatta Committee pursuant to Article X. of the constitution."

The meeting then adjourned, the business having taken only ten minutes. The committee, as called for above, Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan, Vice-Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard, Rear-Commodore August Belmont, Secretary J. V. S. Oddie and Treasurer J. W. J. Hurst, met and added to their number former Commodore Edwin D. Morgan, former Commodore Edward M. Brown, General Charles J. Paine and Herman B. Duryea, making nine in all in the committee, which has been designated as the "Committee on Challenge of Royal Ulster Yacht Club."

The following cable despatch was then drawn up and sent :

" HUGH C. KELLY, Secretary, Mountpottinger Road, Belfast :

" Meeting club held this evening. Your cable presented. A challenge from your club will be most agreeable. Committee appointed with full power to act on challenge and manage all details. Challenge to be binding and carry precedence must be accompanied by name of owner, and certificate, name, rig and dimensions of challenging yacht, as specified in deed of gift. Your committee will be warmly welcomed. Vice-Commodore Ledyard sails, *Etruria*, Saturday. Will gladly confer with your committee on his arrival Liverpool, if you desire. Telegraph him your wishes, Queenstown, or Long's Hotel, London.

" J. PIERPONT MORGAN, Commodore.

" J. V. S. ODDIE, Secretary."

This correspondence when published caused a good deal of comment among the Dunraven clique in England, accompanied by some spiteful sneers from the *London Field*. These strictures and criticisms, however, were brought up with a round turn by an authoritative hint that the Prince of Wales fully approved of the challenge.

Sir Thomas Lipton, who is a man of affairs, concluded that a committee of his friends should visit New York and confer personally with the New York Yacht Club, holding the sensible opinion that this course would be more satisfactory than a long-drawn-out correspondence. He declared with great candor that all he desired was a fair race, and that he had no doubt that the New York Yacht Club was also of that way of thinking. He would impose no conditions, but would be guided by the agreement made by the Royal Ulster and the New York Yacht Clubs.

He thought it well, too, he said, that Mr. Fife, the designer of the *Shamrock*, should also go to New York, so as to be on hand to supply information to the American committee.

In referring to Sir Thomas Lipton's sportsman-like tone throughout the negotiations it would be unjust to him if we did not record his generous gift of \$10,000 to the Empire State Society of Sons of the American Revolution, to be distributed for the relief of our sick and wounded sailors, soldiers and marines. Last June, when Sir Thomas was about to sail on the *Lucania* for Liverpool, he was presented with an American flag and a memorial appreciative of his sentiments in favor of an Anglo-American alliance by the society above mentioned.

Sir Thomas gives cheerfully and generously of his immense wealth. On the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee he contributed \$125,000 to the Princess of Wales' dinner to the London poor. Almost immediately after the issuance of the

challenge Sir Thomas was elected a member of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club, his sponsors being Mr. J. B. Hilliard, one of the syndicate that built the Scotch cup challenger, *Thistle*, and Mr. George L. Watson, the yacht designer. Clyde yachtsmen are in full sympathy with the challenger and are indignant at the slurs cast upon him by the "Dunraven faction."

Mr. Charles Russell, son of the Lord Chief Justice of England, and a personal friend of the challenger, acted as Sir Thomas Lipton's first envoy to this country. He arrived in this city on August 23d, via Quebec, and took up his quarters in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he was visited later in the day by Secretary J. V. S. Oddie and Treasurer Hurst, of the New York Yacht Club. Mr. Russell returned this call of courtesy by a visit to the yacht club. Mr. Russell on August 25th had a conference with the special committee appointed by the club at the office of Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan. He was welcomed by Commodore Morgan, Secretary Oddie, Treasurer Hurst, E. M. Brown, and Herman B. Duryea. The other members of the committee, Vice-Commodore Ledyard and E. D. Morgan, were absent in Europe, and Charles J. Paine had resigned because his business interests would not permit him leisure to participate in the negotiations.

Mr. Russell made known the object of his mission, which was to arrange the preliminary business of the challenge, which he explained was to be brought later by a committee of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, consisting of Major Sharman-Crawford, Vice-Commodore of the club; Hugh C. Kelly, the honorary Secretary and Treasurer; Will Fife, Jr., the designer of the challenger, and Hugh M. McGildowney, a naval architect and yachtsman, who is one of the managers of the shipbuilding firm of Harlan & Wolff, Belfast, who will build *Shamrock*. These gentlemen sailed from Liverpool on the *Britannic* on August 24th. One particular object of Mr. Fife's advent was to study the weather in the vicinity of New York in the month of September. He intends to turn out a yacht adapted to this climate. *Shamrock* will be one of the first large yachts in commission next season. She will be raced energetically in British waters until it is time to start for New York. There is already talk of *Britannia* and *Valkyrie* being put in commission to act as "trial horses" to get a line on her speed.

The Irish delegation landed in New York on Sept. 2d. Next day its members, consisting of Vice-Commodore R. G. Sharman-Crawford, Secretary Hugh C. Kelly and Hugh M. McGildowney, with Will Fife, Jr., and Charles Russell in an advisory capacity, met Commodore Morgan, Secretary Oddie, Treasurer Hurst, Herman B. Duryea and E. M. Brown at the New York Yacht Club. The meeting lasted an hour. The following challenge was presented:

NEW YORK, September 3, 1898.

J. V. S. ODDIE, Esq., Secretary New York Yacht Club,
No. 67 Madison Avenue, New York:

DEAR SIR—We have the honor, on behalf of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, and in the name of Sir Thomas Lipton, a member of the club, to challenge to sail a series of matches with the yacht *Shamrock* against any one yacht or vessel constructed in the United States of America, for the *America's* cup, subject to the deed of gift and subject to conditions to be agreed upon.

The following are the particulars of the challenging vessel, viz.:

Owner, Sir Thomas Lipton; name of yacht, *Shamrock*; length of load water-line, 80.5 feet; rig, cutter.

The Custom House measurement will follow as soon as possible.

We shall be much obliged if you will acknowledge receipt of this challenge.

Very truly,

R. G. SHARMAN-CRAWFORD,

Vice-Commodore Royal Ulster Yacht Club.

HUGH M. MCGILDOWNEY,

HUGH C. KELLY,

Honorary Secretary Royal Ulster Yacht Club.

The Royal Ulster yachtsmen then withdrew. The Cup Committee held a formal session and formally accepted the challenge. It is understood that the races will be sailed next September. It is believed that Commodore Morgan will build a cup defender, and that Mr. Oliver Iselin will have the management of her. Herreshoff is to turn out the new yacht, which will be built under lock and key; her model and the material of which she is to be constructed will be kept secret. *Defender* will be refitted to try the speed of the new craft. The *Shamrock* will also be put together under a hermetically sealed shed.

The New York Cup Committee announced that they had elected Henry F. Lippitt, the well-known Eastern yachtsman and owner of the *Wasp*, to the vacancy on the committee caused by the resignation of Gen. Paine.

The final conditions were settled at a meeting of the contracting parties held at the New York Yacht Club on September 6th. As will be seen on perusal, nothing could be fairer to both challenger and defender:

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB:

NO. 67 MADISON AVENUE.

NEW YORK, Sept. 6, 1898.

Conditions to govern the races for the *America's* Cup, under the challenge of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club on behalf of Sir Thomas J. Lipton, dated September 3, 1898, as agreed upon by the committees of the New York Yacht Club and Royal Ulster Yacht Club, at a joint meeting held on this date.

Number of Races—The match to be decided by the best three out of five races.

Courses—Starting from Sandy Hook Lightship: First race, to windward or leeward and return; second race, equilateral triangle; third race, similar to first race; fourth race, similar to second race; fifth race, similar to first race.

The starting line and compass bearings to be announced as early as practicable, and the tug bearing the marks to be started ten minutes prior to the preparatory signal.

In every case the course from the starting line to be laid to windward, if possible, from Sandy Hook Lightship.

In case a course as required by the conditions cannot be laid out from Sandy Hook Lightship, the Regatta Committee may provide some other suitable starting point, and in this case the preparatory signal will be given about half an hour later than the time named for starting from the lightship.

Length of Courses—The course shall be as nearly as possible thirty (30) nautical miles in length.

Start—The starting signal shall be given as nearly as practicable at eleven (11) A. M., and this time shall not be changed, except as follows:

First—By the Regatta Committee, as described in the preceding paragraph, for changing the starting point.

Second—By the Regatta Committee, in case of fog.

Third—By the Regatta Committee, if in its opinion the space around the starting line is not sufficiently clear at the time appointed for the start.

Fourth—In case both yachts consent to a postponement, in which case the Regatta Committee shall determine the time of the start.

Fifth—In case of serious accident to either vessel, as hereinafter provided.

Signals—The preparatory signal shall be given fifteen (15) minutes before the starting signal, and in case of a change in time of start, a preliminary signal shall be given fifteen (15) minutes before the preparatory.

At the starting signal a yacht may cross the line;

the exact time at which a yacht crosses the line during the succeeding two minutes to be taken as her start, and the end of that period as the start of the one crossing after its expiration.

If a race is not started by one-thirty (1:30) P. M. the Regatta Committee shall have the right to declare the race postponed for the day, and no race shall be started after three (3) P. M.

Time Limit—If in any race neither yacht goes over the course within five and a half (5½) hours, exclusive of time allowances, such race shall not count, and must be resailed.

Selecting the Defender of the Cup—The challenger shall be informed at least one week before the first race what vessel is to defend the cup.

New York Yacht Club Rules to Govern—The system of measurement, time allowance and racing rules of the New York Yacht Club to govern the races, except as herein modified.

The first race shall be sailed on Tuesday, October 3, 1899, unless the *Shamrock* should be detained by stress of weather or other cause, in which case three (3) weeks shall be given her for fitting out after her arrival; but the first race shall not be started later than October 10, 1899, and the races shall be sailed on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, until completed.

Repeated Races—An unfinished race of one kind shall be repeated until finished.

Accidents—In case a serious accident occurs to either vessel prior to the preparatory signal, she shall have sufficient time to effect repairs before being required to start, or, if such accident occurs during a race, before being required to start in the next race.

Representatives—Each vessel shall have on board during races a representative named by her competitor.

Manual Power—Manual power only shall be used for working the competing vessels.

Measurement—The competing yachts shall be measured with all of the weights, dead and alive, on board which they intend to carry during a race, but shall not have on board more persons, all told, during any race than three (3) for every five (5) feet of racing length or fraction thereof. Waste or water tanks, if carried, must be filled with water at the time of measurement.

The restriction of the New York Yacht Club rules as to floors, bulkheads, doors, water tanks, to be waived.

If either yacht, by alteration of trim or immersion by dead weight, increase her L. W. L. length, or in any way increase her spar measurements, as officially taken, she must obtain a remeasurement by special appointment before the next race, or, failing this, must report the alteration to the measurer at the clubhouse by 10 P. M. of the day before the race following such alteration, and must arrange with him for remeasurement, and, if required, be in the Erie Basin by 7 o'clock A. M. of the day of said race, and there remain until 8 o'clock A. M., if necessary, for purposes of remeasurement.

If either yacht decreases her measurements for sailing length in any way, in order to profit thereby in time allowance in any race, she must obtain a remeasurement by special appointment before such race, or notify the measurer and be at his disposition, as above described.

A measurement taken as provided above shall be final and not subject to protest by either party.

In the event of the measurer being unable to obtain a measurement which he considers accurate before a race, a remeasurement shall be taken as soon as possible after the race.

Marking the Load Water-Line—Distinct marks shall be placed at the L. W. L. at the bow, and as far aft as possible on each vessel.

Signed,

On behalf of the New York Yacht Club:

J. PIERPONT MORGAN, Commodore.

J. V. S. ODDIE, Secretary.

F. W. J. HURST, Treasurer.

EDWARD M. BROWN.

HERMAN B. DURYEA.

On behalf of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club:

R. G. SHARMAN-CRAWFORD,

Vice-Commodore.

H. M. MCGILDOWNEY,

HUGH C. KELLY,

Honorary Secretary and Treasurer.

THE SEAWANHAKA CUP.

The international race on Lake St. Louis between the 20-footers *Challenger* and *Dominion* has resulted in a serious difference of opinion between the Seawanhaka-Corinthian and the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Clubs.

Doubtless the *Dominion* is in the true sense of the word a double-hulled boat, and therefore ineligible, by the recognized canons of precedent, to compete with the ordinary yacht. Let us waive the question as to whether the *Challenger* was or was not constructed to sail on one bilge, and is therefore as guilty as her opponent, and let us stick to facts.

As soon as it was learned that *Dominion* had been chosen as the Canadian champion, Mr. R. W. Gibson, who represented the Race Committee of the S. C. Y. C., made the following protest, dated August 12, 1898:

To the Sailing Committee, R. St. L. Y. C., per A. F. Riddell, Esq., Chairman:

GENTLEMEN—The Race Committee of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club have instructed me to lay before you their opinion in regard to the eligibility of the yacht *Dominion*, which I am just informed has been selected by you to defend the Seawanhaka International Cup.

We are of opinion that the universally observed custom of classifying vessels with two hulls in classes distinct from one-hulled boats, as catamarans, should be considered as applying to the yacht *Dominion*, inasmuch as she has two distinct immersed hull sections and two separate water-lines, constituting two hulls, which are connected only above the water-line.

It seems to us that the reason why catamarans were not specifically barred in the agreement was because the custom of classifying them separately was so settled as to amount to an unwritten law requiring no mention. Under these circumstances, we feel obliged to make a formal protest against the selection of *Dominion* to defend the cup, and we appeal confidently to the Sailing Committee of the R. St. L. Y. C., as umpires, to give this question a new and impartial consideration for the welfare of the sport in which we are all deeply interested. We cheerfully leave the decision in regard to these races in your hands and will abide by your ruling. We remain, gentlemen, very respectfully yours.

The Race Committee of the S. C. Y. C.
(Per R. W. GIBSON.)

To this protest the Race Committee of the R. St. L. Y. C. made the following reply on the same day:

To the Race Committee, Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club:

GENTLEMEN—We have given your letter of this date, conveying your opinion of the yacht *Dominion*, mature consideration, and have had the advantage of a prolonged discussion regarding the matter with your representative, Mr. R. W. Gibson. We have reached the conclusion that *Dominion* comes quite within the terms of the Declaration of Trust and the agreement covering the special conditions of the match for the present year. It is their terms which we were alone to consider and on which our decision must be based. We might be permitted to add that, even from the point of view of ethical sporting principles, *Dominion* represents a new and ingenious application of recognized features in yacht designing, and is a legitimate and logical step in the line of development of this type of yacht. We beg to express our hearty appreciation of your acceptance, in advance, of the judgment of the committee. We remain, gentlemen, very respectfully yours,

The Race Committee of the R. St. L. Y. C.
A. F. RIDDELL, Chairman

It will be noted that Mr. Gibson blundered in the concluding passage of his protest, which reads: "We cheerfully leave the decision in regard to these races in your hands and will abide by your ruling." In making this concession Mr. Gibson was acting in opposition to the orders of the Race Committee of his club, which had instructed him on no account to start against *Dominion* in the event of her being chosen. If he had omitted that unfortunate passage he might have withdrawn *Challenger* with justice and honor.

But by starting against *Dominion* Mr. Gibson, as the agent of the Race Committee of his club, legally committed those gentlemen to a

recognition of *Dominion's* eligibility. The committee was bound by the acts of their agent, and therefore when Messrs. Dresser and Kerr sent their memorable dispatch, which is subjoined, in my judgment they lost their temper and exhibited a child-like petulance, for which breach of diplomacy and good manners the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club is owed an apology. The dispatch reads thus:

We wish our representatives to leave there the very first hour practicable after final race, also to preserve a very dignified attitude concerning this event and not accept public or formal hospitalities. We will address the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., saying that we will communicate with them regarding this contest as soon as we can gather our scattered committee.

DRESSER AND KERR.

The only comment necessary to make is that it is not sportsmanlike to agree to accept the ruling of a race committee, and after sailing a series of races, in every one of which the American boat was beaten on her merits, to make an undignified "kick" against the decision of the said committee.

In the last number of *OUTING* it was told how *Seawanhaka* had been chosen as the representative of the Oyster Bay Club, but that Mr. Clinton H. Crane was directed to use his judgment as to his choice of her sister boat, *Challenger*, then unfinished at Ogdensburg, N. Y. Both craft were identical in design, and the real reason why the new boat was chosen was because *Seawanhaka*, owing to her peculiar system of construction, was not in condition to race. She was strained and leaky, and although only used for a few days was not judged strong enough for a possible blow on the lake. The two Crane boats, on their arrival at Dorval, on August 3d, were rigged and raced against each other. Mr. C. H. Crane was accompanied by his brother, H. M. Crane, J. H. Stackpole, Sherman Hoyt, H. C. Eno, J. R. Solley, P. R. Labouisse and two professional sailors. Mr. R. W. Gibson acted as the representative of the Race Committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., none of whom was able to attend personally. The contest aroused much interest in Montreal and drew a large number of spectators to the scene. The arrangements were admirable.

FIRST RACE, AUGUST 13TH.

The first race, windward and leeward, two nautical miles to a leg, thrice over, making a total distance of 12 nautical miles, was started on August 13th in a fresh west wind. Because of the illness of Mr. Duggan, designer of *Dominion*, she was sailed by Wm. Æmilius Jarvis, of the Royal Canadian Y. C., who was summoned in a hurry from Toronto. He was assisted by Mr. W. A. C. Hamilton and Messrs. Shearwood and Bolton. The two boats were taken in tow for the line off Pointe Claire by the same steamer. On the way out *Dominion* bumped a small hole in *Challenger* near the starboard chain-plate. *Challenger* put back, and had a patch put on the hole at the club-house. The starting signal was made at 2:15 P. M., both boats carrying double-reefed mainsails and storm jibs. The contestants met on the line on opposite tacks. *Challenger*, on the port tack, was forced about to avoid collision, and was also robbed of her weather berth. The Canadian boat in windward work outpointed and out-footed her opponent, beating her 1m. 50s. to

the outer mark. Running home under spinnaker, *Challenger* gained, being only 17 seconds behind at the end of the round.

In the second round all reefs were shaken out and working jibs set, the wind having fallen and the sea gone down. At the outer mark *Dominion* led by 55 seconds, but on the run down the wind her lead was reduced to 14 seconds.

In the third round, at the outer mark *Dominion* was 1 minute in the lead. On the run back *Challenger* picked up and was beaten by only 6 seconds.

The official times were:

First signal, 2 P. M. Preparatory, 2:10. Start, 2:15.

Outer mark, *Dominion*, 2:39:20; *Challenger*, 2:41:10. Finish, first round, *Dominion*, 2:54:45; *Challenger*, 2:55:02.

Outer mark, *Dominion*, 3:19:20; *Challenger*, 3:20:15. Finish, second round, *Dominion*, 3:42:35; *Challenger*, 3:42:49.

Outer mark, *Dominion*, 4:11:50; *Challenger*, 4:12:50. Finish, third round, *Dominion*, 4:27:30; *Challenger*, 4:27:36.

Mr. Gibson handed in a protest, and the Sailing Committee of the R. St. L. Y. C. disqualified *Dominion* for forcing her opponent about and awarded the race to the *Challenger*.

Next day, Sunday, was passed pleasantly and quietly, both yachts being hauled out. It was announced that Mr. Duggan had sufficiently recovered to sail the next race himself.

SECOND RACE, AUGUST 15TH.

Challenger early in the morning had her planking repaired by a boatbuilder. There was a long wait for a breeze and at 12:30 a light southeast wind sprang up; and, as a triangular course had to be sailed, one and one-third nautical miles to a leg, three times round, total distance, twelve nautical miles, the course was a free reach to Pointe Claire, a beat to the second mark and a reach in with the wind abeam. There was a luffing match that lasted more than ten minutes after the start, at the end of which, when *Challenger* bore away on her course, she fouled *Dominion's* spinnaker boom. The Yankee beat the Kanuck 7 seconds to the outer mark, but on the next leg, which was a beat to windward, *Dominion* picked up wonderfully and continued to increase her lead, completing the first round 1m. 51s. in advance of *Challenger*.

In the second round *Challenger* picked up in the run and the reach, but when close-hauled, *Dominion* had the wind strong enough to sail on her lee hull with the weather one up in the air. She went to windward like a flying proa and easily beat *Challenger*, completing the second round 2m. 20s. ahead.

The final round was remarkable for the way in which *Challenger* picked up 1m. 50s. in the first leg. *Dominion* thus started on the second leg (all windward work) only 30 seconds in advance. But when close-hauled the double-hull at once got in its work and the Canadian freak profited by it, as usual, eventually winning the race with a lead of 2m. 47s. No protest was made over the foul during the first round. The Sailing Committee issued the following table, which makes an interesting record of the race:

FIRST ROUND—FIRST LEG.

	Time.	Elapsed.	Loss.	Lead.
	H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.
Dominion.....	1:20:27	0:15:27	0:00:07
Challenger.....	1:20:20	0:15:20	0:00:07

SECOND LEG.

Dominion.....	1:36:15	0:15:48	0:01:26
Challenger.....	1:37:41	0:17:21	0:01:33

THIRD LEG.

Dominion.....	1:47:19	0:11:04	0:01:51
Challenger.....	1:49:10	0:11:29	0:00:25

SECOND ROUND—FIRST LEG.

Dominion..	2:01:45	0:14:26	0:01:06	0:00:45
Challenger.....	2:02:30	0:13:20

SECOND LEG.

Dominion....	2:17:06	0:15:21	0:02:09
Challenger.....	2:19:15	0:16:45	0:01:24

THIRD LEG.

Dominion.....	2:27:40	0:10:34	0:02:20
Challenger.....	2:30:00	0:10:45	0:00:11

THIRD ROUND—FIRST LEG.

Dominion.....	2:40:40	0:13:00	0:01:50	0:00:30
Challenger.....	2:41:10	0:11:10

SECOND LEG.

Dominion.....	2:55:00	0:14:20	0:02:16
Challenger.....	2:57:16	0:16:06	0:01:46

THIRD LEG.

Dominion.....	3:05:00	0:10:00	0:02:47
Challenger.....	3:07:47	0:10:31	0:00:31

It will be noticed that *Dominion* sailed the distance of 12 nautical miles in exactly two hours, the preliminary having been given at 12:50:00, the preparatory at 1:00:00, and the start at 1:05:00.

THIRD RACE, AUGUST 16TH.

There was a strong southwest wind blowing and a little jump of a sea on in the morning. In fact, it was so jumpy that *Challenger* would not risk a tow, but preferred to sail under three reefs and a spitfire jib from the club-house to the starting point, a distance of four miles. The course was to windward and leeward, and the speed of the wind 18 miles an hour. The starting signal was given at 12:40. *Dominion* was under three reefs and *Challenger* under two. It was puffy at times, but the strength of the wind didn't seem to affect the Canadian, which stood up straight to her work, while the Yankee boat heeled over in spite of her crew perched up as high as they could get to windward. It was the same old story. *Dominion* made big gains when beating, but lost a little on the runs. The breeze was strongest on the last round and *Challenger* was strained considerably in consequence. In the final run home *Dominion*, with a lead of 9m. 29s., did not trouble to set her spinnaker, but jogged along quite easily. *Challenger* was sailed admirably, being driven all the time, her fragile hull suffering inevitably. She picked up 1m. 3s. through this "cracking on," but she lost the race, the most exciting of the series, by 8m. 26s. The table gives results leg by leg:

Preliminary, 12:25; preparatory, 12:35; start, 12:40.

FIRST ROUND—FIRST LEG.

	Time.	Elapsed.	Loss.	Lead.
	H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.
Dominion.....	1:09:30	0:29:30	0:02:25
Challenger.....	1:11:55	0:31:55	0:02:25

SECOND LEG.

Dominion.....	1:25:19	0:13:49	0:00:49	0:01:37
Challenger.....	1:24:56	0:13:00

SECOND ROUND—FIRST LEG.

Dominion.....	1:47:25	0:24:06	0:05:25
Challenger.....	1:52:50	0:27:54	0:03:49

SECOND LEG.

Dominion.....	2:02:04	0:14:39	0:00:30	0:04:55
Challenger.....	2:06:59	0:14:09

THIRD ROUND—FIRST LEG.

	Time.	Elapsed.	Loss.	Lead.
	H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.
Dominion.....	2:31:16	0:29:12	0:09:29
Challenger.....	2:40:45	0:33:46	0:04:34

SECOND LEG.

Dominion.....	2:44:45	0:13:29	0:08:26
Challenger.....	2:53:11	0:12:26	0:01:03

FOURTH RACE, AUGUST 17TH.

After a shipwright had attended to the necessary repairs of the *Challenger* she was prepared for the fourth race over a triangular course. The wind was light from the west and the sea smooth when the starting signal was given. The first leg was a close reach, the second a reach with the wind abeam, and the third a run. As the *Dominion* had to drag her double hull along, her crew, although massed to leeward, not being able to give her a list, *Challenger* got in the lead and kept there. The wind, however, grew stronger and shifted, making the first leg of the second round a beat to windward, which, of course, was in *Dominion's* favor. The first round was finished with *Challenger* 1m. 30s. in the lead.

In the second round both yachts were reefed. *Dominion* overhauled her rival, passing her in the first leg with six seconds to spare. While rounding the first mark *Challenger* fouled the buoy, thus being disqualified. However, she continued to sail, finishing the round eighteen seconds astern.

In the third round *Dominion* gained 54 seconds in the first leg, rounding 1m. 12s. ahead, increasing her lead at the next mark to 2m. 29s. On the run home the reefs were shaken out and spinnakers were set. *Challenger* gained 2 seconds on this leg, *Dominion* winning by 2m. 27s. The official summary follows:

Preliminary, 12:35:00; preparatory, 12:45:00; start, 12:50:00.

FIRST ROUND—FIRST LEG.

	Time.	Elapsed.	Loss.	Lead.
	H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.
Challenger.....	1:09:30	0:19:30	0:01:42
Dominion.....	1:11:12	0:21:12	0:01:42

SECOND LEG.

Challenger.....	1:20:13	0:10:43	0:01:02	0:00:40
Dominion.....	1:20:53	0:09:41

THIRD LEG.

Challenger.....	1:33:20	0:13:07	0:01:30
Dominion.....	1:34:50	0:13:57	0:00:50

SECOND ROUND—FIRST LEG.

Dominion.....	1:52:50	0:18:00	0:00:06
Challenger.....	1:52:56	0:19:36	0:01:36

SECOND LEG.

Dominion.....	2:02:10	0:09:20	0:01:04
Challenger.....	2:03:14	0:10:18	0:00:58

THIRD LEG.

Dominion.....	2:14:40	0:12:30	0:00:46	0:00:18
Challenger.....	2:14:58	0:11:44

THIRD ROUND—FIRST LEG.

Dominion.....	2:30:25	0:15:45	0:01:12
Challenger.....	2:31:37	0:16:39	0:00:54

SECOND LEG.

Dominion.....	2:39:40	0:09:15	0:02:29
Challenger.....	2:42:09	0:10:32	0:01:17

THIRD LEG.

Dominion.....	2:52:45	0:13:05	0:00:02	0:02:27
Challenger.....	2:55:12	0:13:03

Everything was ready at the club-house for a fête to the visiting yachtmen that night, but the despatch from the Race Committee of the Seawanhaka Club ordering their fellow-members not to accept the hospitalities of the Canadians was obeyed and the Oyster Bay delegation did not take part in the festivities.

The boats *Seawanhaka* and *Challenger* were

sent on a canal-boat to Ogdensburg. They will both need rebuilding to make them safe in even a moderate breeze. They are racing freaks built for one specific object, which they have failed to accomplish. They are neither useful nor ornamental, and the sooner the clubs relegate such abortions out of existence, the better it will be for yachting. The same remark applies equally to "contraptions" of the *Dominion* class. If the dispute between the two clubs leads to their abolition, so much the better. In justice to Mr. Duggan it must be admitted that in ingenuity of design and scientific system of construction the freak *Dominion* is far in advance of either of Mr. Crane's freaks.

There was no friction at all between the visitors and the Canadians. The greatest cordiality prevailed, in spite of the circumstance that the official relations between the two clubs were so unsatisfactory.

On August 18th, the day after the final race, a challenge was received by the R. St. L. Y. C. from the Inland Lake Y. A., of which Mr. J. W. Taylor, of Minneapolis, is President, for a race next year.

On August 19th the Sailing Committee met and decided to recommend to the club that the cup be returned to the Seawanhaka C. Y. C.

INTER-CLUB KNOCKABOUT RACES.

A series of races between knockabouts of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club and the Corinthian Yacht Club, of Philadelphia, began on August 22d at Oyster Bay. All the boats that competed were of one design, built to the same plans by Stearns, of Marblehead. The five visiting boats were towed from Philadelphia and were: *Kid*, owned by Mrs. Geary, and sailed by Barklee Henry; *Fly*, owned by former Commodore Charles Brock and Mrs. Crozier, and sailed by Commodore Brock; *Grilse*, owned and sailed by Robert Toland; *Spider*, owned and sailed by Parker Freeman, and *Fareeda*, owned by Commodore Alexander Van Rensselaer, and sailed by Charles V. Grant.

Opposed to them were *Gloria*, owned by J. Rogers Maxwell, and sailed by J. Fred Tams; *Stella*, owned by John S. Hoyt, and sailed by Sherman Hoyt; *Kewaydin*, owned by R. C. Wetmore, and sailed by R. W. Gibson; *Dacoit*, owned and sailed by H. L. Maxwell and *Tosto*, owned and sailed by L. M. Scott. The system of allotting points was this: each boat was credited with a number of points equal to the number of boats in the rival squadron she defeated.

First Race, August 22d—Triangular course, three miles to a leg. *Stella* led the fleet, followed by *Dacoit*, *Tosto* and *Gloria*, each of which won 5 points for the home club. *Kid* won 1 point for the visitors, beating *Kewaydin*, which scored 4 points because she beat four Quaker City craft. Total points: Seawanhaka, 24; Philadelphia, 1.

Second Race, August 23d—Same starters; knockabout course No. 2. *Stella* led again. She, *Tosto* and *Dacoit* won 5 points each, *Gloria* 4 points and *Kewaydin* 3 points for the home club. *Kid* won 2 points and *Grilse* 1 point for the visitors. Total points: Seawanhaka, 22; Philadelphia, 3.

Third Race, August 24th—Same starters; reefing breeze; course, leeward to windward 12 miles. *Gloria* finished first, followed by

Stella, each winning 5 points. *Dacoit* won 4 and *Tosto* 3 for the Seawanhakas. *Kewaydin* was disqualified for not giving way to the *Spider* when close-hauled on starboard tack. *Kid*, third boat to finish, won 3 points, *Fareeda* 2 and *Spider*, *Grilse* and *Fly* 1 each for the visitors. Total points: Seawanhaka, 17; Philadelphia, 8.

Fourth Race, August 25th—Same starters, except *Gloria* and *Fly*; nice breeze; triangular 12-mile course. *Stella* led, with *Kewaydin*, steered by Mr. Tams, second, winning 4 points each, and *Tosto* and *Dacoit* 2 each for the Seawanhakas. *Kid*, again third boat, won 2 and *Fareeda* 2 for the visitors. Total points: Seawanhaka, 12; Philadelphia, 4.

Fifth Race, August 26th—Same starters as on first day; nice breeze; triangular 12-mile course. *Kid* led from start to finish, winning 5 points, *Spider* 4, *Grilse* 3, *Fly* and *Fareeda* 2 each for the visitors. *Stella*, second boat, won 4, *Dacoit* 3 and *Tosto* 2 for Seawanhaka. Total points: Philadelphia, 16; Seawanhaka, 9.

Grand total for the entire series: Seawanhaka, 85; Philadelphia, 23 points. The visitors were entertained at a banquet in the evening at the club-house.

RACING ON WHITE BEAR LAKE, MINNESOTA.

The racing week of the Inland Lake Yachting Association began on August 22d. The most interesting series sailed was that between the *Hoodlum*, a crack Boston boat, designed by John R. Pardon, which was the champion in her class last season, and the *Akela*, the Western champion, designed by Andrew Peterson, of Lake Minnetonka. *Akela* sailed six trial races against *Aurelia*, designed by Gus Amundson, of White Bear, Minn., and owned by W. R. Dean, of St. Paul, and was chosen by the judges to represent the Lake Association against the challenger, which represented the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts. *Hoodlum* measures 23 feet, under Y. R. A. of Massachusetts rules, and carries 766 feet of sail. *Akela* is 32 feet 4 inches over all, 24 feet water-line, with a beam of 8 feet 7 inches, and 734 feet sail area. She is fitted with a steel dagger center-board, and a suit of sails made in Boston. She was sailed by her owner, C. Milton Griggs, of St. Paul, his crew consisting of Andrew Peterson, the designer, John, Samuel and Daniel Bunn and John Johnson. The Boston craft was sailed by Ward C. Burton, assisted by H. J. Burton, Herbert Dyer, Robert Shuck, A. W. Strong and A. W. Higginson.

The first race was sailed in a reefing breeze on August 22d, the start being at 10:15. *Akela* allowed *Hoodlum* 14s. The Boston boat won on time allowance by 9s. In the nine knots of reaching, *Akela* gained 4m. 6s. on *Hoodlum*, but in the two knots of windward work the Boston boat gained 1m. 21s. on *Akela*. It should be noted that *Akela* would have been an easy winner had not an accident happened to her jib early in the race. The summary:

	First Round.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Hoodlum.....	11:19:00	12:18:17	2:03:17	2:03:03
Akela.....	11:20:23	12:18:12	2:03:12	2:03:12

The second race was sailed on August 23d in a light but true wind, the start being at 10:25. In the three knots of reaching, *Hoodlum* gained

3m. 9s. In the four knots down the wind *Akela* gained 24s. In beating, *Hoodlum* gained an average of 1m. 20s. a mile, winning by 9m. 21s., actual time, and 6m. 24s., corrected. The summary :

	First Round.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Hoodlum.....	12:07:41	1:31:57	3:06:57	3:06:57
<i>Akela</i>	12:10:19	1:41:18	3:41:18	3:13:21

The third race was sailed on August 24th in a reefing breeze, the start being at 10:25. *Akela* showed herself the better boat, beating *Hoodlum* 6m. 23s., actual time. In running the boats were even ; in reaching *Akela* gained an average of 5s. per mile. In four miles windward work *Akela* gained 6m. 20s. The summary :

	First Round.	Finish.	Actual.	Corrected.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
<i>Akela</i>	11:21:22	12:30:40	2:05:40	2:05:32
Hoodlum.....	11:24:13	12:37:03	2:12:03	2:12:03

The fourth and last race was started on August 25th at 10:25, both boats being single-reefed. *Hoodlum* led to the Dellwood buoy, where both boats fouled, *Hoodlum's* bowsprit piercing the *Akela's* side just abaft the mast, disabling her. *Hoodlum* sailed over the course alone. No protest was made on either side. The race and the series were given to *Hoodlum*. The Westerners are to be congratulated on the excellent work shown by their champion. The *Akela's* victory over her rival in a reefing breeze was especially commendable.

ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB RACES.

The Atlantic Yacht Club, on September 5th, held an open race which was full of intrinsic interest and attracted a large attendance to the Seagate club-house. The prizes were the Adams cups and many others, chief amongst which were those presented by Geo. Gould, J. H. Ballantine and Harrison G. Moore. The working boats sailed in the morning in a light south wester three times over a five-mile triangle. The summary gives details :

WORKING BOATS—SCHOONERS—START, 11H. 5M.

Boat and Owner.	Length, Feet.	Elapsed Time.	Cor'ct'd Time.
		H. M. S.	H. M. S.
A. M. Smith,.....	47.00	4:21:11	4:13:20
John W. Stout,.....	53.00	4:26:22	4:26:22

WORKING BOATS—SLOOPS—START, 11H. 10M.

Boat and Owner.	Length, Feet.	Elapsed Time.	Cor'ct'd Time.
		H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Sadee M., George H. Mott...	36.00
Lauretta S., John Van Wart.	31.60	4:28:53	4:20:38
Jennie, Robert Ewin, Jr.....	37.00	5:13:20	5:03:42
Clara S., Lambert Snedeker.	37.80	4:18:11	4:18:11
Franklin Brewer, J. Brewer.	32.00	4:06:16	3:58:38
Flyaway, George Syversen...	34.50	4:11:49	4:07:34
G. W. Mojer, Albert Russell.	32.00	4:39:56	4:32:18
Lena, Charles Johnson.....	33.40	4:21:08	4:15:32
Clara, F. Bradford.....	31.28	5:05:12	4:56:30
Charles Oak, Jos. Courtney..	26.60	4:24:28	4:07:36
Tessie Carman, N. Hanson...	30.00	4:33:42	4:22:57.

The schooner *A. M. Smith* and the sloop *Franklin Brewer* were the winners.

The yachts sailed in the afternoon with the wind blowing much fresher, but from the same direction, the courses being the usual ones for the respective classes. The summary :

SLOOPS AND YAWLS, GROUP I.—START, 2H. 35M.

Yacht.	Owner.	Length, Feet.	Elapsed Time.	Cor'ct'd Time.
			H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Sea Gull, J. Fred Ackerman.		51.73	2:20:50	2:20:50
Tiger, A. J. Harrison.....		35.00	Did not finish.
Athene, F. B. Mackey.....		N.M.	3:03:58
Ella S.....		33.00	2:35:26	2:22:12
Impudent, Louis Bourry.....		42.50	2:35:21	2:20:57
Mauwee, H. J. Roberts.....		42.50	3:03:38
Golightly, E. Hope Norton...		42.50	3:09:14

CABIN CATBOATS, GROUP II.—START, 2H. 40M.

Boat.	Owner.	Length, Feet.	Elapsed Time.	Cor'ct'd Time.
			H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Dot, C. T. Pierce.....		30.00	2:17:44	2:17:44
Oseonda.....		30.00	Withdrawn.
Rex, F. M. Randall.....		26.60	2:20:46	2:25:34
Qui Vive, George Freeth.....		25.00	2:31:27	2:24:52
Kit, T. J. Dunne.....		30.00	2:17:20	2:17:20
Vagabond.....		25.00	Did not finish.
Dorothy, R. E. Johnson.....		28.60	2:28:15	2:26:35

OPEN CATBOATS, GROUP III.—START, 2H. 45M.

Boat.	Owner.	Length, Feet.	Elapsed Time.	Cor'ct'd Time.
			H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Martha M.....		19.40	2:56:25	2:46:49
Cleota.....		20.40	2:57:20	2:50:01
Baby, A. M. Johnson.....		19.90	2:55:21	2:46:50
Mary, William Langley.....		24.60	2:55:18	2:55:18
Sis.....		19.00	3:00:17	2:49:47

A. J. KENEALY.



Courtesy of Theodore B. Starr.

SOME ATLANTIC Y. C. TROPHIES.

ROWING.



THE annual Championship Regatta of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen was held on Toronto Bay, Canada, August 8th and 9th, over a course a mile and a half straightaway. E. H. Ten Eyck won the senior singles with ease, C. E. A. Goldman rowing well for second place.

In the fours the Argonauts took the lead at the start, and were never passed in the senior fours. In this race the boat of the Detroit Mutuals broke in two in the center, both ends going up in the air. Fortunately, no injury was done to the crew beyond a wetting.

The Grand Trunks won a fine race from the Argonauts and Brockville in the junior fours. The senior doubles was an easy race for the Wachusett pair, Ten Eyck and Lewis.

In the intermediate singles the first three men finished in close order, Nelson winning by a few feet.

In the pair-oars the Pennsylvania Barge team were never able to get up to the Argonauts after the start.

Junior singles, final—Won by J. C. Mason, Argonauts; E. A. Wark, Leanders, of Hamilton, 2. Time, 11m. 4 2/5s. F. Ward, of the Dons, Toronto, was in front at a mile, and leading easily when his boat capsize.

Junior double sculls, final—Won by Don Rowing Club; Brockville, 2. Time, 10m. 7s. The race was very close from start to finish, and very exciting.

Junior eight-oared shells—Won by Argonauts; Vespers, Philadelphia, 2. Time, 8m. 1s. The Argonauts came in ahead by a length and a half.

Senior single sculls—Won by E. P. Ten Eyck, Wachusett Boat Club, Worcester, Mass.; C. E. A. Goldman, Argonaut Rowing Club, Toronto, 2; L. Marsh, Don Rowing Club, Toronto, 3. Time, 10m. 47s. Fred. Cresser, Vesper Boat Club, Philadelphia, did not finish.

Senior four oars—Won by Argonaut Rowing Club; Pennsylvania Barge Club, 2; Don Rowing Club, 3. Time, 9m. 33s. Vesper Boat Club finished fourth, and Ecorse (Mich.) Boat Club fifth. Mutual, the Detroit Boat Club's boat, was broken.

Junior four oars—Won by Grand Trunk Rowing Club; Brockville Rowing Club, 2; Argonaut Rowing Club, 3; Don Rowing Club, 4. Time, 9m. 31 4/5s.

Senior double sculls—Won by Wachusett Boat Club, C. H. Lewis (bow), E. H. Ten Eyck (stroke); Don Rowing Club, J. O'Connor (bow), L. Marsh (stroke), 2; Catlin Boat Club, Chicago, James Henderson (bow), Wm. Weinand (stroke), 3. Time, 9m. 40 1/5s.

Intermediate single sculls—Won by Toronto Rowing Club, W. Nelson; Toronto Rowing Club, E. H. Minnett, 2; Argonaut Rowing Club, J. C. Mason, 3. Time, 10m. 34 2/5s.

Intermediate four oars—Won by Brockville Rowing Club; Grand Trunk Boat Club, 2. Time, 8m. 25s.

Pair oars—Won by Argonaut Rowing Club, F. H. Thompson (bow), Jos. Wright (stroke); Pennsylvania Barge Club, Henri Scott (bow), Ed. Marsh (stroke), 2. Time, 9m. 50 3/5s.

The regatta of the Northwest Amateur Rowing Association was this year held on Toronto Bay, Canada, August 10th and 11th. The course was the same length as that of the C. A. A. O., but with a turn from port to starboard at the three-quarter mile for the rowing races. For the canoeing races the course was half a mile straightaway.

Brockville won the junior fours with ease. The junior pair-oar shells was won by Detroit. Toronto was second, after a plucky race.

The single canoes proved an exciting race, with a close finish between first and second. E. H. Ten Eyck won the senior singles with as much ease as he did in the C. A. A. O. event. Ten Eyck, with his rowing partner, C. H. Lewis, lost the senior doubles through being swamped. Their boat sank at the finish line. It started to fill with water after they stopped to fix something that went wrong with Lewis' oar, but they kept on to the finish. This was the first time that Ten Eyck and Lewis were beaten together.

The senior fours was an easy race for the Argonaut crew, who won with fifteen lengths to spare in rough water. In the four-oar gig race the Detroit junior crew won from their seniors.

Summary :

Junior four-oared shells, final heat—Brockville Rowing Club, 1; Argonaut No. 2, 2; Leander Boat Club, 3; Argonaut No. 1, 4. Time, 9m. 40 3/5s.

Junior single sculls—J. C. Mason, Argonaut Rowing Club, 1; F. Ward, Don Rowing Club, 2; E. A. Wark, Leander Boat Club, 3; D. R. Mackenzie, Argonaut Rowing Club, 4. Time, 10m. 7s.

Junior pair-oared shells—Detroit Boat Club, Detroit, Mich., T. Smith (bow), Fred. W. Andrews (stroke), 1; Toronto Rowing Club, Toronto, F. O. Weighart (bow), C. J. Minnett (stroke), 2; Argonaut Rowing Club, Toronto, W. J. Evans (bow), D. R. Mackenzie (stroke), 3. Time, 11m. 45 3/5s.

Single canoes—E. B. Nellis, Wyandotte Athletic Club, 1; D. H. McDougall, Argonaut Rowing Club, 2; W. A. Warner, Detroit Boat Club, 3; H. Keep, Detroit Boat Club, 4. Time, 4m. 40 1/5s.

Senior four-oared gigs—Detroit Boat Club, Detroit, Mich., 1; Detroit Boat Club No. 1, Detroit, Mich., 2. Time, 10m. 20s.

Junior double sculls—Brockville Rowing Club, Brockville, Ont., J. C. Ritchie (bow), Gordon Eyre (stroke), 1; Toronto Rowing Club, Toronto, Ont., W. Forbes (bow), Geo. Carruthers (stroke), 2. Time, 12m. 43s.

Senior eight-oared shells—Argonaut Rowing Club, 1; Vesper Boat Club, 2. Time, 4m. 12 3/5s.

Senior single sculls, final heat—E. H. Ten Eyck, 1; C. A. E. Goldman, 2; L. Marsh, 3. Time, 11m. 15 4/5s.

Tandem canoes—Detroit Boat Club, H. Keep, W. A. Warner, 1; Argonaut Rowing Club, W. R. Kingsford, D. H. McDougall, 2. Time, 4m. 44 4/5s.

Senior four-oared shells—Argonaut Rowing Club, Toronto, 1; Pennsylvania Barge Club, Philadelphia, 2; Vesper Boat Club, Philadelphia, 3. Time, 10m. 38 3/5s.

Senior double sculls—Detroit Boat Club, C. L. Harris (bow), W. A. Warner (stroke), 1; Wachusett Boat Club, Worcester, Mass., C. H. Lewis (bow), E. H. Ten Eyck (stroke), 2. Time, 11m. 10 2/5s.

Senior pair-oared shells—Argonaut Rowing Club, Toronto, F. H. Thompson (bow), Jos. Wright (stroke), 1; Vesper Boat Club, Philadelphia, E. Arnett (bow), F. Cresser (stroke), 2. Time, 11m. 12 1/5s.

The chief event of the regatta held at Winnipeg August 17th and 18th was the meeting in the senior four-oar race of Argonauts, of Toronto; the James Bay crew, of Victoria, B. C., and the Winnipeg four. The James Bay crew are champions of the Pacific coast, and the Argonauts champions of Canada. Each of the three crews is particularly strong. The course was a mile and a half straightaway. The first heat in the contest was won by the James Bay crew, who beat the Winnipegs by three lengths, but the Argonauts in turn beat the James Bay crew by three lengths. Time, 9 minutes.

The fourteenth annual regatta of the Nautilus Boat Club was held August 27th. There were eleven events on the programme. These included a novice, single, intermediate single, junior single (for the Firuski medal), junior single, senior double, junior double, four-oared

shell (for Firuski cup), junior four-oared gig, senior four-oared gig, six-oared barge, and 100-yard swimming race, which were held in the order given.

The summaries :

Novice single—Won by H. C. Brooks.

Intermediate single—Won by J. H. Ray.

Special race for Firuski single-sculd medal—Won by H. Corbett.

Junior singles—Won by H. Corbett.

Senior doubles—Won by J. H. Ray and Robert Randall.

Special race for four-oared shells for Firuski silver cup—Won by D. M. Boe, stroke; Harry C. Fisher, No. 3; J. R. Brophy, No. 2, and Robert Randall, bow.

Junior four-oared gig—Won by S. H. Baker, bow; Edward Bohner, No. 2; H. Belitz, No. 3; H. K. Züst, stroke, and Charles Dalglish, coxswain.

Senior four-oared gigs—Won by R. S. Walker, bow; John Letzken, No. 2; I. F. Hall, No. 3; O. Ruprecht, stroke, and D. M. Boyce, coxswain.

Six-oared barges—Won by J. J. Gilbert, bow; George H. Rasch, No. 2; J. Keegan, Jr., No. 3; H. Belitz, No. 4; H. Corbett, No. 5; D. M. Boe, stroke, and E. T. Armstrong, coxswain.

100-yard swimming—Won by O. Ruprecht, first; G. F. Lamb, second. Time, 1m. 20s.

Brophy point medal, which was presented by J. R. Brophy for the greatest number of points scored in the day's races, was awarded to H. Corbett.

The ninth annual regatta of the Middle States Rowing Association was held on the Harlem River, September 5th. The water was in fine condition for rowing, but the fouls were exceptionally numerous, causing a great deal of delay. However, no serious accident occurred. The representatives from the Philadelphia clubs were in excellent form and carried off the lion's share of firsts; the Pennsylvania Barge Club secured six first honors, including the senior, intermediate and junior single sculls, the quarter-mile dash, senior four-oared shell and intermediate four-oar gig.

The Vesper Club, of Philadelphia, secured the junior and intermediate double sculls.

The junior eights brought out a good entry, no less than seven clubs sending crews to the starting point.

Intermediate four-oared gigs—Penn Barge Club, 1; Atlanta Boat Club, 2; Crescent Boat Club, 3. Time, 5m. 44s.

Senior four-oared racing shells—P. B. C., 1; Institute Boat Club, 2. Bohemian Boat Club did not finish. Time, 5m. 17 1-2s.

Intermediate double sculls—Vesper Boat Club, Philadelphia, G. Loeffler (bow), W. Carr (stroke), 1; Bohemian Boat Club, A. Jellinek (bow), T. Zahradnik (stroke), 2; Nonpareil Rowing Club, G. Bates (bow), M. Naughton (stroke), 3. Time, 5m. 36 1-4s.

Senior single sculls, quarter-mile, straightaway—J. Juvenal, Penn Barge Club, 1; W. Aman, Harlem Rowing Club, 2; H. Vought, Atlantic Boat Club, 3; F. Cresser, V. B. C., 4. Time, 1m. 16s.

Intermediate single sculls—F. Marsh, P. B. C., 1; E. W. Gaillard, A. B. C., 2, but was disqualified for fouling. Time, 6m. 27 1-4s.

Senior four-oared barges—A. B. C., Hoboken, 1; Rosedale Boat Club, Hoboken, 2; B. B. C., 3. Time, 5m. 46s.

Junior four-oared gigs—A. B. C., 1; V. B. C., Philadelphia, 2; C. B. C., 3. Time, 6m. 18s.

Senior single sculls—J. Juvenal, P. B. C., Philadelphia, 1; A. Weizenegger, Passaic Boat Club, 2; H. Monaghan, P. B. C., 3; F. Cresser, V. B. C., did not finish. Won by three lengths. Time, 6m. 26s.

Junior eight-oared shells—Palisade Boat Club, Yonkers, 1; Metropolitan Rowing Club, New York, 2. No time taken.

Junior single scull—J. Dempsey, P. B. C., Philadelphia, 1; H. Harflinger, V. B. C., Philadelphia, 2; S. Cramer, Lone Star Boat Club, 3. Time, 6m. 58s.

Junior double sculls—V. B. C., Philadelphia, G. Loeffler and W. Carr, 1; C. B. C., P. Maas and H. Kusel, 2; Dauntless Rowing Club, P. Wolskehl and H. Farjeon, 3. Won by three lengths. Time, 6m. 30s.

Senior eight-oared shells—B. B. C., 1; Fairmount Rowing Association, Philadelphia, 2. No time taken.

The annual regatta of the New England Amateur Rowing Association was held on the Charles River, September 5th, over the usual course of one and a half miles. The absence of E. H. Ten Eyck gave some of the less distinguished a chance in the senior single sculls, but the Wachusett Club were not deprived of the honor of first in this event, which was won by the club's representative, C. H. Lewis. Summary :

Single sculls, novice—Won by L. Brignoli, Bradford Boat Club, Boston; J. E. Greer, Jeffries Rowing Association, East Boston, 2. Time, 11m. 38s.

Four-oared working boats, senior—Won by Millstream Boat Club, Boston; Farragut Boat Club, Lynn, 2. Time, 9m. 53s.

Single sculls, junior—Won by M. O'Leary, Riverside Boat Club, Boston; C. A. Hurley, Weld Boat Club, Cambridge, 2; J. W. Crooks, Boston A. A., 3. Time, 11m. 24s.

Single sculls, intermediate—Won by S. West, M. B. C., Boston; L. Brignoli, B. B. C., Boston, 2; M. O'Leary, R. B. C., Boston, 3. Time, 10m. 18s.

Single sculls, senior—Won by C. H. Lewis, Wachusett Boat Club, Worcester; A. Kubeck, Springfield Boat Club, 2; E. L. Pope, Boston Athletic Association, 3. Time, 10m. 21s.

Eight-oared shells, junior—Won by B. B. C., Boston; Jeffries Point Rowing Association, East Boston, 2. Time, 9m. 08s.

Eight-oared shells, senior—M. B. C., Boston; Atlanta Boat Club, Springfield—Won by A. B. C.; M. B. C., 2. Time, 8m. 19s.

VIGILANT.

PACIFIC COAST RECORDS—ROWING.

More interest is being shown in rowing among the clubs on the Bay of San Francisco than for several seasons past. The following clubs have held regattas: The Ariel and South End Rowing clubs, the Pioneer and Alameda Boat clubs, and the Dolphin Swimming and Boating Club. Of these the Ariel, Pioneer and South End clubs have quarters on or near Long Bridge, in the southern part of the city of San Francisco, the Dolphin club-house is on North Beach, near the Black Point military reservation, and the Alameda club quarters are on San Antonio estuary, Alameda. Besides the above-named clubs, the Olympic Boat Club has a house at Tiburon, Marin county; the Columbia Rowing Club one on Sessions Basin, East Oakland, Alameda county, and the Triton Swimming and Boating Club is quartered on North Beach. The first-mentioned five send delegates to the Pacific Athletic Association, a branch of the Amateur Athletic Union.

The fifth annual regatta was held at Astoria, Ore., on August 19th, 20th and 22d. It was unusually interesting from the presence for the first time of single scullers and barge crews from several San Francisco clubs. On the 19th the race between the Alameda Boat Club barge crew and the South End Rowing Club's "Midgets" resulted in an easy victory for the Alamedas. Distance, 1½ miles, with a turn. Time, 10m. 54s. The South Ends had a good lead up to the turning point, and the Alamedas labored under the disadvantage of having lost their rudder, but they won by ten lengths. The crews were made up as follows :

Alameda Boat Club—E. B. Hadcock, bow; W. G. Hansen, No. 2; A. C. Webb, No. 3; F. W. Ayers, stroke; E. V. Hansen, coxswain. South End Rowing Club—A. Carson, bow; R. McArthur, No. 2; George Bates, No. 3; F. Duplissea, stroke; W. A. McGrill, coxswain.

On the 20th a race between the Alameda crew

and the Burrard Inlet B. C. four was won by the latter, who rowed in the South End Club's barge. The race was very close until, within a few hundred yards of the finishing line, the Alameda barge was struck by a wave and swamped. Distance, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, with a turn. Time, 10m. 51 2-5s.

The single-shell race, over the same course, was won by Frank Duplissea, of the South End Rowing Club, San Francisco, who defeated Patton and McCommon, of Portland, Ore. The prize was a cup presented by the Portland committee. Distance, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, with a turn. Time, 13m. 42 2-5s.

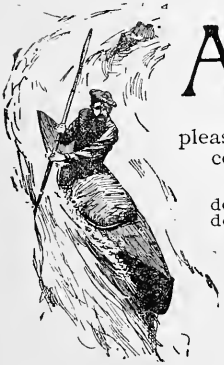
The outrigger skiff race was won by A. W. Pape, of the Dolphin Boat Club, Dr. C. C. Dennis, of the South End Rowing Club, being second. Time, 11m. 40 2-5s. Distance, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, with a turn. Both contestants are representatives of San Francisco rowing clubs.

The Mayor and Corporation of Oakland, Cal., have passed an order for the dredging and improvement of Lake Merritt, a large sheet of water in the city limits. Eighty thousand dollars has been appropriated to the work. This will supply a course over which shells may be rowed, and where the whole race will be in full view of the spectators. Hitherto, owing to the strong winds and rough water prevalent in the Bay of San Francisco during the summer, shell-rowing has been impracticable, skiffs and barges being used.

A championship regatta will be held off El Campo, Marin county, Cal., early in October. The events will be as follows: Junior, intermediate and senior four-oared barge races; senior and junior sculling races in shells; junior, intermediate and senior sculling races in skiffs.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

CANOEING.



AT the annual gathering of the American Canoe Association, at Stave Island, business was no less a feature than pleasure, and the following officers were elected August 15th:

Atlantic Division—Vice-Commodore, F. C. Moore; Rear Commodore, H. C. Allen; Purser, J. C. Mowbray; Executive Committee, William C. Lawrence and Nathaniel Hyatt.

Central Division—Vice-Commodore, C. P. Forbush; Rear Commodore, L. C. Woodworth; Purser, C. H. Williams; Executive Committee, W. R. Huntington, F. G. Mather and H. C. Morse.

Northern Division—Vice-Commodore, George R. Howell; Rear Commodore, A. G. Bowie; Purser, G. Walter Begg; Executive Committee, W. J. English and Edgar C. Woodley.

The races resulted as follows:

August 15th.—Trial sailing, six miles; winners to enter Trophy Race—Charles E. Archibald, Mab, 1h. 7m. 39s.; John C. Mowbray, Zip, 1h. 10m. 4s.; Louis H. May, Aziz, 1h. 16m. 30s.; F. E. Moore, Tanis, 1h. 19m. 50s.; H. H. Smythe, Pioneer, 1h. 26m. 20s.; J. E. Plummer, Torador, 1h. 28m. 55s.

Sailing open canoes; one mile and a half—Charles E. Archibald, Open, 27m. 28s.; C. V. Schuyler, Fräulein, 28m. 8s.; L. B. Palmer, Waptah Wah, 30m.; J. M. Pinkney, Grace, 40m.

August 16th.—War canoes, raced half-mile straightaway—Toronto Canoe Club won; Brockville Rowing Club, 2; Buffalo Canoe Club, 3. Winning crew: Frank R. Taylor, stroke; E. Richards, E. McNichol, J. M. Mewalt, F. J. Rogers, E. C. Gildersleeve, J. H. L. Patterson, R. H. McKerras, E. A. Burns, R. N. Britton, Oscar Wenborn, W. J. Sparrow, H. C. Hoyt, G. W. Begg, and G. A. Howell, coxswain.

On the 17th the races were—Trophy sailing, nine miles, time limit 3 1-2 hours; first and second prize in addition to trophy, and Dolphin trophy sailing, 7 1-2 miles, time limit three hours; canoe winning first place in trophy race not eligible. The following entered: Louis May's Aziz, H. H. Smythe's Pioneer, Frank C. Moore's Tanis, J. C. Mowbray's Zip, of New York Canoe Club, and Charles Archibald's Mab, of Royal Canadian Yacht Club, Toronto.

The wind was fresh southwest, and a rough sea for canoes. The Mab crossed the line before the gun fire, and on returning capsized and failed to recross, so that, while she prac-

tically sailed over the entire course and led all the while, she failed to finish. The Tanis sprung a leak and withdrew. The Zip crossed the $7\frac{1}{2}$ -mile line first, and Mowbray retired satisfied with the Dolphin trophy.

The Aziz finished the 9-mile course first in 2h. 2m., but as she fouled a buoy was disqualified. This left Smythe's Pioneer the only one to finish, a mile behind Aziz. Time, 2h. 20m. Archibald entered a protest, but it was not sustained by the Regatta Committee. The trophy was awarded to H. H. Smythe's Pioneer, of the New York Canoe Club.

The last races of the American Canoe Association were finished on the 18th, with the following results:

Record combined paddling and sailing decked canoe; half mile alternately, three miles—Won by W. N. Stanley, Brooklyn Canoe Club, Eclipse. Time, 1h. 30m.; Louis H. May, Aziz, 2. Time, 1h. 13m. 56s.

Light wind combined sailing and paddling; half mile alternately, single blades, open canoes, one and a half miles under sail—Won by L. P. Palmer, Iante Canoe Club, canoe Waptah Wah. Time, 34m. 5s.; F. M. Pinkney, Grace, 2. Time, 38m. 59s.

Record sailing, four and a half miles, decked canoes—Called off for lack of wind. First place was awarded to W. N. Stanley, second to Louis H. May.

Relay race, three half-mile legs; three canoes to a team—Toronto Canoe Club, 1; F. Taylor, F. J. Rogers and G. W. Hegg; Park Island Canoe Club, Trenton, N. J., 2; H. C. Allen, A. H. Wood and M. D. Wilt.

Two men paddling, single blades; half-mile straightaway—Won by G. W. Hegg, Toronto, and J. McMowatt, Kingston, by one and one-half lengths; F. J. Rogers and E. E. Richards, Toronto, 2; F. Taylor and E. McMichall, Toronto, 3; J. C. Mowbray and G. W. McTaggart, New York, 4.

One man paddling, single blade, half-mile straightaway—Won by F. Taylor, Toronto; E. McMichall, 2; F. J. Rogers, 3.

Hurry-scurry race, fifty yards swim to anchored canoes and fifty yards paddle—Won by F. S. Matthews, Buffalo Canoe Club; J. W. Sparrow, 2; F. Taylor, 3.

Upset paddling, fifty yards—Won by L. B. Palmer, I. C. C., Newark, N. J. Upset made in four seconds, and crossed line before other contestants entered canoe.

The meet of '98 from a social point of view, and that is an important one in canoeing, was one of the most delightful in a history that is filled with pleasant chapters. Location and weather were perfect and the arrangements all that could be desired.

PETERBORO.

LAWN TENNIS.



AMERICAN PLAYERS ABROAD.

INTERNATIONAL lawn tennis matches have now become one of the regular features of each season, and this year will have been no exception to the rule. After many preliminary negotiations the proposed visit of Pim and Stoker to American courts, and the war, prevented Wrenn and Larned from making their trip abroad. At the eleventh hour, however, Clarence Hobart and J. Parmly

Paret, both New York experts, crossed to the other side for a brief English campaign.

Hobart arrived in England on a Saturday, and less than forty-eight hours later he was on the courts, playing at Liverpool for the Northern Championship. Fresh from a long ocean voyage, he did even better than was expected of him and reached the finals of the championship singles, after beating four opponents, including E. R. Allen, the Cambridge expert, in the semi-finals. The American met H. L. Doherty in the final, which was played during a hard rainstorm, and he could make no headway, losing in three straight sets, 6-1, 6-1, 8-6. In the doubles he played with a second-class English player, and was beaten by the Doherty brothers, 12-10, 6-4, 6-1.

The following week Hobart played at Wimbledon in the All-England championship and distinguished himself in the doubles if not in the singles. Once more he had remarkable luck in the draw, and reached the semi-final round (further than any American player had ever got at Wimbledon before) without any close match. There he was again pitted against the younger Doherty, and history repeated itself. Wet, slow courts, and heavy balls killed Hobart's chances, and once more he was beaten in straight sets, as will be seen by the report of the championship events that follows (score: 6-1, 6-4, 6-3).

In the doubles the American had the double-good fortune to get Nisbet (one of the strongest double players in England) for a partner, and a very lucky draw. They reached the final without any difficulty, and then won the All-Comers' prizes (a higher honor than ever attained before by a visitor), but when they came to challenge the Doherty brothers for the championship of All-England they were beaten in straight sets (score: 6-4, 6-4, 6-2).

In the meantime, Paret had arrived in England, and fresh from a similar ten-day voyage he went into the championship singles with only one day's practice. He drew G. M. Simond, an English player of skill and the open champion of France, in the first round, and lost after a three-hour battle that waxed very exciting at times. Paret was several times within a single stroke of the first set, and again in the fourth needed only one stroke for the set, but finally lost in four sets (9-7, 3-6, 6-3, 12-10).

Paret was certainly far from his best form during the championship week, and in none of his matches abroad did Hobart show anything like his best American form.

On the whole, Hobart's trip abroad was more successful than Larned's, in 1896, though he did not play such good tennis, nor did he earn nearly so much respect abroad as his predecessor. No American player can expect to become acclimated in England and show his top form within two weeks.

WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The annual tournament of the women's championships of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association was held at the Philadelphia Cricket Club, Wissahickon, Philadelphia, Pa. There was an excellent entry-list in all four of the events on the programme, and some exciting tennis was played.

The feature of the meeting was the excellent form shown by Miss Marion Jones, of Nevada, an entire stranger in tennis competition, who surprised everybody by winning the singles and coming within a single stroke of taking the championship from Miss Juliette Atkinson, of Brooklyn. In the fifth set of this truly remarkable match, Miss Jones secured a lead of 5-3, and five times during the next game and the three that followed, she needed only one stroke for the match, but Miss Atkinson pluckily pulled out a victory from what seemed like certain defeat. The scores follow:

Championship women's singles, preliminary round—Miss Helen Crump, of Philadelphia, beat Miss Elsie Malone, of Philadelphia, 6-0, 6-0; Miss Maud Banks, of Philadelphia, beat Miss R. H. Lycett, of Philadelphia, by default; Miss Marion Jones, of Nevada, beat Miss Helen Wiggins, of Philadelphia, 6-1, 6-3.

First round—Miss Crump beat Miss Banks, 6-1, 6-3; Miss Marie Wimer, of Washington, beat Miss Elizabeth Rostall, of Philadelphia, 6-1, 6-0; Miss Jones beat Miss Kathleen Atkinson, of Brooklyn, 6-4, 6-3; Miss Carrie Neely, of Chicago, beat Miss Helen Chapman, of Philadelphia, 6-3, 6-2.

Semi final round—Miss Crump beat Miss Wimer, 6-3, 2-6, 10-8; Miss Jones beat Miss Neely, 6-0, 6-0.

Final round—Miss Jones beat Miss Crump, 6-4, 7-5, 6-4.

Challenge round—Miss Juliette Atkinson, of Brooklyn (holder), beat Miss Marion Jones, of Nevada (challenger), 6-3, 5-7, 6-3, 2-6 7-5.

Championship women's doubles, final round—Miss Juliette Atkinson and Miss Kathleen Atkinson, of Brooklyn, beat Miss Marie Wimer, of Washington, and Miss Carrie Neely, of Chicago, 6-1, 2-6, 4-6, 6-1, 6-2.

Championship mixed doubles, final round—Miss Carrie Neely, of Chicago, and E. P. Fischer, of New York, beat Miss Helen Chapman and E. M. Hill, of Philadelphia, 6-2, 6-4, 8-6.

THE CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The annual open tournament for the championships of Canada was held at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, July 11th and following days. Again the winner turned up in Whitman, the big Harvard expert, but all calculations were upset in the challenge round for the championship, when Ware beat Whitman three sets to one. The scores follow:

Championship singles, preliminary round—A. C. McMaster beat J. Horstman, 6-3, 6-3; F. G. Anderson beat J. Bell, 6-4, 6-2.

First round—R. McKittrick beat A. C. McMaster, 6-4, 4-6, 6-3; E. P. Fischer beat H. G. McKenzie, 6-3, 6-3; B. Whitbeck beat W. Osborne, 7-5, 6-1; R. H. Carleton beat W. A. Boys, 7-5, 6-0; B. C. Wright beat H. Harris, 6-4, 9-7; J. Stagg beat G. P. Sheldon, Jr., by default; J. D. Forbes beat E. Scott Griffin,

6-2, 6-2; M. D. Whitman beat F. G. Anderson, 6-2, 6-1.

Second round—E. P. Fischer beat R. McKittrick, 6-1, 6-4; R. H. Carleton beat B. Whitbeck, 6-3, 6-1; B. C. Wright beat J. Stagg, 6-3, 6-1; M. D. Whitman beat J. D. Forbes, 6-1, 6-2.

Semi-final round—E. P. Fischer beat R. H. Carleton, 2-6, 6-4, 6-2; M. D. Whitman beat B. C. Wright, 6-3, 6-2.

Final round—M. D. Whitman beat E. P. Fischer, 8-6, 2-6, 6-4, 1-6, 6-3.

Championship round—L. E. Ware (holder) beat M. D. Whitman (challenger), 5-7, 6-3, 6-4, 6-2.

Championship doubles, final round—E. P. Fischer and M. D. Whitman beat L. E. Ware and J. D. Forbes, 6-2, 6-1, 6-0.

Ladies' singles, championship round—Miss Juliette Atkinson (holder) beat Mrs. Enstace Smith (challenger), 6-4, 6-1.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

The absence of Wrenn and Larned robbed the national championship matches this season of two shining lights, but what was lost in brilliancy was more than made up in the uncertainty of the results and the added importance of the matches between the crack second-class players. The tournament was held as usual at the Newport (R. I.) Casino, August 16th to 23d, and nearly every player of importance from east of the Rocky Mountains that the country possesses was present. Without the two stars of the courts there were fully half a dozen men whose chances were rosy for the championship, and as many more who were not to be entirely ignored. This lent additional interest to the tournament, and up to the last day there was unusual excitement at the matches.

Undoubtedly the greatest surprise of the meeting was the unexpected form of young Dwight F. Davis, of Harvard 1900, who not only worked his way through a strong field to the finals, but made a most creditable showing there against Whitman. His defeats of Stevens and Bond on successive days, the representative base-line and net players of the country, two extremists in opposite styles of play, were really remarkable, and enough in itself to earn him a high place among the experts of the year. Another distinct surprise was the easy defeat of Millett, Fischer, George Wrenn and Ware, not one of whom made even a respectable showing against the men who beat them, and yet all four were among the prime favorites for the championship.

Whitman, who carried off the coveted title, is certainly the most consistent player among the second-class men, and his form at Newport was very little behind first-class play. His record for the year is by far the cleanest of all the active players of the year, and he has well earned his honors. Of all the men of his class he is really the best entitled to the championship, and his conscientiousness in his play assures tennis lovers of a consistent champion, if not a thoroughly representative one. Whitman has absolutely no weak spots in his play. He plays forehand and backhand, from the volley or off the ground with equal success, and his skill is so thoroughly rounded out that it only requires a little more experience and development to make him thoroughly first-class and the equal of Larned and Wrenn.

The only close match that the champion had was against Budlong, and the strength of the latter was unexpected. Budlong got a lead of

two sets to one on the champion, and made a plucky fight in the fifth set, but was finally overcome from pure steadiness in the fifth set after deuce had been called twice.

The scores of the championship matches follow:

SINGLES.

Preliminary round—R. H. Carleton beat C. Whitbeck, 6-1, 6-4, 6-1; H. H. Hackett beat Richard Hooker, 6-2, 7-5, 8-6; H. E. Avery beat G. S. Keyes, by default; Storer Ware beat Horace Ffoulke, by default; G. K. Belden beat E. R. Marvin, 6-2, 6-2, 6-3; R. Stevens beat George H. Miles, 6-0, 6-4, 2-6, 6-2; J. C. Davidson beat J. S. Cushman, 6-3, 6-1, 6-3; D. F. Davis beat H. A. Plummer, 6-2, 8-6, 6-0; Alfred Codman beat E. F. Gross, 5-7, 6-3, 7-5, 6-3; E. Freshman beat Deane Miller, by default; L. Fitzgerald, Jr., beat L. J. Grant, by default; L. E. Ware beat E. P. Fischer, 6-2, 6-3, 6-1; W. J. Clothier beat Ewing Stillé, 6-4, 6-3, 6-4; S. C. Millett beat H. T. Cole, 4-6, 6-4, 6-0, 6-4; G. W. Lee beat H. K. Auchincloss, 6-2, 6-2, 6-4; J. Bramhall beat C. O. Wheeler, 6-1, 6-3, 6-2; H. L. Ewer beat L. H. Cook, 6-2, 6-2, 6-4; J. Kent Willing beat W. C. Grant, by default; M. D. Whitman beat J. L. Brice, 6-1, 6-0, 6-0; W. D. Brownell beat Dean Emery, 6-4, 6-3, 2-6, 6-0; Holcombe Ward beat G. P. Sheldon, Jr., 6-3, 6-2, 4-6.

First round—W. S. Bond beat B. S. Harris, 6-0, 6-2, 6-0; J. D. Forbes beat R. D. Little, 6-2, 6-2, 6-2; George L. Wrenn, Jr., beat J. F. Talmage, Jr., 8-6, 6-1, 6-3; C. R. Budlong beat B. C. Wright, 6-4, 6-3, 6-4; J. P. Paret beat R. McKittrick, 9-7, 6-4, 6-3; Hackett beat Carleton, 6-4, 6-2, 6-2; Storer Ware beat Avery, 6-3, 6-4, 1-6, 3-6, 6-4; Stevens beat Belden, 6-4, 6-0, 4-6, 6-4; Davis beat Davidson, 4-6, 6-1, 6-3, 6-4; L. E. Ware beat Fitzgerald, by default; Millett beat Clothier, 2-6, 5-7, 6-2, 6-1, 6-0; Lee beat Bramhall, 6-2, 6-1, 6-1; Ewer beat Willing, 7-5, 4-6, 6-4, 6-3; Whitman beat Brownell, 6-0, 6-2, 6-2; Ward beat W. S. Clough, by default; Codman beat Freshman, 6-2, 7-5, 6-0.

Second round—Bond beat Forbes, 6-1, 6-3, 6-1; Ward beat Hackett, 6-2, 6-3, 3-6, 6-0; Stevens beat Storer Ware, 6-1, 6-3, 6-1; Davis beat Codman, 6-3, 6-4, 6-2, 6-2; L. E. Ware beat Millett, 6-3, 6-0, 0-1; Lee beat Ewer, 9-7, 7-9, 3-6, 7-5, 6-1; Whitman beat Wrenn, 6-2, 6-1, 6-1; Budlong beat Paret, 6-1, 3-6, 5-7, 6-3, 6-4.

Third round—Bond beat Ward, 6-3, 6-3, 6-4; Davis beat Stevens, 8-6, 6-4, 7-5; L. E. Ware beat Lee, 6-2, 6-3, 6-4; Whitman beat Budlong, 11-9, 4-6, 4-6, 6-2, 8-6.

Semi-final round—Davis beat Bond, 6-1, 11-13, 6-4, 6-3; Whitman beat Ware, 6-2, 6-0, 6-2.

Final round—Whitman beat Davis, 3-6, 6-2, 6-2, 6-1.

Championship round—M. D. Whitman (challenger) beat R. D. Wrenn (holder), by default.

DOUBLES.

EAST vs. WEST MATCH.

Ward and Davis beat Whitman and Wrenn, 6-2, 6-3, 4-6, 6-3.

CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.

Ware and Sheldon (holders) beat Ward and Davis (challengers), 1-6, 7-5, 6-4, 4-6, 7-5.

INTERSCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONSHIP.

First round—Beals C. Wright, of Harvard, beat L. H. Cook, of Princeton, 6-1, 6-1, 6-3.

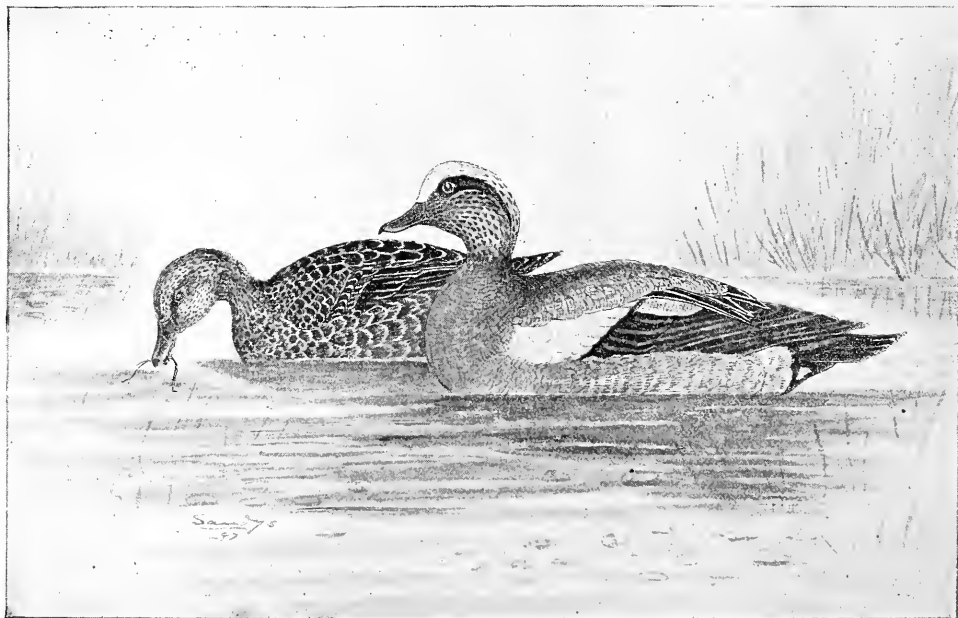
Final round—Beals C. Wright, Harvard, beat H. A. Plummer, Columbia, 6-2, 6-2, 6-4.

J. P. PARET.

PACIFIC COAST RECORDS—LAWN TENNIS.

The fourteenth annual tournament of the Southern California Lawn Tennis Association, held at Santa Monica, closed on August 20th. The championship, men's doubles, was won by Freeman and Picher, who defeated Bell and Braly after a hard, fast and exciting struggle. The games stood 6-1, 5-7, 1-6, 6-1, 6-1. The championship, ladies' singles, was won by Miss Marion Jones, who defeated Miss Sutton 6-1, 6-1.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.



ROD AND GUN.

THE AMERICAN WIDGEON (*Anas americana*).

THIS beautiful duck is a familiar acquaintance with most sportsmen the country over. It is closely allied to the European widgeon (*A. penelope*), which it resembles, with the exception that the European species is of a somewhat browner tint where the American is a handsome gray. Both species are prized for the table, the flavor being very delicate when the bird is in prime condition.

The American widgeon breeds in the far north, and only visits our waters during the spring and fall migrations. It belongs to the family *Anatina*, which includes the pond or river ducks, among which are the mallard, widgeon, wood-duck, teal, pintail, and black duck, all of which are highly prized. The widgeon is a rapid flier, and it may be identified by its peculiar cry—a sort of snoring whistle rather faint in tone.

This duck is known by many names among the gunners of lakes and seaboard. "Baldpate," "bald-head," "white-belly," "poacher," "baldface," and "wheat-duck" are applied to it in different parts of the country. All but one of these names explain themselves, but the term "poacher" may not be so readily understood. It refers to the widgeon's method of securing dainty fare.

The widgeon seldom, or never, dives, yet he is extremely fond of the white, tender root of the *Valisneria spiralis*, called by sportsmen "celery." As this plant grows on shoals at a depth of from seven to nine feet, the coveted root can only be secured by diving; hence, if he were not clever, the widgeon might never taste the dainty. But he is clever, and so he makes the celebrated canvasback do his diving.

The canvasback is a tireless diver, and is also a glutton for the celery. The widgeon knows this, so he is forever hanging about near the feeding canvasback. When the larger duck rises to the surface with a root, the alert widgeon snatches the prize and makes off before the honest worker has had time to understand what has happened. This playful eccentricity is the cause of considerable squabbling between the two species, but as the widgeon is crafty in action and swift in retreat, he usually escapes with his ill-gotten booty, and is ready to repeat the theft at the first opportunity. This habit is the more curious because there is no question about the canvasback's ability to thrash the widgeon in short order should he ever catch him.

The widgeon measures about twenty-two inches in length and about thirty inches in extent. Forehead and crown white or creamy, remainder of head and upper neck pale buff, thickly freckled with greenish-black points. From the eye to the middle of the neck behind extends a band of deep, glossy green, shot with purple and gold; lower neck, sides of body and shoulders light brownish-red, with a pinkish tinge, and penciled with fine, wavy, dark lines. Back gray, minutely waved with lighter lines. Fore part of wing white; speculum glossy green, bordered with black. Breast and belly white, feathers under tail black. Bill light bluish-gray, with black nail. Legs and feet bluish-gray, webs much darker. This is the perfect plumage, but many specimens show considerable mottling through the white of the head, with a lack of distinctness and luster in the markings of the wings and body. The female is of a general grayish-brown cast, mottled with darker markings. The young males during the first season resemble the females.

and do not attain the full plumage until the second year. They are also subject to a regular change every spring and fall.

My drawing was made from choice specimens which I shot in the marshes bordering Lake St. Clair. The plumage of the drake was as fine as I had ever seen it, and proclaimed him a perfectly matured bird.

THE COMING FIELD TRIALS.

Those affairs of doubtful value, the more important field trials, are drawing near. It is an open question if sportsmen as a class are greatly interested in them. Men who shoot over dogs purely for pleasure appear to have an idea that modern field-trial methods are not what are most desirable for the field. There is too much of the get there, any way to get there, about the training and handling, while the tactics of your shrewd professional handler savor too strongly of sharp practice to meet the approval of gentlemen sportsmen. Perhaps a few more amateur events, in which properly qualified sportsmen did the handling, might improve matters. The Indiana Field Trial Club's fixture will begin November 7th at Bicknell, Ind.; next comes the Eastern Field Trial Club's trials, November 11th, at Newton, N. C.; then the International, November 15th, at Chatham, Ont.; the Missouri Field Trial Association, November 28th, at Amoret, Mo.; the Missouri Valley Field Trial Club, December 5th and 6th, and the Continental, December 5th, at Lexington, N. C. In 1899, the United States Field Trial Club's winter trials, January 16th, at West Point, Miss., and the Alabama Field Trial Club, February 6th, at Madison, Ala.

THE PERNICIOUS SIDE-HUNTS.

The season is approaching when we may expect to find in the country papers accounts of side-hunts between teams of men who, in a misguided anxiety to add zest to what they fancy is sport, compete against one another for the price of a supper, or some other modest wager.

I believe in people having fun, especially hard-worked people, but the side-hunts should be discouraged. Clean sport requires no spice in the way of wager or of rivalry, and the side-hunts all too frequently accomplish a deal of harm. As a general thing the members of the hunts agree upon a scale of points—so many for a grouse, a quail, a squirrel, a rabbit, and so on, while almost invariably a number of very useful birds and harmless small animals are included among those whose dead bodies may add a few points to the total score. This system encourages a parcel of men to tramp all day, and, failing nobler quarry, to slaughter useful hawks, owls, jays, flickers, and the like, in an endeavor to swell the count. If the side-hunts only recognized those creatures usually classified as game, it would not be so bad, but even then sportsmanship would not be encouraged. Pot-shots count heavily, so none is overlooked; indeed, the conditions of the undertaking simply put a premium upon killing.

Better far that the men should quietly enjoy their holiday after the manner of sportsmen, and learn something of the principles which make true sport the fascinating thing it is.

ED. W. SANDYS.



KENNEL.

DOGS OF TO-DAY—THE BLACK ENGLISH SETTER.

THE beautiful dogs here portrayed are representatives of a very old strain of English setter blood, perhaps the oldest strain of setter known. They are the property of that enthusiastic sportsman and breeder, Thomas Johnson, Esq., of Winnipeg, Manitoba, who for some years has been a staunch supporter of the black fellows. Most of the dogs in this kennel are jet black, without a white hair anywhere.

That the strain is a good one goes without saying. Choice specimens possess all that speed, dash, range, courage, nose and bird-sense upon which is founded the well-earned reputation of the gallant Llewellyn, and the black dogs are also, as a rule, very handsome. From as far back as about 1809 until the early "fifties" Mr. James Tait bred these black dogs, and their fame was great among the leading sportsmen of England. In 1838 Mr. R. Brailsford, the originator of bench shows and the father of Mr. Wm. Brailsford, the originator of

field trials, offered to run black setters against any setters or pointers in the world, but no one would take him up. As in those brave old days bluffs were seldom allowed to go uncalled, we may safely infer that the black setters were dangerous customers to tackle.

I think I may truly say that the black dogs have not deteriorated. Other strains, notably the Llewelin, have come on, thanks to the wisdom of the man the strain is named after, and to the enterprise and persevering efforts of breeders upon both sides of the Atlantic.

One black dog, presumably of this strain, was years ago the king-pin of my old shooting grounds. He was owned by a thorough sportsman of the old school, the late Sheriff Mercer, of Chatham, Ontario. This dog was large, and a free, stylish worker, and that he was good is attested by the fact that he is still mentioned in a respectful manner in that home of fine field dogs. If my memory serves aright, he was killed by a train after seasons of almost invaluable service. I have seen some other black dogs which were excellent workers, but I am sure they were not of the true black strain.

A choice specimen of this strain in conformation and field qualities so closely resembles a Llewelin of good type that these matters need not be dwelt upon, the one chief difference being the color. This, in the opinion of some sportsmen, appears to be a highly important matter, and, in the case of the black setter of the true strain, it certainly indicates a long pedigree, yet I care little about it. There is a

strain of black pointer which has been represented in hot company by some grand workers, and not so long ago its admirers were ready to claim that it could outwork all creation. I have seen some of these black dogs in the field, and, while they certainly were very good, they were no better than the more common liver and whites and lemon and whites.

Mr. Johnson's black setters are of high quality, and I have every reason to believe that they are clinkers to go and stay, but I fail to see why they should be any better than their relatives, the Llewelins. I will grant that the black is the peer of the popular dog, but nothing further. The Llewelin has as much speed, style, courage, endurance and sense as can be packed inside a dog's hide, and the blacks can claim no more, and I say this without prejudice, because, personally, I prefer a top-notch in the pointer line.

The coat of the black dog, his hall-mark of choice blood and his greatest beauty in the eyes of his admirers is, to my mind, his one drawback. Upon the sun-dried grass of the Northwestern prairies and upon snow it is all right, but in dense Eastern covers it is too easily lost sight of. Those who have worked heavy cover behind all liver and roan dogs and Gordons will understand what I mean. I prefer a coat with plenty of white in it, and many of the Beltons, black, white and tans, and black and whites of the Llewelins, fill this want, and at the same time are as beautiful as sportsman could desire. NOMAD.

CRICKET.

CRICKETERS in and about the metropolis have had a busy month. Starting off with the annual match of the League vs. Association on August 11th, the next feature of importance was the visit of the Canadian team, which made a tour among the clubs of New York before going to Philadelphia for the annual United States vs. Canada match.

The League vs. Association match, played at Livingston, resulted in a most decided victory of the League by 222 runs and 8 wickets to spare. The Association batted first and were all disposed of by M. R. Cobb and O. Tolley for the small total of 109 runs. F. G. Warburton and S. B. Standfast were the only men to make any showing, their innings being 38 (not out) and 25 respectively. The League in their turn did great work, and for the loss of 2 wickets ran up a total of 331, J. F. Curran playing a fine not-out innings of 115 and C. P. Hurditch hit out hard for a total of 142; R. T. Rokeby also ran into double figures with 32.

The Canadian team opened their tour on August 23d with a match against Staten Island Club. The Canadians, who batted first, made a total of 244 and dismissed the Islanders for a score of 152. Eight of the Canadians reached well into double figures, but three of them were dismissed for nothing.

For the Islanders F. W. Stiles headed the list with 35. J. Bingham was next with 32.

The second match was against the New Jersey A. C., at Bergen Point. In this game the visitors made a very creditable and even draw.

They disposed of the home team for a total of 161, to which F. W. Stiles contributed 68. The Canadians in their turn at the bat had lost 4 wickets for a total of 67 when time was called.

The third match of the tour against the Manhattan Club at Prospect Park was an easy victory for the visitors. The home team were dismissed for a total of 41 runs, and the Canadians ran up 186 for the loss of 6 wickets.

The final match of the tour was on August 26th and 27th, against a team fairly representing All-New York, at Livingston. The game resulted in a win for New York by 31 runs. The Canadians led on the first innings by 28 runs, but the bowling of M. R. Cobb and F. F. Kelley prevented them raising their total to more than 87 at the second attempt. The totals were: Canadians, first innings, 125; second, 87; New York, first innings, 97; second, 146. This match created a great deal of interest among local players, who were anxious to see how a picked team of the local clubs stood against a similar team from over the border. The authorities would do well to try to make this a bi-annual match. It is not far from Philadelphia to New York, and the Canadians have to come to the States every other year for their match at Philadelphia.

After three successive years of lost games, the United States have once more done themselves the honor of winning their match against Canada. The game this year was played on the grounds of the Merion Club, at Haverford, Pa., August 29th and 30th, and resulted in a win for the United States team by an innings.

The Americans batted first, and raised the total to 251 runs before their last wicket fell. The feature of the innings was the excellent score made by N. Z. Graves, who went in first and was ninth man retired, for a total of 128 runs.

The Canadians were all disposed of for 113 in their first innings and 136 in their second.

The best bowling for the Canadians was done by Philpott, who took 4 wickets for 44 runs. Of the American bowlers, King and Townsend carried off the honors, the former taking 6 wickets for 47 runs in the first innings and the latter 6 for 44 in the second.

The scores follow :

UNITED STATES.		
J. B. King, run out.....	39	
N. Z. Graves, Jr., c. Chambers b. Philpott.....	128	
A. M. Wood, c. Lyon b. Philpott.....	4	
W. W. Noble, c. Laing b. Philpott.....	12	
P. H. Clark, st. Saunders b. Laing.....	8	
R. D. Brown, b. Laing.....	3	
F. L. Altemus, b. Laing.....	15	
F. H. Bates, c. Marshall b. Counsell.....	19	
A. P. Morris, b. Philpott.....	9	
H. C. Townsend, Jr., c. Philpott b. Laing.....	0	
J. H. Scattergood, not out.....	2	
Byes, 3; leg-byes, 8.....	11	
Total.....	250	

CANADA.		
First Innings.	Second Innings.	
D. W. Saunders, c. Wood b. King.....	c. and b. Clark.....	0
J. L. Counsell, c. Wood b. King.....	b. Townsend.....	11
W. E. McMurtry, st. Scattergood b. King..	c. and b. Townsend....	0
P. C. Goldingham, c. King b. Morris.....	l. b. w. b. Townsend...	17
J. M. Laing, c. King b. Morris.....	c. Scattergood b. Clark	4
A. G. Chambers, c. Graves b. King.....	c. Clark b. Townsend..	34
G. Lyon, c. Clark b. King.....	c. Noble b. Townsend..	0
W. R. Marshall, l. b. w. b. King.....	c. Wood, b. King.....	26
W. E. Mackenzie, c. Wood b. Clark.....	c. Clark b. Townsend .	5
A. W. Philpott, b. Clark	st. Scattergood b. King.	4
H. B. McGiverin, not out.....	not out.....	13
Byes, 8; leg-byes, 4; wides, 4.....	Byes, 13; leg-byes, 8; wide, 1.....	22
Total.....	Total.....	136
	T. C. TURNER.	

PACIFIC COAST RECORDS.

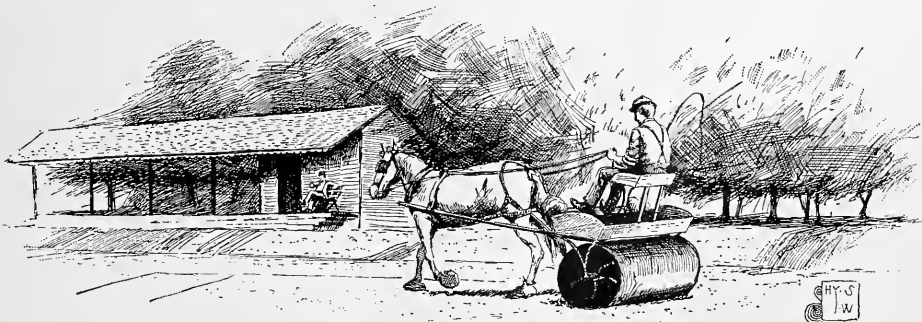
The fourth match of the season between the Alameda and Pacific Clubs for the Hunter Harrison Cup was played at Alameda, Cal., on August 7th and 14th. The Alameda team went

to the wickets first, and made the high score of 368 runs, of which R. B. Hogue, captain, and J. J. Moriarity made 87 each, F. Stahl 43, J. H. Saunders 42, H. Ward and F. J. Croll 21 each. Nine of the team got double figures. Eight of the Pacific eleven were put on to bowl, of whom the most successful was C. B. Hill, who took 5 wickets at a cost of 88 runs. In their first innings the Pacific team scored 86, T. W. G. Wallace, 21, J. H. Harbour, 18, and J. J. Theobald, 14, being the only batsmen who obtained double figures. J. J. R. Peel took 3 wickets for 23 runs, and B. Bird 3 for 18 runs. Following on, the Pacifics in their second innings scored 144 runs, C. P. Coles contributing 55, T. W. G. Wallace 30 and J. H. McLean 29. F. C. Driffield took three wickets for 14 runs, F. J. Croll 3 for 42, J. J. R. Peel 2 for 14, and H. Ward 2 for 25. The total of the Pacifics was 230 runs for two innings, so that the Alamedas won by an innings and 138 runs. Though there is a fifth match between the two clubs to be played on September 4th and 11th, the championship of the season already belongs to the Alamedas, who, out of the series, have won three games. The Alamedas having gained the championship in 1895 and 1897, the Hunter Harrison Cup, which had to be won three times, becomes their absolute property.

On August 21st the return match, Banks and Insurance vs. All Comers, was played on the Golden Gate ground, Alameda county, California. The Banks and Insurance men made a very good start, scoring 142 runs for the first four wickets, but the remaining six batsmen raised the score to 186 only. J. J. Moriarity made 54 runs, J. J. Theobald 45, C. P. Coles 20, G. Theobald 18, and E. F. Musson 12, but none of the others scored double figures. J. H. Saunders took 5 wickets for 57 runs, and B. Bird 4 for 50. The All Comers ran up their score rapidly, making 201 runs for the first three wickets, and at the call of time had lost 7 wickets for 304. F. J. Croll scored 115, R. B. Hogue 87, I. H. Spiro 23, J. H. Saunders, 18, B. Bird, not out, 17; V. Seebeck, not out, 14, and J. H. Harbour, 13. H. Ward took 4 wickets for 91 runs, F. C. Driffield 2 for 71, and J. J. Moriarity 1 for 33. All Comers thus won the match by 113 runs, with three wickets to spare.

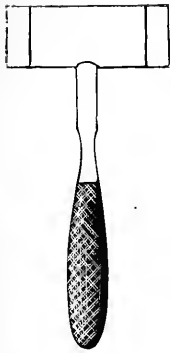
During October the Placer County Citrus Colony Cricket Club will visit San Francisco and play a series of matches.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.



THE SCORER'S BEST FRIEND.

CROQUET.



FROM the 15th to the 20th of August it was high carnival at Norwich, Conn., on the eight croquet courts of the Norwich Croquet Club, where the seventeenth annual championship of the National Croquet Association of America was fought out amongst the giants of this and past days. The entry list was larger than ever before, and the play more than maintained the reputation of the contest. George C. Strong began the sensations of the tournament by taking four games straight with the greatest ease, beating the champion, Duryea,

and Lisson and Apgar and Bishop with some of the finest jump shots and caroms ever seen on the ground. Indeed, the play was one of sensations, for Wahly on the third day beat Jacobus, the celebrated jump shot, and won a game from him in twenty minutes, the fastest time on record.

The fight was close all along the line, and the championship only went to W. H. Wahly, of Washington, after playing off a tie with Strong. Both men were in fine trim, and the game was one of the most brilliant that have ever been played on the National Association grounds. Strong secured the balls at the outset and gained a lead of 10 wickets before Wahly got a chance to play. When the Washington man commenced to knock the balls around he played in good earnest, and Strong got only one more shot during the game. Wahly secured the balls on a carom and held them practically throughout the remainder of the game, making one ball a rover before Strong had reached the turning stake with his first ball. After losing the balls for a moment he

regained them on a miss by Strong, and ran the game out, completing the contest in one hour and forty-five minutes. Strong was awarded second prize, and Duryea, the champion of last year, got third.

In the second class there was a tie between Bryant and Rogers, both of whom had succeeded in beating Dudley and shutting him out of the lead. The tie was played off and Bryant won, so another prize this year goes to Washington. There was still a triple tie in the third division between Bard, Crosby and H. Wahly, but it will not be played off this year. The remaining games in the contest for the Vanwickle badge were played to-day by Strong and Duryea, and the latter took four games out of seven, and won the handsome trophy. The final scores:

FIRST DIVISION.

Name and Town.	Won.	Lost.
W. H. Wahly, Washington.....	12	2
George C. Strong, New London, Conn.....	12	2
S. C. Duryea, Washington.....	11	3
Frank Sisson, New London.....	7	7
Charles Jacobus, Springfield, Mass.....	4	10
W. Holt Apgar, Trenton, N. J.....	4	10
E. C. Butler, Middletown, Conn.....	3	11
N. L. Bishop, Norwich.....	3	11

SECOND DIVISION.

Charles M. Bryant, Washington.....	8	4
N. E. Rogers, Meriden, Conn.....	8	4
Samuel Dudley, New London.....	7	9
G. H. Cooper, Washington.....	6	5
Charles H. Edmunds, Philadelphia.....	6	6
J. N. Davenport, Northampton, Mass.....	4	8
W. E. Dwight, Asbury Grove, Mass.....	3	8

THIRD DIVISION.

Charles T. Bird, Norwich.....	7	2
Samuel Crosby, New York City.....	7	2
Henry Wahly, Washington.....	7	2
R. W. Prentiss, New Brunswick, N. J.....	6	3
I. A. Reeder, Cleveland, O.....	5	4
William H. Congdon, Norwich.....	4	5
G. H. Loomis, Pawtucket, R. I.....	3	6
Frank H. Foss, Norwich.....	3	6
James L. Case, Norwich.....	2	7
Frank Bishop, Pawtucket, R. I.....	1	8



FOOTBALL.

PACIFIC COAST RECORDS.



THE football team of the University of California, under the management of Everett E. Brown, has begun practice. Garrett Cochrane, the coach, has already begun work with the men. Of last year's team McDermott and Ludlow have left the University, Haskell has graduated, and Guiberson will

not return this semester. Greisberg and Hopner will play, and Douglas, tackle on the team of 1895, will be at the University this year. Among the candidates for places in the Freshmen and the University teams are several who earned a good reputation in the elevens of their preparatory schools, viz., Robinson (cap-

tain), F. Bishop and R. Bishop, of the Lowell High School eleven; Wambol, of San Mateo, and Smith, half-back of Hoitt's School.

Stanford University has only four men left of last season's team, viz., Parker at right end, Ray Smith at left end, C. Murphy at quarterback, and Forrest Fisher, captain, behind the line. Burnett, center, is at Manila; Carl and Fickert, guards, Rice and Thomas, tackles, have graduated. The vacant places will be filled by good men, but lighter than last year's team. Among the likely candidates are James, J. Rusk, Ballentine, Bigelow, W. Erb, P. Wilson, L. Freeman and Carson. Freeman has just won the double lawn tennis championship of Southern California, and Carson was full-back of the Belmont School team. Then W. Harrington may enter the University again. The coach will be H. Cross.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.



Photo by T. C. Turner.

J. S. MITCHELL THROWING THE WEIGHT FOR HEIGHT.

ATHLETICS

THE annual Labor Day carnival of the New Jersey Athletic Club was held on the club oval, at Bergen Point, on September 5th. There were but few of the star athletes in the various competitions and this gave the minor lights a chance to shine. Even in the half-mile handicap H. E. Manvel, who has done some excellent work this season, did not start, although entered. The day was intensely hot, and Manvel was satisfied with running his special "half," in which he tried to place new figures for the distance, but found that the conditions were decidedly against him, and that 1m. 56 1-5s. was the best he could do.

The event of the day was the quarter-mile, in which N. W. Long ran through a big field and won a fine race from scratch. The handicapping in this event was particularly good, the men practically finishing in a bunch, and Long had only just time to force his way to the front.

In the 56-lb. weight-tossing contest J. S. Mitchell gave a splendid exhibition of strength in handling the heavy ball. He surpassed his opponents with single-hand throws, then tossed the ball over the bar at 13ft. 1 1/2 in. After this he asked to have the bar raised to 14ft. At this height he three times knocked the bar off, but could not get the weight at the right angle to go over. The half-mile military race was somewhat out of the ordinary, the men running in marching uniform with rifle. Summary:

100-yard run, handicap—Final heat, won by F. Flores, St. Bartholomew A. C.; J. F. Quinlan, New York A. C., 3yds., 2; P. Halpin, New York A. C., 7 1/2 yds., 3. Time, 10s.

One-mile bicycle race for novices, scratch—Final heat, paced by H. Hosford, New Jersey A. C., and won by J. Townsend, New Jersey A. C.; F. Clossy, Jersey City Catholic Club, 2; J. Ryan, New York City, 3. Time, 2m. 29 1-5s.

880-yard run, special—H. F. Manvel, New Jersey A. C., tried at the record for the distance, 1m. 53 2-5s., being paced by his clubmates, N. R. Pendergast and C. A. Sulzer, but his effort failed. He ran the half-mile in 1m. 56 1-5s.

440 yard run, handicap—Won by M. W. Long, New York A. C., scratch; R. F. McKinery, Pastime A. C., 20yds., 2; J. F. Holland, New West Side A. C., 25yds., 3. Time, 50 3-5s.

880-yard run, handicap—Won by G. B. Holbrook, Knickerbocker A. C., 26yds.; J. H. Wray, Anchor A. C., 52yds., 2; F. J. Sweek, Pastime A. C., 68yds., 3. Time, 1m. 57s.

One-mile bicycle race, handicap—Final heat won by W. F. Clossy, Jersey City Catholic Club, 60yds.; J. Townsend, New Jersey A. C.; 80yds., 2; G. Stanton, Queens, L. I., 60 yds., 3. Time, 2m. 23 1-5s.

Half-mile military race for members Fourth Regiment, New Jersey Volunteer Infantry, scratch—Won by Private W. B. Biddle, Company F; Corporal William H. Christie, Company B, 2; Corporal Frank J. Koehler, Company B, 3. Time, 2m. 32s.

Two-mile run, handicap—Won by T. G. McGirr, New York A. C., 75yds.; J. F. Molloy, Xavier A. C., 100yds., 2; J. J. Burke, Riverside A. C., 75yds., 3. Time, 10m. 8s.

Pole vault for height, handicap—Won by A. Anderson, New West Side A. C., 12in., with an actual vault of 10ft. 4 1/2 in.; P. A. Moore, New Jersey A. C., 14in., 2, with an actual vault of 10ft. 1/2 in.; F. H. Cahoon, New West Side A. C., 15in., 3, with an actual vault of 9ft.

Throwing the 56-lb. weight for height, scratch—Won by James S. Mitchell, Pastime A. C., 13ft. 1 1/2 in.; John Herty, New West Side A. C., 12ft. 1 1/2 in., 2; R. J. Sheridan, Pastime A. C., 11ft. 10 1/2 in., 3.

Association football—The elevens of the Centreville Athletic Club, of Bayonne, and Brooklyn Wanderers' Football Club contested two halves of twenty minutes each, the Centrevilles winning by a score of 3 goals to 0. Forward J. McHugh kicked all the goals, making one in the first and two in the second half.

Lacrosse match—Two halves of twenty minutes each were played by the Staten Island Lacrosse Club's team and a picked aggregation, the Staten Islanders being victorious by a score of 6 goals to 5.

SWIMMING.

The third annual tournament of the Toronto Swimming Club was held August 6th. Among the entries were such well-known swimmers as Dr. Paul Neumann, of the Chicago Athletic Club; W. T. Lawless, of the Ottawa Canoe Club; J. Jardin, of Belleville; W. Hahn, of Toronto, and A. Firth, of Toronto Swimming Club. Dr. Neumann again distinguished himself by carrying off chief honors, and was first in the 220 yards open, first in 100 yards open, and first in 50 yards on back.

In the 220 yards the race was really for second place, Firth and Lawless swimming side by side until within ten yards of the finish, when Firth spurred and came in second.

In the 50 yards on back Dr. Neumann had all he could do to keep in front of Lawless, who finished a close second.

A list of the winners for the open and club events follows:

100 yards, scratch (open)—Dr. Paul Neumann, Chicago Athletic Club; A. Firth, Toronto Swimming Club, 2; W. T. Lawless, Ottawa Canoe Club, 3. Time, 1m. 15s.
50 yards on back (open)—Dr. Paul Neumann, C. A. C.; W. T. Lawless, O. C. C., 2; George Frecland, T. S. C., 3. Time, 41m. 2-5s.
100 yards, handicap—Wynn Jones; L. Smith, 2; G. Beswick, 3.

Egg and spoon race (open)—Dr. Neumann, C. A. C.; J. Francis, I. A. A., 2. Time 50s.
220 yards scratch (open)—Dr. Neumann, C. A. C.; Arthur Firth, T. S. C., 2; W. T. Lawless, O. C. C., 3.
50 yards, scratch—Arthur Firth; A. C. Goode, 2; C. S. Norris, 3. Time, 39s.
Neat diving—C. S. Norris; Robert Lennox, 2.
Long plunge—Robert Lennox; S. J. Clark, 2.
50 yards, boys' race—T. Sheridan, T. S. C.; James Francis, I. A. A., 2.

VIGILANT.

EQUESTRIANISM.



A HORSELESS CARRIAGE

THE prominent features of this motor are the indicators situate at the apex of the anterior section, and actuated by the high or low pressure of the generator.

The pedaneous columns are so constructed as to admit of the pair in the rear being instantaneously elongated and protruded backward, though in this particular specimen they have not been so utilized. The motor is of exceedingly high grade and exquisite finish, and affords its youthful owner unlimited amusement, preparatory to his adoption of a machine of more popular design, viz., a horse.

POLO.

The season of '98, notwithstanding the drafting into the army of several of the game's most enthusiastic adherents, has suffered little, and the meetings, as a rule, have been more attractive to the general public than ever before. It would seem as though the clever poloists left on the field had determined to eclipse their former efforts in order that the sport should not suffer by the absence of the military contingent.

This increase in enthusiasm and the probability that polo will be pursued as a sport and for exercise by the cavalry officers now returning from the war and encamped on military reservations under northern skies, gives rise to the hope that the grand sport will receive an impetus this year that it has never before experienced since its advent in this country, twenty-two years ago. When this happy state of things comes about, we can look for the wholesale production of ponies suitable to play the game and their becoming a commercial commodity purchasable at reasonable prices, all of which

will result in the prosecution of the sport not only by the wealthy classes, as is now the case, but by people in moderate circumstances, a class which would long ago have embarked in the game here had clever ponies been within their reach.

We resume our review of the season's play with the first event for the Cedarhurst challenge trophies, which took place on July 9th, the competitive teams being the first Meadowbrook and Westchester. The game was unanimously voted one of the best played in years. The light-blue champions surpassed themselves in the matter of cohesive play, Mr. W. C. Eustis, as usual, filling his old position at No. 1 in capital form, his younger brother, Mr. J. B., Jr., making a sturdy goal-keeper, on this occasion taking "back" to admit of Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, on his breedy ponies, distinguishing himself at No. 3. Mr. C. C. Baldwin, who played second "forward" never "rode by" nor missed a stroke, and his cross-field play, near-side back-handers and trailing blows were telling features of the game.

On the Westchester side the Waterbury brothers elicited unbounded applause by the dexterity and pluck they exhibited. Mr. John E. Cowdin, one of the gilt-edged old-timers, carefully refereed the game, Mr. E. S. Goadby keeping time, all of which enhanced the interest. The Meadowbrooks allowed the Westchesters a handicap of 10, which, added to the four goals they made, gave the youngsters a total of 14, the champions earning no less than 15¼, thus finishing a red-letter contest 1¼ goals ahead.

The final for the Cedarhurst challenge cup was decided July 16th between the Meadowbrook and Philadelphia teams, the Rockaway players having allowed the semi-final to go by default to the Quakers. In their trial for the Cedarhurst trophy the Philadelphians' level-headedness seemed to have deserted them, and they were evidently overawed by the champions from Meadowbrook. It was a veritable Waterloo for the visitors, for after being credited with 10 goals, they only registered 1½, whereas their opponents scored a total of 17½ goals. The game was remarkable in many respects and full of surprises. In the first period not a goal was made by either side. The Meadowbrooks started by trying to rush through their enemy's lines, and eight times did the ball either carom off a pony's hoof or the goal-post, or it was neatly stopped by the mallet of a Pennsylvanian. Then new tactics were tried, and it proved easier to thrash out the visitors' equine equipment, the Meadowbrooks having, of course, much the superior ponies. It was a revelation to the Quakers to

see Mr. Whitney race them down from center-field to border-line, and beat their best cattle by a neck every time. Messrs. A. E. Kennedy, and Welch and Lippincott played strongly as individuals, but they were outpointed by Mr. Baldwin and the Eustis family, the former at No. 2, playing up to and beyond his handicap form. Mr. J. B. Eustis made one of the most brilliant "drives" of the season, literally taking the ball all round the field. The magic third period was where the Meadowbrook players piled up their score, the Penn horseflesh being then tired out. Their owners trailed on to the close, however, and were voted cheerful losers and good sportsmen.

Somewhat of an innovation this season was the offering of the Rockaway Club cup for "pairs of players." These contests, while not so exciting as the four-handed games, admitted of easy comparison of the methods of players. The first bout was played by Messrs. J. B. Eustis and P. F. Collier, against J. C. Wilmerding and J. C. Cooley. Mr. Eustis sported with the white sphere about as he pleased, Mr. Collier driving it heavily in his direction, their opponents principally following in its wake. Mr. Wilmerding, one of the young Staten Islanders, was somewhat handicapped by unmanageable ponies, but he was also addicted to the habit of striking "safeties." The heavier players won, of course, by a score of 10 to 1½.

The second game was a battle royal between brothers, Mr. L. Waterbury, of the Westchesters, appearing with young René La Montagne, against J. M. Waterbury and F. Dwight Porter, the latter in place of Mr. Nat Reynal. The game gave an opportunity to study the relative merits of the Waterburys. Larry's play was superb, his rushes were fearlessly made, in the scrimmage he proved invincible, and as a dribbler he was scientific, tipping the ball to suit himself and picking it from underneath Mr. Porter's pony time after time. He could not do this sort of thing with his brother, however, for that young worthy was nearly as clever at "coaxing" as himself; but Larry outplayed Monte all the way through, showed much superior "direction," and he is not given to crossing as is the younger member of the family.

Larry Waterbury was ably assisted by that rising youngster, René La Montagne, whose cleverness I think I spoke of in the report of the Rockaway-Philadelphia game for the Blizzards. The study this young player has given to polo on bicycles has evidently educated him in the art of picking a ball from under a pony's feet, also in sneaking up alongside of an opponent and snatching the ball from under his mallet. He scored twice, too, in this game, and being deservedly popular, came in for the lion's share of applause. Mr. Monte Waterbury's play pointed many lessons, and the students gathered at the ring-side were quick to appreciate them. His sweeping blows, side hits and back tips were vociferously applauded. His side registered 2¾ goals against 6 by the other players.

It was a foregone conclusion that the L. Waterbury-La Montagne combination would beat Messrs. J. B. Eustis and Collier, and so events proved, the final score standing 7 and 4.

In this game Mr. L. Waterbury eclipsed his former efforts, and in one bout he sent the ball from center-field and through the goal posts with a brilliant back-handler.

The Southampton tourney opened with a game that will long be remembered. The Rockaway and Westchester teams competed, the Messrs. Collier, Allen and the Waterburys facing Messrs. Dallett, Myers, La Montagne and—shall I give his right name? Yes, the necessities of amateur sport demand that all its devotees shall travel so—J. E. Cowdin. The occasion was the latter's first appearance in the field after a long rest, and it was a treat to watch him dance his rare old ponies in front of his opponent, and then, swinging gayly in his saddle, nonchalantly tip the ball back and forth to give his younger companions a show. Always a steady player, he waxed brilliant at times, and it was refreshing to find that here, at least, was one of the Association's incorporators still a king-pin in the game.

Play was rapid from the start, and the pace soon told on the horseflesh. On the throw-in the ball hung, and Myers scooped it out of the ruck. Then J. M. Waterbury took it to boundary, from whence Mr. Collier blocked it into center-field. There Cowdin got a lead, Larry Waterbury's pony squatting on its haunches on making too sharp a turn. Then, like a meteor, his brother rode them out, but Myers struck for safety, the referee, however, failing to charge it. Then up the house border they raced, J. M. Waterbury tipping it over the line. On the knock-in Mr. Cowdin got a magnificent drive, but the ball caromed off a pony's side. Waterbury, the younger, then lofted it toward east boundary, only to see it smashed back again by the veteran. Mr. Dallett then took a clear lead and scored amid tremendous enthusiasm at the end of eight minutes' phenomenal play. Mr. Collier next dallied with the ball for safety and also treated us to a little gymnastics, he coming a "regular purler" over his pony's ears. In the middle of the second period young René La Montagne got his chance. Once, twice, thrice he struck the small white sphere and the crowd fairly rose at him with a roar, but his last hit sent it slightly out of direction, and so he did not score. It is upon such plucky youngsters that polo must depend, and it is pleasing to find that more and more of them are coming into the game. The third period was unique in that only one goal was struck. The Westchesters played like demons to save their bacon, and the score was about even when the bell rang for the last interval. Charging and counter-charging was the order of play in the final bout, Mr. Cowdin showing us some brilliant riding-off and making one of the most astonishing drives of his long career on the turf. At the finish Rockaway registered 5½ against the Westchester's 4 goals.

In the final game for the Southampton cups the Rockaway quartette had matters their own way, their unpracticed competitors, Messrs. Smith, Robbins, Wilmerding and Sidenberg, of Staten Island, being outclassed at all points, alike in team play, individual skill, and superiority of horseflesh. With an allowed handicap of 13 they only scored 1¾, while the Rockaways earned 23 goals.

On the Narragansett field this year polo was

brilliant and exciting, the meet being very largely attended and the players in good form. The weather was rather unpropitious for the first event, July 27th, for the Point Judith cups, a dense fog hanging over the locality, and a shadow game in the mist being the result. Mr. H. P. Whitney played in place of Mr. Allen with Messrs. Nat Reynal, Collier and L. Waterbury, of Westchester, Messrs. Rice, Shaw, Holmes and Fay representing the Myopia Club. Individually Messrs. Holmes, Shaw and Whitney played well, but on the whole the game lacked in team work. Allowing the Westchesters 3 goals, to which they added 5, the Myopias won by scoring 9.

For the Rhode Island cups Messrs. Crane, Elton, Clark, Goodwin and M. Williams appeared for Dedham, the Messrs. P. F. and R. J. Collier, N. C. Reynal and F. H. Allen representing Westchester Country Club. The latter were snowed under, the score at finish standing Dedham 19, Westchester 1½.

The Meadowbrook Club, represented by Messrs. W. C. Eustis, J. B. Eustis, C. C. Baldwin and H. P. Whitney, won the Point Judith challenge cup after a hard contest against Messrs. Rice, R. G. Shaw, Holmes and Blackwood Fay, of Myopia, on Saturday, July 30th. The light blues having won this handsome trophy three years in succession it now reposes on the mahogany sideboard at their cozy clubhouse. Superior team work characterized the play on this occasion, Messrs. Baldwin and Whitney shining brilliantly throughout the game, although Messrs. Shaw and Holmes also came in for a large share of the applause, which was most liberally bestowed by the large and fashionable audience present. The final score stood 10½ to 8¼.

For the Narragansett cups the first event, Monday, August 1st, was played by Messrs. Allan and Cameron Forbes, C. H. W. Foster and S. D. Warren, of Dedham, against a picked team made up of Messrs. W. A. Hazard, W. C. Eustis, J. B. Eustis and A. E. Kennedy, the zero players of the Point Judith Club withdrawing in their favor. The Dedhams were a solid phalanx of well-drilled players and they held the winning cards from the start, running up a total score of 15 against 5 only credited to the scratch team. Backed by Mr. Warren, one of the greatest captains in this country, Allan Forbes was given the opportunity of his life and he responded in noble form, driving repeatedly from center-field and from side-quarters directly for the enemies' country, invariably making a goal. Mr. Kennedy was rather inclined to leave his house unprotected, although he waxed brilliant at times, the Eustis brothers playing so throughout, although not so effectively as on other occasions. The semi-final for the Narragansett trophies took place August 3d between the Westchester and Myopia teams, the latter scoring 10¾ to their opponents' 8.

The wind-up at Narragansett fittingly illustrated how brilliant and daring our polo players have become, and how extremely popular the game now is with the general public. The pretty grounds of the Point Judith Club were crowded with smart traps of every variety loaded down with well-groomed men and handsome women appeared in the lightest and most bewildering of costumes. Private pleasure

yachts had brought over from Newport all the swell set, and on the club-house veranda, or about the lawn, one could rub shoulders with the leaders in almost every walk of life, foreign grandees and local notables being in the majority. The players were very evenly matched and went into the game at high tension. Messrs. C. G. Rice, R. G. Shaw, 2d; H. H. Holmes and F. B. Fay were for Myopia, while Messrs. Allan and Cameron Forbes, C. H. W. Foster, and S. D. Warren appeared in the uniform of the Dedham Club. The game was for the custody of the Narragansett cups, and the date Saturday, August 6th. The Dedhams were allowed one goal by handicap. At the end of the first period they had increased this ¾, while the Myopias had scored twice. In the next bout they were overwhelmed by the Myopias, who scored three times. In the third period it was give and take, young Robby Shaw playing as if for his life, and W. C. Forbes and Foster responding in kind. The crowd had by this time become wound up to a high pitch of enthusiasm, and this gave the players renewed energy. The last period was a series of brilliant flights by the Dedhams, Foster scoring heaviest and ranking as first favorite. Holmes scored for the Myopias twice, and, amid tremendous applause and much cheering both by players and spectators, the game closed, Myopias 8¾ and Dedhams 8½, one of the hardest battles on record.

The unpropitious weather which prevailed during August upset the calculations of the polo players at Newport, and in consequence the tournaments of the Westchester Polo Club, which included the games for the Westchester Club cups and the Newport cups, were officially declared off. Neither the old nor the new grounds were in condition to play upon on the date advertised. A few of the more ardent devotees of the sport from Philadelphia, Devon and Westchester betook themselves and their ponies over to Narragansett on August 13th, and played a match for fun on the Point Judith Country Club Grounds. The Westchester players, who were allowed a handicap of five goals, put up a good fight and scored 6½ goals, but the gentlemen from Philadelphia outplayed them in steady team work, and won out with a total score of 8¾ goals. This game can be considered as tantamount to the first event for the Westchester Polo Club cups, notwithstanding it was not officially recognized. I merely give it for the information of amateurs. For the same reason I give a synopsis of play which took place on the Newport field, Tuesday, August 16th. This contest was evidently the result of an understanding reached between the players, many of whom had determined to make some sort of a showing even if they had to wallow around in the mud. The competing teams were Messrs. W. C. Eustis, James P. Eustis, C. C. Baldwin, and A. C. Bostwick, of the Meadowbrook Club, and Messrs. William Carter, who substituted L. C. Altemus, C. R. Snowden, G. W. Kendrick, and A. E. Kennedy, of the Philadelphia Club, aggregate handicap 20 all. Notwithstanding the soft condition of the turf, which precluded any "long drives" and decent "direction," play was spirited from the "throw-in." Hard "riding-off" there was plenty of, however, and Messrs. Baldwin and

W. Eustis on the Meadowbrook team made good use of their powers in this direction. The going was heavy on the boundary lines and in the corners, the turf being pretty well ploughed up before the end of the middle period. Where the scrimmages took place the ponies labored, and often the ball had literally to be hooked out of the mud. Mr. Altemus was dismounted early in the game, a ball striking him rather severely, and Mr. Carter took his place, playing in courageous style until he was thrown. Collectively the Quakers put up the best cohesive play, but individually the Meadowbrook players outranked them. Messrs. Kennedy and Snowden played into each other's hands in good style, and scored most of the honors for their side. Young Albert Bostwick distinguished himself as "back" for the Meadowbrooks, and Mr. Baldwin rode like an Indian, picking up the ball out of many a tight corner and carrying it through the entire field, on one occasion leaving it prettily for Mr. Eustis, who drove it 'twixt the uprights in magnificent style. Only three goals were scored in each of the first two periods, the Quakers being two goals ahead at the opening of the third bout, and three to the good when that period closed. The Meadowbrook players climbed up even with them, however, in the last round, and just as it was getting too dark to continue, they compelled the Philadelphians to strike the ball back of their own boundary, which, of course, lost them a quarter and the game. The score finally stood: Meadowbrook, 5; Philadelphia, 4¾.

The tournaments of the Myopia Hunt Club took place at the club grounds, Hamilton, Mass., the first event for the Myopia cups occurring Monday, August 29th, the final Thursday, September 1st, and the contest for the Hamilton cups being decided on Saturday, September 3d. In the first Myopia event Messrs. J. Crane, Jr., Elton Clark, W. C. Forbes and M. Williams, Jr., represented the second Dedham team, their opponents (the first Myopias) being Messrs. C. G. Rice, R. G. Shaw, H. H. Holmes and F. B. Fay. The former played under an aggregate handicap of 11 and the latter 20. The Myopias had matters their own way all through the game, "Robby" Shaw scoring six times and Rice the same, Holmes adding 2 to make their total 14, which, less a quarter for a safety hit, left them 13¾ goals as a total. Clark made the only 2 goals struck on the Dedham side, which, with the 9 allowed by handicap, gave them 11, but the team lost ¾ on penalties, so their final score stood 10¾. In the final contest the first Myopias allowed their opponents, Messrs. W. H. Goodwin, Allen Forbes, C. H. Foster and S. D. Warren, 2 goals, and then beat them hollow, earning 14 against the first Dedham's 8 actually scored, the register showing, at finish, Dedham, 9¾; Myopia, 14. Mr. Shaw literally mowed down his opponents in this game, scoring no less than 10 distinct

goals, his leads being brilliantly sustained from start to finish, his side play wonderful, and his backhanders from either off or near side eliciting tremendous applause. Mr. Allen Forbes registered 5 goals for his side, and he was a fair foil for the Myopia "back," Mr. F. Blackwood Fay, one of the best generals we have now on the polo field.

The third Dedham and the second Myopia teams met in the contest for the Hamilton cups, Saturday, September 3d, Messrs. Joshua Crane, Elton Clark, W. H. Goodwin and M. Williams operating on the former, and Messrs. C. G. Rice, F. H. Prince (replaced by E. L. Dressel), H. H. Holmes and J. Proctor playing on the Myopia side. Ten all was the handicap. Mr. Prince rushed matters in the opening period and scored twice, falling off his pony once. On resuming he repeated his hard riding and sustained an accident which necessitated his being relieved by Mr. Dressel. Mr. Clark played well for the Dedhams, scoring 5 goals, Messrs. Crane and Goodwin each scoring twice, thus putting the total 9 actually earned, which, less ¼ for safety hit, left the Dedhams 8¾ goals. Mr. Holmes added 3 goals to those made by his colleagues, 6¾ being the final showing on the Myopia side of the register. The Dedhams made all the play in the last period.

As OUTING goes to press the tournaments on the grounds of the Dedham Polo Club, Dedham, Mass., are in progress, the contests for the Polo Association cups and those for the Karlstein cups being on the schedule. In regard to the Association cups, it is of interest to note that in 1890 they were won at Newport by the Meadowbrook team; in 1891 the Rockaway team won them at Cedarhurst; in 1892 the Harvard team got possession of them at Myopia; in 1893 the Morris County Club won them on the Meadowbrook field; in 1894 the cups again became the property of the Meadowbrook Club, after a hard fight on the Westchester field; in 1895 the Country Club of Brookline got them on their own grounds; in 1896 the second Meadowbrook team won them at Buffalo, and last year the Philadelphia Country Club won them on their own grounds. This year the first Myopia team has beaten the first Dedham team in the opening contest for these cups, which occurred on Monday, September 5th, and the second Dedhams have defeated the players of the Westchester Club in the event which occurred Wednesday, September 7th. This leaves the junior Dedham team an opportunity to meet the crack Myopia players in the final. As the Association cups are the most coveted trophies of all except the championship prizes, the contests for them are deserving of more extended notice than space now admits of, and therefore I will leave the details of them until next issue, when I hope to do them justice.

A. H. GODFREY.



CYCLING.



THE NATIONAL AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS.

THE nineteenth annual meeting of the League of American Wheelmen was in progress at Indianapolis, Ind., when OUTING for September went to press.

Owing to the fact that a large number of the most regular visitors at these meetings were then in the military or naval service of the United States, and on account of the unwillingness of certain railway lines to quote reduced rates of fare from several important points, the attendance was slightly below the average, but in point of interest and entertainment no previous meet can be compared with that of 1898 at the Hoosier capital. All those fortunate enough to wear the embossed metal key inscribed "Key to Indianapolis, August, 1898," have every reason to long remember the unvarnished hospitality of their hosts and the four days of varied pleasures resulting.

Amateur cycle racing reaches its annual apotheosis at the League meet, for the reason that all the important amateur championships of the year are there decided. In fact, for once during the racing season, the amateur events overshadow the professional competitions, as the championships of the latter class are not so decided, but are determined by the "point system" covering the entire season. Under present rules, the winners and second men in the one-quarter mile, one-half mile, two miles and five miles amateur championships qualify for the one-mile, the winner of which is declared the "amateur champion of the United States" for the ensuing year. That honor fell, for 1898-99, to Mr. F. L. Kraemer, of Newark, N. J., who, in order to win this event from a field including such better-known veterans as Earl W. Peabody, of Chicago, Geo. H. Collett and E. C. Hausman, of New Haven, Conn., and C. M. Ertz, of New York, was obliged to negotiate the mile in 2m. 4 3-5s., three-fifths of a second below the previous world's amateur record for a mile in competition. Peabody finished second, Hausman third, and Ertz fourth, while Collett, still suffering from his fall of the day before, caused by a foul from Porter, of Detroit, dropped out altogether on

the homestretch. Having won before his fall, however, three out of a possible five of the championships for singles, and with Hausman winning the only tandem championship, Collett's average riding was superior to that of any of his competitors, not even excepting that of Kraemer. The other amateur championships were decided as follows:

One-quarter mile, one-half mile and two miles amateur national championships—George H. Collett, New Haven, Conn.

Five miles amateur national tandem championship—Earl P. Peabody, Chicago, Ill.

One mile amateur national tandem championship—George H. Collett and E. C. Hausman, New Haven, Conn.

CHAMPIONSHIP SUMMARIES.

(In the order in which they were run.)

Two miles national championship—First heat, George H. Collett, New Haven, Conn., 1; Charles S. Porter, Detroit, Mich., 2. Time, 5m. 51s. Second heat, C. M. Ertz, New York, 1; Lee Heller, Fort Wayne, Ind., 2. Time, 5m. 17s. Third heat, J. P. Rogers, Philadelphia, Pa., 1; F. S. Robbins, Middletown, O., 2. Time, 5m. 9s. Fourth heat, E. C. Hausman, New Haven, Conn., 1; F. L. Kraemer, Newark, N. J., 2. Time, 4m. 48 3-5s. Fifth heat, Charles R. Pease, Indianapolis, Ind., 1; Harry Gibson, Cincinnati, O., 2. Time, 5m. 11 4-5s. First semi-final, E. C. Hausman, 1; F. S. Robbins, 2; J. P. Rogers, 3. Time, 4m. 35s. Second semi-final, G. H. Collett, 1; Lee Heller, 2. Time, 4m. 47 1-5s. Final, G. H. Collett, 1; E. C. Hausman, 2; J. P. Rogers, 3. Time, 4m. 28s.

Half mile national championship—First heat, Earl W. Peabody, Chicago, 1; P. G. Van Cott, New York, 2. Time, 1m. 23 1-5s. Second heat, F. L. Kraemer, Newark, N. J., 1; C. S. Porter, Detroit, Mich., 2. Time, 1m. 14 1-5s. Third heat, Lee Heller, Fort Wayne, Ind., 1; A. M. Stockoff, St. Louis, Mo., 2. Time, 1m. 32 3-5s. Fourth heat, J. P. Rogers, Philadelphia, Pa., 1; G. H. Collett, New Haven, Conn., 2. Time, 1m. 25 3-5s. Fifth heat, F. S. Robbins, Middletown, O., 1; E. C. Hausman, New Haven, Conn., 2. Time, 1m. 34s. Sixth heat, C. R. Pease, Indianapolis, Ind., 1; Edward Llewellyn, Chicago, 2. Time, 1m. 21 2-5s. Final, George H. Collett, 1; F. L. Kraemer, 2; J. P. Rogers, 3. Time, 1m. 13 5-8s.

Quarter-mile national championship—First heat, J. P. Rogers, Philadelphia, Pa., 1; F. S. Robbins, Middletown, O., 2. Time, 34 1-5s. Second heat, Earl W. Peabody, Chicago, 1; E. C. Hausman, New Haven, Conn., 2. Time, 34 3-5s. Third heat, Edward Llewellyn, Chicago, 1; Harry Gibson, Cincinnati, O., 2. Time, 34 2-5s. Fourth heat, G. H. Collett, New Haven, Conn., 1; C. S. Porter, Detroit, Mich., 2. Time, 33 3-5s. Fifth heat, F. L. Kraemer, Newark, N. J., 1; George Schofield, New York, 2. Time, 33 3-5s. Final, George H. Collett, 1; E. C. Hausman, 2; Edward Llewellyn, 3. Time, 31 4-5s.

Five miles national championship—First heat, E. C. Hausman, New Haven, Conn., 1; E. J. Costello, St. Louis, Mo., 2. Time, 12m. 53s. Second heat, G. H. Collett, New Haven, Conn., 1; J. P. Rogers, Philadelphia, Pa., 2. Time, 12m. 40 4-5s. Third heat, F. L. Kraemer, Newark, N. J., 1; Earl W. Peabody, Chicago, 2. Time, 13m. 16 1-5s. Fourth heat, C. M. Ertz, New York, 1; C. S. Porter, Detroit, Mich., 2. Time, 14m. 3 1-5s. Final, Earl W. Peabody, 1; C. M. Ertz, 2; F. L. Kraemer, 3. Time, 13m. 18 1-5s.

One mile national tandem championship—Collett and Hausman, New Haven, Conn., 1; Peabody and Llewellyn, Chicago, 2; Ertz (New York) and Kraemer (Newark, N. J.), 3. Time, 2m. 5s.

One mile national championship—F. L. Kraemer, Newark, N. J., 1; Earl W. Peabody, Chicago, 2; E. C. Hausman, New Haven, Conn., 3; C. M. Ertz, New York, 4. Time, 2m. 4 3-5s.

The finale of the League Meet was an amateur event—a team pursuit race, participated in by teams representing New England, New York, Indiana and Illinois, and was ridden in the Australian pursuit style. The members of the Chicago team, Peabody and Llewellyn, passed all others at 6 3-16 miles, and thereby won the race in 13m. 43 3-5s.

The amateur world's records made at the League Meet were the following:

One mile in competition—Frank L. Kraemer, Newark, N. J. Time, 2m. 4 3-5s. Former record, 2m. 5 1-5s.

Two miles, competition, handicap—F. L. Kraemer, Newark, N. J. Time, 4m. 17s. Former record, 4m. 24 2-5s.

Five miles, paced, competition—Harry Gibson, Cincinnati, O. Time, 9m. 43 1-58. Former record, 10m. 33 2-58.

PREMIER CANADIAN ROAD EVENT.

The fifth annual contest among the leading Canadian cycle clubs for the "Dunlop Trophy" was run at Toronto, Ont., on the afternoon of August 27th, and attended by the largest number of people seen at any race meeting in the Dominion this year. The competing teams were five, representing the Royal Canadian, Queen City, Ramblers, Crescent and Excelsior Bicycle Clubs, each team being composed of five men, making in all twenty-five competitors. The first four miles were ridden on the Woodbine track, the next fifteen on the road, and the last one, the twentieth, on the track. A novel method of scoring was employed, by which the first man to finish scored one point, the second two points, etc., so that the club scoring the lowest number of points won. No accident occurred and every starter finished. Mr. J. E. Shortt, of the Royal Canadian Bicycle Club, of Toronto, took the lead immediately after leaving the track and was never headed, winning by fully three-quarters of a mile in the fastest time ever made at a 20-mile road race in Canada. J. W. Smith and G. C. Abbott finished second and third, respectively.

The summary:

Name and Club.	Time.
1. J. E. Shortt, Royal Canadian B. C.	55:30 4-5
2. J. W. Smith, Queen City B. C.	56:28 2-5
3. G. C. Abbott, Royal Canadian B. C.	56:28 3-5
4. J. W. Dalton, Crescent B. C.	56:28 4-5
5. F. G. Addison, Rambler B. C.	57:00
6. A. C. McKeand, Crescent B. C.	58:24
7. A. Baylock, Excelsior B. C.	58:45
8. L. H. Bounsall, Royal Canadian B. C.	59:20 2 5

Scores by points (lowest number of points to win)—Royal Canadian B. C., 12 points; Queen City B. C., 24 points; Crescent B. C., 25 points; Rambler B. C., 29 points; Excelsior B. C., 34 points.

THE MICHIGAN STATE MEET.

A number of excellent amateur events, including the five State championships, were run at the annual meeting of the Michigan State Division, L. A. W., at Detroit, on Saturday afternoon, September 3d. The quarter-mile, half-mile and two miles championships were won by J. Woodward, and the five miles championship by F. A. Joseph. The two miles handicap was won by C. S. Porter and F. A. Joseph, from scratch, in 4m. 1 3-58, reducing the previous record of 4m. 58. The summaries:

One mile, open—W. H. Stevenson, 1; M. J. Roth, 2. Time, 2m. 21s.

Two miles, handicap—Porter and Joseph, scratch, 1; Monroe and Wanderer, 80yds., 2. Time, 4m. 1 3-58. American amateur record.

Quarter-mile, Michigan championship—J. Woodward, 1; F. G. Hood, 2. Time, 31m. 1-58.

Half mile, Michigan championship—J. Woodward, 1; C. S. Porter, 2. Time, 1m. 48s.

One mile, Michigan championship—J. Woodward, 1; M. J. Roth, 2. Time, 2m. 18 2-58.

Two miles, Michigan championship—J. Woodward, 1; C. S. Porter, 2. Time, 4m. 36s.

Five miles, Michigan championship—F. A. Joseph, 1; C. S. Porter, 2. Time, 11m. 2-58.

THE 1898 SPRINGFIELD MEET.

The annual tournament of the Springfield Bicycle Club was held at famous old Hampden Park track, Springfield, Mass., on Labor Day, September 5th, all events being, for the first time, crowded into one day's programme. Only New England amateurs were represented, R.

F. Ludwig, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., winning two out of the three amateur competitions for singles. The summaries.

One mile, open—R. F. Ludwig, 1; W. A. Rutz, 2; B. C. Thayer, 3. Time, 2m. 68s.

Half-mile, handicap—J. N. Grieser, 30yds., 1; H. F. Sloan, 40yds., 2; U. H. Minie, 35yds., 3. Time, 1m. 3 4-58.

Two miles, handicap—R. F. Ludwig, scratch, 1; W. A. Rutz, scratch, 2; U. H. Minie, 35yds., 3. Time, 4m. 28 2-58.

Five miles, team pursuit race—New Haven Cycle Club, 1; Century Wheelmen, of Springfield, 2. Time, 12m. 39s.

ENGLISH RACING NOTES.

At the games at the Catford Cycle Club Grounds, London, on August 21st, two amateur tandem bicycle records were lowered, E. F. Burn and H. S. Chambers covering a quarter-mile, with flying start, in 24 2-58, and a half-mile, standing start, being ridden by E. and H. S. Ames in 59 1-58. At the Crystal Palace, London, on September 3d, Jack Green won the 20 mile race for the Cuca Cup in 48m. 3 1-58. A. A. Chase has reduced the English mile unpaced record to 2m. 2 1-58, and Ernest Gould the 100-mile paced record to 3h. 24m. 41s. In the course of his attempt on the 100-mile record, Gould covered 30 miles 420 yards in the first hour.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH.

On August 20th, at Ravenswood, Ill., Judd and Pape, two Chicago amateurs, lowered the American amateur unpaced tandem record for five miles to 10:41 4-5. The former record was 10:46 4-5.

Allan Underwood, of Minneapolis, Minn., on August 20th broke the Minnesota State road records for 200 and 300 miles, formerly held by A. A. Hansen. Time for 200 miles, 16:58:00; for 300 miles, 22:40:00.

At Sioux City, Iowa, on August 21st, C. J. Allgood established the following new amateur records: One-third mile, 34:3-5; two-thirds, 1:21; one mile, 1:59 1-5.

On September 5th Warren F. Taylor, of Norwood, Mass., rode from New York to Boston in 23:32:26, breaking the previous record between those points of 23:59:14.

THE PROWLER.

SUGGESTIONS FOR TOURING.

After the selection of the route, the next step is the provision of necessary outfit. The size and character of this will of course depend upon the distance. A circuit of 100 miles will not require the same outlay as one of 1,000 miles, yet it is wise to carry quite a complete equipment even for a moderate tour. The articles carried may be divided into two divisions: one includes extras for the wheel, the other extras for the rider.

EXTRAS FOR THE WHEEL.

The extras for the bicycle include a duplicate of each of those bolts, studs, nuts, set-screws and small parts that are likely to give out. A pedal, axle, set of cones, rings and balls, and some chain-links may be included. There are now bicycle repair shops stationed at important points on nearly all bicycle paths, but they do not always have duplicates of parts of all bicycles, and it is better to carry them. Any cycle repairman can be depended on to repair a fractured tube of the frame, straighten a spring steering-head, and repair a punctured

tire, but without necessary duplicates of small parts, the latter cannot always be fixed. It is not a good plan to overburden a bicycle with repair kits and extra wearing apparel, but there are certain accessories which, if properly carried, will but very little interfere with the running of the wheel. One of the best ways to carry the kits is with special cases. These cases can be made by hand, can be ordered made to measurement, or can be purchased already made. Fig. 1 is specially designed for carrying wheel extras. It can be made of leather board, canvas board, or composition. The dimensions are suited to fit the inside of the frame between the rear tube and rear stays, under the seat-post, as shown in Fig. 3. The box is divided into apartments, and provided with small divisions in which are carried small screws, nuts, tire-repair outfits, etc. The door should be hinged and arranged to fasten tight. The usual line of cycle tools, such as wrench, oil-can, screw-driver, etc., is carried in the regular tool-bag next the steering-head. The apartment for tire repairs should contain parts of valves, plugs, cement, graphite, air-pumps, etc. Such an outfit will add but little weight to the wheel and will prove a source of great convenience.

Regulation canvas cycle-bags of several descriptions can be purchased at moderate prices and well designed for the purpose intended. Fig. 2 shows one of a simple design which, like the former carrier, can be made from board stock, and divisions inserted. This affair goes in the diamond, as shown in Fig. 3. One of the apartments in this box should be kept apart for emergency articles, such as an envelope of court-plaster, a package of lint, a can of vaseline and a bottle of liniment. Another apartment should be given up to a change of linen, and another to underwear. The apartment will hold all these and more if carefully packed. It is presumed that the tourist will so govern his distance that nightfall will find him near hotel

quarters, yet it is a good plan to carry a small roll blanket, which can be strapped to the handle-bars as shown. This blanket should be waterproof material, so that in case the tourist misses his route and is caught where he will have to lodge overnight in the open air, he can use the blanket as a shelter tent. The army bicycle corps use this plan. Fig. 4 is its plan of use. The wheel is placed upright and braced with a piece of fence-rail or branch from a tree. The wheel thus furnishes the ridge-pole, and as the edges of the blanket are provided with short ropes, it is easy to form a tent by pulling the blanket over and securing the ropes to the ground with short stakes. A man can curl up under this improvised shelter and be protected from the elements. The valise will do for a pillow, and the two or three garments carried in the valise and apartment box will do for bedding. No provision is made for food, because one meets with generous farmers along the line, from whom lunches may be obtained at small cost. Under ordinary circumstances there will be sufficient hotels on the route, in which both lodging and meals can be secured.

THE PREVENTION OF ACCIDENTS.

An important point in touring is the prevention of accidents to your wheel. Before you start, see that the wheel is free from rust and dirt. Nothing is more dangerous than these two. The depth of the rust is an unknown quantity; from the outside it may seem only a coating, and yet be eating clean through. As for dirt, it hides all sorts of defects. Lubricate the chain; see that there is no unnecessary friction at any point, and especially between links. Friction between links wears two links and is doubly dangerous. Watch, examine, and overhaul are needed. Throw out any parts that show any undue wear, defects or weakness. Remember that the strength of the whole bicycle depends on that of its weakest part.

B. F. FIELDS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

James Lindsay, Philadelphia, Pa.—The case you refer to us for decision is fully covered by Rule 12, of the Laws of Lawn Tennis. It says: "The server shall not serve till the striker-out is ready. If the latter attempt to return the service he shall be deemed ready." If any doubt existed as to the score, C. was perfectly right in refusing to play A.'s service until this had been settled, and if he did not make any attempt to return the service he had a perfect right to demand another ball.

W. L., Chicago.—The closest an ice-boat will go to windward is 30° , or $2\frac{2}{3}$ points. The best course or the one that will take the boat farthest to windward is 60° , or $5\frac{1}{3}$ points from the wind, when the advance to windward would be at the rate of half the velocity of the wind, while the actual velocity is equal to that of the wind. The boat encounters the greatest apparent velocity of the wind when her course is 90° , or 8 points from the wind, when the apparent wind is twice the actual velocity. Hence the greatest speed of an ice-yacht is attained at 120° , or $10\frac{2}{3}$ points from the wind; then her speed is twice that of the wind, and the ap-

parent direction of the wind is 90° , or 8 points from its true direction. The best rate to leeward is made at 150° , or $13\frac{1}{2}$ points from the wind, when the advance to leeward would be $1\frac{1}{2}$ times that of the wind, and the apparent velocity of the wind would be equal to its true velocity.

Z. A. B.—Write to your Representative in Congress, or to the War Department, Washington, D. C.

"Doubting Thomas."—Generally speaking, a low shoe is the most suitable, as it allows the freest ankle action, but weak ankles may require some support, in which case the high shoe for men and the boot for women are recommended. Lacing is always preferable to buttoning, as the latter method is too binding, and the foot and limb must conform themselves to a uniform constriction. In hard riding, too, buttons will be forced off of the very best shoes. A slight soreness is liable to follow the first wearing of high shoes or boots, but this may be relieved by the free application of cold water and a vigorous rubbing after each trip.





Painted for OUTFIT by C. Rungius.

MILORD AND MILADY.

OUTING.

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TYPES OF HORSES IN THE SHOW-RING.

BY A. H. GODFREY.

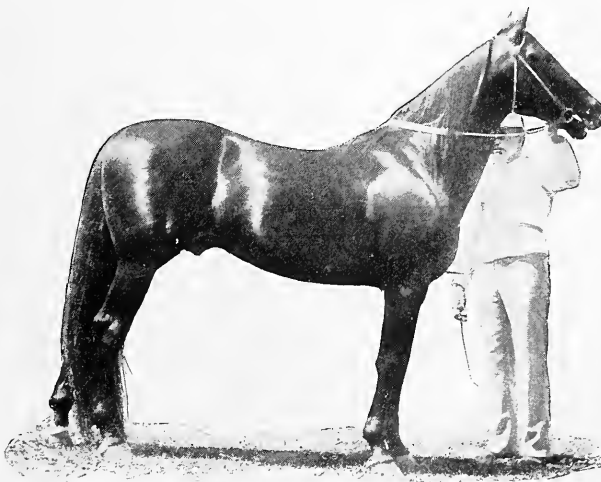
“THE horse is King” is the handwriting on the wall in many a summer resort; but of a truth it can be surely so said when Gotham gathers its beauty and its chivalry, and Madison Square quivers with the prides of the equine world and flashes with the brilliancy of their admirers.

In that great gathering there are experts before whose opinion I bow; and there is enthusiasm that stirs my pulse, for it is over the one animal in the world to whom I am devoted loyally and gratefully; and, often and often as I have looked down from the gallery at that and other gatherings equally brilliant, numerous and

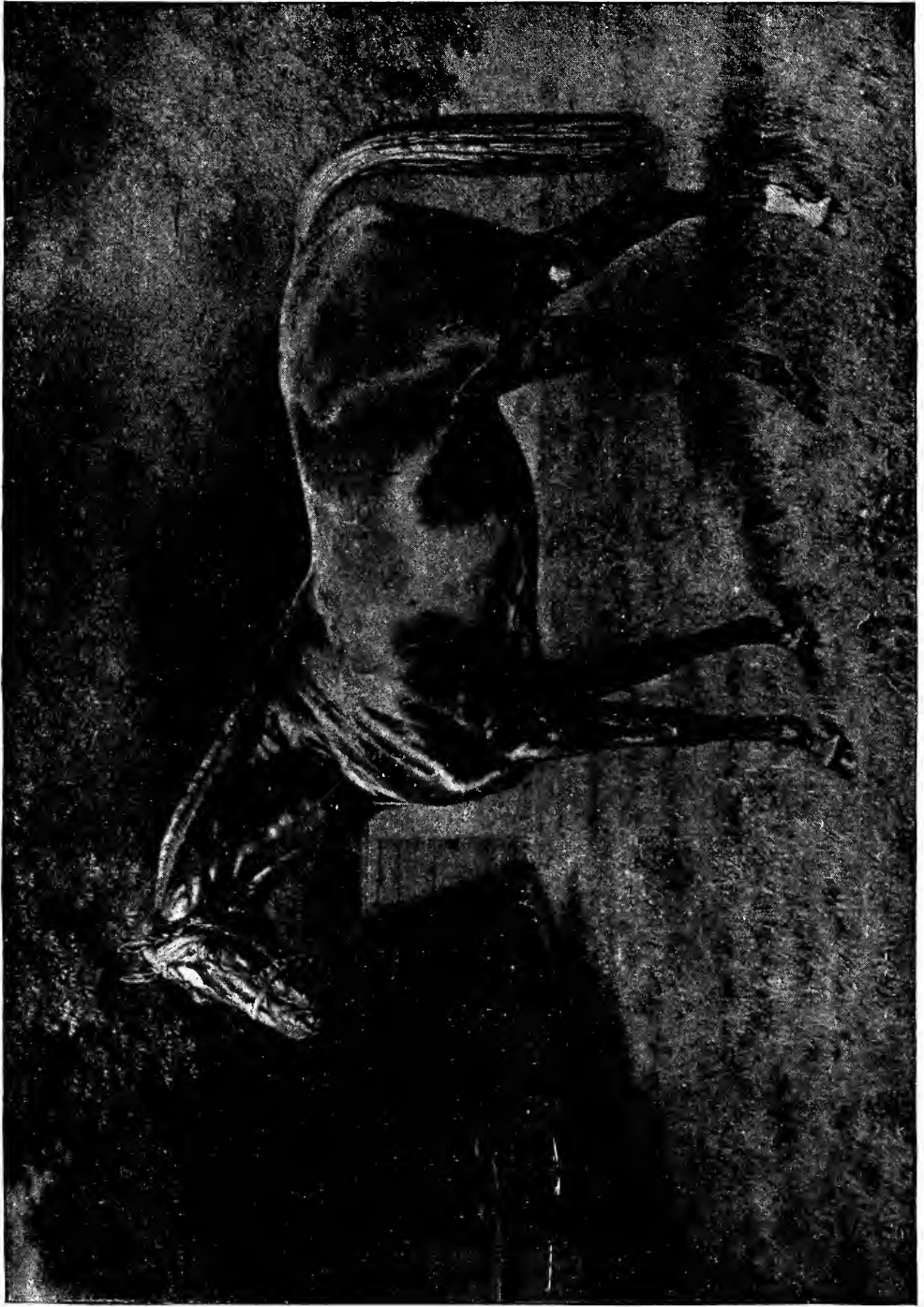
sympathetic, I have wondered why no other fuller and better guide to the classes on exhibition had been prepared than the necessarily barren table of divisions, sub-divisions, classes and figures, of the official programme.

If it be true of art that the eye sees only what it has been educated to, and therefore enjoys only what is within its acquired knowledge, it is equally true of the horse. Of course, there are

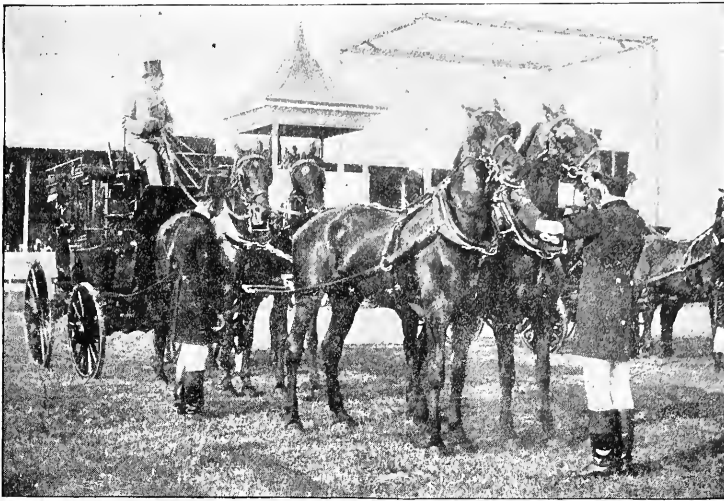
classes of horses that we like better than others by instinct, or because we have been brought up amongst them and know their conformation, their characteristics, what they can do and what they cannot be expected to do. These we freely



TROTTING STALLION.



THE THOROUGHBRED.
The Foundation Stock.



FOUR-IN-HAND. (Park Team.)

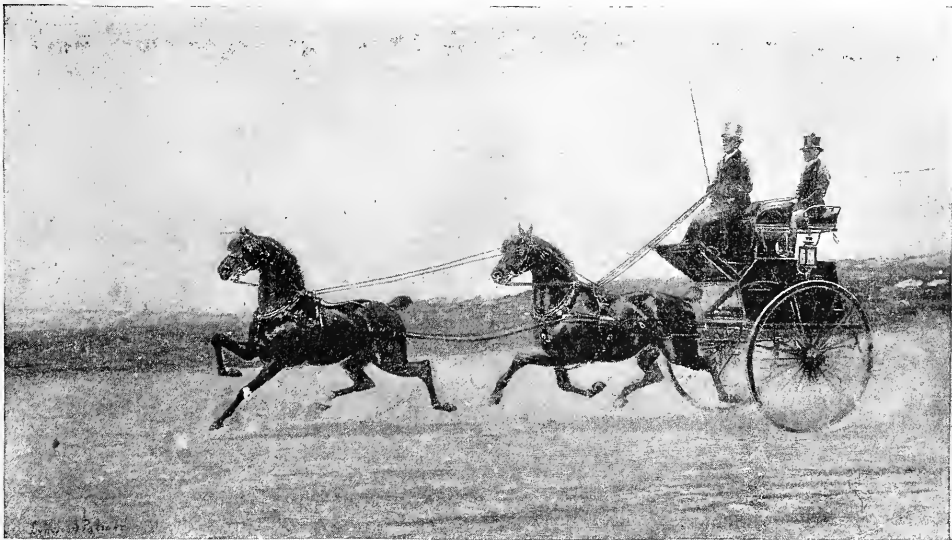
delight in, and give our heartiest expression of approval to. They move our sensations of pride and pleasure. Yet there may be other classes equally worthy, did we but know their points, their especial fitness of means to ends, and their perfect mastery of those means.

The approach of the great annual parliament has moved me, therefore, to set down for the general reader some notes of types of horses in the show-ring that may enlist some fair maid to extend her sphere of interest, or even unbend the brow of some case-hardened and prejudiced expert who never yet

could see any good in "that sort of trash," meaning thereby the horse he did not know.

Let me take, as the object of the widest interest and the least objection, "the thoroughbred;" for whether the particular devotion be given to the runner, the trotter, the pacer or the hunter, the thoroughbreds claim their fealty as the rock on which their respective royal lines have been builded.

The blood horse or thoroughbred, by common consent being regarded as the foundation of much that is estimable in the horse of sport, pleasure, or utility of to-day, cannot find a more typical



A TANDEM PAIR.



HACKNEY STALLION.

representative than such a one as we present on page 112, a horse entitled to the proud position he occupies.

The Arabian horse, claimed by many to be the foundation from which sprang the blood of the modern thoroughbred, is nowadays included in the thoroughbred department, there being not sufficient Arabians to necessitate a separate class. While there are many animals in which we trace the colors, form, disposition and

courage ascribed to Eastern breeds, yet these are rare in comparison with the myriad instances demonstrating that the modern thoroughbred is responsible for the bloodlike character, heart, courage, brains, speed and endurance which our best horses possess.

The saying has become a proverb that "Any man can tell a thoroughbred at first glance." Yet they are not all alike. There are, however, a peculiar raciness and bloodlike character about them all that bespeak their origin, and every horseman, whether a sportsman or a sporting man (between whom there is a great gulf fixed), will thrill as he sees a perfect specimen of the breed.

There is something magnetic about

the expression of the ideal thoroughbred. The eyes are bright, full, kindly, yet fearless, and set wide apart, the forehead showing room for brains; the ears are of medium size, rather than diminutive, and silky and ever alert. The bones of the face and legs are of fine texture, and are smooth and hard to the touch. The hair is especially fine, and the veins should show through the skin. In a trained specimen the muscles also show very prominently. The head is proudly carried on a fine, lengthy neck, attached in good form to sloping shoulder blades, which latter run to a rather high wither. The chest is roomy, as likewise is the barrel, so that the horse



FRENCH COACH.

can be said to be deep through the heart; in other words, the horse has width sufficient for his breathing apparatus and internal arrangements. The ribs are well sprung from the spinal column, and the hind quarters have a rakish, yet not a ragged, aspect, peculiar to the breed. The loins should be strong and the hips wide, set on long, powerful propellers, articulating at an angle sufficient to admit of their



THE HEAVY HUNTER.

most rapid and powerful propulsion; the cannon bones below the knees and hocks should be short and flat, and well separated from the tendons; the joints should all articulate freely and smoothly, and the whole be supported on good, sound feet. Such, briefly, is the animal that the breeder of the blood horse has in his mind when he talks about a horse possessing thoroughbred conformation, quality, blood, courage, heart, endurance, staying powers, speed, etc. And when he owns one we cannot wonder that he boasts about it.

It must not be supposed that all good horses should be modeled after the thoroughbred pure and simple. Many types have either partially or wholly had eradicated all traces of thoroughbred blood. For instance, trotting-horse breeders claim now to have about established a race of what is called the "trotting type;" and certain breeders of coaching and carriage horses, such as hackneys, Cleveland bays, etc., assert that without the use of thoroughbred blood they have produced distinct types, after careful selection and training, of animals tracing directly to foundation stock which were



MIDDLE-WEIGHT PARK HACK.



LADY'S PARK HACK.



MIDDLE-WEIGHT HUNTER.

indigenous to certain countries or localities before the Oriental horse was imported.

However that may be, and it is not a question pertinent, except in a passing allusion, to these notes, it is certain that in the trotter and pacer, perhaps the most popular, as presenting classes of horses that have been brought to the highest degree of excellence in this country, we have standard types, founded on a combination of thoroughbred and native strains, with the blood of the old-time Norfolk trotter added. They have their own peculiar bloodlike character, ranginess and rakishness; are lighter and narrower throughout than the thoroughbred type, yet, like it, lengthy in the hind quarter, but differ altogether from the thoroughbred in that their speedy trotting action necessitates the spreading of the hind legs and the placing of them alternately outside and slightly in advance of the point where the front legs leave the ground. Aside from the track, the American trotter has a distinct field. Trained to pull a light four-wheeled vehicle on



A RUNABOUT.

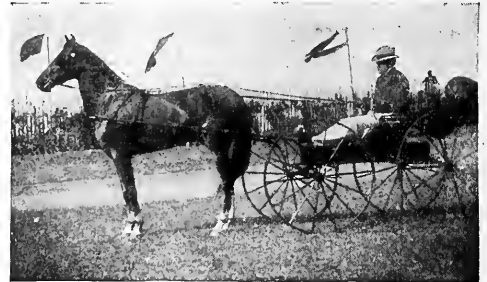
the country roads, this breedy animal becomes the ideal roadster, of exceeding attractiveness and tractability, and withal gentle and safe. Roadsters are required to be of symmetrical form, and in truer proportion than speedy racers. They should also have slightly higher and more stylish action, and drive lighter in hand. Vast fortunes have been spent in the selection and perfecting of the ideal roadster, and no object is more inspiring than a horse of this class when seen performing under favorable conditions, except it be his companion in breed and rival in honors, the pacer, whose marvelous time record has given so great an impulse to this sub-division of the typical American roadster family.

In the hackney department of the show we see a breed or type indigenous to the eastern counties of England, good and indifferent specimens of which have been largely imported into this country since 1890, while there have been individuals brought here at intervals ever since 1822. Just as the American trainer took the combination of thoroughbred native and Norfolk hackney blood, and produced, by training and selection, the speedy and low-actioned trotter, so the English trainer



PHAETON PAIR.

of stylish trotting horses, useful for carriage purposes, has taken the Norfolk trotting cob, and, either keeping it pure or crossing it with Yorkshire cobs in which there was a goodly proportion of thoroughbred blood, has put before us a horse symmetrical in shape, full formed to fill heavy stylish harness, with weight enough to assist it in pulling heavy vehicles, and with action high and straight, which latter means that the horse should not dish or paddle inward or outward with its front feet, nor spread its hind legs apart. It should flex the hind legs, and should, when going in its most stylish manner, dwell, so to speak, so as to poise its weight on the foot that is under its center of gravity, in order to give time for the proper rounding movement of the front legs and the sending of the fore feet outward and onward before they touch the ground, each foot to strike the



TROTTER (Roadster).

ground in regular rotation and in perfect rhythm. The hackney may be briefly summed up as the happy medium between the light, swift roadster and the middle-weight draught horse, in action truer than either, but slower than the former and faster than the latter. In expression pleasing, the head is well carried on a neck naturally arched, so that the horse should drive light in hand; and the body, in a good specimen, is so conformed as to come nearest to true proportion. Symmetrical proportion the hackney must have or it cannot act true and in perfect rhythm. The race-horse is disproportionately long *behind*, in order to be speedy; the heavy draught horse is disproportionately heavy *in front*, in order to draw heavy weights. The hackney, having only to move at a moderate pace and evenly, has merely to be well balanced in fore and hind quarters and middle piece.

The hackney is suited only to the stylish cart or trap, light brougham and medium-weight carriage, and is not a heavy-weight, big carriage horse in any sense.

The coaching breeds are, as a rule, lightly represented at the shows. Of these, the French coach horse has been most prominent of late years. It is popularly supposed that the French coacher has been "made" what it is in recent years. As a matter of fact, we must go back to the time of Louis XIV., of France, to get at its inception in the districts of Merlérault and Contentin, where demi-sangs (half-bloods) were produced, a name used in France to designate the French coach horse from other races in that country. After the French Revolution, when travel by coach increased, a demand



PONY IN HARNESS.

speed as to be terrific. In a ring three hundred and fifty feet long and two hundred and fifty feet wide, a swift pony at full gallop by this horse's side has all he can do to keep the rein easy.

The English Cleveland bay coach horse is indigenous to the Vale of Cleveland in Yorkshire, and is of pure race, bay in color, with black points and black "list" along the spinal column. As a breed it ranges in height from sixteen hands to sixteen two and one-half inches, and in weight from one thousand two hundred to one thousand four hundred and fifty pounds. When found pure, and tracing into straight Cleveland back blood, it is sound, hardy, active and powerful, with great endurance, both for draught and for weight, any distance at a certain speed, under the saddle. The largest and heaviest horses of this type have always been favorite coach horses; and the more springy and lightly built were the hunters of days gone by, when the heavy hunting squire and heavier farmer were not satisfied without six



GIG HORSE.

sprang up for stylish carriage horses of the trotting variety, and the French Government imported about two thousand stallions. Two hundred and twenty-three were from Arabia, and all calculated to beget horses of good size, speed, endurance and style for carriage work. By picking stallions of pleasing exterior, that have proved their abilities at speed tests, and are large without coarseness, the French claim to have produced the highest class heavy carriage horse obtainable. The specimen pictured is a stallion such as the French Government would select, sixteen hands high, and with action of such force and



LADY'S PARK HORSE IN HARNESS.

solid hours in the saddle, over the roughest ground, ploughed and otherwise. There are some great stories told about these horses carrying one hundred and ninety-six pounds eighteen miles inside the hour, and seven hundred pounds sixty miles in twenty-four hours, four times a week.

The German coacher, which may be either Prussian Trakhenen, Hanoverian, Oldenburg or Holstein, and range from a middle-weight saddle horse to a coach horse or van horse of a decidedly heavy type, need not detain us, as few, if any, are shown here.

Let us pass, therefore, to that section which will interest amateur drivers of horses in stylish harness. The rage for these was set in 1890, when a large exhibit of hackneys demonstrated the full scope and purpose of this ultra-stylish breed. As the specimens able to beat those already imported were only procurable at prohibitive prices, local show-goers had to depend upon native material; and by 1893 a number of mature American trotting-bred horses of the male sex were trained, trimmed and "docked," in readiness for exhibition. Being able to show a stylish gait at extreme speed, these horses at once caught the popular fancy, and ever since have carried all before them at our horse-shows. Higher on the leg than the hackney, and slightly longer in body, they show the blood-like character of trotting stallions, which, in fact, they were, until prepared for the show-ring. The picture given is one of the best that I have seen of the trotting-bred carriage horse, stripped, and with shortened tail and mane. It is astonishing that a horse bred, and for years trained, for speed on the track or road, and with action, spreading behind, etc., can be trained in a few weeks or months to perform in stylish heavy harness as this type of horse does.

Fashion has changed with regard to the horse, or, rather, the horses suitable for a tandem. Formerly the team

consisted of two thoroughbred horses, the leader being really an extra horse to help pull a heavy trap and two or more passengers and their impedimenta a long distance, the lead horse approaching a hunter in character, that could, if called upon, be taken out of harness at the end of the trip, saddled and put after the hounds across any sort of country. Of late years the tandem turnout has come to be regarded as a stylish equipage, and the horses are somewhat of the "parky" order, the leader especially peacocky in style and action, and rather smaller than the wheeler. The latter has more substance, having to carry the weight "on," and is strong and handy, so as to hold all steady and follow his leader. His action is not usually more than ordinary, high action in the shafts with a gay horse

pulling on traces being hardly safe. Tandem driving is, perhaps, the most difficult of all styles in which to become proficient.

Four-in-hand horses of the road sort or for the park are among the most enjoyable at the show, and demonstrate what horses of endurance and style are expected to ac-

complish with a heavy load behind them. A road team is generally level as to height, though some drivers prefer leaders smaller than wheelers. The horses must show breeding, that is to say, traits of the thoroughbred, especially the lead horses. Wheeler horses must show power and substance, put some weight against their collars, and be tractable and steady in harness. A typical road coach is painted in brilliant colors and patterned after one or other of the old mail coaches used in the days of our grandfathers, and those who drive on them try to select horses of the original type. Sometimes, for effect, a fifth, or "cock-horse," is put on ahead of the leaders, to show how the old road teams were assisted up long or steep grades, or pulled out of deep snowdrifts or sloughs.

Park teams consist of four stylish



HACKNEY MARE IN HARNESS.

horses, such as are seen in pairs or singly in various fashionable vehicles. More style and action are required than in a road team, but not such a speedy pace. The coach is popularly known as a drag. The term "park coach" conveys the class of vehicle, but is seldom used by coaching men. A drag is generally painted in subdued colors, richly upholstered and appointed inside, and the axles and running-gear are somewhat different from those of the heavier road or mail coach. Whole chapters could be written upon the many minor differences in the appointments and rules governing the driving and horsing of coaches and drags, and these are all taken into consideration at the show. There are numerous points in connection with the harnessing of the horses that call for the most rigid examination, and the driving of the horses is an art which many wealthy amateurs study for years.

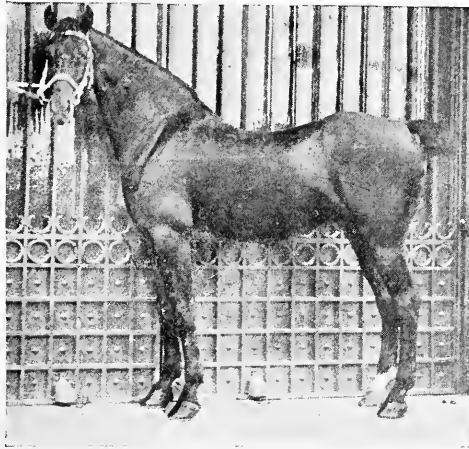
Ponies in harness are generally of the miniature hackney order, fat and round, and more or less of symmetrical proportion. It is very seldom that we see in the show-ring the breedy harness pony approaching the miniature thoroughbred in type. Our illustration depicts one of the former variety, driven, as all ponies should be in a show-ring, by a child.

The saddle pony should undoubtedly be of the miniature thoroughbred order, and here we call upon the bloodlike Exmoor type for another good pattern. The Welsh pony is also adapted to saddle, and there are a number produced by crossing a stunted thoroughbred with any of the pony breeds. The Shetland pony, with its shaggy coat and piggy action, while gentle for infants' use, can hardly be classed as a saddle pony.

In all horses of the park saddle-hack type, and of the hunting and jumping stamp, we necessarily look for thoroughbred character, and in the park hack

manners are of the greatest importance. The park hack most in favor in this part of the country is of the English and Canadian type, with short mane and tail, and shown at the walk, trot and canter. It must change its gait on slight indication of the reins, be especially smooth at the canter, fairly fast at the gallop, and walk smoothly and fast. If it cannot do these things easily, stylishly, and at the same time carry its rider safely, it is not a park hack, but merely an ordinary "riding horse."

Hacks and hunters are commonly divided into three classes, viz., light-weights up to carrying one hundred and sixty pounds, middle-weights able to carry without apparent effort between one hundred and sixty and one hundred and ninety pounds, and heavy-weights able to trot along or to gallop and jump over fences, carrying over one hundred and ninety pounds. The pictures, showing a lady's hack, gent's middle-weight hack, typical middle-weight hunter and big welter-weight carrier, illustrate better than any written description the types referred to.

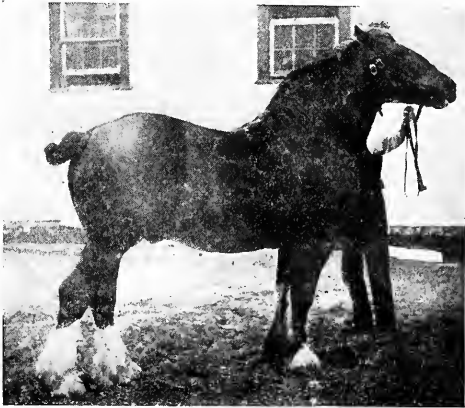


TROTTING-BRED CARRIAGE HORSE.

Kentucky and other Southern and Western saddle horses are not much shown in the East. They are allowed to retain their beautiful long manes and tails, and are trained to amble, to pace or rack, and move at what is called the fox-trot, in addition to the walk, trot and canter. Claimed to be of pure descent from animals that could do naturally most or all of these gaits, they are delightfully tractable, docile and mannerly, carry themselves proudly, and in the South are considered the national saddle horse *par excellence*.

Of draught horses of the heavier breeds or types, the national show does not make a large exhibit, and so the specimens are never classified according to their breeds. A few generally useful horses are shown in harness, just

as they appear in our streets, and half a dozen stallions also parade in one class. In this country the Scotch Clydesdale and the French Percheron, or their grades, resulting from a cross of either with a Norman, Suffolk Punch, or Shire, are most popular. In the Clyde heaviness is carried to an extreme; weight in the collar is their principal essential; they have a commanding aspect, carry a fine crest, and there is a



CLYDESDALE.

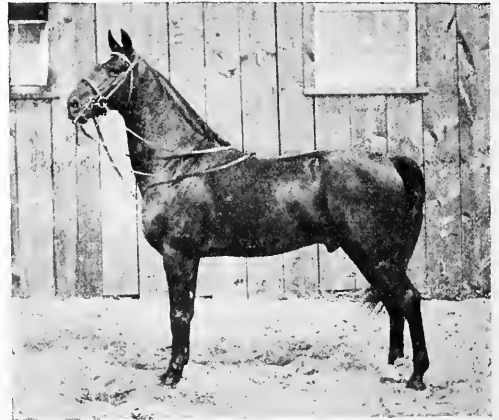
pleasing alertness about them. The hind quarter is beautifully turned, and the shoulder is more beautiful than generally expected in a draught horse, where we look for straightness. This horse has finish and style and is popularly regarded as the "Prince of the Feathery Legs."

The English Shire is the result of centuries of judicious selection and breeding for a useful agricultural horse. The Flemish stallion was bred to Lincoln mares and others of adjacent shires long before Henry VIII.'s time, and a systematic following of type and perfection of proportion has worked wonders in the establishment of a type of economical work-horse for farmers. The horse is built for business and not for show, is extremely powerful, is straighter on the top than the Clyde, plainer in head, and in posterior quarter longer. The legs are not smothered to such an extent in "feather." In weight they range from one thousand six hundred to one thousand seven hundred, in working condition. The action is energetic and easy. There is an old saying that "as soon as a Shire horse walks he is half sold."

The Percheron, from the district of

La Perche in Northern France, is the gray horse of commerce so well known in America. Having his origin in the Norman and Flemish blood with an admixture of that of horses of Brittany and Arabia, with perhaps a dash of Gascon pony blood, the Percheron is a tippy, well-rounded, well-proportioned horse, that walks and trots freely and has a turn of speed not surpassed by any other draught breed. The French Government has long exercised an influence over this breed, supervising the use of stallions and the choosing of mares for the perpetuation of the type.

The Suffolk Punch is a "clean-legged" horse from the southern counties of England, or, to be more exact, indigenous to Suffolk. For centuries this horse has been noted for straining at a load until it gets down on its knees almost. It is a heavy but handsome horse, long and deep in body and low on the leg, and with the pulling power well distributed. The breed is for the most part chestnut in color, with good manes and tails, and their color is noted for "coming through," that is, being surely repro-



KENTUCKY SADDLE HORSE.

duced from generation to generation. They walk and trot well and are excellent for city draught as well as for agricultural purposes.

This purview, and the numerous illustrations, show the wide range of the horse and the numerous and important points at which he touches our needs for pleasure or for necessity; and no medium has so much developed and improved the various classes of our equine beauties as the show-ring.



A THANKSGIVING

SHOOTING TRIP.

BY W. R. ARMSTRONG.

ON Thanksgiving a shoot at Hooper's Island, in Chesapeake Bay, furnished some experiences which will not soon be forgotten.

Our party consisted of three, my hosts, Bert and his brother Al, and myself, while with me went my two dogs, Don, an English setter, and Nick, a pointer, both useful workers.

The first stage of our trip was by steamer down the bay; it proved pleasant, although uneventful. Then followed a fifteen-mile stage by wagon, and eventually we reached the ground.

After supper we gathered round the fire and lit our pipes. Outside the wind was howling, but we felt very comfortable. In due time we undressed, rolled up in our blankets, and were almost asleep when Bert said, "Listen! I hear geese flying over."

We soon heard the honk à honk which once heard is never forgotten. In another minute, without waiting to dress, we had each caught up a gun and were out in the orchard. It was a bright moonlight night, and we could see quite clearly. We heard the geese honking out in the bay as some steamer going by disturbed them.

Bert was under a tree, I was behind a pile of brush, and Al had taken his station between me and the house.

We had hardly gotten settled when I saw seven geese flying low toward us. Soon Bert fired. They lifted a little and turned in my direction, and when they were almost overhead I fired twice, and bagged one. It was my first goose, and when I picked him up I felt well repaid for all my trouble.

We were soon in bed again and asleep,

but were awake before sun-up, and after a hurried breakfast we started in the sailboat.

Al and I were in the bow with our guns, Bert was steering. We ran down before the wind, and managed to get within easy range of several flocks of ducks. We had a fair day's sport, and about four o'clock we reached the house.

After supper we loaded some shells, and then turned in. Next morning, bright and early, we took the dogs and started after partridges, and at night had twenty birds to show for our day's bag.

The next two days it snowed very hard, and we were obliged to keep indoors, but Thanksgiving day dawned clear and bright. We put Bert in the sink boat, and Al and I sailed around after ducks. We got ten, and Bert got five geese and two ducks.

The next few days were spent in the sailboat. Then came a clear, cold day, and Bert and I took guns and decoys, and rowed out to the marshes, one and a half miles from shore. We set out the decoys, and got in a blind, where we stayed all day, getting six geese and fourteen ducks.

About five o'clock we began to get hungry. The sun had gone down, and we decided to start for home, but on launching the boat we found that on account of the strong north wind that had blown all day, the ebb-tide was extraordinarily low, so much so in fact that there was not more than two or three inches of water near the marsh, and consequently the boat stuck fast in the mud.

We got overboard, thinking we could drag the boat to deeper water, but she stuck fast on a bar; in trying to get

her off we broke both oars. Well, to put it mildly, we were in for it. One and one-half miles from shore and with no probability of a high tide before morning; our clothing was wet and freezing, we were tired and hungry, and to cap the climax, it had gotten dark.

We returned to the marsh and tried to build a fire, but we found it impossible, as all the wood was wet, and we had to give it up. Knowing very well that without a fire we'd soon be frozen to death, we decided that our only hope lay in reaching the shore, from which we were separated by one and one-half miles of angry water, and although it was shallow near the marsh, we knew not how deep it was between us and home.

We had on very heavy clothing, overcoats, boots, cartridge belts and the guns, two twelve-gauges and a big eight-gauge. At first, the water was shallow and the bottom firm, and we made good progress.

After we had gone about one-half mile, the water getting deeper and the bottom softer, we stopped to rest, but found to our dismay that if we stood still our feet sank deeper and deeper into the mud; so we pushed on, trying to laugh and joke, although we knew it was a fight for our lives.

The wind was blowing very strong against us, we were up to our waists in water, the waves would dash over us nearly sweeping us off our feet, and our clothing was stiff and frozen. The wind cut my face like a knife. An unusually large wave struck me, I nearly lost my footing and in another moment would have fallen, but Bert caught me and steadied me, saying, "Bill, don't fall for heaven's sake, or you'll never be able to get up again."

I dropped the stocks of my guns on the bottom and thus tried to get a little rest. It seemed hard to die out there in the cold and dark. Life seemed sweeter than ever before and well worth one more struggle, so dismissing all thoughts of the past and present I set my eyes on the light in the window of our house and thought only of reaching it.

We pushed on in silence, when suddenly Bert stopped, saying he was exhausted and for me to go on and leave him, which I declined to do. I caught hold of his arm and, telling him to think

only of the light, we started once more and soon reached a blind which we knew to be three hundred yards from shore. If it had been twenty yards further off we would not have had strength enough to reach it.

After a little rest, Bert held on to me while I fired ten or twelve times, hoping some one would hear and come to our aid. Bert was yelling, "Help! Help! Help!" as loud as he could, but stopped long enough to say, "Bill, put the empty brass shells in your pocket; they cost ten cents a piece." It made me feel like shooting him.

Bert wanted to hang on to the blind until help or morning came, but after firing all our cartridges and yelling till we were hoarse, and receiving no answer, we made a start for shore, preferring drowning, if we must die, to freezing.

By leaving the big gun and my overcoat at the blind, we were able to make headway. It began to snow, and at times the light on shore would be hidden, but just as we were about to give up all hope, the water became less deep and the bottom harder.

Feeling sure now that we were near shore our hopes returned, and, on advancing we were rewarded by reaching the shore, which at this point was barely two feet high. We hadn't strength enough to step up, but fell forward exhausted, thanking God for deliverance.

After several attempts I was able to get on my feet. I helped Bert to get up, and arm in arm we staggered to the house. We had been in the water four hours and our tired muscles could not stand the strain, for we just managed to get in the door when I fainted.

When I regained consciousness Al was rubbing me with mustard. I was blue from my waist down, and Bert was still unconscious. I helped Al and soon we brought Bert to. Then Al gave us each several cups of boiling hot coffee. After that he gave us nearly a pint of Jamaica ginger. Then we ate supper, and before retiring we took some quinine pills.

Next morning we felt none the worse for our adventure, but after a consultation we decided we had had enough goose shooting for one year, and packing our things we hurried to the wharf, reaching there just in time to catch the boat for Baltimore.



Painted for OUTING by James L. Weston.

"I SET MY EYES ON THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW." (p. 122.)



Painted for OUTING by James L. Weston.

"SLOWLY HE RAISED HIS SPEAR." (p. 126.)

SALMON FISHING WITH THE INDIANS.

BY FRITZ.

IT was a perfect October day. We were sitting chatting on the bluff on the Oregon side of the Columbia, the Doctor and I, just opposite where the White Salmon River tumbles down through a deep cañon in the Washington mountains and discharges its milky flood into the blue waters of the Columbia River.

During a lull in the conversation the Doctor suddenly said: "Look there, old man, what's that? Are they blasting out rock over there?" "Blasting, no, guess not, where?" "There, see that?" pointing toward the mouth of the White Salmon River. "There it goes again, and there; see that water splash? Looks like rock or wood or something was being thrown into the water. What is it?"

"Oh, that's fish jumping."

"Fish!" The Doctor was an enthusiastic angler. We had whipped many a stream together in old lang syne. The word acted on him as the sound of a cannon to an old war-horse. "Fish!" he shouted, jumping up; "what are you giving me? Do you mean there's a school of whales over there?" The place was more than a mile from us as the crow flies.

"No, not exactly, they're salmon," I explained.

"Salmon! Hi! Look at that; see him flash in the sun? Jove! They must be as big as sharks. I say, old man, can't we catch them? Will they take the fly?"

"No," I said, "I'm afraid we can't take any with that sort of tackle, but we may be able to kill some, just the same. If you like, we'll have a try after a bit."

"Like! If I like? Well, that's too much," and the Doctor gave me such a look of sad reproach as almost brought the tears to my eyes, while he continued, in the tones of a Rip Van Winkle: "You'll be telling me next, I suppose, that you never had a chum named Jack Randolph—that you don't know me at all—I'm an utter stranger to you. You are growing old, Tom; you are actually childish. Like, indeed! Come, pull yourself together, man; let's go for those salmon. I've heard wonderful

tales of the fish of Oregon, but I never would have believed that a fellow could sit on a mountain top and see fish jumping a mile away. I must have one of those fellows, by hook or crook."

Hastening back to the village, we engaged a boatman and boat to take us to the fishing ground. As the boat was pushed off, the Doctor suddenly sprang up from his place forward, exclaiming: "Here, hold on, we've forgotten our tackle. We haven't a rod, a spear, a gun, or a confounded thing."

"Never mind," said I, "we shan't need any such weapon."

"Oh, well," settling himself back resignedly, "I am prepared for any wonderful thing in Oregon. I'll not be surprised to see you catching boat-loads of salmon by simply throwing salt on their tails. Pull away, Mr. Captain."

The river was smooth, with the current in our favor. We made good time, and were soon approaching our destination.

The White Salmon River has its origin from an immense glacier on the east side of Mt. Adams. It is about fifty miles long, and of an average width of sixty feet. Its fall being nearly seventy feet to the mile, the water comes down with a rush. Eight miles from the mouth there is an abrupt waterfall of fifteen or twenty feet. The salmon seldom get above this.

As we drifted into the eddy at the mouth of the White Salmon the fish seemed to have arranged a special exhibition for our entertainment. There was evidently a jumping contest on among them.

Just in front a huge fellow threw himself full length into the air, then, with a clumsy attempt at a backward somersault, fell with a splash into the water. Almost before he was out of sight another was performing a similar gymnastic feat a few rods to the right, another to the left, another behind, until all about us the water was fairly boiling with them. It is no exaggeration to say that there were hundreds of salmon within a stone's throw of our boat; nor is it unusual for such quantities of these fish to be found entering the small rivers that flow into the upper

Columbia at this, their spawning season. Ask any old settler whether he has seen many salmon running up this stream. The answer will invariably be: "Yas, a few. I have seen 'em so thick in this yer river that you could walk across it on their backs an' never wet your feet. Fact, stranger."

We pulled the boat to land, and climbing over a point of rock came on the river a little distance up stream. Here we found the fishermen, Indians, scores of them—bucks, clutchmen (Indian women) and papooses.

Mr. Buck Indian was catching the fish. This was what the Doctor wanted to see, aye, and take a hand in. The process was simple and not inspiring. The fisherman sat on a rock that projected well out into the stream. In his hand was a stout pole, fifteen or twenty feet in length; on the end of this was fitted a large barbed hook, secured by a short rope. With this weapon he probed in the water as far as he could reach from his perch. Throwing the pole well up stream he would let it swing down with the current. When the fish was touched, a quick jerk of the pole generally hooked him securely; then, as the Indian had the advantage, the fish was landed with but little time lost in play.

This was not sport for the Indian; it was work. On the dried salmon-meat depended his subsistence and that of his squaw and papooses through the coming winter. For years, long before the bold mariner, Gray, had turned the prow of his ship across the bar of the Columbia, before the daring adventurers, Lewis and Clark, had paddled their canoes down the great river of the West, the grandfathers of these Indians sat upon these same rocks and raked the salmon out as we see it done to-day.

I knew the Doctor was too much of a sportsman to be impressed with this method of killing fish, so I led him still further up the stream, seeking better sport. We soon found it.

A mass of rocks, that had some time come with an avalanche from the overhanging mountain, almost filled the river bed. Around and over these the water tumbled in a mad swirl. Through this tumbling water the salmon were plunging to reach, just above, a long stretch of smooth but swiftly running water.

Here was something more to the sportsman's liking. Out in the stream were a number of Indians using the spear. "Ah!" exclaimed the Doctor, "here's my opportunity. Get me a spear, Tom; I must have a try at that."

"All right, old boy; but, I say, you've got no wading boots; perhaps we may find you some." I called to an Indian standing near, and, slipping a "quarter" into his hand, secured the loan of his boots. The Doctor slipped them on, and found they did very well, the tops reaching well up on the thigh. Then the spear was placed in his hand, and my friend boldly waded into the stream to kill his first salmon, while I lighted my pipe and sat down on the bank to await the *dénouement*.

Several Indians who had been lounging in the shade of the trees arose, stretched themselves, and silently took position on the river bank. The squaws ceased their work and gathered in a giggling group near by.

The Doctor, heedless of the interest he was exciting, gingerly picked his way out in the current. The bed of the stream looked smooth enough to a man on shore, but on nearer acquaintance it was found to be thickly strewn with round stones as large as a man's head and perfectly smooth. This made the footing somewhat precarious, and 'twas no easy thing to keep the feet under one in the swift current.

The water was not more than thirty inches deep, but the Doctor's legs were short and his boots were beginning to dip water occasionally. Such trivialities, however, were only of interest to the spectators. The Doctor heeded them not. He had his eye on a salmon, and was stalking him. Slowly he raised his spear, took careful aim, then with a sudden lunge forward stabbed viciously at the water.

Of course, it was a clean miss. None of the spectators expected anything else.

Let me say here that the spear that my friend was using was a pole some fifteen feet in length, with a sharp steel point fitted to its end by means of a socket-joint, and further secured by a stout cord six or eight feet long. When the fish is struck the steel point penetrates through the body and is detached from the pole; the fish is then held by the cord, and is given a bit of a fighting chance for his life.

The Doctor recovered his spear and was soon ready for the next opportunity. It was not long coming. The river was swarming with salmon. This time the stroke was more successful. The spear-head pierced a salmon through the middle. Then began a commotion. The fish made a rush to get away, but the cord held fast. Stopped in his flight, it was but natural that the salmon should turn the other way. The other way happened to be toward the Doctor, and the next instant that gentleman's short legs were in the air and his two hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois was floundering in the water.

The fish was quick to take advantage of the situation. He doubled himself into a ball, then with a lightning flash brought his slimy tail across the Doctor's face. This aroused his Irish blood, and there began such a royal battle as I never again expect to witness. First the fish was on top, then the Doctor, and all of the time the swift current was tumbling both toward the rough water among the boulders below.

It is said that an Indian never exhibits emotion. The statement is no doubt true, so far as the males of that stoical race are concerned. These fellows about me gave no other sign of their appreciation of the scene before them than a long-drawn grunt. Not so with the females. Had they been a bevy from a young ladies' seminary, their mirth could have been no more hilarious. They fairly screamed with laughter.

The Doctor finally grasped a projecting boulder that came within his reach and pulled himself upon it. There he sat for a moment still holding the pole, attached to which the salmon was flapping most vigorously. We, the Indian maidens and I, thought the comedy was ended and began a hearty encore. The actors responded.

The rock on which the Doctor sat was round and smooth, his clothes were wet, and a sudden lurch of the fish dislodged him. He tried manfully to remain on his feet, but in vain. Again the tumbling began and did not cease until the Doctor and his fish were floundering in the pool below the rapids. Here the water was deep, and becoming alarmed for the safety of my friend, I snatched an armed pole from an Indian and ran down to the water's edge.

As the current swept the fisherman

near the bank, I was able to fasten the hook on the end of my pole into his coat collar and in a moment had him safely on shore. There he lay, blowing like a porpoise, but still holding the flapping fish. An Indian who had come to our assistance undertook to draw the fish from the water to dispatch him, when the Doctor, jumping up, shouted furiously:

"Let 'im alone, you blankety fool. That's my fish, because I caught him. No blankety-blank Injun shall kill him." Then, dragging the fish from the water, he picked up a stone and crushed its skull. With a convulsive shudder the salmon died. The Doctor glared about him as if ready to serve in like manner the first man who should laugh. But the peal that came from the Indian maidens was too much for him. His eyes took on a softer light, and the next moment a hearty bass voice had joined the treble of the dusky maidens.

Thus the Doctor killed his first salmon. An ugly creature it was, this salmon; over four feet in length, weighing forty pounds, with a long, hooked snout and with teeth like a dog. Its back and tail were yellowish white. Had the fish remained a few days longer in this stream it would have bleached to a typical white salmon, the fish for which this river is named.

This same fish is called by many the dog-salmon (*Salmo canis*), on account of his dog-like teeth. Others know him as the hooked-nosed salmon. In fact, until recently ichthyologists have generally classed the hooked-nosed salmon, the dog-salmon and the Chinook salmon, as three separate and distinct species, but latter-day naturalists have pretty thoroughly proven that they are one and the same fish appearing under different conditions.

This is rather hard for a novice to believe when he compares the beautiful, plump chinook, taken from the lower Columbia in May or June, with this ugly fish, caught in the mountain tributaries of that stream late in October. The first is the Columbia River salmon of commerce; the latter is a repulsive-looking fish and is poor food for Indians. Yet they are undoubtedly the same species. The changes are incident to the procreative state. Up these small rivers they go to reproduce their kind, and there to die, for they never go back alive.

UP VESUVIUS.

BY EMMA TOWNSEND WILKINSON.

“*A* *H* *povero, Signora, si povero e malato,*” and a dirty, plump hand was thrust under my face as the vetturino stopped the carriage for a moment on the long drive from the railway station to the hotel. As this was plainly a common instance of bold mendacity masquerading as suffering mendicity, we refused to honor the demand upon our sympathy, but resolutely turned our eyes to the horizon, and there, for the first time, beheld the red fires of Vesuvius glowing brightly through the darkness.

Thus it was that at our entrance into Naples two features that gave us most entertainment, at once claimed our attention. Nor during our stay in that filthy, but fascinating city, did we ever lose sight of them long. As for the beggars, they were always at our right hand and at our left. Go where we would, there was the great volcano, a mysterious veiled prophet by day, a menacing, fiery-eyed monster by night. From the windows of our hotel on the fine, new embankment of the bay, we watched the ebb and flow of its ruddy stream of life and resolved to lose no time in ascending the mountain.

At nine o'clock the next morning we started. With three horses abreast, we drove for several miles around the beautiful Bay of Naples and on through Portici and Resina. Stately palaces, beautiful piazzas and fine streets were speedily left behind, and in old Naples we entered a world of whose existence we had hitherto been totally unaware. Such a motley, heterogeneous collection of things animate and inanimate is surely not to be found elsewhere in all Europe. The whole scene, full of characteristic life and local color, is irresistibly comic. All the work of this part of the city seems to be done in the streets. Children swarm into the broad Toledo from dark alleys or shrink into doorways when a mule with his pack mounts the narrow, steep cross streets. Nearly every window in the five- or six-storied houses has a balcony, from which the household laundry is suspended on poles that extend over the street. A couple of blossoming plants, a dozen or more green gourds and several bunches of

tiny red tomatoes hanging on the outer wall to dry, add a touch of color to the fantastic decoration of fluttering linen.

The lower part of the house is invariably a shop, in the back part of which the workman and his family live—at least they sleep there. Everybody lives out of doors, cooking, eating and even making their toilets on the broad pavement. In front of each shop the merchandise is exposed for sale; lobsters and crabs clawing around for something to eat, oysters yawning in their shells, sausages and cheese revealing their inmost life to the olfactory organs, the ruddy fruit of the cactus and the purple clusters of the vineyard, bread and meal, oil and wine—everything untidy looking, everything appearing to reflect the squalor, but not the nappy nature, of the people.

Riding through this phantasmagoria of past greatness and present decadence, we beheld some ludicrous sights. Groups of women were at the street corners, some knitting with curved needles that moved with scarcely less agility than their tongues, some cutting vegetables for soup, others shelling the chestnuts that form an important part of the diet of the Neapolitans. In the middle of the pavement sat a woman with a large basket of golden-green grapes and pink prickly pears by her side. A young girl standing behind her was combing the fruit-dealer's glossy locks. Now and again we passed a man or woman on the curb with a pan of live charcoal, baking corn cakes or roasting the large chestnuts, for which they found ready sale. Idlers lingered about an itinerant vender of soup, making a late breakfast off a bowl of hot, thin tomato soup and a chunk of bread. To and fro between a lamp-post and a staple in the wall of a house, to which she had fastened either end of a rope fish-net she was making, an old woman, bent and wrinkled, walked, dexterously manipulating her shuttle and gossiping with any chance passer-by, apparently not in the least disconcerted at the consequent inconvenience to pedestrians. A little farther on we came to the macaroni factory. The product was drying on poles suspended horizontally across the entire



EXCAVATING POMPEII.

width of the sidewalk, the long skeins of macaroni swinging in the sunlight and incidentally absorbing a true Neapolitan flavor from the germ-laden atmosphere. We met many oxen drawing loads of produce from the country, and often a horse, a mule and a wee donkey harnessed side by side. The incessant

cracking of whips resounded through the streets like volleys of pistol shots.

But among all the unique sights the most interesting were the goats. Disdaining the middle of the street, they took possession of the walk, the leader, with a clapper at his neck, and eight or ten others pattering close behind. At the



"ABOVE LOOMED THE GRAY HEAD OF THE GIANT VOLCANO." (p. 130.)

noise, women came out on the balconies and let down baskets, each containing a pitcher, into which the "lattaja" milked, after which the basket was drawn up. Sometimes one of the goats is driven up three or four flights of stairs to be milked, while the rest of the herd lie on the pavement until their companion descends to the street. "By the great horn gate, is this a true dream or a false?" exclaimed the young man of our party as our attention was attracted to several long planks laid flat on the walk. To our amazement, we saw that the boards were covered with loaves of bread, set out in the sun to raise. There must have been fully two-score loaves preparing for the oven. They did not, however, interfere with the passage of the people, for we observed a man step over the boards and pass on with evident unconcern. In front of the bakery two donkeys were feeding from a kettle and chickens were walking in and out of the open doorway.

Succeeding the villages are a few villas with grounds inclosed by fences, on which the name of the villa appeared, and over which we caught glimpses of orange trees and lemon arbors. The road, well paved with large blocks of tufa, gradually ascends the mountain slopes, which are covered with vineyards.

The road runs through the vineyards from which *Lachryma Christi* is made, and a man was at the roadside awaiting us with glasses and a decanter of that famous brand of wine. After the manner of Italians of the better class, he greeted us politely with "Buon giorno." We returned his salutation, but passed without stopping. After we left the shops, the beggars following us grew more and more importunate. Three young boys who had come all the way from the city, finding that their whining and beseeching failed to relax the strings of our purse, began to sing, rolling their eyes roguishly at us. Partly to reward them and partly with a hope of getting rid of them, we threw a copper far to the rear. The ragazzi ran back, scrambled in the dust, found the money, caught up with the carriage and, in high spirits, wheeled alongside in single file, turning somersaults for our further amusement. So dexterously did they perform this acrobatic feat that they frequently made seven or eight

complete turns in succession, and kept up with the horses on the steep road. Nor would they cease their efforts until we satisfied each of them with a sou.

At length we arrived at the sheds where carriages are exchanged for donkeys. The shouts of the guides, the peculiar cries of the drivers, the braying of donkeys and kicking of vicious horses made the place a pandemonium. In the babel we could distinguish nothing intelligible, but had a notion that each driver was proclaiming the merits of his own animal. We were glad to hasten from the inclosure with the donkeys we had selected.

In single file we traversed the desert of lava. The faithful donkey picked his way among the sharp stones, patiently flapping his ears whenever the guide brought his hand down sharply on the little creature's flank and urged him forward with "Ah—yah, ah—yah." The sure-footed animals found it no easy task, often being obliged to make a three-foot jump from one rocky tier to the next.

Wondrous indeed was the panorama unrolled about us! In the foreground the dark brown lava lay in great ridges. In some places, as far as the eye could reach, it appeared like petrified limbs of animals and human beings inextricably twisted together in most awful confusion, as if hundreds of thousands had perished there in fearful contortions. The desert of desolation made such an impression upon our mind that at the time we could almost believe the lava itself, when cooling into such unaccountably strange and horrible forms, was endowed with some comprehension of the evil the eruption wrought on the buried cities of the plain. Above loomed the gray head of the giant volcano. His fleecy hood was thrown back, and we could hear his angry mutterings.

Below, the green mountain-slopes and valleys swept downward to the peerless Bay of Naples. The water was so calm, so fair, so brilliant, that it appeared not unlike a piece of polished turquoise closely clasped in the pink and white arms of Naples, that encircle it in an exquisitely graceful curve. Picturesque Castel Dell'Ovo, at one end of the crescent, palaces, towers and gardens on the lower terraces of the city, Castel St. Elmo and the monastery on

the heights, the shipping in the harbor, where

“The sun-burnt people ride
On painted barges,”

Ischia and Capri guarding the entrance, and, beyond, the blue Mediterranean spreading far out into the wide, gray horizon, the whole canopied with a light blue, almost luminous sky, made a prospect of rarest loveliness.

After lunching at the railway station where we left the donkeys, a ten-minutes' ride in a cable car (which runs on a single wheel, and looks from below but little inclined from the perpendicular) brought us up the cone, 4,300 feet above the level of the sea. At the terminus of the railway line, a short man, seconded by a very tall one, proffered me a chair borne on poles, in which, gyascutus-like, I might surmount the pinnacle. None of us was willing to submit to the ignominy of being carried up. In vain the men interested assured us that we would be glad to take the chairs before we were half-way to the summit.

Sinking ankle-deep into the warm ashes at every step, with the assistance of a couple of extra guides, one of whom partly pulled us up while the other prevented us from slipping backward,

we finally stood at the mouth of the crater. The edge of the crater was thickly incrustated with sulphur, and the dense clouds of vapor that arose from the unfathomable abyss were so heavily freighted with the fumes that we found it necessary to filter the air through our handkerchiefs in order to breathe. The stifling atmosphere, the shrill moans of steam that escaped from crevices near us, the subterranean explosions and thunderous sounds as the rocks that were shot upward fell back into the fiery pit, were so many prohibitory signals to our desire to know more of the terrifying monster whose wrath had buried Pompeii, now slowly being excavated.

On our homeward ride, with the glory of sea and land outspread before us, we gave many a backward glance at the great volcano waving his smoky plume, as if in triumph over Pompeii and Herculaneum lying white and dead at his feet. When at length we reached Naples, the western sun cast golden gleams on the misty vapors, which finally settled down about the head of the mountain like a radiant nimbus. And Vesuvius, a veiled prophet, awaited the coming of the darkness to draw aside his luminous veil and disclose the fiery horrors he concealed.



ALL THE WORK IS DONE IN THE STREET. (p. 128.)



BY H. L. FITZPATRICK.

THE Golfing Amateur Championships are over, and there are some very thankful golfers in the land, especially amongst those of the selected band who won their way to the coveted honor of the contest; for although golf is, and rightly, claimed as the game that calls the least upon the reserve forces of the physique, yet there is no championship based upon exertion that calls upon the contestants for so prolonged an exhibition of skill and endurance.

Think of it, ye happy mortals whose contest begins and ends in a ten-second sprint, and ye the fewer and often condoled-with athletes whose mile-long course is covered under five minutes, that the successful golf champion begins his competition at almost break of day on Monday, and continues it over a course several miles long every forenoon and afternoon until the next Saturday's sunset.

Who shall gainsay, then, that the golf champion is entitled to his honor, or shall not see a good and sufficient ground for the great company of interested spectators, or, still better it would be to say, of lay participants, who will merrily plod and keenly follow the players through their prolonged, but never uninteresting, week of striving.

The standard of the championship has been set high, as high, indeed, as in the home of golf; and in that fact

alone is one of the most striking exemplifications of the width and depth of our practice and playing of the "royal and ancient game." That within ten years of the acorn being planted the oak should be able to stand the stress of such an effort, speaks more than volumes. And as for the quality of the playing itself, may we not safely continue the parable and ask, if this be the green twig, what may we not look for in the seasoned tree?

Four years seems but a trifle scarce worth consideration in the lifetime of a game, and such a lapse in the long years to come will be of lesser moment; but the first years, the advent and infant years, of the championship games, seem worthy of a place in that one repository of passing events that will pass the sports of the day down to posterity, *OUTING*.

Having been present at the whole of the championship contests, I make no excuse to fellow golfers for gathering together the main facts relating to them ere they pass into oblivion, or become the happy hunting ground of speculative and often untrustworthy antiquarians.

The United States golf contests which have culminated in the amateur championship began only in 1894, and then were really the outcome of a zealous disagreement. The golfing pulse was just changing from the calm to the quick, and both the Newport Golf Club and the St.

Andrew's Golf Club determined to hold championship tournaments. And so, in the last week of August, when the social season was at its height at Newport, some thirty golfers met at medal play, over a short but well-planned course. None of our home-bred players were in the finals, for the winner, by a stroke, was William Lawrence, who had learned the game at Pau, and the second contestant, C. B. Macdonald, learned his golf while a student at St. Andrew's University, Scotland's famed Mecca for golfers.

The tournament at St. Andrew's, which followed, and was played on the nine-hole course on the Sawmill River road, was a more pretentious one, being at match play, and the winner of the gold and diamond badge was to be proclaimed the "Amateur Champion of the United States." A circular embodying the conditions, signed by John Reid, H. O. Talmadge, W. E. Hodgman and J. C. Ten Eyck, had been sent to every golf club that could be discovered, and the field that met on October 11th, 12th and 13th was a thoroughly representative one. Places in the semi-finals were claimed by L. B. Stoddart, St. Andrew's; C. B. Macdonald, Chicago Golf Club; Archibald Rogers, Shinnecock Hills, and William Lawrence, Newport Golf Club. Here Macdonald atoned for the defeat at Newport by beating Lawrence by 2

up and 1 to play. On the sixth hole Lawrence ran down in 2 with a long cleek shot, one of the earliest instances of the marvelous in golf on record here. Stoddart, who had learned to play as a boy in England, beat Rogers, who at that time, was more devoted to yachting than to golf, by 5 up and 4 to play. In the finals, played on soggy links, Stoddart won from Macdonald by 1 up. All the rounds were at eighteen holes.

In view of the conflict, it could not be said that the amateur championship had been satisfactorily settled.

The disagreement regarding the respective value and importance of our two championship meetings made it evident that there was need of some permanent body to guide the affairs of the game. The result was the creation of the United States Golf Association at a meeting in New York on Dec. 24, '94.

The five clubs represented at the first

meeting were the nucleus of a society now containing nearly two hundred clubs as associate and allied members. To its first President, the late Theodore A. Havemeyer, we owe the present perpetual championship vase, which is but one of his many deeds to foster the cause of golf in America. In formulating the championship conditions the system adopted was substantially the same as in Great Britain, the one a meet-



FINDLAY S. DOUGLAS, CHAMPION 1898.

ing open to amateurs only, and the other an open tournament, in which professionals and amateurs might meet on equal terms. The amateur championship is open only to members of clubs in the United States Golf Association, a restriction framed as an inducement to all clubs in the United States to become members of the national organization.

The first amateur championship under the new order of things was held at Newport in October, 1895, the late date having been chosen to avoid a conflict with international yacht races.

Thirty-two players left the first tee in this meeting on the first day, the field

It was the first instance in the United States of madcap youth overleaping the set plans and prognostications of the golfing sages and elderly athletes. Sands had fozzled his drive from the first tee in every match of the week, and he did the same in starting out with Macdonald, but in this case the match ended right there, although the exact score for the thirty-six holes showed that the Chicagoan won by 12 up and 11 to play. His brother, W. H. Sands, was regarded as a likely winner, but he was put out in the second round by Dr. Charles Claxton, Philadelphia Cricket Club, who had picked up a knowledge of golf while



PUTTING AT THE FIRST GREEN.

including doctors, lawyers, clergymen, and men of business prominence, but the college player had not yet developed into championship form. He was already in existence, but the late date of the meeting, even if he had desired to put the question to the test, compelled an attendance at his lectures. A fine crop of club champions had mustered together for this competition, but the finals narrowed down to a match between Macdonald and Charles E. Sands, a lawn tennis player of repute, but who had been at golf for only some three months. Good luck brought him to the finals, much to his surprise.

attending Trinity College, Dublin. Claxton was then on his game and lasted until he met Macdonald in the semi-finals.

Undoubtedly the best match of the meeting was between Winthrop Rutherford, who had been playing abroad in the preceding summer, and L. B. Stoddart, champion of 1894. Stoddart had the match dormie, but Rutherford ran down a long put and took the home hole in 4, making a tie. Rutherford, although he made a barefaced fozzle of his second shot, made the green of the extra hole in 3, Stoddart playing a mashie somewhat short on the link, the



FOLLOWING THE PLAYERS OVER THE RAILROAD TRACK.

ball hitting the bank of the terraced green and running into a bad lie, so that Rutherford won in 5 strokes to 6. Macdonald put him out by 5 up and 3 to play, in the succeeding round.

Visitors to Newport found the new club-house a magnificent structure, but the links were as full of reminiscences as a modern comic opera, for at that period cop bunkers and terraced putting-greens were the rule on every links.

After disposing of Sands, Macdonald played out the last round with James Foulis, the Chicago Club's professional, in an endeavor to lower the amateur record of 1887. By strokes his score was 88, 87—175. Sands needed 101 for the first eighteen and 48 for the next nine holes. That Macdonald was on his game was revealed by a comparison with the scores made the next day by the professionals in the open championship, when H. T.



ON THE SIXTH TEE.



SILENT PARTNERS IN THE GAME.

Rawlins won with an 89 and 86, while W. F. Davis made the best round, an 84.

It was at this amateur competition that Richard Peters, of Newport, put into practice an attempt to put with a billiard cue, to the great grief of the more orthodox exponents of golf.

Macdonald's reign as champion lasted until July, 1896, when the amateurs met on the sand dunes at Southampton. At last they had an eighteen-hole course to play over, although the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club links then measured but 4,423 yards in playing distances, and



THE PRIVILEGED.

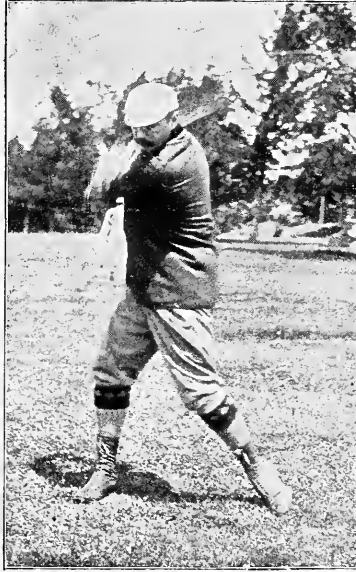
would now be termed a short course. A qualifying round at thirty-six holes medal play, the first sixteen to keep on at match play, was the system introduced for the first time. Four tied for the sixteenth place out of eighty starters, and, as L. B. Stoddart withdrew from the play-off, which L. P. Bayard, Jr., Princeton, won, only five who had started in 1895—Macdonald, W. H. Sands, A. L. Livermore, E. C. Rushmore and H. G. Trevor—gained a place among the elect. Of the others, two were college boys, and two, H. J. Whigham and A. M. Coats, graduates of Scotch links, the rest being self-taught and self-reliant golfers, who made up in zeal for any deficiencies in style. H. J. Whigham with his wooden putter was the sensation of the meeting. Few of our players had ever seen a wooden putter, and, indeed, to run up an approach instead of pitching up, was considered, until then, to be rather "bad form;" in brief, it was often croquet, not golf. Whigham won the gold medal with 163 in the qualifying round; then, defeating in turn Bayard, H. R. Sweny, Coats and J. G. Thorp, he held his title clear to championship honors. Formerly a baseball and lawn tennis player, Thorp played a brainy, "get-there" sort of a

game, that enabled him to beat Macdonald, who was ill, however, W. H. Sands, and H. P. Toler, and gain the semi-finals. Thorp has since changed his style, and now is orthodox to Badminton in swing and short approaches.

As at Newport, the life at the Shinneck Hills Golf Club ended each day with the posting up of the scores, and there was a constant round of dances and dinners at the country houses during the week.

In this respect there was a decided change at Wheaton last year when the amateur championship was played on the fine eighteen-hole course of the Chicago Golf Club. Possessing a large and

well-arranged country club, the Wheaton organization was the host of a score of dinner parties each evening, and, as dances in large tents followed, the clubhouse was a gay scene by night as well as by day. At midnight a special train conveyed the guests to Chicago, the golfers seeking a brief sleep in the clubhouse or at the near-by country houses. The week on the social side was a whirl of gayety. On the links, after the preliminary skirmish of the qualifying round, it was learned that Macdonald had won the gold medal for the best score with 174, and of the sixteen to qualify, the veterans of the previous year were Macdonald, H. J. Whigham,



C. B. MACDONALD, EX-CHAMPION.

A. H. Fenn, J. A. Tyng, A. M. Coats, H. R. Sweny and J. R. Chadwick. Two college boys had a place, W. R. Betts and John Reid, Jr., both of Yale, and the most prominent of the others were Findlay S. Douglas, formerly a player at St. Andrew's, in Scotland, but now a resident here, and W. Girdwood Stewart, a well-known golfer at Troon and other links abroad, who was on this side on a visit. The element who had not qualified the year before were Devereaux Emmet, Herbert M. Harriman, James A. Stillman, of the East, and D. R. Forgan, a Scotchman, and G. S. Willetts, both entered

from Chicago. Douglas, who had brought a grand reputation as a golfer with him from old St. Andrew's, was regarded as a likely winner, but he failed to equal the expectations of his friends, for, when the progress of the game brought Douglas and Whigham together in the semi-finals, the champion had little trouble in winning, by 6 up and 5 to play. In the thirty-six-hole finals, Whigham won with equal facility from Betts, who, catching Macdonald off his game, had beaten the ex-champion in the semi-finals. Yale, as the recent championship again brought out, is a stumbling block in Macdonald's golfing path.

So much for the past and its statistics. They reveal that to the time of this year's championship the United States had not produced one player equal to Whigham or Douglas in class, although some were capable of great performances in an erratic way when on their game. The query that clubmen asked each other as the date for the Morris County tournament drew near was whether time had produced the man fit to cope with the golfers trained abroad.

Only two of the players in the championship of 1895 were among the qualified at Morris County; and, more sad still, two more failed to qualify, finishing in the unplaced division with H. J. Whigham, but, unlike the ex-champion, they could not put forward a Cuban war record or a tale of vile malarial to account for the downfall. The two survivors were C. B. Macdonald and W. H. Sands, representatives of the best types of the exotic and the homebred golfer. Macdonald, aside from his zeal in the affairs of the U. S. G. A., has done an incalculable amount of good among our players by his advocacy and practical illustrations of good style in the game, while Sands has been one of the most diligent pupils of the links developed here. Both play better golf now than at any earlier period in their careers, but the others are moving faster, which is the only reason why the two do not figure more prominently as winners today. Of the fate of the two veterans in the present contest it is to be recorded that Sands was put out in the first round by F. H. Bohlen, the noted Philadelphia cricketer, who chanced to play one of his dashing games; but Macdonald lasted to the semi-finals, when he was beaten by his young fellow-townsmen, W. B. Smith, a Yale senior, by the close score of 2 up and 1 to play. While the brilliant play of the younger golfer may not be questioned, nor his pluck impugned, Macdonald was undoubtedly somewhat over-golfed. Smith, it is true, had a close match with L. P. Bayard, Jr., the ex-Princetonian, in the second round, but he had had easy matches with J. H. Choate, Jr., in the first round, and with G. D. Fowle, in the third; while Macdonald had defeated in turn such clinking good golfers as G. G. Hubbard, Newport; John Reid, Jr., Yale, and A. M. Coats, Newport. He showed at Wheaton last year that a week of con-

tinuous golf unhinged him, when, by succumbing to W. Rosseter Betts, he opened the finals to a Yale man, a precedent that his unlucky star made him follow this year.

The "luck of the draw," however, was, in a general way, more fair than usual, yet the goddess who guides the destinies of the golfers may not be accused of favoritism in the case of Walter J. Travis, of the Oakland Club, who certainly had his week's work cut out for him. He had to defeat, in turn, to win the right to play, Findlay S. Douglas in the semi-finals, J. I. Blair, Jr., Princeton; J. G. Thorp, Cambridge, and Foxhall P. Keene, Oakland. It was a succession of well-earned victories, and the meeting with Keene brought out about the best match between homebred players witnessed on the links. It was a contest that brought out to the quick the real spirit of golf, earnestly fought out, but in a manly, generous way, that would have won the hearty plaudits of the most captious stickler for Scotch traditions and customs.

This, then, brought to the semi-finals Douglas, Macdonald, Smith and Travis, representatives of four distinct schools of golf: Douglas, only two years ago Captain of the St. Andrew's University team, and embodying the modern and aggressive in the game; Macdonald, who was at St. Andrew's nearly two decades before; Smith, a college boy who has a natural aptitude for the game and the energy of youth, with Travis, who learned the game when somewhat past thirty, and who owes his prominence to a diligent study of golfing methods and style in the library and on the links. Smith, to the honor of the homebreds, plucked a victory from Macdonald, but neither Travis nor he was a match for Douglas, who had simply to wait to win. Including the medal-play round, Douglas ran down the ball into 191 holes during the week, and was as fresh as the proverbial daisy at the end. The meeting made it clear that a succession of thirty-six-hole match-play rounds is a true test of golfing skill, far more so than eighteen-hole matches, in which the young and less experienced player may, by a lucky streak, either win or halve with a superior man. Undoubtedly the longer game is the more perfect test of "form,"

but the elimination of the unexpected does not enhance a championship meeting as a spectacle, except to those within the cult.

At the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, on the day of Whigham's first triumph, President Havemeyer prophesied that within three years a native-born golfer would win the amateur championship from the foreign players. Two of the years have passed, and, while young blood has twice been second, the Scots are still supreme. With the increase in golf links of the best class, time should bear out the truth of the prophecy; but the consummation is more apt to be a decade than twelve months away, that is, with men entered of the class of Douglas and Whigham, not to speak of the possible advent of H. H. Hilton or F. G. Tait, or others in their ranks from the other side. In a recent letter, in mentioning the two amateurs named, W. Girdwood Stewart, who was a visitor here in 1897, states: "The leading men here now are really so good that further improvement seems impossible. They drive further, approach more accurately and put better than of old." It is evident that the golfing pilgrims Scotland is still to send us will be no less skilful than those who have preceded them, a condition that our ambitious golfers must face. It is not sufficient to learn to golf well enough to win cups at club competitions; for the ambitious wight must labor unceasingly to acquire style and force, if the grand climax is to be attained.

Uniformity in style is not an essential—the short swing of Hoylake is as effective as the heel-tapping swing of old St. Andrew's—but it must be a golfing style, not one that suggests either baseball, cricket, racquets or tennis. There are men on our links who play well in the most heedless of self-taught styles, like Arthur H. Fenn, who is still the best player the United States has yet brought out, although no longer eligible to amateur competitions, but his strokes are made with an ease and steadiness that is in itself graceful. To most men who take up the game when over thirty, when muscles and joints are set, like Fenn, Travis, Thorp, Keene, Tyng or Toler, execution must be cultivated at the expense of the graces. The one great desideratum is that the club-head shall move with the ball at the impact—even

in jerk strokes—and shall follow after it as far as possible. Those who fairly meet and follow through in each stroke, even though the method may suggest a gymnastic feat, may attain a considerable degree of proficiency; but, and this is the one great lesson of the Morris County championship, they must succumb in the competitive phase of the game to the youths, whose supple muscles have made possible a style orthodox in every detail. How many of our older set who qualified this year will be among the elect in 1899? Yet, and this is the great glory of golf, when their day of competitive prominence will pass, they will be the better for the knowledge of the most healthy and rational of games. They may tramp the links, over greens bordered by forests and with great mountains in the distance, or through park-like lawns, or where sea and river bound the view, and gain a pleasure that never cloys nor punishes. There is no senility in golf.

Good-fellowship, in the best sense of the word, was in the air at the meeting. There was so little of that spirit of rivalry that borders on contention—the recklessness of the jockey or the ill-humor of overzealous baseball or football adherents—that the odd lapse or two gained a fictitious prominence. The handshake at the end of each match was from the heart, and not the perfunctory finger-touching of pugilists entering the ring—or else there was no handshake! An incident or two revealed that even our scratch players have sometimes only a very elementary idea of the golf rules. It will be recalled that in the match between Douglas and A. H. Smith, of the Huntingdon Valley Club, the latter laid a half-stimie, and objected when Douglas, in the prescribed manner, lightly brushed the line of his put with his hand. Douglas merely stated his right to do so, and then ran the ball down by a most accurate put. It was a case where hair-line accuracy was required, and with a player of less experience the objection might have superinduced a miss. Thoughtlessness, in another instance, worked to the disadvantage of the individual. A local rule, created because on two holes the woodland approaches too closely the line of play, permits a player to drop another ball without penalty save the loss of distance should he

send one into the obstruction. Keene, in the match with Travis, drove into the woods from the tenth tee, and, in taking advantage of the rule, he inadvertently teed up instead of dropping the second ball. After the play Travis asked for the hole on account of the infraction of the rule, and, as it was a proposition that did not admit of demurrer, Keene conceded the point. The two instances, while they reveal that the rules should be conned as diligently as a mariner learns to box the compass, are hardly in the same category, for Smith displayed an ignorance of his golfing A B C, while Keene, in the stress of conflict, ignored a local rule that has almost no parallel in match play.

Local rules are often a fungous growth of excessive legislation, an evil our countrymen are said to be prone to, and the competitions at many links would be more inviting to the golfing pilgrims if they were rigorously cut away. There is one rule enforced on many links that seems to have a degree of right on its side, which is, that when a straight, true drive of 210 to 220 yards is trapped by a bunker, the player shall lift and drop clear of the hazard without paying any penalty.

The local reason for this rule is usually that, in the early days, when the course was laid out it was impossible for anyone in the club to carry such a bunker except on the second play, and when the ratio of skill has so advanced that to drive into it is not unusual, a decree is framed to free the long stroke from a penalty. It is implied that circumstances forbid the placing back of the tee. The third hole of the championship course, 234 yards, has a cop bunker just at the putting green, which is generally made by a drive and a "wee pitch." Smith, in the finals with Douglas, drove into this bunker, taking two to get out, but rolling close to the cup, so that he ran down in four. As it happened, he won the hole, but if the

quite generally established local rule was in force at Morris County, Smith would not have been penalized, and might have made a three. Some half-dozen players drove into this bunker during the week, all of whom felt that they had been unduly punished. W. H. Sands, of the Country Club of Westchester, made the green on the drive, the ball bounding over the cop. There are two sides to every question, and, in the opinion of C. B. Macdonald, it is right that a drive into this bunker should be punished, for the true golfer should play short, either by sparing the wooden club or by using a cleek, and reach the green on his second stroke. The play,

in his judgment, should be modified by the place and nature of the hazards, and the smashing, headstrong driver deserves no more consideration than he who fozzles, pulls or slices. Under this argument there would be little need for local rules on any links, and the tendency is to abolish them. There were very few at Morris County, and there will probably be still less when, in its appointed cycle time, it again brings the amateur championship to Morristown.

There was something unique in the position of the Morris County Club to the championship. When the club,



H. J. WHIGHAM, EX-CHAMPION.

through its representatives, asked for the amateur championship at the annual meeting of the United States Golf Association in February, it was frankly stated that the course was not then what it should be as a fair test of golf, and the promise was made that if the boon was granted the links would be altered until every expert would be satisfied. The promise was nobly kept, for, after consulting with professionals and amateurs, the best links now in the United States was evolved from the former short course. The playing was 5,960 yards. Best of all, the Greens Committee intends to keep on improving the already excellent course.

A THANKSGIVING DEER

HUNT IN WEST VIRGINIA.

BY B. W. MITCHELL.



a city of refuge of the days of old. Only the initiated are welcomed to hunt in this semi-preserve; a satisfactory introduction is a *sine qua non*; but to the right persons is extended the heartiest reception. The hunting is of the best and most exciting order, fine sport without amounting to opportunities for wholesale slaughter. You work for what you get, but you get what you work for.

It is Thanksgiving morning at 5:30 o'clock. We ride merrily out of the barnyard, exhilarated by deep, lung-healing draughts of pure, frosty air, and watching the brilliant morning star hanging in the pale blue-pink of the eastern sky. Around us rise the great timbered knobs of the West Virginia mountains, towering one to two thousand feet above the level of the Potomac, and it is to their crests we are bound. The horses dance about a little. Let them go; the slope will soon take the dance out of them. Half an hour's ride brings us to a high plateau, above which rise the rounded sugar loaves, called in local parlance "Knobbly Mountain." Here is a cornfield, the shocks still standing, and visited nightly by hungry deer, as the network of tracks shows. This is encouraging. Just beyond is a log farmhouse, the rendezvous for the day's drive. Dim forms flit about in the dusky light, horses stamp, cattle are lowing, and a hound tugs eagerly at his chain.

It is a regular gathering of the clans. Three brothers—Elijah, Philip and David—lead the hunt; and no more skilled woodsmen, more unerring shots, more noble, steadfast friends—or more uncompromising enemies—ever trod the mountains.

"Here y' are at last; glad y' are on time."

"We'll git him to day, boys."

"Got any buck-fever drops? It's shiverin' frosty."

Everybody is talking at once. Merry greetings and banterings pass as one after another comes in. Here is a keen-eyed, well-preserved old man of nearly seventy years. All eagerly welcome him, for he is a prime favorite, with a smile and a kind word for every man of

HAVE you ever hunted deer? I do not mean in regions where all you have to do is to go out into the forest with your guide and wait till one walks leisurely past you; nor do I mean where dogs drive the creature to water, and you can empty the magazine of your Winchester twice over at him; nor yet where the quarry sinks at every step into the crusted snow, till so utterly exhausted that it falls victim to the hunting knife. But have you ever hunted deer where hard and skillful work must be done even to catch a sight of them? Where you climb sixty-degree slopes at a pace which brings into play every cubic inch of lung capacity, makes the heart drive the blood tingling through every tiny vein, and hardens the leg muscles to whipcords? Where, when, flushed and panting, you sight your game for one brief moment, you know that the one or two bullets you can plump at him must tell roundly, or he's off, with the chances against his taking the right crossing? Well, if you never have, there is before you excitement and pleasure of the keenest kind. Come with me; let's try it, as I tried it one ever-to-be-remembered day with a tenderfoot friend in the mountains of West Virginia.

The scene of the hunt was not the "backwoods" counties with their virgin forests and untrailed ranges, but a mountain county on the border, with a varied topography of cultivated slopes and bottoms, and heavily wooded knobs.

The deer are closely protected there and flock in from the hound-harried regions of Hampshire and Hardy as into

us, old friend or total stranger. The tenderfoot is fascinated on the instant and stands intently and confidently swallowing a tale of some impossible adventure, told with many a sly wink. One can see at a glance that this patriarch is a mighty hunter and a master of woodcraft, for even the great three defer to him and ask his opinions about the chase. As we drive or go from crossing to crossing we shall hear to-day many a tale of his prowess with the rifle. At this moment our chief, Elijah, comes, rifle in hand, from the house, where he has been making final arrangements with his wife for dinner for the entire troop. Herself a sportswoman of no mean order, she follows her husband to wish us luck. The patriarch gallantly salutes:

"Good mornin', ma'am; goin' with us to-day? But co'se yo' are, to bring luck."

"Not to-day, Mr. Jim, with all this mob to cook for. But I'm glad to see you up. Anybody come up with you?"

"No'm, nobody with me, nobody 't all; only that fellow they call Jake Leaf come with my dawgs." (Jacob evidently ranks low as a hunter in the master's eye. I should be glad to possess his skill.) "What dawgs, suh? you say. Only them bank-note-eared, whip-cracker-tailed pups o' mine. Not much good, suh, an' not fo' deer, but might start a fox." This last in answer to a question from me. It is a cunning evasion of the law, for the dogs will surely rouse a deer and then be taken off the trail.

But it is time to start the first drive. The crowd is divided. Part are ordered to the crossings to await the coming of the deer, and woe to the luckless greenhorn who shoots at anything but a deer or leaves his post unorderd. It is a trying thing to sit motionless, with what feelings may be imagined, and watch a dozen wild turkeys file past in a bunch and beautiful foxes slip by within twenty feet, and not dare to pull the trigger. No matter how much one longs to do it, it dare not be risked, or the offender is anathema through the length and breadth of the region.

Off we go, all together. A turn in the road reveals two tall, thin, weather-beaten men, as much alike as two peas, with long, tangled beards reaching to their waists, and elongated muzzle-load-

ing shotguns reaching to their chins. They cower over a little fire, and rise stiffly to join the crowd. Both produce bottles of boiled cider with grains of rye bobbing about in it and pass them around.

"Better be a leetle keerful," says one. "It's pow'ful strong, an' it'll make the drunk come quick."

We taste, the tenderfoot and I, and are in future "keerful." The mixture is vile. This pair are typical native mountaineers. The other men, more active and vigorous, have come in from other States to till their mountain farms, and with them "Virginian" is an epithet carrying no small flavor of slur. But every little helps on a deer hunt, and they are assigned to the drive.

"Well, boys," calls our leader cheerily, "we ought to be at work now. Git to the crossin's lively; we'll give you fifteen minutes. Davy, you go to the trough; you take the big red oak, Billy; a rifle's needed there." And so the men are stationed, with as careful strategy as a regiment on the eve of battle.

The "crossings" are points in a valley where a deer crosses from one ridge to another. The deer's lair is in the dense thickets on the crest, and when driven out by man or dog, or even when merely in quest of food or water, he always runs in one of a few fixed routes, a fatal instinct. Hunting with dogs is no longer legal in West Virginia, and the drives are made by men. We are driving this time, and inside of five minutes we'll know how it's done and what it means in the way of work. Digging potatoes, grubbing stumps, splitting rails, "snaking" mine-props, are child's play in comparison—queer that perverse humanity likes this best. We are stationed fifty to one hundred yards apart, a dozen of us in line, and, at a yell from the leader, plunge forward up the ridge. Pandemonium is let loose upon the hush of the autumn dawn, for every driver is yelling as seemeth unto him good, preferably imitating the baying of hounds. Barks, yelps, howls, whines, squeals, wild yells, in every possible and impossible pitch of a dog's voice echo from ridge to ridge. A dog pound is loose with a ward school in pursuit. Every living thing on the mountain flees before that demoniac skirmish line. Up jumps a pheasant. Bang! comes from a shotgun.

Everything with fur or feather is legitimate game on the drive. On we go, scrambling up from rock to rock, pulling from tree to tree.

"Will we never reach the top?" yells the exhausted tenderfoot.

"Yes, and you'll wish you hadn't."

Out flies a big turkey, but no one gets a shot. The great trees stand wider apart and are draped with graceful wild grapevines laden with frost-ripe clusters. Now the slope is less steep and we breathe easier, but, wind or no wind, keep up that infernal yawp. There's the thicket ahead. Plunge in, no shirking! Young locust trees grow thick on the summit plateau; each one is about two inches in diameter and full of the wickedest, most obtrusive thorns imaginable. They grow there by the thousands and tens of thousands; "'nuf t' fence in all West Virginia," as one old native put it.

"Do you know now what deer driving means, Tenderfoot?" I sing out to him, but he's too deeply involved to answer. The thorns catch us by sleeve and trousers leg. They steal our hats. They collar us. They buttonhole us worse than candidates before election. Thicker and thicker! Blackberry vines grow up densely just to fill in and economize space, and the whole mass is woven and plaited together with green-brier. Faces and hands are bleeding; but straight ahead! If you can't get through edgeways, turn yourself into a revolving wedge and go through by main strength.

Out of the thicket and on the steeps again; down hill now and dead easy. We can at last steal a moment to enjoy the superb landscape. All West Virginia seems unfolded before us. The timbered heights of range succeeding range roll away far as the eye can reach. The mellow light of the rising sun touches them with glory, and a kaleidoscope of marvelous color effects responds to the touch of that wand of gold. The yellows and browns and grays of faded leaf and sturdy trunk in the foreground blend in the middle distance to the richest of golden browns, and, far away, are softened and beautified to an exquisite purple haze, as though the nature-goddess masqueraded in finest gauze. But no time for this. On, and down the mountain. The drive is over and nothing to show for it.

A hasty conference, and the party separates for the next drive. The crossing men drive now; and we, tired and breathless, go to the stands assigned us to recover our nerve and wait for the deer. An excellent stand is selected for the tenderfoot this time; Elijah is generous and gives visiting friends the best crossings, a thing not always done in these mountains, I can tell you. A dry watercourse runs by the base of a high and steep ridge, heavily timbered and singularly free from undergrowth. An enormous hickory stands back twenty yards from the rocky stream bed, and in front of it is a curious flat place, washed out by some storm-born torrent. It is at these depressions, or "sinks," that a deer always elects to cross a washout.

"Tenderfoot, let me give you a little advice before we start the drive, and a warning of what to expect. Remember to follow instructions, for I know just what's going to happen, if anything happens at all. Down you go behind an old stump. Luckily, the wind is blowing right in your face; if it were at your back the deer would scent you to the very summit, and turn. All is quiet now. Every nerve is strained. Commune with yourself a little and tell yourself to keep calm and aim at the deer as at a paper target. Men miss a deer because every attentive faculty is strained and centered upon the animal, and intervening objects, rifle sights included, are as if they were not, and are utterly disregarded. Reason thus, and if your heart beats till it hurts your ribs as a gray squirrel whisks across the dry leaves or a 'grinny chipmunk' waves you a derisive signal with his little flag from a log before your very nose, call yourself 'fool,' 'idiot,' anything that comes handy. It'll do you good; truth always does. Your eyes are glued to the mountain side before you. A graceful silhouette stands against the sky, on the very crest. Your eyes bulge from your head; your heart is in your throat. It is an agonizing moment. Will he turn? Will he go to the other fellow? No; he runs straight to you in a gentle, easy skip. He stops, turns his head, and listens. Oh, that head! 'A reg'lar rockin' cheer' on it. He hears a yell and bounds toward you. Talk to yourself; you need it now. A deer's slow approach is above all things

most trying. Better for the nerves to have him break out at you on the run from densest brush. On he comes, an easy walk now. What dainty, aristocratic stepping! You want to get up and yell. Closer; your nerves quiet down a little. Cover him now; he's not more than a hundred yards away. Cover him and sight anew every yard he walks. He's at the stream. He stops, turns aside to look up the ridge. He's in no hurry, for there are no dogs. Now is the time, and the place is behind the shoulder. With the ringing crack of the Winchester—if you have held straight—he bounds wildly and starts up the slope like an arrow. You will probably forget the well-filled magazine and watch him with the worms gnawing at your heart. A great fallen tree bars his way; he springs; his knees strike; over he rolls and lies motionless. You will be in the seventh heaven then, and the worms will be angels fanning you with their wings. Let out a Comanche screech, if you want to; but stay where you are; let him lie still and bleed. To rush at him might awaken a burst of dying energy which would carry him a mile and you too unstrung to stop him."

We left the tenderfoot to his reflections, and, as luck would have it, the deer came in to him. My forecast came true to the letter, and he scored the first deer he had ever shot. He confided to me that he had to keep gulping down his heart from first sight of the deer till, by the soliloquizing plan I had advised, he had steadied himself for the shot. "I owe that fellow to you, old man," he said warmly, and I believe he did.

We start in to dinner, for the morning is far spent; but as we pass a house in a pretty mountain meadow, a man excitedly rushes out shouting that six deer have just come in from the ridge, fed awhile among his sheep, and drifted lazily off over the next hill. Dinner is forgotten. Plans are laid in a trice, grand strategy and tactics. We are off to the crossings again. We know from the direction taken that this will be a long drive, and for three hours we bask in the warm, genial sunshine, impatient and hungry. Here come the drivers at last, toiling wearily up the slope.

"Boys, our deer's killed an' stole!"

Some miscreant, knowing of the hunt, has quietly preëmpted a crossing, killed the deer, and swiftly sneaked away with it, the meanest trick in the hunter's ethical code.

"Can't blame him fer killin' it, but to take it off that way is worse 'n stealin' sheep."

The first blood takes the hide and hind quarter, not an ounce more, and the rest is divided. Had he waited and made the division he could have been pardoned. But now a council of war is held. It is known who has the deer and where he has taken it; clear out of the State, over the river to a little town in Maryland. The drivers were close upon the trail. Everyone is enraged at the stranger's nerve, and it is evident that the Monroe doctrine will be vigorously upheld. Virginia game for Virginians!

"We'll have our rights or lick all Cresaptown," is the climax finally reached. "Who'll go with me, men?" cries Philip.

Volunteers are numerous. Back we go to the house to the best dinner ever served, for hunger was our sauce, and our relish, keenest repartee and wit, none the less trenchant for being unpolished. Dinner over, horses are hurriedly saddled, and the "Cresaptown Cavalry" is off for the raid.

It was a sight to see all those broad-backed mountaineers galloping off to right their wrongs in the swift, direct style of the mountains.

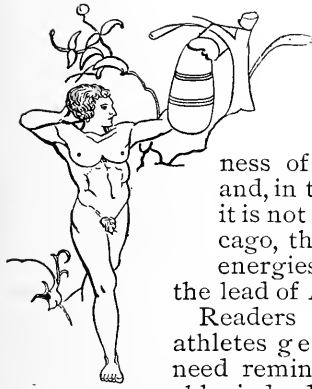
"We can clean out the town, men," called our leader, and it was no idle boast.

"It'll scare 'em blue just to git one look at the shoulders of this gang."

It was a foolish, reckless escapade, perhaps, but we were in it to see it through with our friends, and Jesse James himself never was more thoroughly in earnest. We reached Cresaptown at dark, and found our man just in the act of dressing the deer. A committee of two was appointed to state the case. It was stated. Never was statement clearer, and the logic was convincing. But I draw the curtain. We rode back, the Light Brigade, the Cresaptown Cavalry, six strong, by the silver light of the fullest moon that ever shone. Jests and merry tales rang upon the still night air, and the deer was slung across the horse of the writer.

THE CHICAGO ATHLETIC CLUB.

BY JOHN W. HIPWELL.



AMERICA leads the world in the magnitude, lux-

ury and completeness of its athletic clubs; and, in the nature of things, it is not surprising that Chicago, the city of enormous energies, should be high in the lead of America.

Readers of *OUTING*, indeed athletes generally, scarcely need reminding how remarkable, indeed unique, is the position that athleticism occupies amongst us.

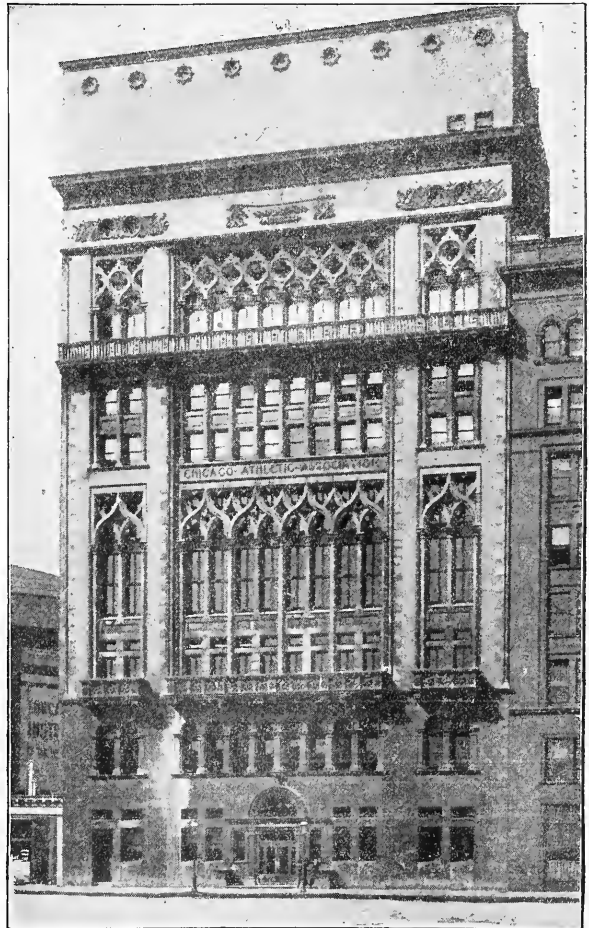
It is no exaggeration to say that in no other country, and at no other time, has athleticism occupied an exactly corresponding position, and Chicago is one of the most striking examples of this. In the scientific teaching of the methods of how best to accomplish feats of skill, strength and endurance, it is equal to any of the great examples of antiquity among the Greeks, and, in surrounding that education with social luxuries, it rivals the palmy days of Rome.

It has accomplished this, too, just at the time when it could perform the greatest national service, when the correlative dangers of strenuous exertion of body and mind in commercial enterprises threatened to debilitate the body corporate, and it has brought to bear upon the civic and commercial life just the tonic and bracing necessary to enable the strain to be met.

No other nation, not even England, has done so much or so well for its athletes, though probably this, to a certain extent, may arise from climatic reasons; for there the climatic conditions render it possible for health to be acquired and deeds of hardihood to be accomplished over many months in the open

air, whereas with ourselves there are districts and periods of the year when athleticism must be prepared for in the gymnasium and in the covered natatorium. Indeed, the club-house and its accessories are necessary to defy our climatic extremes and to keep alive interest in athletic sport all the year round.

Cognizant of these facts and influences, and sensible of their importance, it is not surprising that the spirit that had restored from the ashes of a great past a greater city, with more wondrous capacities than had been dreamed of in the early days, and was preparing to ask the nations to see its fitting climax in "The World's Fair," should have



EXTERIOR OF THE CLUB-HOUSE.

determined that, contemporary with the rising of buildings for art, science and commerce that should astonish and out-rival the world, there should arise by their historic lake an athletic club equal in splendor, design, and finish to any of the great temples devoted to the products of man's art and ingenuity.

Nor has the ideal framed in the minds of the commercial giants for providing for themselves and future generations a means of securing that essential desideratum, a sound mind in a sound body, fallen one whit behind in realization. Unequaled in position and unexcelled in beauty externally, the Chicago Athletic Club stands on the lake front a rival in grace and symmetry to the great palace of the Doges on St. Mark's Square, Venice, and loses nothing by the comparison.

Few visitors to Chicago depart without having visited the club-house. If not particularly interested in athletics, they are drawn there as a matter of course, for the building is one of the attractions of the city, known and already famed the world over.

The Association is a remarkable one, in that it sprang into existence and into fame almost simultaneously. Like a few actors who become stars on the evening of their *début*, the Chicago Athletic Association took its place among the great clubs of the world on the day of its opening. It was opened in the middle of July, 1893, when the city was crowded with World's Fair visitors from all parts of the globe, and hundreds daily passed through its doors. Like the city of which it forms a part, the Athletic Club was nearly destroyed by fire in its early existence, yet behind the smoke and flame of conflagration came phenomenal success.

The club's progress has been a topic of comment among all of the clubs of the country, and the question is often asked, What is the secret of its success? No draught from a fountain imparting everlasting life was quaffed, no palmist settled its destiny in a single session, neither was its fortune made everlastingly secure by wearing the time-honored amulet, but success came to the Chicago Athletic Club through the indefatigable labor and careful wisdom bestowed by the officials of the Association from its inception. The club's luck has been in the selection of its directors, Chicago's representa-

tive men, combining that shrewdness and hustle for which they are noted.

The club has, of course, had its trying ordeals; its palatial home has even once appeared to be an avalanche, but out of the difficulty it has been borne in triumph.

The organizers of the club were un-mindful of all precedents, when, with only a good-sized list of members, they constructed and equipped a club-house at an expense of nearly a million dollars. These men did not choose to begin in the proverbial frame shanty and work up to a position of commanding importance. They were building a Fair that was to astonish the world and did, and why not have a club-house that would do honor to the city as well?

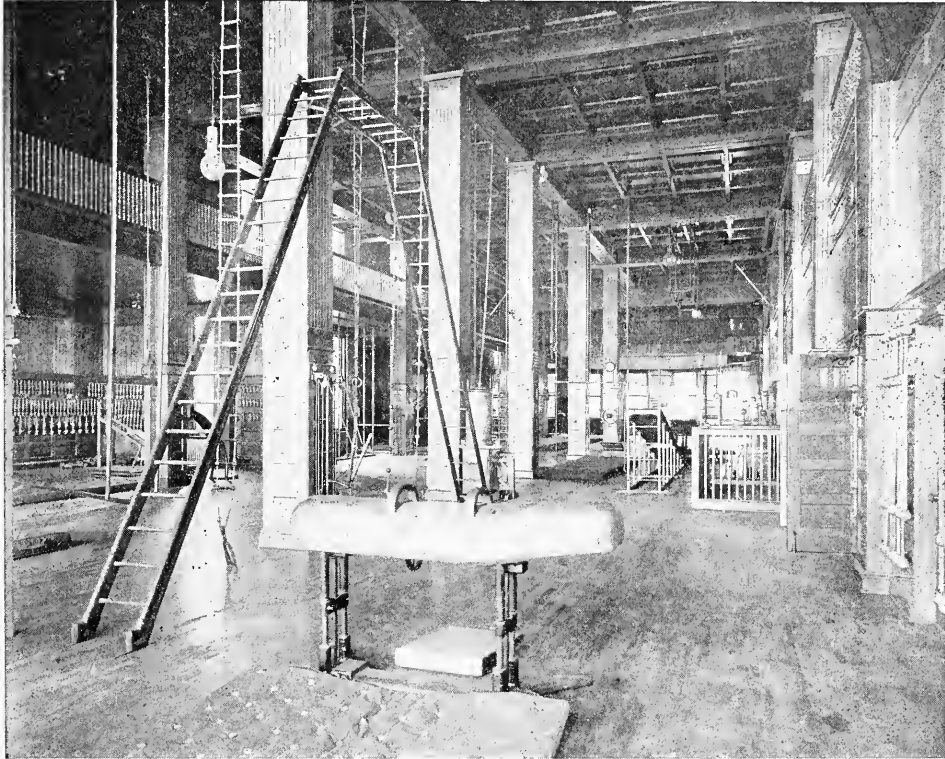
Hence the building is one that vies with any similar organization in the world, and many of the club's members think it surpasses all of them, associated as it is with the new Public Library and the Art Institute close by. The construction of the Lake Park and Boulevard system is now in progress, and its completion will make the location of the club as fine a one as could have been selected. It is the intention to have constructed, on the completion of the lake front improvements, a pier and boat landing out into the lake directly in front of the club, in connection with which yachting will become an important feature of sport in connection with the club.

The building covers a ground space of 80 feet frontage by 172 feet deep, and contains ten floors, providing liberal space for every department. The interior is magnificent and costly, every atom of material and every article of equipment being placed with a thought to defy the ravages of time and use. The entrance and main lobby are studies in marble and mosaic, relieved by massive mahogany furniture standing sentinel-like at posts of duty. A reception room and writing lobby are hidden behind luxurious portières. A broad stairway starts with a graceful curve and leads along a side-wall of the purest slabs of monolithic marble, transcending a ceiling of pure white stucco, divided into panel formations, which completes an entrance view of exceptional beauty.

The second floor presents, first, a lounging room, finished in quartered

oak extravagantly carved, which makes an artistic and graceful transition from the marble lobby to the stately mahogany-trimmed billiard room beyond. In the lounging room, those of artistic tastes may find delight in the magnificent bas-relief in oak representing a scrimmage in football, and in the numberless mantels of various designs assisting the massive oak pillars in supporting the heavy ceiling of rows and cross-rows of handsomely carved oak columns, profusely strewn with incan-

On the next floor above there is a library, wherein are the warm, soft furnishings of a parlor at home, luxurious divans and chairs of various designs, paintings, bric-à-brac, rich rugs and draperies. It is here that, on ladies' days, the fair sex find rest and solace. Of the social compartments there remains only the dining room, which is located on the eighth floor. The main room covers an area of about 6,400 square feet, and is as beautiful a dining salon as one would find in a long jour-



THE GYMNASIUM.

descent lamp globes. Here, also, are the trophy cases, well filled, albeit the club is still young. The billiard room, adjoining, is fascinating and restful to look upon, a room of rarest beauty and without doubt as finely an appointed billiard room as there is in the country. There are nineteen tables and a café annex to one side, wherein members may have their luncheon served. A grill room, adjoining this café, is now in course of construction, which will greatly facilitate the service, and prove a delight to the patrons of this department.

ney. Finished also in quartered oak, with the finest of which the builders were extremely lavish, this room likewise contains three expensive bas-relief carvings, decorating as many massive mantels, and overhanging all a stucco ceiling, with hundreds of drooping tips, studded with incandescents, giving the room at night a brilliant and cheerful appearance. The cuisine and service are points of which the House Committee have always been proud, and in which they have shown particular interest, many of the large and important

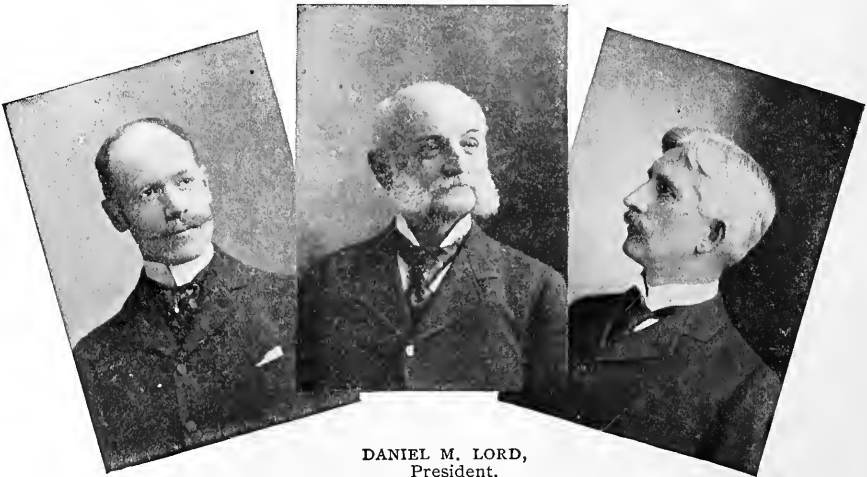
banquets of each year being given there. Two floors of the house are devoted to lodging departments, comprising about sixty rooms. These are very popular, and are always well filled, many members making the club their home.

The athletic departments of this club are unquestionably as complete in equipment and as perfect in arrangement as can be found in the best athletic clubs in the world. On the ninth floor are the racquet, tennis, and squash courts, which, with the lounging and ante-rooms and lockers, occupy the entire floor. There are two racquet courts, one tennis court, one squash court, and one handball court, all of regulation size.

Although court tennis and racquets

pected to attend the courts during the coming season.

In bowling, the C. A. A. has made more marked advancement than in any other indoor game. It took a long time to get the merchant princes of Chicago to understand that bowling was one of the best of sports, and the quaint furnishings of the alleys and the nymph-like sounds from afar, such as lured our old friend Rip to his couch of protracted sleep, did not at first appeal to them, but now bowling is one of the chief attractions of the club, and is growing in favor as the bowling center of the country is rumbling Chicagoward. During the last two years the C. A. A. has been represented in the South Side Club's Bowling League, finishing in second



DANIEL M. LORD,
President.

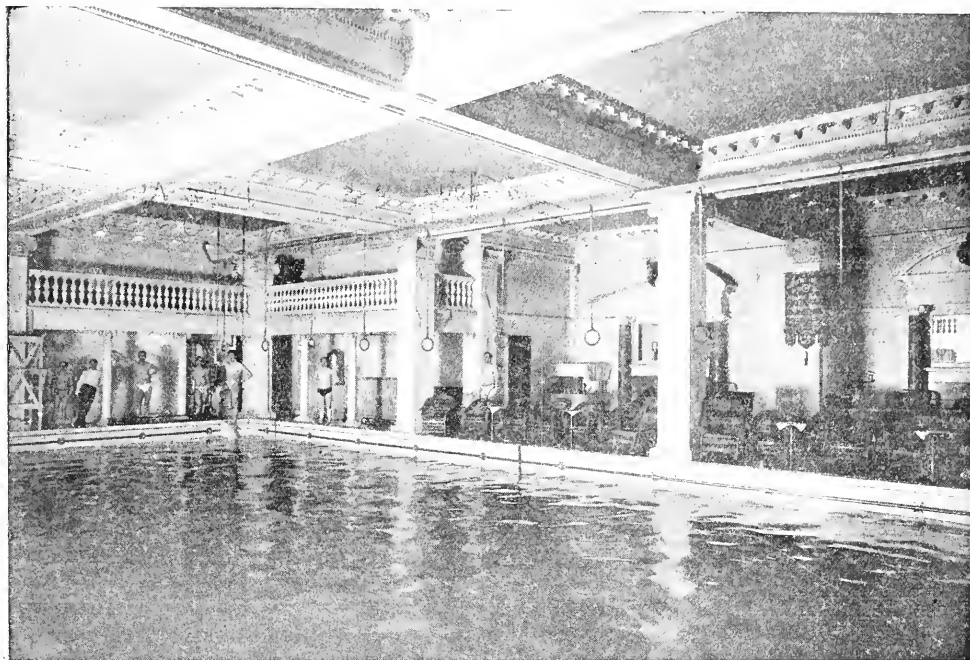
W. VERNON BOOTH,
Ex-President.

EDWIN A. POTTER,
Ex-President.

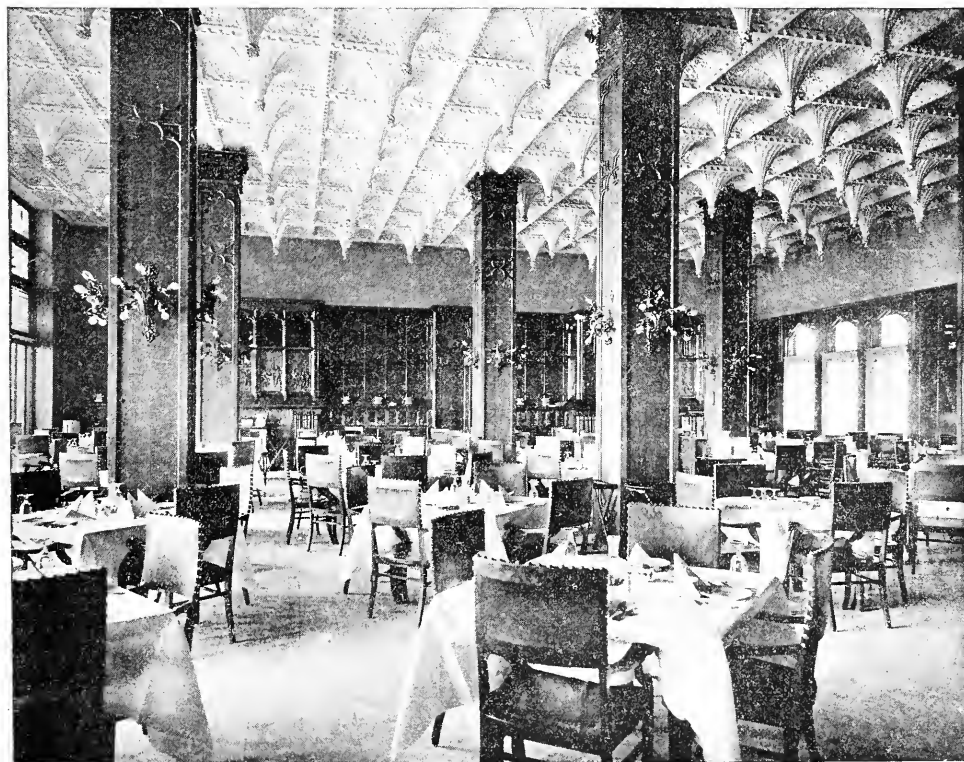
were comparatively unknown in the West before the organization of the Chicago Athletic Association, there are to-day at least seventy-five members who are adepts at these rare old games. Chicagoans are beginning to appreciate the great value of racquets and tennis as exercise games, and it is fully expected that the coming winter will be the most important one since the opening. Arrangements are being made to conduct several tournaments, in which there will be offered suitable and valuable trophies. These tournament contests have afforded much amusement to spectators, and as there has developed considerable rivalry among those most expert, good-sized audiences are ex-

pected to attend the courts during the coming season. This year they have joined the Chicago Bowling League, and will maintain two separate tenpin teams, playing in these two leagues.

On the main floor of the club is located the natatorium, the pride of the club, and undoubtedly the finest indoor plunge-room in the world. The room is finished in white marble; a stairway and balcony of that material add much to its attractiveness. The tank is forty feet wide by sixty feet long, and the depth graduates from eight to four feet. It is admirably adapted to racing, as the standard distances may all be divided into even tank lengths. The room is equipped with spring boards, high dives, traveling rings, etc. The Turkish



THE PLUNGE ROOM, BATH.



THE DINING ROOM.

bath is complete and luxurious, having in connection with it hot, steam, shampoo and rubbing rooms, and numerous showers. This department also contains a café where members may have their luncheon served while bathing. In swimming, the club has taken the greatest interest. Trophy cups for club championships at various distances and for best junior water-polo teams in the country are offered as incentives to the sport. The junior team of the Chicago Athletic Association now holds this cup, having won four successive victories and having never been scored against. The Chicago Athletic Association claims several swimming records, among them being the five-mile indoor record, made by Dr. Paul Neumann, April 28, 1897; time, 2 hours 58½ minutes; the amateur American outdoor record for one mile, made by Dr. Neumann July 3, 1897; time, 30 minutes 24 3-5 seconds; the half-mile American record, made by B. A. Hart at Wayne, Pa., in August, 1896; time, 14 minutes 45 seconds. Additional swimming honors were won in the annual contest against all comers at Travers Island, October 1st, when Paul Neumann won the quarter-mile race and S. P. Avery won the hundred yards. The various swimming teams representing this club at national meets both indoor and outdoor have won a larger number of points than any other team in the United States. The National Amateur Athletic Union Swimming Championships, held in Lincoln Park Lagoon, on the afternoon of July 3, 1897, were the most important athletic events given under the auspices of this club. This was an innovation in swimming meetings, being arranged on an elaborate scale, and being given as a free holiday entertainment and an object lesson for the people of Chicago. It brought into competition swimmers of national repute from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Several American records were established at this meeting. The National Board of Managers of the Amateur Athletic Union complimented the Chicago Athletic Association warmly for the splendid manner in which this meeting was conducted.

In track and field athletics the Chicago Athletic Association has been of undoubted importance, and football has perhaps been fostered more than any

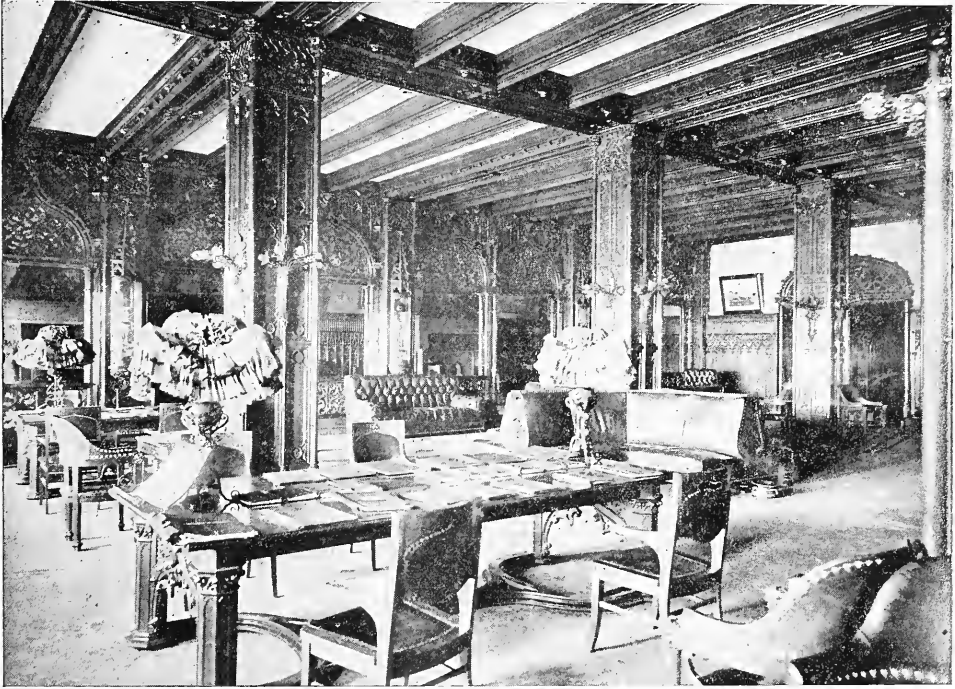
other branch of outdoor sports. The teams representing the C. and Circle since 1893 have proven conclusively that they are the best athletic club teams in the country. Twice have they vanquished the Boston Athletic Association (once tying them), once the Dartmouth, and once the New Jersey Athletic Club, in five successive Thanksgiving Day championship games. Last year they played a remarkably strong game against the Yale eleven, their defeat at this time being the only one they sustained during the season. In 1895 the Chicago Athletic Association team was the first to score against the great Pennsylvania in two seasons. They were defeated by the small score of 12-4. The tie game with Boston in 1895 was after Boston had played pointless games with both Harvard and Yale universities, and also the strong Crescent Athletic Association. In 1896 the Chicago team defeated Boston by a score of 12-6 after the latter had lowered the colors of the great Harvard with a score of 8-6. The C. and Circle eleven for 1898 promise to be as good, if not better, than teams of former years. In their Eastern trip this year, among others, they will meet the elevens of both Yale and Harvard, and probably Brown, universities.

It is a noteworthy fact in relation to football that the C. A. A. team have to depend upon the East for their important games of each year. Their practice games at home are with much inferior elevens, the only really great game at home being on Thanksgiving day when they meet an Eastern organization. This year they will play the Dartmouth College eleven.

The reason they cannot get good games at home is that the Western colleges have made a rule not to play athletic club teams. The C. A. A. are working strenuously to have this rule rescinded, believing that leaving the matter optional with the colleges would work to the advancement of athletics in the West. Such a rule is unusual and does not exist in the East. If this matter could be put to a vote of the sport-patronizing portion of the population of Chicago, it would be almost unanimously decided to have games between the colleges and C. A. A. team, and college graduates would cast a large part of the affirmative vote.

The club has always maintained a track team of championship class, and, besides local victories, they have appeared in the East on different occasions, and in August, 1897, at the Amateur Athletic Union championships they carried off second honors, being beaten only by the New York Athletic Club. On this occasion the club established a world's record in throwing the discus, which, as yet, has not been beaten. Other records claimed by the club are as follows: Seventy-five yards, over high hurdles, indoors, by Richards, in 10 1-5s.;

Athletic Club and Chicago Athletic Association dual meet in June. A close friendship exists between the New York Athletic Club and the Chicago Athletic Association, and a series of dual athletic meetings has been arranged between them, which are held each year, alternating between the two cities. The first of these was held in New York in 1897, and the second in Chicago, June 18th, this year. These meetings bring together the very best athletic material in this country, and wield a powerful influence in athletic sports.



THE READING ROOM.

300 yards, over low hurdles, indoors, by A. C. Kraenzlein, in 37s.; 220 yards, around a turn, outdoors, by J. H. Maybury, in 21 1-5s.; and three Chicago Athletic Association sprinters have equaled the world's record at 100 yards, Crum, Rush and Maybury all having done the distance in 9 4-5s., whilst R. C. Ewry has recently won the standing high and broad jump championships.

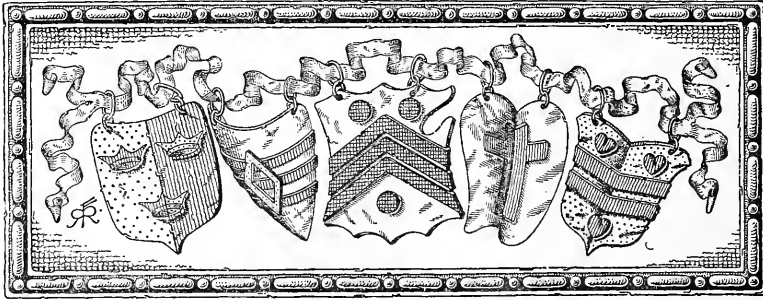
The annual field games of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States were held under the auspices of the Chicago Athletic Association this year, directly following the New York

The gymnasium of the Chicago Athletic Association is complete in every detail. A physical director is in charge and the classes are increasing each year, as the members begin to observe the good results of physical training under competent tutelage. A feature of the club in this connection is a junior membership class numbering about one hundred, sons and wards of members, who are instructed twice each week in gymnastics and swimming.

The Chicago Athletic Association is a high-class club in every way, its total membership of about two thousand

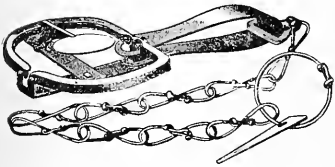
comprising the best class of people and including resident, non-resident, life, army and navy, honorary and athletic members. It offers the combined attractions of other clubs of the city in addition to the athletic features. Its ladies' days have come to be society events which are looked forward to as among the most interesting and instructive on the social calendar. The large gymnasium contains a portable stage, where

every Saturday evening, during the theatrical season, a high-class vaudeville show is given. Sparring exhibitions, match games at racquets and tennis, bowling and billiards, and indoor athletic meets and swimming programmes are also given at intervals during the indoor season, and, withal, it is the liveliest of clubs, a membership in which is regarded as desirable and essential in Chicago life.



TRAPPING WITH STEEL TRAPS.

BY ED. W. SANDYS.



WITH the passing a way of the old-fashioned trapper we lose one of the most picturesque figures that ever trod the stage of worldly action, or graced the page of fiction. Even the armored knight, with all his atmosphere of romance, his dashing courage, his bravery of gay trappings and tossing plumes, will not outlive the wonderful weather-beaten figure of the iron man in deer-skin, who so often has held the center of the stage during the most thrilling dramas of our earlier history.

Who does not love and cherish the memories of the Leatherstockings—the taciturn, sinewy men, almost childish in their simplicity, almost womanish in their faithful devotion, almost God-like in their fearless power, patience, charitableness, and inexhaustible resource? And we of America should never forget these men, for to their daring courage and steadfast purpose we owe much of our present prosperity and happiness.

In the circle of the council, in the tu-

mult of the skirmish, in the glare of burning cabins, on the trail of the despoiler, at the head of the army, in the mists of the rapids, in the shadows of the forests, in the sunshine of the prairies, on the summits of the mountains, the buckskin-clad figure was always to be found advising, aiding and leading for the good of men to come.

As civilization slowly crept westward and northward its guide and guarantee were a glimpse of the buckskin hunting shirt and the echo of the old long rifle. Far in advance stole the trappers, blazing trails to the fat lands, locating the sweet waters, learning the resources and mysteries of the new regions. The amount of good these men accomplished can hardly be over-estimated; they were the runners of unblazed trails, the pioneers of progress upon this continent.

In unjust return for services rendered, the spirit of progress has almost annihilated the race of trappers. Unfortunately this had to be, for rapid settlement of a country will always destroy the trapper's choicest fields. Times have changed and with them conditions. Great cities stand where Leatherstocking used to collect his annual tribute of

rich furs, and his descendants have been driven to out-of-the-way corners, there to prosecute, in humble fashion, the erstwhile all-important calling.

The man most likely to get the most of the good and the least of the ills of latter-day trapping, is the man so situated that he can depend upon other employment while furs are out of season, or else who has a trifle of money assured to him each season. Such a man is very apt to benefit himself, mentally, morally, and physically by a sojourn in the wilds.

Luckily for the parties most interested, the best time for trapping comes when work is lightest about the country home. There is a deal of truth in the old saying, that furs are good only during the months which have "r's" in their names. Lop off September, the first half of October and the latter part of April, and you have left the period when furs are at their best. All American furs are what is termed *prime* during this period, the time when each is at its very best varying slightly, according to locality. Fur-bearing creatures should not be molested during the warmer months, as their coats are then thin and have no value. It is one of Nature's wise provisions that an animal shall not be burdened by wraps when a warm coat is not necessary, so the best of the furry protection is shed as the sun gains power, and renewed when the cold again demands more cover. The nearer the middle of winter furs are taken, the better the trapper's chances of securing *prime* goods, which will command the highest prices. Therefore, if you know a good place for the traps, and are not afraid that some other fellow will raid it, do not be too eager about setting; let the furs have all the cold weather you can give them.

The list of furs which may possibly be taken by readers of *OUTING* includes black bear, wolf, lynx, silver, cross, and red foxes, beaver, otter, fisher, marten, raccoon, skunk, mink, and muskrat. These are not all the animals of value in the fur trade, but the others need not be dwelt upon. Such skins as may be taken will most likely eventually find their way to one or other of the big fur dealers of New York, and by them be worked up, or sent to the great European centers—London, Leipzig, and Nijni Novgorod. Despite the continu-

ous narrowing of the trapper's field, the fur industry is yet of colossal importance—nearly one hundred millions of dollars per year in raw and manufactured products.

For convenience, we will suppose a would-be trapper has selected a suitable district for his operations. This district will have a large proportion of forest, some lakes, ponds, or streams, and more or less marshy ground. Most of, perhaps all, the animals previously mentioned may inhabit such a country. This the trapper will have determined by a thorough exploration and a careful study of his district.

Every animal leaves "sign" to catch the observant eye, and the trapper must know the habits, favorite haunt, favorite food, mode of feeding, size, shape, footprint, gait, claw-mark, color, strength, droppings, and odor, of every fur-bearer likely to find his traps. These things may appear rather difficult, but in reality they are simple matters to the right kind of man—the man who keeps his eyes and ears open, and who puts his mind into his work. When such a man espies a track, dropping, or other sign, that is new to him, he does not leave it until he has figured out all he wants to know about it. This habit grows upon one until it becomes a sort of second nature, and the possessor of it can read the meaning of indistinct marks as he would read an advertisement on a fence.

The traps to be used will be the standard steel traps sold by dealers. In a previous article, on "Home-made Traps," in *OUTING* for November, 1893, I described deadfalls, snares, etc., as made by the trappers in the woods. These are cheap, but frequently troublesome to make. The modern steel traps cost more, but they have many advantages over the old-fashioned styles. One of the greatest drawbacks of deadfalls is that an animal taken is left within reach of other prowling creatures. Many a fine pelt has been lost in this way. The steel trap, while quicker and in several ways surer, saves much labor, and it may be set (as explained further on) so as to save any skin it may take. The kind of traps to be bought will depend upon what they are expected to catch. They are made in several sizes, from the common rat-trap up to powerful contrivances built to hold bear. A glance over the price-list of any reputable dealer

will enable the buyer to select what is suited to his purpose.

The number of traps for an outfit must be determined by the nature and extent of the territory, its accessibility, and by the purse of the buyer. One man can properly attend to at least one hundred traps (twice that number in an easy country), and if he can get to a handy point on his proposed line by boat or wagon—why, the more traps, the better. If he has to pack them in, he may carry from thirty to eighty, according to size.

And before going further, let me say to those who may run a short line near their homes: Never set a trap that you do not intend to look after, and when possible, set the trap so that anything taken will be promptly killed. Every form of trap is more or less cruel, but no man worthy of the name will set a trap so that a captive will be able to gnaw off the prisoned member, or be compelled to wait until frozen to death. Think of steel jaws gripping living flesh in an arctic atmosphere!

Every trap should be examined and tried before being toted into the woods. The best of traps may be a trifle rough in parts, and what might have been rectified by a few rubs from a file at home, may render a trap useless in the woods. It is better to bestow the needful time upon an examination than to carry any useless weight. Of course, each trap when purchased, will be equipped with proper chain, swivel, and ring.

The appliances used in connection with steel traps are three, viz., the "clog," the "sliding pole," and the "spring pole." The clog is a stick of wood intended to act as a check upon an animal too powerful to be held outright by a trap made fast. One end of the clog is tightly fixed in the ring of the chain. So fixed, it is not apt to foul anything so as to give the animal a chance for a dead pull upon the trap.

The sliding pole is used for animals larger than the muskrat, taken in or within reach of water. These creatures generally plunge for deep water upon feeling the grip of the trap. To make the pole, cut a sapling of about ten feet in length; trim off branches to near the small end, leaving enough to prevent the ring from slipping off. Slant the branched end to the bottom of the stream, slip the ring over the butt of

the sapling, and then force the butt into some handy crevice or under a root, or else rig it fast to the bank. The ring will slide freely on the pole, and when the trapped animal makes its plunge, ring and chain slip to the bottom and hold the animal under.

The spring pole is used for fisher, marten, and other medium-sized animals which may be taken upon land. The pole serves two purposes, in lifting a valuable fur out of harm's way, and in preventing a captive from amputating the leg, or twisting free. The best spring pole is a sapling trimmed of branches and used as it grows. If no rooted pole is available, cut and trim one of suitable strength; force one end into the ground, or between logs or roots; bend the pole, attach the chain to other end, and catch this end under some natural or made holder, which will allow the pole to be drawn free by a moderate pull. The struggling animal releases the pole—and up he goes.

The bait is always an important matter. Here the trapper's knowledge of the favorite foods of animals comes into play. If the creature to be taken has a weakness for any particular flesh, fruit, or vegetable, that weakness is taken advantage of. Certain odors, too, appeal to the noses of wearers of valuable furs, and this is not forgotten. Most successful trappers have some strong-smelling composition, termed "medicine," which they use to draw animals to the traps. This medicine is frequently a mixture of oil of anise, assafoetida and musk, mixed with fish oil. When used at the trap, a drop or two is placed upon the bait or close to it. When used to form a trail leading to a trap the mixture is placed in a small bag made of skin, pierced with numerous small holes. This bag is dragged by a cord as the trapper moves from trap to trap on his line, and it leaves a trail which several of the carnivorous fur-bearers will eagerly follow. Other attractive substances are the "castoreum" of the beaver, the musk of the muskrat, the matrix taken from a female fox or dog when in season, etc. These will be referred to again in connection with setting for the animals for which they are suitable.

The trapper must remember that the pan, or treadle, of the trap is not the place to affix the bait. The object is

to take an animal by a foot, or a leg, not by the nose or head, and the pan of the trap is designed for the foot to press. A bait fastened to the pan will attract the animal's nose and eyes to the *trap*—to the very place where you don't want them attracted, lest they discover your design. The bait properly fixed upon a small stick above or beyond the trap, or in a made or natural cavity, with the trap at the entrance, will occupy the animal's attention so closely as to prevent a careful examination of the ground where the trap is concealed.

In this connection I may say a few words about poison. Good trappers never use it, except for wolves, and, under certain conditions, it is pardonable for an unusually foxy fox. But it is a cruel and undesirable thing to use, furriers claiming that it spoils most of the skins secured by it.

Of all our valuable fur-bearers the fox is most likely to worry and baffle the young trapper. Reynard's pointed nose is wondrous keen; his sharp eyes seldom miss the faintest sign of the trapper's operations, while his ready brain can coin more tricks in a minute than a clumsy trapper can match in a month. Reynard is a thief, and a crafty rogue to the core. He knows that every countryman's hand is against him, and he suspects a trap in everything which to nose or to eyes presents a hint of man's work. Eternal vigilance is his price of liberty. What he doesn't understand he carefully avoids meddling with, and the only way to circumvent his caution is to so arrange the trap as to impress upon his brain the idea that he thoroughly understands what it is. This means a perfectly disguised trap, and demands a deal of skill in the setting. The selection of the spot for the trap and its nature should be such as to carry no suggestion of the trapper's visit or purpose. Everything must appear natural.

The black or silver fox, the cross fox, and the common red variety, are the three with which the trapper may have to deal. They are equal in cunning and resource. The black is the most beautiful and most valuable. Lucky, indeed, is the trapper who secures one of these superb skins, for it may be worth from fifty to thrice that number of dollars. The black fox is so rare, that the taking of one by an ordinary trapper would

doubtless furnish material for many a discussion among the frequenters of the corner store. The cross fox is more common, and ranks second in value, while the red fellow is abundant in many parts of the country. These three foxes closely resemble each other in everything except color and quality of fur, and a method that will capture one will serve equally well for all.

Reynard is carnivorous, being cousin to the dog, wolf, etc. His winter food consists of hares, rabbits, squirrels, rats, mice, fish, grouse, domestic fowl, small birds, and even such carrion as he may find during his foraging expeditions. He is a great traveler, and, in his native wilds, he behaves not unlike a smart, active dog, trotting here and there, investigating this and sniffing at that, until he has examined every interesting thing in his district. Dog-like, he will follow any trail which pleases his nostrils, and, dog-like, he is bound to visit a spot which carries the taint of the urine of male or female of his race. Like the dog, too, his nose will find and follow the faintest trail of a female in season. These marked characteristics greatly aid the trapper in accomplishing Reynard's capture.

The trap must be free from the faintest trace either of human hand or of iron. This object may be obtained in several ways. One is to dip trap and chain into a vessel containing blood of some slaughtered creature, the blood being allowed to dry before the trap is set. This is a troublesome way, unless one is located near a slaughter-house. Some old trappers kill a chicken or a rabbit, when they want to blood a trap, and either let the blood run over the trap and chain, or daub it on with a bit of rag. Another, and just as good a way, is to melt sufficient beeswax in a pan to form a dip for the trap and chain. A thin coat of the wax will adhere to the metal, and it will dry the moment the trap is carried into the open air. A coating of suet or lard, with a drop of the terrible fluid of the skunk added, is sometimes used.

For the setting of the trap a spot is chosen where the sign tells that foxes are "using." A bed of sand, fine earth, ashes, or chaff, is prepared—sand or earth being better on account of being more natural. A tuft of soft moss, or a bunch of crushed leaves may be placed

beneath the pan. These will yield to the pressure of the fox's paw, and will prevent loose earth from getting under the pan and possibly interfering with its proper action. The trap and chain are concealed by a sufficient sprinkling of earth, or other material composing the bed, and the whole disturbed surface should be lightly brushed over with a tuft of fir or twigs. The hands should not touch the ground or any object which must remain near the trap; and when the final brushing over has been completed, there should not be a footprint or any other mark left to warn the expected victim.

A standard bait is small bits of fried meat dipped in honey. These are scattered about the bed, care being taken that none lodges within the jaws of the trap, for the fox's foot, not his delicate nose, is wanted there. The proper clog for a trap so set, is a length of smooth branch, or sapling, weighing about ten pounds. This may be procured near, not too near, the trap, and the cut ends may be smeared with earth. The less visible signs of cutting, or of a man's visit to the spot, the better.

While a trap properly set and baited after this method should catch a fox in a good locality, experienced trappers have other potent charms to coax reynard to his fate. A drop of the secretion from the glands of a skunk or from the muskrat, left upon a twig near the trap may draw a fox from a considerable distance. Another and almost irresistible lure has long been known to trappers. They secure the matrix from a female dog or fox in season, and preserve it in a tightly corked bottle of alcohol. A few drops from this bottle will bring a fox straight to the trap. If a tame fox is kept within a reasonable distance of the trapper, some earth impregnated with the odor of the animal's urine may be easily secured. This, finely powdered, makes the best of beds for the trap, for no dog fox will pass it by. The possibilities of the trap may be still further broadened by the making of circular trails leading to it. In making the trails some of the preparation from the alcohol bottle is rubbed upon the sole of the boots and renewed from time to time, as the trapper tramps his circles. The body of a freshly killed fowl, grouse, hare, rabbit, etc., opened so that the blood may escape, and dragged

by a cord, leaves an excellent trail, though not so attractive as the alcohol.

When a spring-hole which does not freeze is available, the trapper may use a neat, easy, and effective method of setting. The trap and chain are placed under water, which carries no scent. The pan of the trap should be quite near the surface, and upon the pan is placed a mat of thick moss, which, when the setting has been completed should look exactly like a mossy pebble or tuft, projecting slightly above the water. The bait of flesh soured with the alcohol "medicine" is fixed to a twig in such a position that the fox will be likely to put a paw upon the convenient bit of moss, while he reaches out to get a sniff at the lure. Trails may be made to this trap as already described. These methods are the surest for circumventing the fox. Many others have been tried; some have proved more or less successful.

An animal with which the trapper will have much to do, and which should repay the work, is the muskrat. This first-cousin to the beaver carries a coat most useful in the fur trade. Though much less valuable than the beaver, a prime rat-skin is always marketable at a small figure, and an amateur can trap so many rats that the total for the skins is worth considering. The muskrat is so well known that his appearance and habits hardly require a detailed description. To all intents and purposes he is a miniature beaver, with a tail flattened vertically instead of horizontally. His favorite haunts are lakes with marshy shores and sluggish tributaries, quiet ponds, and lazy streams. In these waters thrive the grasses and flags, favorite food of the rats. Like the beaver, the rat builds a lodge, or winter house. The rough domes of these houses dot every rat-marsh at the beginning of winter. Unlike the beaver, the muskrat does not attempt engineering feats in the way of dam-construction. The rats move freely and chiefly feed at night and during dusk and dawn, but it is not unusual to find them busy during any hour of the day, especially in seldom-disturbed localities. Their food, in addition to grasses and the root of the flag, includes clams and mussels (of which they are very fond), grain, apples, and several kinds of vegetables. Frequently, during periods of high-

water, they may find their way into the farmer's root-house. Their presence will be soon betrayed by their attacks upon fruit and vegetables, and by their strong, musky, but not unpleasant odor. During the warmer months, and until quite late in the autumn, they live in burrows in the banks and in hollow logs and trees, in or close to the water. They are very easily trapped.

With his canoe, or boat, laden with the standard muskrat traps, the trapper floats up and down the streams and about the shores of lake and pond, seeking promising spots. The sign is unmistakable. Here he finds a burrow, with an entrance above or below high-water mark. Footprints tell if it is inhabited, and they may be confirmed by a pronounced odor of musk. A trap is set in the entrance to the burrow, and arranged by any convenient method, so that the rat will be forced into water deep enough to enable the weight of chain and trap to hold him under till he is drowned. A rat trapped on land or in too shallow water is apt to cut or twist himself free. The next setting may be on a partially submerged log. Scratches in the rotten wood, clamshells lying in crevices, fragments of grass and roots, and the odor of musk, will tell if this log is a favorite resort. If the log offers no ready-made rest for the trap, a notch should be cut with a hatchet where the sign tells that the rats climb from the water. The trap may lie an inch or two below the surface, the ring being slipped over a pole driven into the bottom. If it is undesirable to use a pole long enough to betray the location of the trap to the passer-by, it may be cut so short that, when firmly fixed, the upper end remains a few inches below the surface. Of course, when a rat is taken, the trap soon sinks to the bottom.

When in the humor, rats travel far from their homes. They may be seen gravely swimming along parallel to the bank of stream or shore of lake. Every now and then they make a landing upon some little point or bit of shore which strikes their fancy as a desirable place for lurching, or for playing. Where one lands, the next to come is pretty sure to do the same. Traps may be set at all such places, the traps being placed in shallow water so that the pans will be a couple of inches below the surface.

Particularly handy spots for a trap, though showing no sign, should not be neglected, for a bait will be almost certain to draw any swimming rat which may approach. The most attractive baits are apple, carrot, parsnip and the flag-root, with a drop of the rat's musk to suggest that the spot has had previous visitors. Whichever bait is used, it should be stuck on the end of a switch, so as to be eight or ten inches above the trap, and, of course, in the position most likely to coax the rat to place a foot upon the pan. Half of a freshly-cut sweet apple, or a section of carrot or parsnip, will answer the purpose.

The mink is not so common as the rat, but it is more valuable, and it is almost as easily trapped. Its track is a series of double prints, the pairs of marks being a considerable distance apart. The mink is a busy, prying chap, a great hunter along the margins of ponds and streams. He is active in everything he does, and he is also a fine swimmer. His hole is generally under some root or rock near the water, and he is passionately fond of fish. He is also very persistent in following any trail which suits his fancy. Like his near relative, the common weasel, he is plucky and determined, and will attack creatures much larger than himself. I know that he can bite viciously if given the opportunity. In addition to fish, he loves rats, mice, frogs, small game, poultry, etc. The best baits for him are fish, a bit of muskrat, or the head of a fowl, or a grouse, or a small bird. He is such a persevering hunter that the traps may be set almost anywhere near water. Sometimes a small cave is dug in the bank, or a small pen is constructed of branches driven into the ground and covered, leaving one narrow entrance. A few stones make an excellent house. Whatever is used, the bait is placed at the back of the structure where it cannot be got at unless the mink passes over the trap, which is set in the entrance and covered by leaves, fine earth, or crushed rotten wood. A special "medicine" for mink is prepared by putting small trout, shiners, or fragments of larger fish, into a bottle, which is placed where the sun can strike it, and left till the natural oil of the fish assumes a surprising odor. A trace of this mess added to the bait will make it irresistible to any mink passing within

range. If the trap is near enough to deep water, the sliding pole should be rigged; otherwise, the spring pole will take its place.

The marten is a relative of the mink, and not unlike it in size and appearance. Its trail resembles the mink's, though the footprints are a trifle larger. The marten can climb like a squirrel, and he spends a great deal of his time in trees. His favorite food embraces rabbits, squirrels, feathered game, rats and mice. His home is in the big woods. The traps may be set in pens, as for mink, and in hollow logs and trees, where they will be in no danger of being snowed under. The best baits are parts of squirrel and fish, heads of poultry and wild fowl. The spring pole should be used with the marten trap, as the animal will gnaw off a leg and escape if allowed sufficient opportunity.

The fisher, pekan, or "black cat," as it is sometimes called, is a relative of the marten, but a much larger and more powerful animal. It preys upon hares, rabbits, raccoons, squirrels, feathered game, small birds, rats, mice, etc. For its capture the same methods are employed as for marten. The spring pole, however, must be stiffer as the fisher is a heavier animal. The pole must raise him clear of the ground, or he will almost certainly amputate the leg. He is surprisingly strong, and this must be counted upon when the pen, or house for the trap is built. An ordinary pen for marten is soon torn to pieces by the muscular black cat. The entrance to a marten pen is generally too small to admit a fisher, so the latter breaks the pen at the point nearest the bait and escapes the trap. Hence the trappers make large and strong pens with plenty of space in the entrance. The fisher will follow a trail readily; indeed, he is given to trailing a trapper along a line of marten traps, and he will steal every bait, or any trapped marten that is not lifted out of his reach by the spring pole.

To make a trail for fisher, many good trappers use a small bag made of raw skin and pierced with several small holes. In this bag is placed a mixture of fish oil, assafoetida, musk, and oil of anise. The trapper drags the bag by a string as he moves along his line, and a fisher finding the trail will follow it to the trap. Good baits for fisher are bits

of venison, muskrat, grouse, or fish. The bait should be placed at least eighteen inches from the entrance to the pen. The trap may be covered with powdered rotten wood.

The otter is one of the most interesting of the fur-bearers. He is quite a large animal, sometimes weighing twenty-five pounds. In general shape he is something like the fisher, mink, and marten, more heavily made, and very supple and strong. He lives mostly in the water, and preys upon trout and other fish, which his marvelous swimming and diving powers enable him to capture with ease. His home is a burrow in some bank, the entrance being under water.

Otters are great ramblers. After the young have grown strong enough, a whole family frequently starts upon a long exploring expedition, during which they ascend streams to the headwaters, cross swamps and marshes, and traverse broad expanses of woodland in going from one water to another. These jaunts may extend over days, weeks, and even months. I have known an old otter to work his way by easy stages to the head of a river one hundred miles long, and then to return to the lake he started from. It took him the best part of the warmer season to complete his journey. He was seen day after day, going and returning, and after he had got back his fur had become prime. We trapped him in his native lake.

The nose of the otter is remarkably keen, and the trapper must obliterate all traces of his work after setting a trap. Opinions differ among experts regarding the best method of taking otter. A good way is as follows: The otter has a peculiar habit of coasting down hill upon his belly wherever a muddy bank, or slope of ice or snow, affords an available slide. The first makers of a slide will climb up and go down sometimes many trips before moving on. Other traveling otters, finding slides ready made, will seldom pass them without making at least one trip down. The worn slides will be found here and there along every water frequented by the animals. At the head of a slide, and at the point where the otters leave the water when climbing up to enjoy a coast, are the best places for the traps. Another good spot is on a snow-trail leading over high ground. The creatures will not make a fresh

trail if an old one is available. It must be remembered that the body of the otter is, as it were, swung between his short legs, *à la* bulldog; hence the traps should be placed a trifle to one side of the trail rather than in its center. When setting at the head of a slide, two traps, if desired, may be placed, one at either side of the highest point of the slide. Neat receptacles are made in the earth with a knife or hatchet; the traps are placed so that their pans are almost level with the surface, tufts of soft moss are placed under the pans, and the whole is sprinkled over with fine earth, crushed mast and leaves, and brushed lightly with a bunch of twigs till the appearance is natural. To fasten the traps cut a couple of saplings with butts large enough to almost fit the rings; slip on the rings, and wedge fast; stand the saplings upright wherever they will be most likely to aid in guiding the otter to the traps, and tie them firmly to handy trees. Lastly, dip a bunch of evergreen, or a spongy clump of moss into the stream, and sprinkle water plentifully over the new surfaces and everything that has been touched by hand or foot. A drop of the "medicine" left near the traps may be useful.

In setting where the otter leaves the water, the trap should be placed so that the pan will be about three inches below the surface, and the same distance from the center of the path. If a natural rest for the trap cannot be found, a flat stone or a piece of waterlogged wood may be placed in the desired position. The ring of the trap is slipped over a long sliding-pole, and the weight of the chain is increased by tying a heavy stone to it. When the otter plunges to deep water the combined weight of stone and tackle keeps him under. When visiting otter traps, approach by boat, or wading, whenever possible, and never go closer than is necessary to determine if the traps have been sprung.

During winter otters have favorite feeding-holes in the ice, where they may be readily trapped when the water is not too deep. Cut a pole long enough to project a couple of feet above the ice after the butt has been driven into the bottom. In trimming the pole leave a stub near the butt long enough to prevent the ring slipping off; also leave two stubs about four inches long, that

will form a sort of fork at a point on the pole which will be about eight inches below the ice when the pole is fixed in position. These sticks are to support a sort of nest upon which the trap is set. The nest may be made of small branches of cedar, or fir; if these are not available, a flat stone, or piece of sodden wood will answer, if firmly tied. The otter travels under the ice from hole to hole, and he is almost certain to leave the water and play about on the ice near every opening. The prepared nest, stone, or bit of wood offers him an easy place for climbing out—the trap does the rest.

The beaver has now become so scarce that he will hardly fall a prey to many readers of *OUTING*. The general habits of this valuable animal, its building of houses and dams, have so often been described in print that they need not be dwelt upon at present. Where there is a plentiful supply of water the year round, beavers frequently live in burrows in the banks, and are then termed "bank beavers." As a rule, the animals dwell together in small communities, and their presence in any water is soon betrayed by their cutting down small birches, poplars, alders, willows, etc., along the banks. The beaver's teeth leave marks which suggest that the cutting had been done with a gouge-chisel. The winter food of the beaver is the bark of trees and roots of aquatic plants.

When the trapper finds a beaver pond with one or more lodges, he may have located anywhere from eight to twenty animals, well worth a deal of trouble to capture. The taking of one, two, or perhaps, three of them, would be comparatively a simple task, but the entire family is wanted. Great caution is necessary, for the beaver is quick-witted, and where something strange happens to one of his family he is apt to lead the survivors away to more secure parts without wasting time in mourning for the lost. An old man beaver argues that the loss of one kitten may be an accident or a dispensation of Providence, but the loss of a second the same way, would be his fault; so he takes no chances. The wise trapper will keep as far as possible from the lodges, and set his traps and sliding-poles at points where the beavers are apt to be working singly, and where an animal taken will be able to plunge at once into deep water. The traps should be set close to

the bank, with the pan about three inches below the surface, and covered with a mat of thin, yielding moss. The lure is a small portion of the castoreum found in the two inguinal sacs of the male beaver. This is placed upon the bank just above the trap. All sliding poles should be of dry stuff, as a green pole may be cut and carried off for food.

In a pond with a single lodge and a small dam, or where the trapper is reasonably certain that only three or four beavers live, one or two may be taken by making small breaches in the upper part of the dam and setting traps in the breaks. Beavers appear to know at once when the dam begins to leak, and all hands set to work to repair the damage. A busy paw is apt to find the pan of a trap, but the capture of one worker is generally too broad a hint to the others.

Beavers are taken under the ice by cutting a large hole near the shore, and forcing a freshly-cut poplar or birch, top foremost, under the ice, the butt being made fast at the shore. The trap is set about a foot below the butt, the ring being attached to a dry sliding pole. The beaver will try to secure the tree for food by cutting it off close to the shore, and while so doing is likely to spring the trap.

The raccoon, or "coon," as he is generally termed, is more often hunted at night with dogs than trapped. He is easily taken by steel traps. He is much given to night-prowling about the muddy edges of bush-streams and marshes, where he leaves curious little tracks not unlike the prints of baby hands. The trap may be covered with moss, leaves, or anything convenient which will not hamper its action. The bait is usually a bit of fresh fish placed upon a switch a foot above the trap. The spring pole should be stout, as the coon sometimes attains a considerable weight.

The lynx is possessed of a great deal of curiosity which, with its lack of suspicion, render its capture almost certain if it approaches a trap. The "medicine," and especially the castoreum of the beaver, appeal strongly to it. Extract of valerian is also very attractive. A bit of muskrat or other green skin, or a small bird fastened to the pan of the trap and soaked with one of the perfumes mentioned, makes a sure bait. The trap may be placed under a log, or where the lynx will be able to reach the

pan with his paw, for he will surely try to hook out the strong-smelling bit of skin. The clog should be heavy, for while the lynx may only crouch and "swear" when trapped, he is liable to make a sudden bounce at a man who approaches him too carelessly.

The wolf is taken by the same methods as described for the fox, though both the timber, or gray wolf, and the coyote are more commonly destroyed by poison. The clog for a wolf-trap should weigh about twenty-five pounds.

The black bear is probably the only member of his family with which the man who traps for money will care to have any dealing. If the capture of a grizzly is desired, a carcass is put out as a bait, and the trap, or traps, of the heaviest make, equipped with very short, strong chains and clog, weighing eighty pounds or more, are placed about the bait.

The black bear wears, when prime, a fine robe, and he is such an easy-going, careless duffer, that little skill is required in trapping him. A large crevice in the rocks, a pen formed of saplings driven into the ground, or any natural or made arrangement of logs which will form a rough enclosure, with one opening large enough for a bear, and with sufficient room inside to allow the bait to be placed three or four feet from the entrance, may be used in setting. The trap is placed at the entrance, where the bear will be most likely to put his foot in it, and covered with rotten wood or mast. The best bait is a bit of filled honeycomb, or meat smeared with honey. It is placed at the back of the enclosure.

In some districts bears have regular paths, which offer excellent sites for traps. In such places the position of the trap should be plainly indicated by something which will surely catch the eye of a man, if he happens that way. A bear trap will hang onto a man just as vindictively as it will to a bear, and no chances should be taken in what might be a very serious matter. It will hardly be necessary to warn a trapper against carelessness in arranging his trap. Appliances for bending and holding the springs are sold by the trade, and they are much better and safer than levers, or foot-pressure. The spectacle of a man fast by a leg in his own bear-trap, might be too much for the nerves of a bear that chanced to stroll within view.



Herzogen, Simon

Painted for OCHING by the late Hermann Simon.

THE LAST OF THE "LINE."



BY HELEN M. STAFFORD.

I.

THE season in St. Augustine had scarcely begun, and the group of ladies sitting together in a corner of the wide piazza that ran around the Hotel San Marco found little excitement.

There were few arrivals, so they read the latest novels and magazines, and gossiped contentedly over their letters, for they always brought something eventful socially.

Mrs. Van Wheelock had just folded one, the contents of which had sufficiently interested them to have been the subject of remark during the last half hour. Now they were thrown upon their own resources. They were nearly all habitués of the San Marco. Life abroad or advancing years made them susceptible to northern winds and snows, and, though it was as yet very quiet in St. Augustine, they loved the old city, and found in it a delicious drowsiness and a restful happiness.

Mrs. Bailey looked thoughtfully at the deserted tennis court. Mrs. Murray's lips were drawn tightly over the yawn that seemed in danger of forcing its way from captivity. Miss Andrews, a very dear old maid, smiled sweetly, and took up her embroideries when a young girl came out of the hall and began to slowly walk up and down the piazza.

"There!" said Mrs. Hammond to

Mrs. Bailey, "*that* is the young lady who arrived last night."

"Who is she?" asked Mrs. Van Wheelock, raising her lorgnette with a patrician air.

"She came last night, but I don't know who she is."

Mrs. Bailey thought that it looked like a young American whom she had seen at Homburg the previous summer, and she bent forward a little that she might better see the advancing figure. "Yes, it is," she added, after a pause. "I saw her only once, for she left the afternoon I arrived. She had been flirting desperately, so I heard, with Count von Steinert—indeed, it was quite the talk."

Mrs. Hammond's listlessness had quite disappeared, for she, too, had met Count von Steinert, and had not forgiven him for his indifference to her pretty face, neither had she forgiven the girl who had made him so unresponsive to the beauty of others.

"So *this* is she," she said, as if to herself.

"But this may not be *that* one," said gentle Miss Andrews, unwilling that injustice should be done to one possibly innocent. "There are so many pretty American girls abroad."

The young girl went down to the tennis court and began practice.

"She is very pretty," murmured Mrs. Murray.

"I don't care for that style of beauty,"



Painted for OUTING by J. Kaufman.

"THROUGH THE NARROW STREETS." (p. 100.)

said Mrs. Hammond. "One can never tell what such a girl will do, even if her eyes *are* demure. She looks quiet—and then again she doesn't. There is something about her mouth——" Mrs. Hammond stopped to make an unfinished sentence fraught with meaning.

The girl did not come near enough to let the others see what it was about the mouth—something very charming, most people thought. Instead of which, with two perpendicular lines between the soft brown eyes and a dissatisfied look on the flushed face, she looked across the harbor. It was a beautiful morning, full of sunshine; the waves rippled and

At that moment a footfall from the other end of the piazza aroused Mrs. Hammond, and she glanced up in time to whisper:

"This is Jack Melvin——" when he swept the group with a careless glance, then, half surprised, stopped to greet Miss Andrews.

"Mr. Melvin! What a delight it is to see you."

"I am here, he replied, with my sister Jessie—Mr. Mortland has gone on to Cuba."

"Ah! so Mrs. Mortland is here, and your mother?" she questioned.

Miss Andrews had long been a friend



"AS THEY SAT TOGETHER." (p. 171.)

sparkled, gently lapping against the white sand-belt on the North Shore. The sky was as blue as a sapphire, with here and there flecks of white-winged lazy clouds, too small to cast a shade over even a flower. Now and then a sail went slowly by, now and then a figure passed on the parapet of old Fort Marion.

A light breeze from the sea blew fresh against the player's face, lifting the hair from her brow, showing a wonderful harmony in the coloring of the hair, brows, eyes, and long, curling lashes. She seemed utterly unconscious; she had not even glanced at the group who had found in her a subject

of the Melvins. As they talked Mrs. Hammond watched him closely. She saw his glance rest on the figure on the tennis court, and, after the introduction, coquettishly said to him, "We were just speaking of her"—nodding toward the young girl—"but one woman's opinion of another woman goes for nothing. What do you think of her?"

"My opinion can hardly be of interest," he answered coldly.

Mrs. Hammond was not easily discomfited.

"Her name is Lesley Lawrence, and she's from Boston," she added, and laughed softly.

"Lesley Lawrence, did you say?" Miss

Andrews replied rapidly. "Why, she is the niece of one of my dearest friends. They must be here together. They have just returned from Europe, and Sarah—her aunt, Sarah Danforth—was to bring her out this winter. I wonder how it happens that they are here. It must be that Sarah is ill!" And Miss Andrews rose to seek for the information.

II.

It was as Miss Andrews had said. Lesley and her aunt had just returned from Europe. But Lesley had been home hardly two months before the harsh November winds began to develop a troublesome irritation in her throat. It was very different from the languorous heat of the Nile or the soft balm of Italy. But the delightful freedom of America, Lesley could not withstand.

"This wretched Boston air," she wrote to an English friend, "is like no other. In spite of a stern old M. D., who glared at me through his glasses and muttered something about *bronchitis*, I would go out in the damp, drizzly days that seem to be found only here; and, as a punishment, the doctor ordered the South—not the severest punishment in the world, yet I have been looking forward to my first winter out, and society is particularly promising this year. And, more than that, my room is filled with gowns which I think are marvelous creations. . . . But it is useless to dwell on the festivities slipping away from me. I may as well dream dreams of the sunny South. I will write you from there. Yours faithfully,

"LESLEY LAWRENCE."

"P. S.—You remember my Aunt Sarah? She goes with me, as usual, and is the most delightfully blind and deaf-and-dumb chaperon a girl was ever blessed with. Aunt Sarah's charms, together with those of the South, may enable me to drag out a fairly enjoyable existence."

There had been more or less discussion upon the place whither they were to go. That prosaic old doctor said "Aiken."

Aunt Sarah smiled her weak smile and said: "That would be charming! We could sit in the pines——"

But Lesley straightway said, "Oh,

no!" And a very sweet, but a very emphatic *no* it was.

"Do they suppose," she thought, "that I am going to be shut up in that dismal place, with only invalids about me? Go to a place where there is no life, no *men* but sick ones?" But she only said: "If we are going South, why not go there, instead of landing between two delightful places, after the manner of Mohammed's coffin?"

So her point was carried, and her Aunt Sarah, too.

"Let us go to some quiet boarding-house," said Aunt Sarah, looking at Lesley with a beseeching smile.

But in a remarkably short time Aunt Sarah was persuaded that she would be much happier at a hotel, where there would be more people to divert her, and where, very probably, before the winter was over, she would meet many old friends. So they went to the San Marco.

"Oh, aunty dear!" cried Lesley, when she saw the broad hotel piazza, so suggestive of moonlight nights and promenades, "this is just the place for you—so much better for you than any of those boarding-houses in the sandy, narrow streets!"

But when the carriage stopped at the broad flight of steps, she saw the large house was still and deserted.

The next morning brought no change. Lesley walked up and down the broad piazza, saw a group of women talking together in a shady corner, watched the water sparkle and saw smoke from the engine curling and waving along on Anastasia, then, utterly forlorn, started for her room, when a gentle-voiced lady with soft gray hair stepped before her, saying: "This must be Miss Lawrence—Lesley Lawrence. I have not seen you since you were a little girl, but I have just heard that you and your aunt are here, and I wish to see her. We are very dear friends. I am Miss Andrews," and she smiled.

The tall dark man who was with her lifted his hat and walked away.

Lesley had seen that his features were regular, and that a slight mustache flourished upward, as if in his youth he had smiled a good deal. It gave the lower part of his face a merry-go-lucky look that contradicted the half-cynical expression of his eyes.

"I hope your aunt is not ill?" Lesley heard Miss Andrews say.

"Oh, no, aunty is quite well, and will be so glad to see you," replied Lesley, leading the way to her aunt's room.

Miss Andrews had seen Mr. Melvin's glance as it rested upon Lesley, and also the look of interest with which she regarded him.

Lesley was undeniably charming, Miss Andrews thought. There was so much sunshine in her brown hair, so much color in her cheeks and lips, such a starry look in her eyes, so much of innocent, pretty childishness about her. Miss Andrews felt instinctively as if she did not wish Lesley to know Mr. Melvin—yet she remembered that it had been a good many years since he had shown any desire to meet any girl, however young or pretty or charming she might be. This indifference may have been strengthened by quite the opposite feeling with which women had regarded the desirability of his acquaintance.

III.

February had come. St. Augustine began to seem like another world. Its streets and hotels had taken on new life and the old city seemed waking from its winter's sleep, and grew as gay as it could in such a *dolce far niente* atmosphere.

Lesley had walked along the sea wall, visited the fort, listened to the band at the barracks, ridden in the morning, and rowed in the beautiful harbor in the afternoon. She made few acquaintances, and her Aunt Sarah could not understand her sudden quiet and her indifference to what had heretofore made up so much of her existence.

One morning she was sitting alone on the piazza. She seemed unconscious of the people about her, and was looking dreamily toward the city gates, which stood as tranquilly as if they had forgotten the tramp of soldiers' feet, the clash of arms, the smoke of cannon, and the men who fell in battle.

The soft wind from the sea was only a caress, and the air was full of sunshine and sweetness. It must have been such a morning as this when Ponce de Leon, so long ago, sailed into the harbor. Little wonder, it was near these shores that he sought the fountain whose waters should make youth immortal. Little wonder, that after him should come those other brave Span-

iards in search of the far-famed treasure dreamed of in the old world.

Ah, the pain, the ambition, the disappointment of it all!

Lesley looked seaward, to the low spreading expanse of blue, its waters flashing and glittering like jewels in a casket—yet it was as calm as if the prow of a ship had never ruffled its surface.

It may have been of this, or it may have been only of a nineteenth century knight, that Lesley was thinking.

Two young men came sauntering toward her, who bowed and smiled, as if to say it would be most pleasant to join her, but her unresponsive greeting gave no encouragement.

"Rather a change from Newport last summer," said one when they were well out of hearing; "what has come over her?"

Neither did she seem to see Mr. Melvin as he came slowly that way, but started in a pretty, childish surprise when she heard him speak.

"This is a beautiful morning," he said, as she smiled brightly. "I wonder if you would like to go to the barracks, to the dress parade?" He continued, "You know you have spoken of inspecting the men."

She laughed lightly. "Oh, yes, thank you—I am ready now."

They made their way through the narrow sandy streets, by the white coquina walls gleaming in the sun, under balconies where here and there the scarlet blossoms of geraniums burned in bright spots against the cool green leaves.

"How suggestive of Spanish serenades and jealous love-making," said Mr. Melvin as he looked beyond at a dark-eyed girl who was leaning over a balcony talking, to her lover perhaps, who was standing below.

"But everything is so degenerate," replied Lesley a little impatiently, though her heart felt sore for the girl, whose face was so beautiful and whose gown was so dull, even if she did look just as adorable to her lover.

The girl glanced wistfully at Lesley's pretty costume, while the young man stepped gallantly aside to let her pass.

Lesley wished that Mr. Melvin would not smile down upon her with quite so superior an air. She was not a child, though he treated her like one. She wanted to tell him how she should

feel if she were deprived of all the luxuries, and the little ornaments, and the little illusive vanities that make a woman bewildering and charming; but she could not tell him that, nor how the foolish humiliation would creep into her heart if she were to lean over a balcony and talk with a Romeo whose coat was undeniably shabby, however handsome his face or courtly his manner.

If she were that girl she should regard these winter people as intruders, and would envy them their delicate gowns and jewels, and not feel quite content until her lover should wear a tennis suit, or one of those black evening coats with a beautiful expanse of white linen.

"I acknowledge it is shameful." Mr. Melvin still smiled in a way she did not understand; then they turned the corner, where the clean whitewashed buildings of the garrison spread out.

The guard was pacing up and down his beat. The soldiers were already drawn up in line for the drill. The band was playing a stirring march. The commanding officer stood in the field with his arms folded. The usual number of visitors were inside the gate, while beyond, near the sea-wall, the green was dotted by baby carriages, wheeled by nurses who had come in spotless caps and aprons to receive tender glances from under visored caps, and to send back love-looks as impassioned in return.

Brass buttons shone in the sunlight; bayonets flashed in Lesley's eyes.

"Do you see Major Perry standing so bravely there?" asked Mr. Melvin.

Lesley could not repress a smile.

"He could not be more intent if he were facing the enemy's lines instead of a few harmless people who are carrying only canes and parasols."

After a few commands of "Forward!" "Guide center!" "March!" the Adjutant approached the commanding officer, and the order "Halt!" was given. The music ceased.

"How soon it is all over," sighed Lesley.

The band was again playing, the ranks were closed, and the companies marched to headquarters.

Lesley leaned languidly against the picket fence.

"It seems as if one could stand here forever and there would be nothing but sunshine and soft air," she murmured.

"Do you suppose those Spanish nuns never looked out upon the sea-wall and watched the Spanish soldiers in their gay uniforms as they paced up and down?"

Mr. Melvin was thinking more about the way the breeze was playing with Lesley's curls than about Spanish nuns.

"Imagine the dreariness of lace-work and embroideries for amusement. How little they dreamed that soldiers' songs would fill the rooms where they were chanting and praying."

The sun was growing brighter and warmer, the air heavier with the perfume from rose-bushes and orange-trees. It was a relief to walk along the sea-wall and feel the breath of the ocean. They made their way to the old fort, and watched the throng of visitors come and go. They heard the Sergeant's tales of tragedy, and thought what grim stories the coquina blocks could tell of the unhappy men who were cast in dungeons or watched from the towers in the long nights.

But now the grass grows thick where Spanish blood was spilled, and the cannon lie half-buried in the barbican; the people walk gayly up and down the parapets, forgetting the past in the tranquil present, watching the sails and circling gulls.

Lesley and Mr. Melvin sat for a few moments by the eastern tower, then left the ramparts and came across the grass-grown moat to the San Marco. Here was modern life in which was no suggestion of frowning battlements so near.

"Ah, there is aunty! I am afraid she will think I have been gone a long time," said Lesley, lightly tripping up the steps. "I have had a delightful morning—thank you so much," she said in good-bye.

Mr. Melvin's glance, as well as his reply, indicated that the morning had been a most pleasant one to him.

Lesley sank down by her aunt's side. She took off her broad hat, leaned her head on her hand, and looked toward the fort.

She had forgotten shabby Romeos and languid Juliets. She had forgotten grim tales of injustice and Spanish tragedies. The soft, salt wind from the sea had blown away all such thoughts, and lulled all but sweet maiden fancies. . . .

IV.

It was the hour after dinner, and the wide piazzas were filled with promenaders. Lesley heard the waving of fans, the *frou frou* of rich draperies, the tread of masculine shoes keeping step with dainty feminine slippers, light laughter and snatches of conversation, while through the open windows sounded the preliminary tuning of violins, for the first dance of the season was to be that night.

"Why, Lesley, dear," sounded Miss Andrews' voice behind her, "are you alone?" Then, after hesitating a moment, she went bravely on. "I think that, as I introduced Mr. Melvin to you, it is only right that I should tell you—that—that—he is hardly the sort of man you have ever met before. His mother and I are very dear friends. He is like one of my own nephews—yet—it is hard to say it to you, dear child—but I think if you knew more of the world and his past, you would understand."

Lesley looked at Miss Andrews in wide-eyed wonder.

"You have probably seen Mrs. Patterson at Newport?" Miss Andrews questioned.

Lesley nodded assent.

"You know how handsome she is now—you can imagine how beautiful she was in her youth. Well, she and Melvin were engaged; it was during Mr. Melvin's college days, and when he went abroad to study, then she met Mr. Patterson. He was a good deal older than Jack, and a good deal richer—and she married him. This experience did not prove a very wholesome thing for Jack, and, though he does not care anything for Ellen Patterson, he does not regard other women as he should."

Lesley smiled softly at Miss Andrews, lifted a bunch of Cherokee roses to hide the color that was burning in her cheeks, and then buried her face in the white petals and gold hearts.

"You are so different from the other girls," went on Miss Andrews, hesitatingly; "you are so young and unspoiled, that, of course, Mr. Melvin is interested—but he is wonderfully fascinating, you know, and just as heartless—and you are so young," she repeated. "It is a rare thing for him to show anyone attention nowadays, but I

have seen him watching you as he would a sweet child; though, of course, you haven't noticed it."

Lesley's face was further buried in the roses, and Miss Andrews did not see the amused smile they hid.

"You'll forgive me, dear—I do not mean this as interfering—but you are so sweet and innocent, and Jack has lived abroad so much, and though any of these women here would give anything for his attention, yet they will watch you. You see I am a world-wise woman, and you are only a child, so you do not understand," faltered poor Miss Andrews, helplessly.

"Don't trouble your dear heart about either of us," said Lesley with her light laugh. "Mr. Melvin will never fall in love with such a simple creature, and I don't think I shall swell the list of his victims, in spite of his irresistible fascinations," and her eyes were very clear and serious.

Miss Andrews sighed in relief; then, woman fashion, said:

"There, dear, now forget all I have told you, and never think of it again. If Jack could have only known more girls like you!"

The band began to play a German *Liebesträume* that Lesley used to hear in Berlin in the Park, and she shivered at some memories which came rushing over her.

She wondered whether Miss Andrews would tap her cheek and call her a "child," if she knew that Count von Steinert had followed her over Europe and that Lord Parkhurst had made love to her; that, years ago, in boarding-school days, she and Paul Gerry took it into their foolish heads that they were dying of love for each other. That was five years ago. She was only seventeen then; she was twenty-two now, but no one thought it. Paul was so handsome in his West Point uniform, and she was so young then. All the girls at school were quite wild over him, but he had eyes for no one but her. That was so long ago, and she saw him in Berlin last year, when the band was playing this very *Liebesträume*. That was the first time she had seen him since that night she stole out Madame Jackson's parlor window to meet him. Everything would have been so different if Miss Robbins, the teacher of astronomy, had not been eternally star-gazing. It was evident

that her eyes were not uplifted that midnight, for it was a short story after that. Poor Paul drove away alone, while she stood, proudly defiant, listening to Madame Jackson's scathing rebukes.

The papers were robbed of the news of an elopement, and the reputation of Madame Jackson's school was saved.

Lesley used to wonder how Paul got over it. She used to cry a good deal, it was so dull in the convent, and he was such a dear boy, and had such handsome eyes.

The strains of the violin floated out on the night air. She loved to dance. The music, the crowd, the scent of the flowers, the flare of the lights always

"Oh, Mr. Melvin! *you* are coming in to our little dance, are you not?" said Mrs. Hammond. "Men are *so* needed!" she added, as if to appeal to his chivalric sense of honor. But he did not ask her for a dance. His coat of mail was heavy, and such little shafts went glancing away without leaving a dent on the steely surface.

"I used to like to caper about a little in my younger days," he said jestingly to Lesley. "I dare say I am a pretty poor partner now, but shall we take a turn?"

They floated down the hall together. Before Lesley quite knew it, he had guided her out the side door to the piazza.



W. H. Johnson

"WHO IS SHE?" ASKED MRS. VAN WHEELOCK. (p. 162.)

set her pulse bounding. She turned to go in the ball-room with Miss Andrews when Mr. Melvin joined them.

The spacious dining hall had been cleared for dancing, and when they entered a half dozen couples were circling around in the dreamy waltz. Matrons were sitting around in uncomfortable chairs, looking as if they enjoyed doing duty by their fair young charges, while they, in return, did their best to keep up a brilliant conversation, trying to look neither conscious nor expectant if one of the few young men turned his footsteps in their direction.

It was abominably selfish in so many men to stay outside.

The air was warm and clear, and it was vastly pleasanter to walk up and down there than in the heat and glare inside. Lesley talked but little, and listened with gentle naïveté; yet she was full of pretty enthusiasm, not at all at variance with her sometimes serious, sympathetic smile. They walked up and down, keeping time to the music, until Mr. Hopkinton, impatient for his turn, went up to her to beg for a dance. So she again went in, and they were soon gliding in a waltz over the smooth floor.

That night, when Lesley went to her room, she stood idly by the window before turning up the gas. She heard

footsteps on the gravel below, and, peeping through the blinds, saw only a half-burnt cigar, which had just been thrown away, glowing in the dark. The fragrant odor came floating up to her. A man was standing in the shadow of the palm-tree, but she did not see him, neither did he see the beautiful face behind the shielding blinds.

Lesley turned slowly away, absently beginning to take off her finery. Some way there was a gentler feeling in her heart as she thought of a certain smile which was no longer mocking. She felt there were fewer feminine wrongs to be avenged—yet a deserved lesson never hurt any man.

"But you are such a child!" echoed Miss Andrews' voice in her ears; and as she glanced in the mirror she smiled to see how childlike was the expression of her eyes, in spite of the merry way the long brown lashes curled. Her skin was as fair and her cheeks as full of color as if the sunlight and fresh air from green fields only had touched them. Her hair grew a little unevenly and waved back from her temples in a way that also emphasized her unsuspectingness of the world.

V.

Spring was come! It was there in the leaves and shadows, in the gardens where rose-bushes hung heavy with buds and blossoms, in sunny nooks flaming with flowers, in the moist earth and the languid south wind. The gray rocks of the old walls were covered with clusters of green vines. The orange-trees were white with their bridal flowers, whose waxen petals were scattered abroad with lavish prodigality by every breeze. The air was exuberant with the flush of life and bloom which would droop and wither in the burning sun of the coming summer.

The dust on the Shell Road had been laid by a night shower, and the sweetest of south winds was blowing over miles of blossoming country, and the morning was full of fragrance.

It was a larger party than usual for which the horses were saddled. Lesley was standing on the hotel steps dressed for the ride.

Mr. Melvin made his way to her side. There was something about her that recalled the simplicity of a modest

flower, which brought from deep recesses the genuine feelings of his younger days, before he found women's disguises so cleverly delusive.

They rode off together. After that it was the exception when he was not at Lesley's side. At first it came about so gradually that to even the vigilant Mrs. Hammond it seemed excusably natural. It was not long, however, before it appeared quite evident to the interested lookers-on that "*that* Miss Lawrence was *trying* to capture Jack Melvin—but they fancied he was experienced enough for her."

A troubled look came in sweet Miss Andrews' gentle eyes, but Lesley seemed so guileless and so unconscious of any wrong, that she said only to herself:

"Her eyes are like Psyche's before she saw Eros—but the burning oil dropped on his shoulder; he awoke, and flew away!" as she sighed, and slowly caressed Lesley's hand.

It was already April, and in a week or two they would have to start homeward. So many people had gone northward that Lesley felt there would be few friends left at the San Marco. The gay season was nearing its close. Even though there were many people still left, one missed the rush of the throng.

"There must be *some* one eligible still here, or Mrs. Hammond would have spread her wings and flown away ere this," mused Lesley, as she alighted from the carriage on returning from a three-weeks' excursion and saw the handsome widow. "I wonder if it is Mr. Melvin for whom she lingers?"

As if in answer to her question, he appeared in the doorway.

"Miss Lawrence! what a surprise! Have you just returned—did you drop down from the skies?" he hurriedly exclaimed.

"Ah, no!" she smiled; "I came up, rather, from the lower regions—a very warm place, I assure you."

Mr. Melvin was aroused. "I am so glad to see you here again!" he said.

"And I am unfeignedly thankful to be here," she said, looking at him with a direct, yet gentle, modest glance that was apparently free from coquetry.

His eyes kindled a little beneath her steady gaze.

"Did you have such a wretched journey?" he softly queried, with one of his rare smiles.

"Perfectly wretched," she solemnly affirmed. "Aunt Sarah is a monster, and grew so strong while here that she was encouraged to go to the ends of the earth"—an amused, enlightened expression came into Mr. Melvin's face—"but she is passive enough now. She is quite worn out, and will rest here a week before we go to Fortress Monroe."

"A week," he echoed; then said, carelessly, "How near the season is over. We shall all be on the wing soon."

"Tell me about St. Augustine," she said.

"Since you have been gone?" and he looked away from her. "Really, I have been away myself, and have just got back."

Lesley could see a flush spread over his face, and her own heart beat more quickly.

Aunt Sarah had been released from Mrs. Hammond, so they went in together.

That last week went by more quickly than any of its predecessors. The last afternoon had come. Lesley was as restless as the clouds, but she did not stop to question herself now. Her face, with its pretty dimples and clear, starry eyes, was sunny and bright, but at times there was something besides laughter and joyousness in it—a troubled look that seemed to be taking deep root.

Mr. Melvin had been just as kindly attentive as ever, yet she began to think it was as Mrs. Hammond had sweetly said in her presence weeks ago: "Jack Melvin's attentions never meant anything"—not that she had expected them to mean anything—but it could not be that he was deceiving her.

The past weeks swept over her. It had been such fun at first—so different from all her other flirtations—only at the end of all the previous it was the man who was in earnest and she was left as whole-hearted as ever. Could it be that he had suspected and was giving her a deserved lesson? That would be so dishonorable in a man, and her cheeks flushed at the thought. She had never pretended to be sincere before, and every one knew it—that is, every one thought it was not himself, but the others, with whom she was flirting. Was her face such a truthful-looking one, after all? It must be so! And she had played simple sincerity so long that it

had begun to be reality to her, and no longer a mockery.

Yet what had Mr. Melvin done? Nothing but gracefully flutter around the candle she had lighted for him—only he had done it too skillfully. She had not intended to really *burn* his wings, but they were not even singed.

He was so knightly looking—so genuinely indifferent to women and apathetic—what wonder that a certain glory would attach itself to conquest!

She wondered if Paul Gerry had really felt as broken-hearted as he seemed when his father sent him back to West Point—but men's hearts heal so quickly, and their memories are so short. And Count von Steinert, did he ever think of her now? And poor Mr. Hopkinton—she began to feel real sorry; and Lord Parkhurst—to be sure he did not look as sad at Homburg as the Count, but an evil look came into his face that made her shudder.

And Mr. Melvin! There had been times when a softer light came into his eyes; then she had thought—but she did not dare finish the sentence in her own mind.

They were going to take their last walk that afternoon. For the last time, perhaps, they would make their way to Fort Marion and sit in the shadow of the eastern tower. How like an Arcadian idyl the happy spring had passed, but now the end had come. It was cruel. But would he not whisper some loving word in at least good-bye?

As they sat together where they had passed so many hours, Mr. Melvin looked down at Lesley. From the brown curls on her brow, with the sunlight touching them, to the wistful little smile that hovered over the curved, half-drooping lips, there was so much of sweetness, and gentleness, that Mr. Melvin felt, as he never had before, the majesty, yet helplessness, of young womanhood.

He watched the lace on her bosom rise and fall with every breath, the rose flush on her soft cheek deepen and pale, and saw a look of sadness in her eyes. He listened to the sweet note in her voice.

Some English people passed them.

"Some of our cousins from over the sea," he said. "I fancy they are on their way home from California, such so often come this way. I had a letter from a German friend of mine, who has

been traveling through the West with Lord Parkhurst——”

Lesley started involuntarily.

“But they will not be here until the last of the week, though they are liable to come any time,” she heard him say.

Lesley drew a sigh of relief. When would Lord Parkhurst and Count von Steinert stop crossing her path? It was fortunate that she was going in the morning and would not see them.

“They have been out on the prairies visiting one of my cousins in the army, stationed at Fort S——” Why, that is the fort where Paul was stationed, thought Lesley. “I have always thought I would like to go there,” he added.

“It must be dreary to be there all of the time,” said Lesley, thinking how near she had come to being an officer’s wife.

“My cousin, Paul Gerry—Lieutenant Gerry”—this time Lesley started very perceptibly—“is always writing for me to come to see him——”

Mr. Melvin looked at Lesley inquiringly while she composedly explained, “I used to know a Paul Gerry, but that was when I was quite a child.”

“He is a fine fellow. Poor boy got entangled in some sort of an unfortunate love affair with a mere boarding-school girl——”

The color burned in Lesley’s cheeks in spite of herself, but Mr. Melvin was looking out at sea.

“Strange what harm even a girl can do a man,” Mr. Melvin was saying. “Paul was such a genuine, warm-hearted fellow. Only last fall he said to me he could not believe her heartless, ‘she had such truthful eyes.’ I never knew her name. Paul was very loyal—I beg your pardon, I am afraid I should not have spoken of this—I need not ask your confidence?”

Lesley nodded gravely.

“I thought he would never get over it, but I fancy it is all right now,” he added cheerfully, “for I think he is about to be formally betrothed to Count von Steinert’s sister.”

Paul! Paul Gerry! Mr. Melvin’s cousin! Paul betrothed to Count von Steinert’s sister! Lesley was strangely moved. All the warm color had gone out of her face.

“Yes; he wrote me he was about cured of his first love affair,” she heard Mr. Melvin saying. “This Lord Park-

hurst had some kind of an affair with her abroad—at least I judged so from Paul’s letter—and Lord Parkhurst is not the kind of man I should wish a sister or sweetheart of mine to have much to do with.”

Lesley could sit quiet no longer.

“I must look at the harbor a moment,” she said as she rose; “it is my last time this year, you know.”

It was not a part of the preconceived plan that made her voice waver a little.

Mr. Melvin rose, too, and looked straight into her eyes.

“Are you sorry?” he asked.

Lesley’s heart beat so strangely that she felt suffocated. She knew by the tone, the glance, that the longed-for time had come—and yet she was unable to say a word. She longed to run away. Like a shy, simple schoolgirl, she felt half afraid to listen to the words that would be the sweetest thing in the world to her. Before this, she had never minded a man’s making love to her. It was such an easy thing to look surprised and say a *no* that grew bigger and colder in the pause that followed.

This time it was different. Yet was it not a part of her original design?

She turned her head a little nervously, and laughed lightly, saying, “Oh, yes, of course, but it is so lovely at the Hygeia!”

That last genuine acting undid all the other masquerading. In a moment Mr. Melvin was himself again, and another look came so quickly in place of the tender one that Lesley almost doubted that it had been. It was not the old half-whimsical cynical expression; it was grave and sad. He simply thought she did not care, that was all. He did not think for a moment she had been cleverly assuming a part to deceive him.

The afternoon had gone. Lesley started to see how long the slanting shadows had grown. The matchless blue of the sky had deepened to a purple and gold, while around the setting sun was a splendor of saffron tints.

Mr. Melvin saw tears in Lesley’s eyes when they turned to leave the tower, but, man fashion, did not guess the cause. They talked but little. Lesley kept saying to herself, “To-night is left! To-night is left! I cannot go without a word.” She was young, and hope was as sweet and illusive as ever.

(END OF PART I.)



THE YARN OF THE YAMPA.

PART IV. ST. PETERSBURG AND MOSCOW.

BY E. L. H. MCGINNIS.

THE eight-mile tow up through the dikes to St. Petersburg was one of constantly growing interest, and the moujik, in their red calico shirts (the tails of which were left outside), with trousers tucked in high boots, and great shocks of coarse hair on their hatless heads, stopped work long enough to gaze in open-mouthed wonder. Immense canal-boats, laden with lumber, were passed, and finally a bend in the river brought us within sight of the outskirts of the Northern Capital.

At this point an incident occurred that we can never forget. We were just about to pass the Navy Yard when along came a great war vessel going down the river. As they were abreast of us, the band, which was stationed on the after deck, broke into the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner," while the blue and white ensign slowly dipped, and every man of the officers and crew, lined up along the rail, uncovered as if by clock-work! None of us had ever before heard of a *war vessel* saluting a *yacht*, and the compliment was so great that we all rushed for the side and cheered them again and again, in acknowledgment of the greatest honor they could possibly show to us. Not a word was spoken, but, realizing at that moment that we were certainly "a long distance from the Bowery," and being welcomed in such a manner, I felt a great lump in my throat; and through the mist in my

eyes I noticed that I was not alone in the thought of home, so many thousand miles away.

I wish my pen could convey better to you how we were touched; it was one of the little occurrences that make life happier, and if you, my friend, could have stood with us on deck at that moment, you would better understand the feelings of welcome than is possible from my poor description.

Shortly after, we rounded another bend and St. Petersburg lay before us. In the stream, moored to buoys just below the great stone Nicholas Bridge, was an immense white steam yacht, and over the rail floated the American flag, while her size and rig showed her to be the *Valiant*. In a few minutes we were moored just astern of her, and close enough to speak to those on her deck. Was it not strange that here together should be seen the largest steam and the largest sailing yachts of America, at this distance from home? Truly, the Russians may have believed that huge yachts were plentiful with us.

When we went ashore we met a prize in the shape of Karl Schmitz, courier of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, whom we at once engaged to pilot us around. Under his paternal fin we were steered to droskies (carriages), and, on jumping in, were driven to a regular standing-place of them. Here we all piled out, and at a call from Schmitz the drivers gathered around him. On being told

we wished to be driven around the city, and later to the Aquarium, they proceeded to bid against each other for the work, the lowest bidder finally being employed. This is the custom here, as no tariff regulates the charges.

While they were thus engaged in noisy altercation I had time to make a thorough inspection of our equipage that had nearly jolted the breath from our poor bodies *en route*, and saw that we had been transported in a low, four-wheeled vehicle that must have been built when Adam was very young. It was a trifle (mind, a *trifle*) like a miniature victoria, without top, too large for one and too small for two.

The wheels seemed to be of four different sizes, and, if it once had springs, they must have forgotten how to spring. An arrangement that answered for a box seat was in front, and on it perched the *isvoschik* (driver), who was as interesting a freak as we have yet seen, though he was but one of the type. He was of rather short build and very fat, and was clothed from head to foot in a sort of bathrobe affair of dark blue cloth (*kaftan*), buttoned diagonally across his body from right shoulder to his huge waist, which was bound around by a most gorgeous scarf of flaming red and yellow, that is, it once *had been*, but was now so utterly filthy and dirty that it and his gown were gradually growing to be of the same tint. His hat was dirtier yet, and looked like a very low, old-fashioned "beaver," but brushed the wrong way (if it ever *had* been brushed, which I doubt), and as if he had sat down on it in its infancy, centuries ago. From beneath its greasy brim peeped a face that was absolutely devoid of intelligence. I believe an idea would have been flattened out ere it could have penetrated his thick skull. The profile view of this shock-headed fairy was even more startling.

On the driver's box are no cushions. Instead, he has fastened beneath his gown a large pillow, to ease the jolts as he flies along over the rutty pavements, but as the pillow often goes on its travels, it may be seen between his shoulder-blades as often as where it should be. When he drives he winds his knitted reins around his arms, and stretches both hands as far out in front of his body as he can possibly reach.

His horse (save the mark!) was not unlike a half-starved Newfoundland dog, rough and shaggy, and looked as if it certainly would fall over dead from exhaustion unless strongly propped up at each corner of its emaciated carcass. It is surprising, however, how these uncouth Cossack ponies will fly over the ground when urged by the little knout (whip) which dangles from their master's wrist. The harness seemed to be made of leather thongs rather than straps, and there were no blinders on the bridle.

Here in Russia no traces are used, the harness being fastened to the shafts of the vehicle; and it is the office of the wooden arch (*dooga*) over the horse's neck to keep these shafts from sticking in him as he draws a heavy load.

The horses of the celebrated Orloff strain, however, driven only by the rich, are magnificent animals, originally descended from Arabian stock, and make a fine show as they are driven three abreast, the two outer ones galloping and with heads turned outward, while the middle one trots. They go like the wind, and the clatter of their hoofs gives early warning of their approach.

Our drive was most interesting and instructive, for Schmitz was fortunate enough to find a very decent landau and two horses that seemed able to hold together. We were driven to the different adjacent islands of the city, crossing on wooden bridges, which are taken down in winter and laid *on* the ice-covered Neva, rather than *over* it. The prettiest of these islands was the *Kammenoi Ostroff*.

We went ashore again next morning after breakfast, finding Schmitz awaiting us at the boat-landing with our landau, which he had engaged for our entire stay. We were driven to the Ambassador's, and while Richie was there we had time to notice the countless uniforms which are so universally worn here by the men. Many wore large, heavy overcoats and astrakhan caps in spite of the great heat, while we were uncomfortably warm in the thinnest of clothing. We even saw some of the peasants wearing their heavy fur coats (*shubas*); while all in uniforms, as well as the *moujiks*, wore trousers tucked in their long boots, which were made of veritable Russian leather with the well-

known odor. After finishing our business at the Ambassador's and Consul's we were driven down the famous Nevski Prospekt, the great boulevard of the city, to the Imperial Hermitage (Imperatorsky Ermitage), the huge museum founded by Catherine II., and next to the Winter Palace, and reveled in the magnificent collection of paintings, statuary and curios.

The priceless vases of jasper, malachite and lapis lazuli surpassed anything of the kind we had ever seen. We were also admitted to the gallery of Peter the Great, which is really in the Winter Palace but is connected to the Hermitage. In it are kept the various relics of the city's founder, including his tools and lathe as well as many specimens of his handiwork.

Various presents to him are also kept here, and one vase, a foot high, is simply a single topaz with a slight concavity at the top. So much of grandeur and fabulous wealth are to be seen here, that we were well tired out and ready for lunch as we passed out.

We drove to the typical Russian restaurant of Palkin, on the Nevski Prospekt, and refreshed the inner man with a bountiful repast. Here we first saw the Russian gourmand's beloved sterlet, swimming in a large marble tank, from which the customer catches his own choice in a hand-net kept for the purpose.

When thoroughly refreshed, we were driven to the Cathedral of St. Isaac of Dalmatia (Isaakievsky Sobor), the enormous golden dome of which is the most prominent landmark of the city. The present edifice is the third built on this foundation, a very unstable one, by the way, and great numbers of piles were driven into the soil in aid.

It was well covered on one side by scaffolding where repairs were being made, and it is said to be never free from the sound of the workmen's pounding, so fast does it settle. It is built of massive blocks of marble and granite, and the doors of bronze are said to be the largest in the world, and are exquisitely beautiful. Impressive as is the entrance with its enormous columns, it is nothing compared with the interior.

There we saw columns of mammoth size of the superb green malachite and blue lapis lazuli, supporting the

roof. The wealth of precious stones on the ikons took our breath away.

Were I asked what was the most distinctively Russian feature seen by us while in the country, I should unhesitatingly say the ikons. They are pictorial representations of the Saviour, Virgin, or some saint, with face and hands painted, and with figure and background of yellow, and often of purest gold. They vary in size from a tiny one in some humble moujik's hut to those of heroic proportions in the churches.

Even the exteriors of buildings are decorated with them, and so prevalent are they that in every shop, telegraph and post-office, one's hat is always removed as a mark of respect to the ikon, which is sure to be seen if looked for. Those in the churches and little sanctuaries, opening directly off the sidewalks, contain the rarest of jewels in profusion; and those here in St. Isaac's were covered with solid and purest of beaten gold so thickly encrusted with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, turquoises, and every precious stone known, that their values can hardly be computed. And not *one*, but *many* of these were seen in every large church or cathedral we visited. Each one is encased in a magnificent frame of gold, and covered by a large plate glass, which is devoutly kissed by the faithful worshiper as he rises from where he has prostrated himself in front of it, while offering his prayers. It matters not whether the owner's mode of life be good or bad from a worldly standpoint, there, on his wall, is always to be seen his or her ikon, and you may be sure that the small one found in the moujik's hut is the very finest that its owner can possibly afford.

Some of these are said to be capable of working miracles, and so great are their powers believed to be that on special occasions they are removed from their resting-places and taken to the bedside of the sick and suffering, or to bring good luck to a new house just about to be occupied. They are then always moved in the care of some person in charge, with much ceremony.

Those that hang permanently in houses have lamps filled with consecrated oil burning in front of them on feasts and holidays; and many times daily do all stop and cross themselves in front of them, while it is always done

before a single mouthful of food is taken at meals.

It is said that one known as the Vladimir Madonna saved Moscow from the Tartars once, and another, the Iberian Madonna, is believed to have been the cause of Napoleon's failure to capture Moscow. But I have already said enough to convey to you the reverence in which these ikons are held.

From the beauties of St. Isaac's we were driven to those of the Cathedral of Kazan (Kazansky Sobor). Here we were again dazzled by the splendor and magnificence. The most interesting things seen there were the ikonostase and its wonder-working ikon of the Virgin of Kazan, and the solid silver balustrade, both the gifts of the Don Cossacks at the close of Napoleon's campaign. Ivan the Terrible had the ikon transferred to Moscow after Kazan was captured, and from there Peter the Great had it brought to St. Petersburg. Another feature of interest here were the captured Turkish, Persian and Polish battle-flags hung on the walls.

To me, the greatest pleasure of the day was yet to come. We had eagerly been looking forward to hearing the singing of the monks at vesper-service at the monastery of Alexander Nevsky (Alexandro-Nevskaia Troitskaia Lavra) and were next driven there. It is built on the site of an ancient battle-field, where the Grand Duke Alexander won a great victory over the Swedes and Teutons, and was canonized, becoming Russia's patron saint. It consists of the Metropolitan's house, an academy, a seminary, seven churches, and a cemetery in which are buried many of Russia's celebrated dead. The whole is inclosed by a high wall.

On arriving at the entrance to one of the churches, Schmitz learned that there

was to be no service that day, at least that we could attend, as it was a religious holiday. We were naturally much disappointed, but improved the opportunity to study the appearance of the monks. They never cut their hair or beards, their idea being to resemble the Saviour in looks as much as possible; and clad in their long, black gowns (those whom we saw were young or middle-aged), there was a marked resemblance to His features as we are familiar with them. We were shown the ikons, altars and tombs, by one of the monks, and from the cool recesses of the church we passed out into the cemetery, strolling around the graves of Russia's illustrious dead.



TYPICAL IKONS.

Coming to a little building around one, that was filled with flowers, wreaths and faded floral designs, we learned that we were inspecting the grave of that great genius whose music has thrilled the whole world with its glorious harmonies, and whose sweet, simple melodies have touched the hearts of myriads of hearers, containing, as they do, that vein of sadness so often to be found in the

music of any northern people, though not, perhaps, so well known as that of the great master, Anton Rubinstein.

I had paused by it for a moment, musing on his Melody in F, as its sweet strains were running through my mind, when I was aroused by notes so sad, so plaintive and yet so grand, first faint in the distance and then gradually growing louder and louder, as if the gates of heaven had been opened and God's angels were singing in voices so glorious and well-blended that it seemed the tones must come from an organ, only far sweeter, richer and fuller than any instrument fashioned by man's hand.

Turning quickly to where these heavenly strains came from, we saw a



ST. BASILE, MOSCOW.

funeral procession approaching, the casket on a low, uncovered conveyance, with mourners marching behind, and in front were the monks, chanting a dirge of inexpressive sadness and sweetness, with the wild, weird harmonies so char-

acteristic of the Russian music. The solemnity, the pathos of that singing, and the effect as we stood uncovered near Rubinstein's grave, I can never forget, and my only regret is that I cannot convey its exquisite beauty in words.



THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.

Meanwhile the evening was approaching, and reluctantly we were driven away, through the gates and into the busy streets of the city again, out to the Kammenoi Ostrov (Kammenoi Island), where, in the long twilight, we sat at a little table on the bank of the Neva, at Cubat's, and dined delightfully, while music of the gypsies, singing their native songs to the Grand Duke Alexis and some friends who were dining within, came through the open windows to us on the terrace.

The delicious Russian cigarettes having been lit, we sat there watching the steam launches, while we mused over what we had seen during the day. But if the heat is tropical with a vengeance during the day, the cool of the evening comes suddenly, and prudence demanded that we seek the carriage, where our overcoats were. As we drove back to the landing, those sublime and majestic strains of the Alexander Nevski floated through my brain, until my reverie was broken by the shrill call to the yacht for the gig, and ere long we were aboard and turned in, four very tired and sleepy chaps.

The heat during the night was very oppressive, and it must have been awful on shore. The sun next morning promised another "scorcher," and we sat around on deck under the awning until Schmitz was seen waving to us on the boat-landing. As we stepped ashore, he told us that he had secured permission for us to visit the Winter Palace (Zimny Doretz). This was good news indeed, for we hoped to see it, but permission is not easily obtained; so we started to drive there, in great expectations of a treat, which were realized beyond all description.

The enormous building stands overlooking the Neva, and is 450 feet long by 350 feet wide. So huge is it that a story is told to the effect that, on being renovated at the time of the last coronation, twelve families were found residing in its minor rooms, unknown to the authorities, and one of these had kept on the roof a *cow* for many months. There is, I believe, pretty good foundation for the story.

We were shown a number of superb halls, that of the Knights of St. George, Nicholas Hall, the Golden Hall, and the White Hall, being the most celebrated. Of these, by far the finest is the

Nicholas Hall, where the court balls are held. It is of grand proportions, and the decorations are entirely of white and crystal. The enormous candelabra are made of rock-crystal, and are on very high pedestals of the same, covered with most exquisite etching; any one of them must be worth a king's ransom.

When a ball is given, the Tzar and Tzaritza, with court, are on a raised dais until nearly time for the supper. All leave the room for the promenades, and at once the place is transformed by an army of attendants. A colossal rug, made in imitation of grass, is brought in and spread over the floor, while paths of canvas are laid across it. Enormous growing palms and rare plants are brought from the conservatories and green-houses, and under these the small tables are set, after which myriads of singing-birds are liberated and fly through the foliage, blending their notes with those of the orchestras, while the guests are having refreshments.

At one end of this magnificent room is a hallway opening onto the Grand Staircase, a structure so beautiful in proportions and decorations of purest white marble and onyx, that one can compare it with nothing save that of the Grand Opéra in Paris.

After feasting our eyes on these points of interest, we were conducted to the Palace Church, where the ikons seemed even more magnificent than any yet seen by us. We were also shown one, said to have been painted by St. Luke, a hand of St. John the Baptist, and the hand and arm of Mary Magdalen, as well as a nail from the true Cross, among relics.

In the treasury are kept the crown jewels, the size and magnificence of which I will not attempt to describe, so far beyond the power of words are they.

We were next shown many of the living apartments, including those of Nicholas I. and Alexander II., where everything they contained when occupied by those monarchs is left intact. In the rooms of the latter we saw the blood-stained couch on which he was laid, after the fatal bomb had done its fiendish work. Even the three little silver coins found in his pocket at the time are laid on his desk, and the half-

smoked cigarette used by him as he lay dying is preserved in a glass tube by the side of the coins. Those of his papers which it was possible to leave on his desk are as he placed them.

One most interesting thing I had nearly forgotten to mention. According to an ancient Russian custom, when a Tzar is crowned, every city, town or village sends a representative bearing a large plate of gold, on which are served bread and salt as a token of loyalty and fealty. These plates are of the most exquisite workmanship and are often embellished with rare jewels and the beautiful Russian enamel-work. The Tzar accepts them in person from their bearers. These plates are all most carefully preserved and hung on the walls of the several palaces, and so numerous have they become that the erection of a special museum for their reception is said to be under contemplation.

Happening to glance out of a window in passing, we were just in time to see the change of the guard, accompanied by the music of a large military band, all being clad in their striking Cossack uniforms.

Along the walls of this gallery were hung beautiful paintings representing scenes of the last Russo-Turkish war. From there we were shown the rooms being prepared for the occupancy of Emperor William and those intended for President Faure.

Having finished our visit to the Winter Palace, we were driven to see the Imperial and State carriages, harness, etc., including the carriage of Alexander II., with its back and bottom blown out by the explosion. Here also are the traveling sledges (troikas) formerly used by Peter the Great, and the State carriages of Catherine II., the sides of which are decorated by paintings of herself and the ladies of her court in a rather startling state of nudity. The equipages used in the last coronation ceremonies were most interesting.

Being pretty tired by this time, we returned on board the yacht for lunch and a rest. At three o'clock we returned to the landing and were driven to the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, beneath the walls of which are the dungeons used to confine the political prisoners before they are sent to Siberia.

Here, too, are the tombs of the Russian monarchs, all exactly alike in plain,

simple, but massive rich black marble with gold lettering; and on each, in a little lamp representing the imperial crown and filled with consecrated oil, there burned a flame which is never allowed to die out. These tombs are in the Cathedral. The memorials sent by different nations and rulers at the time of the death of Alexander III. are also shown.

Here, too, we were allowed to see the boat said to have been built, equipped and sailed by Peter the Great, and called the "father of the Russian navy."

On our way out of the grounds it was explained to us that, in case of an uprising of the prisoners in the dungeons, the river-gates could be thrown open and its waters allowed to rush through, inundating the entire series of cells and drowning their occupants like rats in a trap.

Then we were driven to see the little wooden house of Peter the Great, built by his own hands; and in one corner we found the faithful on their knees in prayer before the ikons, while outside stood the holy water and lists of those who had been sprinkled with it.

It was evening when we started for Moscow. We had no trouble in finding a good, roomy compartment, prepared specially for our occupation, and shortly after nine we started on our thirteen-hour ride from the northern capital to Moscow, the "Cradle of the Tzars."

Previous to leaving St. Petersburg, Schmitzhad recommended a courier here in Moscow, named Bechmann, and had telegraphed, engaging his services. As we alighted from the train in the morning, there he was, waiting patiently. That was the only time during our stay that we saw him in repose. One of us braced up courage enough to inquire if he was Bechmann, at which he came to life and soon had us and our luggage in a small omnibus.

There was more "sass" in that little spitfire than in any other man I ever saw. When he wasn't snarling at a stupid isvoschik through clenched teeth, he was whacking him over the back and shoulders with his large, fat, cotton umbrella. He certainly was a character.

We were driven to the Slaviansky Bazar (hotel), and under Bechmann's pilotage begun our survey of the wonders of Moscow, the modern Nineveh.



LEO E. WARE,
Champion of Canada.



DWIGHT F. DAVIS,
Runner-up at Newport.



MALCOLM D. WHITMAN,
Champion of the U. S.



WILLIAM S. BOND,
The Western Expert.

LAWN TENNIS LAURELS FOR 1898.

A REVIEW OF THE SEASON.

BY J. PARMLY PARET.

THE Lawn Tennis season of 1898 was one of surprises and uncertainty. In the absence of Larned and Wrenn, who were "otherwise engaged" in the Cuban campaign, the second-class experts were supreme, and for the first time were free from the overshadowing presence of superior skill.

Whitman, Ware, Davis and Hackett—all college players, by the way—proved to be the men of the year, of whom Davis was the greatest find. His play at times was nearer to the first-class form shown by Larned and Wrenn than by any other American player on the courts to-day.

Like all other left-handed players, however, Davis is seldom steady in his play. He has the speed, length, accuracy and control; the variety of plays, combined with the head to know when to use them, and last, but not least, he has the ideal tennis temperament. His greatest need is experience, but he is young yet and that will come in time.

Hackett's success was less brilliant, but he is a player of directly opposite type, and one who can never expect as much success as Davis. He is a new-

comer in the field, and his play this season was remarkable for a "first year" man. Hackett was unfortunately handicapped this year by an injured wrist, and all his matches have been played with a rubber bandage on this member. This forced him to fall back on a short, choppy cut stroke, similar to that used by Terry, also of Yale.

This style of play diminishes the speed, and gains only in the ease with which it can be played, and the consequent steadiness of play. With better form he should climb high on the ladder of success.

Whitman and Ware are old rivals, and it is curious how closely they have grown up together in tennis. They come from the same place, belong to the same club, and are in the same class at Harvard; they first came out in the same tournament—the Harvard inter-scholastic championship of 1894—and, although personally the best of friends, are jealous rivals on the courts and almost invariably opposed to each other whenever they play in the same tournaments. This season they were considered the strongest candidates for the championship, and the earlier meetings

between them both resulted in favor of Ware. He beat Whitman in the Massachusetts State championship, and again for the Canadian championship, but one week after the latter match Whitman turned the tables on his conqueror at Longwood; while at Newport Ware met his Waterloo, for Whitman then beat him three straight sets, in which Ware got just four games.

Except for those two defeats, Whitman had an absolutely clean record of victories until the intercollegiate tournament, when he lost to Davis. His play was the most consistent of all the men in active competition, and he took the lion's share of the season's laurels, yet he must still be reckoned in the second class, and the only first-class play of the year be credited to Davis, for his Steven and Bond matches at Newport, and the Whitman match at New Haven.

Whitman lacks speed in all his play. He has an almost marvelous command of the ball, and his strokes are made with less effort than any other player's in the country, not even excepting Larned. But seemingly he cannot add speed to the accuracy and good length he has acquired. It is in this respect, and this only, that his play is inferior to that of Larned and Wrenn.

Ware's record for the season is not as consistent as that of Whitman. He began rather badly, losing to G. H. Miles at Orange, and later in the season to A. P. Hawes in a match that proved to be the most remarkable "upset" of the season. At Newport, Ware fairly took one's breath away at first as he marched through player after player of reputation. Fischer got only six games from him and Millett only four. In fact, when he met Whitman in the semi-finals, there were quite as many people who fancied him as the champion. But Ware fizzled badly in this match, and his sorry exhibition was even worse than that against Hawes the week before. Whitman did not have to play well to beat him, for Ware could not keep the balls in the court and out of the net. His ranking would have been rather doubtful if he had not redeemed himself, at the end of the season, by beating Davis three sets to one in the Intercollegiate tournament.

Ware is distinctly a "heady" player and he deserves wonderful credit for

his success, for he cannot be called a natural-born player, like Larned, Whitman and Millett, for instance. His success has been gained only by hard work. Two points in particular about his play recommend it to the expert. He does not "stroke" the ball when driving against an opponent who is not at the net, and thus saves many points which he might otherwise lose in the net or out of court. He also has a remarkable ability for "covering" his passing strokes so that even expert players cannot tell before the ball leaves his racket whether it is going to the right or the left.

Bond, the Western crack, is a one-sided player, very much like Carr Neel, his predecessor from Chicago. He volleys incessantly, and is very clever at killing overhead balls, once he gets safely to the net. But Bond's ground strokes are distinctly weak; he pushes the ball from the top of its bound, rather than hitting it, and this stroke is made in very bad form. His service helps him wonderfully, however, and he proved to be a very difficult man to beat, because he is so hard to pass. Curiously enough, Collins, the Western champion, seems to be his "hoodoo," for he almost invariably beats Bond, and this year won over him in straight sets when the



DAVIS AND WARD, OF HARVARD.



THE WHITMAN-BUDLONG MATCH.
(From the Casino Gallery.)

latter challenged him for the Western championship. But other Western players tell me that Bond is quite Collins's equal, if not his superior, and their comparative scores in other Western tournaments would seem to bear this out. Personally, I can express no opinion, for I have never seen Collins play.

Of the other players—Stevens, Budlong, Davidson, Paret and Williston—only Budlong and Davidson made any noticeable progress during the year. Both Stevens and Paret are just where they were last season, and Williston played only two or three matches, and those so inconsistent that he cannot be ranked at all. Davidson improved his play, particularly in his back-hand strokes, and on earth courts he proved a difficult man to dispose of. Even on grass at Newport this year, Davidson made a creditable showing, where he has generally spoiled the effect of his earlier successes on dirt.

Budlong's play was better than that he showed last season. Budlong might be called an old young player, for while still young in years he is old in experience, and four or five years ago was only a little behind the best men at the game. He went back badly, however, and most of those who follow the form of the players had about decided that he had joined the class of the "back numbers." But this season he bobbed up again and really distinguished himself. He played in only four tournaments, Longwood, Wentworth, Mag-

nia and Newport, but in the last two he did very good work. In fact, his match against Champion Whitman at Newport was the only close one the latter was forced to play during the tournament. Budlong led at two sets to one, and in the fifth set he forced the champion to 8—6 before he was beaten. At Magnolia, too, he won the singles over a strong field, including Davis, Ware, Fischer, Bond and other good men.

Fischer, George Wrenn and Millett were all disappointing in their play this year. All three went to Newport among the favorites for the championship, and all went down in straight sets to Whitman or Ware. Fischer did some good work earlier in the season, but neither of the others distinguished himself. Both times Fischer met Whitman he forced him to the full number of sets, once three and once five, to win. But he could make no impression on Ware, and he lost twice to Forbes, and once, in the West, to Everts Wrenn.

Among the thirty-six players classified there are only two, Hawes and Pier, who did not play at Newport. The championship tournament, I consider, is the real test of the year, and the ranking for the season should be largely based on its results. Of course, it is impossible and unjust to work from that data alone, and sometimes it is even necessary to reverse the results of that meeting on account of the weight of evidence from other matches. Take

the cases of Ward and Hackett, for instance. Ward beat Hackett at Newport three sets to one, and yet it is necessary to place Hackett above Ward, for his play in the other tournaments was distinctly better. Among others, Ward lost to both McKittrick and Carleton, both lower-class men; while Hackett's record is very consistent, and not only was he not beaten by anyone below him except Ward, but he won over many good second-class players and played close matches against others. His match against Davis in the Intercollegiate tournament, when he led up to 4—2 in the last set, only one day before Davis beat Champion Whitman, showed his real skill.

Such men as Hackett, Davidson and Paret are difficult to rank because of the difference in their form on different kinds of courts. Both Hackett and Davidson are at home on earth courts, and their play is sure to suffer at Newport on soft grass, while in my own case it is just the opposite way. Where such a man has played often enough in other tournaments to pretty well define his position, it is necessary to strike an average between his dirt-court play and his grass-court game for purposes of ranking, although I am strongly inclined to favor grass, because the championship and most of the other big tournaments are played on grass courts, and that is one of the natural conditions of the American game.

In Budlong's case it is slightly different. He played only one brilliant match at Newport, but those five sets against

Whitman were supported by his victory the week previous at Magnolia, when he beat Belden, Fischer and Davis on successive days, and that after Fischer had beaten Bond, and Davis had beaten the conqueror of Ware. In my own case there was only one strong match at Newport, and not enough evidence in previous or subsequent matches elsewhere (although they were all played on earth courts) to justify a higher ranking.

Several of the men ranked among the lower classes showed glimpses of form that might carry them much higher, but their play was not sustained. Hawes beat Ware, and played three close sets with both Davis and Paret, but he lost in straight sets to Wright, and his other matches were not up to his best form.

LAWN TENNIS RANKING FOR 1898.

1. M. D. Whitman, }	21. A. S. Pier,	
2. L. E. Ware, }	22. A. Codman,	
3. D. F. Davis, }	23. E. R. Marvin,	} 5-6 of 15.
4. W. S. Bond, }	24. R. Hooker,	
5. C. R. Budlong, }	Scr'tch. 25. R. McKittrick, }	
6. E. P. Fischer, }		
7. G. L. Wrenn, Jr., }		
8. R. Stevens, }	26. R. D. Little,	}
9. S. C. Millett, }	27. H. Cole,	
10. H. H. Hackett, }	28. J. F. Talmage, Jr., }	} 15-
11. G. H. Miles, }	29. W. J. Clothier,	
12. J. D. Forbes, }	30. E. T. Gross,	
13. G. K. Belden, }	31. G. W. Lee,	
14. H. Ward, }	32. H. L. Ewer,	
15. J. C. Davidson, }	33. W. K. Auchincloss, }	
16. J. P. Paret, }		
17. R. H. Carleton, }		
18. B. C. Wright, }	34. C. V. Whitbeck, }	} 15 and
19. A. F. Hawes, }	35. S. P. Ware,	
20. G. P. Sheldon, Jr., }	36. H. E. Avery, }	2-6.

The following players have been omitted from the list because they did not play at Newport, or often enough against other ranked men, to determine their skill: Kreigh Collins, Sumner Hardy, Samuel Hardy, Everts Wrenn, J. A. Allen and A. L. Williston.



AFTER THE FINAL MATCH AT NEWPORT.



A TRAGIC MOOSE-CALL.

BY ARTHUR A. SHUTE.

FOR months my friend Max and I had been looking forward to a moose-hunting trip in the New Brunswick woods.

After a period of most pleasant anticipation and a few days of hard, up-river poling in canoes, we had arrived at our hunting grounds on the banks of the Southwest Miramichi River. Although it was well along in the open season for moose and caribou, we had not had the good fortune to secure a shot at big game on our trip up river. One of our guides, Alec, who had been trying his hand and voice at the moose-horn, had failed to get a response, but the many tracks of moose and caribou that we saw along the sandy shores of the stream promised eventual success.

For two days we had camped near some excellent ground, and we were greatly surprised to find that an old Indian, named Sacobi, was in camp only a few hundred yards from us. He informed us that he had come down from the forks of the Miramichi, where he had been trapping.

The first day that we saw him he was lying in his camp, which was made of large sheets of bark resting against a cross-pole supported at either end by the bough of a small tree. He had not had very good success trapping, and he could show only a few muskrat skins. Feeling a sickness coming on him, he had started down river for the settlement, but when near the place we found

him, he became so weak that he decided to camp. When we went over to visit him, he turned around on his blanket, and said, "Me bery sick; first time me not able lift canoe; me soon die."

He certainly looked sick enough, and our Indian cook, Joe, said that Sacobi must be very low, as it was the first time that he had ever known him to give in, although he was almost seventy-five years of age, and had been in his younger days one of the hardest hunters and best moose-callers in Canada. We did our best to nurse the old fellow and get his strength back, so he could again start for the settlement, but he seemed to have become discouraged, and nothing we could do would arouse him from the stupor that seemed to have overcome him.

On the morning of the third day in camp Alec called us over to the old Indian's camp, and we found that he had become quite delirious and was talking away in his own language. Our Indian, Joe, said that Sacobi thought that he was again on the hunt, as in the days of his youth. We decided to leave Joe with the sick man while we poled up a deadwater that came out of Miramichi Lake, which place Alec said was a great resort for moose and caribou, as they came down to the water to feed on the plentiful lily pads.

After a day spent on the deadwater without success, at twilight we poled

back to our camping place, and found a good supper prepared for us by our cook, who told us that Sacobi had been very violent about noon, but was now lying apparently asleep, yet with his eyes wide open and glistening with the fever in his veins. In the evening Max and I were stretched on our couch of fir boughs, smoking and talking; Alec and Joe had just finished washing the dishes and were preparing a large fire for the night, when suddenly we heard a few hoarse shouts from Sacobi's camp. We caught up our rifles, and started with our men to see what the trouble was.

When we got close to Sacobi's bark shelter we saw him standing beside a white birch tree, and he was apparently cutting a large piece of bark from it. We thought this such a strange thing for a sick man to be doing that we sunk down in the bushes to watch him. Alec and Joe had also hidden a short distance from where we were, and we all gazed intently at Sacobi as he stripped a piece of birch bark about two feet square and deftly fashioned it into a horn, tying it with fine pieces of the bark. During the entire operation he was muttering and talking to himself.

It was growing very dark, and Max whispered to Alec to go back to our camp and get a small dark lantern, in case we should need a light. Sacobi had now a complete moose-horn, and we silently followed him as he stole up the bank of the stream, delirious as he was. Guided by the old hunter's unerring instinct, he sought the most favorable ground for calling the moose. On a point jutting out into the stream, overhung by alder bushes, with the light breeze blowing directly in his face, the old Indian took his stand. The stream at this spot was not over thirty yards wide, and the opposite shore was overgrown with low bushes, sloping back to the deep woods. A steep descent from the brow of the brush-covered meadow in front of the dark forest background would bring a moose in black outline against the starry sky.

Max and I had slowly and silently taken our station close to a large fallen pine tree. Alec had returned with the lantern and he and Joe crouched down a few yards from us, and all watched the spectacle before us. Sacobi, standing in the shadow of his well-chosen background, slowly raised the birch-

bark horn to his lips, and then, from its bell shaped mouth, swelling and reverberating on the still air of the wilderness, came the most uncanny sound that mortal ever made.

I had heard the moose-call given by the best callers in Maine and New Brunswick, men who have spent their lives practicing the art, but never before had I heard it rendered with such depth, power and alluring weirdness, as the call that issued from Sacobi's birchen horn. With ears that seemed to have intensified listening power we awaited the reply, feeling sure that the masterly effort would not go unanswered. At last the response came faintly to our ears. The distance must have been great, so far off seemed the wild, lonesome-sounding answer. It was a long wait before Sacobi again sent forth that strange tone, as he was old at the game and would not call too often. But at last the thrilling sound broke on the stillness, and this time the answer came from a point much nearer than when the last call was made. The tone was so heavy and full, so like the snort of a locomotive in its power, that we knew that the moose that was coming at the call from Sacobi's poor fever-parched lips was no ordinary pike-horn or prong-horn, but an immense raging bull. We involuntarily grasped our rifles with a tighter grip as we thought of that huge black shape forcing its way through the forest.

No wonder as we sat in the silence we thought of the weirdness of the situation, the frenzied brain of Sacobi taking him back to his lusty youth, when he was the unsurpassed hunter and moose-caller of his tribe. Fifty years were but as a day, and he was now, as in the long ago, luring the antlered lord of the forest by an art that few possess.

Again that mournful bellow came to our ears, this time the sound low down and echoing over the surface of the water; and we knew that the horn was held close to the water to make the sound the cow moose makes while feeding on the lily pads, with her head down near the surface. The reply came from such close quarters and so quickly that we both started with fright, for we knew that the time was near when we would have to act quickly to save Sacobi.

Again we heard a little grunt from Sacobi, who, with the delirium at its

height, knew neither fear nor danger. We heard a great crashing of branches, and then there fell a silence, as an old moose is always suspicious. He had stopped to listen, but Sacobi gave one more coaxing note and a few splashes of water with the birch horn. Then we heard a crashing sound as the moose came through the thick brush, and over the top of the little hill, and outlined against the sky, we saw an immense pair of antlers rise quickly; and, before we realized the situation, a monstrous moose rushed like a racehorse down over the steep bank to the water, and, plunging in, commenced to wade across to where he fancied his awaiting spouse was feeding.

At last the critical moment had arrived; another, and the moose would be on top of Sacobi. I flashed the lantern at the gigantic blot of darkness, and Max raised his Winchester and fired with quick but true aim at the beast's shoulder. As the rifle shot rang out, there came a shrill scream from Sacobi;

and as Max drove another lump of lead into the struggling animal in the water I ran over to the place where Sacobi had been crouched, to find that he had fallen with his head only a few inches from the river.

I gently raised the old man, only to find that the light of life that had been flickering for the past few days had gone out with the rifle shot that killed the biggest moose ever shot in New Brunswick.

We carried Sacobi to our camp, and the next morning packed our outfit and poled the canoe, with the old Indian's dead body in it, down to Boiestown, and from there we took the body to Fredericton, and delivered it to the mourners of his tribe.

The head and horns of the moose, which measured sixty-eight inches from tip to tip, now decorate one of the walls of my friend Max Barrington's library, in New York city. I have had the skin dressed, and it is spread under my feet, close to my desk, as I sit writing this short story.

A STORMY CRUISE IN A CENTERBOARD SLOOP.

BY A. J. KENEALY.

IN my young days I did not hesitate to denounce centerboard boats as being unseaworthy as well as untrustworthy in heavy weather. I was not unable to appreciate the value of the "board" in shallow waters, but my pet theory was that the average centerboard sloop was no good in a blow.

Twenty-five years ago I had good reason to modify my views considerably, and as time passed on I became an admirer of the type of vessel I formerly condemned. The splendid behavior of the 60-foot centerboard sloop *Athlon*, on which I was in an easterly gale on Long Island Sound, was one of the early experiences in my conversion, and is testimony unimpeachable as to the seagoing qualities of at least one of the description I was accustomed to condemn.

The cruise of the Atlantic Yacht Club in 1889 will always be remembered because of the bad weather encountered

on the Sound between Black Rock and New London. In that year Jefferson Hogan was Commodore and the schooner *Cavalier* was the flagship. I was the guest of Vice-Commodore E. B. Havens on his stout sloop *Athlon*, a remarkably fast and able craft in heavy weather, but by no means speedy in light airs. She was built by Mumm, at Bay Ridge, for Dr. Barron. Mr. Havens bought her and lengthened her six feet, adding a handsome "Burgess stern," which improved her appearance wonderfully. I joined the *Athlon* at Black Rock, Conn., on Saturday, July 13th, and, after passing Sunday very pleasantly, turned in early, as the orders were to get under way next morning at five o'clock, the early start being necessary, as our destination was New London, distant nearly fifty miles to the eastward.

I recall that, as we were enjoying our pipes on deck preparatory to going below for the night, the weather looked dirty and the barometer was falling.

The guests of Mr. Havens besides the writer were Mr. Levi Burgess and Mr. Havens, Jr. All of us were capable of lending a hand in an emergency, and when the time came we did our level best.

The preparatory gun from the flagship aroused us next morning at an hour when the early birds were still roosting. Going on deck we found a light wind blowing from east-northeast and a drizzling rain falling. The sky looked threatening, and all round the horizon black and angry clouds were clustered. A glance at the aneroid in the companionway showed a fall of two-tenths of an inch during the night. While the men were sweating up the peak and throat halyards and heaving short on the anchor chain, Mr. Burgess and I sneaked below and interviewed the steward, with the result that we each got outside of a cup of fragrant coffee mellowed with some remarkable old cognac, carried on the *Athlon* for medicinal purposes only. Fortified with this we joined our shipmates on deck, giving an imitation of two men looking eagerly for work and praying to the gods not to be successful in the quest.

"Shall we get the jibtopsail out of the sail locker?" inquired young Mr. Havens of his father.

"I guess the weather looks more like a double-reefed mainsail than a jibtopsail," was the reply. So the jibtopsail reposed in the locker.

Bang! went the gun from the *Cavalier*. It was the signal to start. Anchors were broken out smartly, jibs were hoisted, and the squadron sailed out of the harbor and began the long and dreary beat to New London in the chilly, pelting rain.

As I remarked above, the *Athlon* requires a strong breeze to start her, and, although our anchor was up in good time, the smart sloop *Anaconda*, with Mr. Prague at the helm, looming up like a gray ghost in the mist, glided past us and assumed the lead of the fleet. The *Anaconda* was the only boat in her class that ever beat the swift Fife cutter *Clara*—an achievement that speaks volumes in her behalf.

"Our turn will come by and by," tersely remarked Mr. Burgess. Events proved that he was a prophet.

Presently the *Anaconda*, far out to windward, was struck by a savage squall.

Down came her flying kites by the run. I looked at her through the glass and saw her heel over until the water boiled and bubbled on her lee deck. All was now activity on the *Athlon*. The boats were swung in and everything was made snug for the approaching gale. Mr. Havens determined not to reef till the last moment, and just before the squall, with its long line of white water in marked contrast with the murky clouds above, smote us, we clewed up the gaff-topsail. It wasn't an instant too soon. Had that topsail been set when the blast hove us down nearly on our beam ends the topmast must have snapped off short, like the brittle end of a carrot. Mr. Havens was steering. He gave her a few spokes of lee helm and kept her shaking in the wind till the first fury of the squall was exhausted. It was almost as dark as pitch for ten minutes. When it cleared up a little we cast anxious eyes to windward and to leeward to see what had become of our companions. The *Anaconda* had snuggled down to a couple of reefs. The 40-footer *Chispa*, a brand-new Burgess boat, was taking it easy under storm trysail and foresail. The sloop *Concord* was scudding back to Black Rock under a bare pole, with the *Fanny* chasing her under short sail. The schooner *Azalea* was having a lot of trouble, and the flagship *Cavalier* was making plucky efforts to collect her scattered and stormbeaten convoy about her.

Just about this time the *Athlon* began to go. She was carrying her whole mainsail, jib and foresail. Every now and then a shower of spray dashed over the weather bow and drenched the Commodore as he stood at the wheel. The yacht now and again careened to the puffs to such an extent as to take in green water over the lee coaming of the cockpit. We passed the *Chispa* as if she was at anchor, and soon began to forereach on the *Anaconda*. Under the pressure of the gale the masthead fairly buckled. It was a case of carrying on sail with a vengeance, but the Commodore had confidence in his craft, and Mr. Burgess and I had confidence in the Commodore, so we went below and drank to the health of the brave little ship. The steward forsook his kitchen and pantry. He was too nervous to stay anywhere except on deck. As Byron sings:

He was a man in years,
And long had voyaged through many a stormy
sea,

And if he wept at length, they were not fears
That made his eyelids as a woman's be ;

But he, poor fellow, had a wife and children—
Two things for drowning sailors quite be-
weld'ring.

The wind and sea increased. Lum-bering schooners bound to the eastward showed only a rag of canvas, while the west-bound coasters were under single or double reefs. Still the *Athlon* held on to everything, showing the ability of a representative centerboard sloop to do wonderful work in heavy weather. At last things came to such a pitch that we *just had to* shorten sail. We were knocked down by a squall of particular violence. Anybody to windward of us might have caught a glimpse of *Athlon's* keel. We hauled down the jib and tied a single reef in the mainsail, which, being brand-new and soaked with rain and spray, was hard to handle. At last we got it reefed, and after swaying up the halyards taut as bars of steel we hammered at it once more.

The gale was dead in our teeth. The other yachts of the fleet had disappeared, most of them seeking harbors of refuge. The *Athlon's* destination, however, was New London, and thither she threshed her way right gallantly, making a short leg and a long leg along the Connecticut shore. Never before had I seen so heavy a sea in the Sound, and I had had a long experience on which to draw.

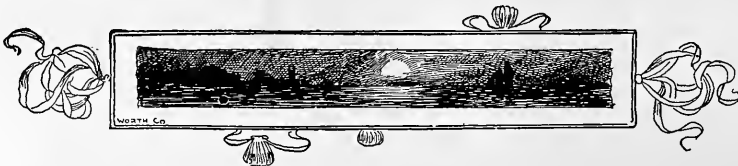
The crew looked like drowned rats. Every time we tacked, the yacht shipped a good deal of water as she plunged her bows under in the steep head sea. It was hard work for all hands, but there was a lot of excitement in it. By and by we struck a streak of good luck. It was off Branford Beacon, and it was just one bell in the afternoon watch. The wind had a trifle more northing in it, so much so, in fact, that our saucy and stanch little ship was able to lay her course for Bartlett's Reef lightship, thirty-five miles distant.

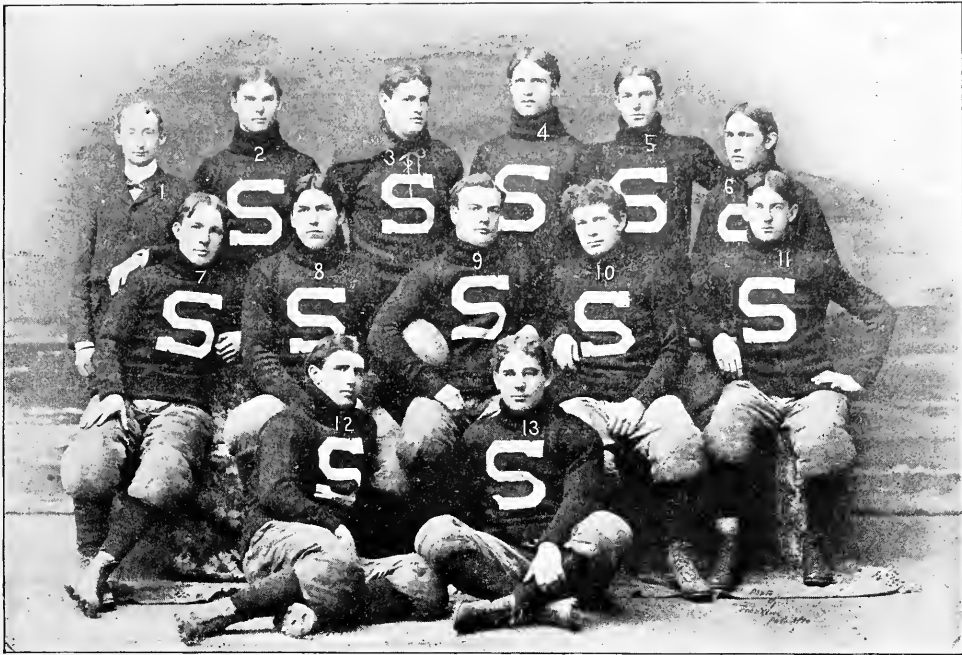
This prospect cheered us up consid-

erably. The steward resumed duty and gave us a square meal of fine cold roast beef and pickles, which we washed down with bottled Bass. Thus strengthened, we went on deck and set the jib, gave her a foot or two of the mainsheet, and, keeping her a good full, went smoking through the perturbed sea at a great rate. The whole distance to Bartlett's Reef, at the entrance of the River Thames, was accomplished with the *Athlon's* lee rail under water. Strong gusts from the land smote her at frequent intervals. If all her gear hadn't been of first-class material, something would have carried away. At half-past four o'clock we passed the lightship, having made the thirty-five miles in four hours—a highly creditable performance, considering the villainous weather we had had.

Our troubles, however, were not over by a long shot. The ebb tide was running out of New London harbor with the velocity of a mill-race. It was blowing a living gale dead in our teeth. The beat to the city against wind and tide was as hard a one as I remember on this side of the Atlantic; but we drove her at it. Glad enough we were to cast anchor off the old steamboat landing at six o'clock, thus ending twelve hours of tough fighting, in triumph. The *Chispa* arrived at a quarter to eight o'clock that evening. The rest of the fleet reached port in straggling order the next day. The *Athlon* thus had the credit of beating the whole squadron, including several vessels treble her size. The *Cavalier*, of course, could easily have made the passage, but Commodore Hogan felt it his duty to stick to the bulk of the fleet, and for this he was justly commended. So thus it came to pass that *Athlon* made the record heavy-weather run in her history, covered herself with glory and made a convert of me.

I have had some experience of yachtsmen, but I feel bound to say that I never saw a vessel handled better in a blow than *Athlon* was by Commodore Havens on that occasion.





LELAND STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CALIFORNIA, TEAM OF 1897.*

1. Switzer. 2. Thomas. 3. Carle. 4. Fickert. 5. Smith. 6. Jeffs. 7. Parker.
8. Burnett. 9. Cotton. 10. Daly. 11. Murphy. 12. Fisher. 13. Rice.

FOOTBALL OF 1898.

PROSPECTS OF THE SEASON.

BY WALTER CAMP.

TWENTY-TWO years ago the first intercollegiate Rugby football was played in this country. The sport was a complete mystery to the public in general, and was by no means very well understood by the players themselves. Up to that time tackling (that is, stopping a man by deliberately seizing him) and running with the ball (that is, carrying it in the hands or arms toward the opponents' goal) had never been recognized as legitimate in any football in which American players had indulged. The game, therefore, appeared to the uninitiated like nothing more or less than personal conflict. Few cared to play it, and almost as few as the active contestants were those who composed the body of spectators.

The rules were those of the Rugby Union of Great Britain, and the games were played in that year and the next well into December. This meant that

the playing season extended over more than three months, and that a good part of that time was expended in learning the rules and their application. But how we have changed all that! So well informed is the country at large upon football rules that there were two associations at least who proceeded in the early spring to make rules of their own, while later in the summer the University Athletic Club's committee took action upon the old rules. While they were deliberating, the rules were ably discussed by several of the metropolitan journals, and that, too, with a thorough appreciation of the strong and the weak points of the legislation and the likely effect of changes upon the play. Still another contrast to old times is the fact that all the principal big games will be finished on or before Thanksgiving Day. But beyond all this, the game itself has undergone radical changes, and

* For portraits of the teams of 1897, Universities of Pennsylvania, Yale, Princeton, Wisconsin, Harvard, Cornell and West Point, see *OUTING* for last month (October).

the pleasure spectators find in it has so increased that, instead of a few hundred, many thousands attend each of the important matches. The interest that has developed, and the real growth in the game and in the general knowledge of it, come primarily from the qualities inherent in the sport of football. Wherever it is played for a period of years, and under whatever rules, it secures a hold upon the affections of players and spectators alike that nothing can break.

This year we are promised an unusual football treat, in that the principal games are so arranged as not to conflict with each other, and upon nearly every Saturday in November the enthusiast may watch a first-class game.

Harvard will find it necessary to develop an eleven composed largely of new material, since no less than eight of last year's team have graduated or become ineligible from other reasons. Those whom she will miss are Doucette, Moulton, Cabot, Bouvé, Wheeler, Haskell, Shaw and Garrison. Donald, who for a time played right tackle last year, may be unable to do so this season because of the danger of a recurrence of a blood clot in his leg. Swain, another old player, who broke his leg in a scrub game last year, is back in college, but it is not expected that he will be able to play, if at all, before November. Haughton is doing his duty by daily practice for a position back of the line, but it is believed that he is doing this not so much with the hope of securing it as to force the new men up to the work. Of the new men, Reid, the freshman full-back of last year, is the most promising, and the coaches believe he has the making of one of the greatest full-backs ever seen on the gridiron. Brayton is also being tried in that position. Lawrence, another new man, is proving a most sensational tackle. Daly will probably fill Garrison's place at quarter, and it is believed that he can secure the place even against the best. Ellis, another candidate for the team, has not yet been placed, but is desirous of making a position behind the line. Captain Dibblee, however, is said to be thinking of trying him in the line, on account of his size and weight. The center of the line promises to be hard to fill, but, with Boal and Burden for guards, and Scott, Sargent and Kasson for center, weight should not be wanting. Harvard's pre-

liminary work began on Monday, September 19th. Fourteen of the team candidates then returned from a trip taken on Mr. Forbes' yacht *Merlin*. It is understood that during this time all the preliminaries were settled, and details of the work and training agreed upon. The men all returned in the pink of condition, and the work since has proven that the outing was beneficial. Mr. Forbes and Captain Dibblee intended to retain full control of the training of the team this season, but recently McMasters, formerly of Princeton, has been engaged as a trainer. A programme for the daily practice of the eleven, consisting of both gymnasium and out-of-door work, was mapped out, calculated to put the men in the best possible physical condition for the service that is to be required from them. The gymnasium work, however, was much less in amount the present season than last, and merely intended for warming up the men and taking out the stiffness caused by the field practice of the day before. They then went to the field for such work as falling on the ball, punting, kicking and snapping back. In addition to this, in the preliminary work they were given a three-mile run at a sharp gait, and they had some practice on signals. Harvard is going to profit this year from having the same head coach as last season. Constant changing of methods never yet has effected satisfactory results in any sport, least of all in football. It is hard to maintain a consistent policy even if every one is favorable to it and the same coaches are retained. In Harvard's case changes of the men in charge and alteration of the style of play have been the rule season after season. While it may not be possible to bring to fruition the results desired in the second year, it is not by any means an impossibility, and Harvard will not be an easy team to meet when the Yale date comes.

Pennsylvania's football prospects for the season of 1898 may be said to be more than usually rosy. With six or seven of her 1897 team still in college, and her veteran center unbroken, she has a nucleus for a particularly formidable eleven. More than half of last year's team are available for this year, and these are of such ability that there is no chance of their being displaced

by any new material. The old men comprise Overfield, center; Hare and McCracken, guards; Folwell and Hedges, ends, and Captain Outland. Overfield, Hare and McCracken form a trio at center that will be hard to equal on the gridiron this season, and will make a solid groundwork on which to construct a powerful and fast-playing eleven. In addition to the veterans mentioned above, Pennsylvania will have the services of several good substitutes on last year's team. These will be Carnett, Snover, De Silva, Harrison and Walker. Among the best of the material are McMahan, Bannard, Coombs, Rengenberg and Gardiner. It is probable that Captain Outland will play back of the line this year, instead of at tackle, and that Harrison will be his partner. Harrison is one of the speediest runners on the gridiron, and will be likely to get in some sensational runs before the season is over. Bannard is kicking almost as well as Walker. Coombs is also a possibility at full-back. McMahan was tried at end, but Hedges and Folwell seem good enough. Rengenberg can make tackle, unless Goodman decides to come out again. McMahan can also play half or tackle. Gardiner is at present playing quarter and is doing good work. Walker is at full-back. This man is more than usually expert at dodging and making ground after being tackled. The bulk of his practice work is devoted to kicking. For tackle positions Carnett is moderately certain of one, while Rengenberg, Snover and De Silva are promising candidates. Coach Woodruff has always been in favor of long preliminary practice, but this year Pennsylvania had little more than a week's practice before her opening game. The effect of this, however, upon her football record does not yet appear to be marked. Her scores are, as usual, high ones. Pennsylvania's schedule provides for Harvard, at Cambridge, on November 5th. Doubt has been expressed whether the team can be brought into its best form by that time without the usual preliminary practice, but it may be possible to accomplish it. Pennsylvania has no really hard games in the early part of the season, the first one of importance being that with Brown, on October 8th. This will give some line on the quality of the team. Although the Harvard

game is considered the climax of the Pennsylvania season, the match with Chicago University, which takes place a week earlier than the one at Cambridge, will undoubtedly call out some good work from the Quakers, as the Westerners are reported to be making every effort to be quite up to the standard of the Eastern universities. The "guards back" principle of attack, with its developments, will be the main feature of Pennsylvania's running game, while her kicking will be varied. The quarter-back kick and carefully placed punts that get to the ground out of reach of the opposing backs, and hence secure a roll, will be a well-studied and carefully practiced plan of attack. Pennsylvania is a step in advance of the other teams in this line of play, and is likely to make a fair test of its efficacy this season. Her chances look exceptionally bright against Harvard, unless the latter can succeed in developing an unusually aggressive line.

Princeton will have no lack of good material this year, especially in the line, for a fast and formidable eleven, although but five of her veterans remain on the team. These are Captain Hillebrand, Crowdis, Booth, Edwards and Craig. Crowdis has returned to college, but may not play. There is no lack of candidates for the vacant positions, and the last year's substitutes who are ambitious to fill these will undoubtedly have their hands full to keep them from going to some of the new men. The "scrub" players who are trying for the team have such already tried men as Geer, Ayres, Oglesbie and Suter. There are also Filson, a graduate student from Lafayette, who played enough last year to show how formidable he is; Mills, a freshman, from the Hill School; Watkins, a member of the baseball team; Mattis, Lathrop and Crane. The latter two are candidates for half-back, and are likely to dispute the position with Reiter, who now holds one of these places. Ayres is expected to fill Wheeler's place at full-back; his punting is good, and he is one of the hardest line-buckers that Princeton has had. Mattis pushes him closely. Suter, Roper, Rosengarten and Watkins are candidates for quarter-back. Suter has played on the "scrub," and in '95 played on the 'varsity. Watkins has less experience, but is a quick and snappy

player, and makes up in pluck what he lacks in weight. The contest between these will be a hard-fought-out one. Booth, at center, and Edwards, at right guard, are both veterans, while Filson, one of the new men, will make a good understudy for Crowdis, the probable selection for right guard. He is of good size, active and powerful, and his experience at Lafayette will make him of value to the Princeton team. (At this point in the season, Princeton seems a little dissatisfied with her center trio and changes may follow.) These four, with Beam, should form a solid center for the Tiger line. Filson has done little in practice, however, on account of a bad foot. Ayres' excellent punting ability will help out the line men. The regular training of the team opened with vigor, and the practice has been exceptionally sharp. The coaches will probably be Langdon Lea, Howard Brokaw, John Poe and Alex. Moffat. It is not thought that the short preliminary season will allow the team to get into good condition for the first few games; but as these games are not the important ones, the defect is not considered a serious one, inasmuch as it will doubtless prevent the over-training which the Princeton eleven are believed to have suffered from during the latter part of the season of '97. In one point Princeton's representatives will differ materially from their predecessors: there are no brilliant individual players among the new material, and team play will therefore be the Princeton watchword this season. Princeton will not give up her mass plays at and around tackle, but will endeavor to speed them up more, and to add to them more individual work and a few open plays. Much attention will be devoted to making the line as fast as some of Princeton's earlier and successful teams. Back of the line the handling of the ball, especially after receiving a punt, will be practiced and brought out more strongly, and some of the old double-passing revived. If the line can hold, it should be effective, and Princeton will leave no stone unturned to retrieve her fallen football fortunes.

At Cornell but three of the regular members of last year's team are available this season; these are Captain Whiting, Reed, and Lueder. In new

material there is much that is promising, and most of it has had valuable experience on the "scrub" and the freshman teams. Center will be a hard place to fill. Dorner, of last year's freshman team, is a candidate for Schoch's position, as are also Chisholm and Warnock, of last year's "scrubs." Faville, at right guard, will be difficult to replace, unless some good new material develops, for all the candidates, though ambitious, lack weight. Lueder will probably play right guard, with Reed left. Sweetland, of the '95 team, will fill one tackle, with Alexander, of last year's freshman team, as a companion. Cornell will have to develop two new end players, but she thinks she has them in Cross, of last year's freshman team, and Bassford, who played quarter on the '96 eleven. George Young, brother of last year's quarter-back, is a candidate for that position, and has Short and Clark as rivals. Young is considered the most promising, but is considerably handicapped by the fact that he weighs only 132 pounds. He is, however, showing unusual ability at drop kicking and punting. Perkins will be unable to play at full-back on account of the refusal of his parents to allow it, and a new man must be selected. At present there are three candidates, Starbuck, Sleicher, and Will, but none of them is up to 'varsity form. Young, the elder, may come out again. A half-dozen or more candidates are trying for the position of right half-back, and it is impossible to determine who will secure it. Among these men are Windsor, Gamble, Morrison and Otis, with the possible addition of the new men yet untried at this position. The early work of the Cornell team has been wise and effective, as is shown by the large scores of the lesser games. Syracuse was defeated by a considerably larger score than in last year's game, in spite of the fact that the '97 contest took place two weeks later in the season. Cornell has reason to be pleased at the present outlook, although it seemed at the start of the season as if she had before her a well-nigh impossible undertaking to fill the gaps in her eleven. Cornell is sure to bring out a finished team, for Warner has already won his spurs as a coach by the work of the team last year. Their offensive tactics will be original in some respects, as they were last season. Their defense is being

particularly looked after in order to correct some of the tendency of last year's eleven to play themselves to a standstill, and hence permit scoring that was really rendered possible only through the exhaustion of the line men. As Cornell is not to meet Harvard this year, a comparison with them is impossible, but her team has a hard contract to match the work and score of last year's Pennsylvania game.

Yale has a great quantity of football material—both old and new—but its quality is in the majority of cases still problematical. There are five positions in the line to be filled with new men this year, namely, center, right tackle, right guard, left end and right end. There is no present certainty for any of these positions. Andrews and Cutten are the most promising for center, and Marshall for right guard. Marshall very nearly made this position over Chadwick last year, and may succeed in reaching it this fall. Cutten tried for center last year, and, while a promising player, did

not prove equal to the task. He may be able to secure the place this season, and if he can his enormous strength will greatly aid the Yale center. Marshall joined the Yale battery in the spring, but has returned to college since that organization was mustered out of the volunteer service. Yale appears to be unfortunate this fall in the small number of promising preparatory school athletes that she has received. Brown, the big guard, is likely to fill his position again on the 'varsity this year with even more power than last season. Slo-covich, who is in the Law School this year, will be a candidate for end rush, a position for which he was a substitute last season. Schweppe, Eddy and Hubbell, all three of whom have had some experience, are candidates for end positions. Other promising new men are Coy, Thomas and Sharpe. The first was a freshman player, and the last has been prominent at basketball. Captain Allen, of the 'varsity crew, has returned to college, and it is understood



Photo by Rentschler, ANN ARBOR.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN TEAM, 1897.

- | | | | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|-----------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. W. P. Baker. | 2. Ward Hughes, <i>Manager</i> . | 3. J. W. T. Bennett. | 4. R. S. Lockwood. | 5. T. C. Hannon. |
| 6. J. R. Hogg, <i>Captain</i> . | 7. W. B. Ayers. | 8. H. S. Pingree, Jr. | 9. J. E. Egan. | 10. C. C. Teetzel. |
| 11. S. Kenna. | 12. C. A. Barabee. | 13. W. C. Steckle. | 14. Howard Felver. | |

that he intends to try for the 'varsity eleven, at tackle, if needed. All of these men have experience, and the positions will undoubtedly be well filled. Back of the line as quarters are De Saulles, Sullivan, Stoddard and Winter. The candidates for half-back comprise the veterans, Benjamin, Corwin and Dudley, also Townsend and Marvin. McBride, last year's full-back, is still in college, and is practically sure of that position. His principal understudies are Dashiell and Du Pee. Captain Chamberlain has asked all the old coaches to come back and assist him with advice and suggestions, but the control and direction will probably remain largely in his own hands. This one-man direction will effect united action. Yale should have the present season, all things considered, a well-balanced team of uniformly good material, the weakness being principally in the center of the line. With the exception of De Saulles there are no brilliant individual players, and this fact will lead to the better development of team play and the consequent strengthening of the whole eleven. There are sharp contests for nearly every position on the team, and it is safe to say that Yale's chances for a strong eleven this year are good. Yale's tactics will be, as usual, simple. The development of material is so much more important in the Yale system than the perfection of intricate plays, that there is seldom time left, after the men are brought into standard form, for the necessary drill to perfect unusual or even moderately advanced plays. Hence, we shall see straight football at New Haven.

Outside Yale and Harvard, New England has several excellent teams. The principal league is the triangular one consisting of Dartmouth, Williams and Amherst, in which Dartmouth has done so much winning as to make the contests for the last year or two rather lacking in interest. This year Williams is about to make a most sincere effort to put an end to such a one-sided state of affairs. It is very doubtful if the superiority gained by Dartmouth through several years of efficient coaching by Dr. Wurttemberg, the former Yale quarter-back, can possibly be overcome in a single season, no matter how much effort is made. But Williams has surely gone to work in the right way to strengthen her football department. The management

has secured the services of Hazen, Yale's end of last year, and Hine, who in the season before was used for a time at New Haven as a half-back, and who played in part of the Princeton game that year. Hazen is a very persistent worker, and will keep at his men, giving them every opportunity of learning. Hine is himself a good kicker and strong runner, and, if he makes his pupils as good as himself, should help Hazen out very much behind the line.

In addition to her games in this league Dartmouth plays several outside matches, of which the most notable is that with Brown, the other New England football light. Brown has for some seasons been considered the strongest football college in New England, barring Harvard and Yale, and has done well enough to sustain that reputation. Brown has defeated the Carlisle Indians regularly. This year the Providence team suffer the loss of several men and are to be without the services of Mr. Moyle, who has in past seasons coached them to such good effect. Under these circumstances it is not improbable that their game will suffer. However, on the strength of their past football knowledge and traditions, they should defeat any of their New England rivals—Harvard and Yale being left out—until they come to their Dartmouth game. Here there will be a bitter struggle, and the team that can carry its players into that game in the best condition should win.

Of the other New England colleges, Wesleyan and Trinity will put up the best games and should make a fine match when they come together. Both have lost good players from last year's teams, but it seems as though Wesleyan has rather the better chance of replacing her men and a schedule that should give her men rather more experience.

Going out of New England, but still keeping among the Eastern teams, we find (after Princeton, Pennsylvania and Cornell, which have been commented upon earlier in this article) several teams of a high class. West Point and Annapolis, from the peculiar conditions in their case, are in a class by themselves. They are unable, and for that reason never obliged, to play save on their home grounds. The former has played for the last few years, and will this season play, the more comprehen-

sive schedule, meeting nearly all the big teams. In, fact an opportunity of getting a fair measure of the abilities of several of the cracks will be furnished by their respective contests with the United States military cadets. The West Point team, having lost such men as Scales, Nesbitt and Humphrey, will find some difficulty in replacing them. Each was a star in his position. But Captain Kromer is an organizer, and he has some good material, while the match with Annapolis should prove the incentive to bring out all there is in his men. They play the big teams, and Kromer is a drop kicker who needs watching.

The Carlisle Indians have now for some two or three seasons made themselves recognized in the football world. It is exceedingly creditable to them that they should have been able and ready to take on the big teams. At first there was some doubt as to their ability, but they speedily dispelled that. This year, under the coaching of John Hall, of last year's Yale team, they are going to meet the University of Pennsylvania, Harvard and Yale. Their game with Princeton last season was not all that could have been desired in the way of the interchange of amenities. It is just as well to drop the game until time has healed the wounded feelings on both sides. In spite of the good work that the Indians are sure to accomplish under Hall, it is difficult to see how they can materially improve upon their present position, unless perhaps in the case of Brown. It would be asking too much to expect them, with their small numbers, although they have retained their team nearly intact, to defeat the leaders, who have so much more material from which to choose.

Lafayette is badly crippled by the loss of veterans, but is working steadily, and with true anticipation of at least building up another such football body as that of two years ago. Meantime, it looks as if she had rather the better chances in the annual series with Lehigh, although both teams are suffering defeats, Washington and Jefferson carrying out their advancing reputation by defeating Lafayette, while New York University accomplished the same with Lehigh.

The greatest element of excitement in Middle West football has been the war against professionalism and the

Maybury-Cochems incident. These two Wisconsin players were charged some time ago by the representatives of the University of Chicago with professionalism, but the point failed of being carried at the meeting of the committee. Very recently, however, the University of Wisconsin faculty took up the investigation, and has, at this writing, just brought in a report adverse to these two men. Up to this time it looked as though the University of Michigan—who had stood with Chicago—and Chicago were to meet each other, but that the schedules of former years with Wisconsin would be sacrificed to the quarrel. This latest move should bring about quite a revision of schedules and most interesting contests again. The University of Chicago will in any event make an Eastern trip this year, and the teams of the East and the spectators will enjoy a comparison of play and methods. Eastern audiences would enjoy seeing any of the Middle West teams; and the football that has produced such players as Herschberger, Kennedy and Clark, of Chicago; Cochems and Peele, of Wisconsin; Teetzel and Bennett, of Michigan; Chez, of Oberlin; Alward, of Purdue, and Fisher, of Illinois, must be worth noting. Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa will keep up the standard farther west, while Stanford and the University of California will fight it out in San Francisco.

The Universities of Virginia and North Carolina are the best known, perhaps, of the Southern teams, but after a few more years we are likely to see a more developed form of play in remoter sections, and probably some Northern visits.

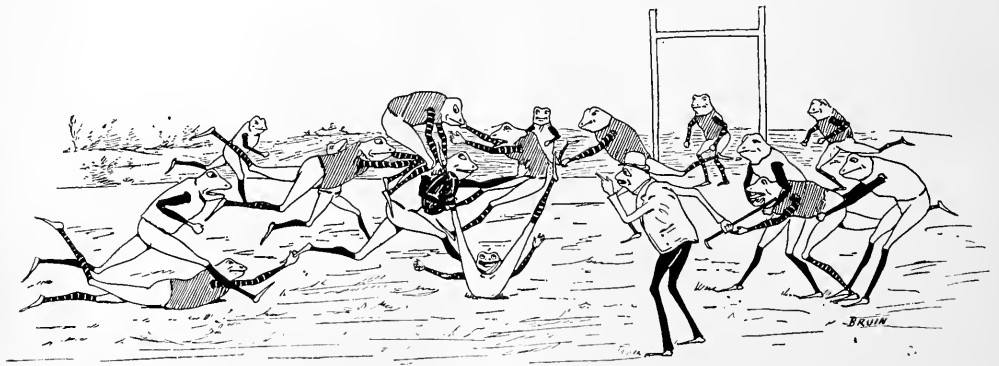
Athletic club football is suffering in the East from the extremely suicidal financial policy that was adopted in the support of teams and in sectional rivalry. When it reaches a more reasonable basis it is likely that the support will revive. Western athletic club teams will carry out comprehensive schedules, the Chicago Athletic Club again making an Eastern tour.

The latest report is that the Western teams have decided to adopt the rules of the University Athletic Club, and this will bring about a harmony greatly to be commended.

The alterations made in the rules for the season of 1898 will not materially

affect the play. It is not probable that any captains or coaches will alter these methods, as there is nothing that would compel them to do this, the rules committee having made every effort to make the rules perfectly clear rather than to inaugurate changes. It is rather extraordinary and a thing that has seldom happened that by misprint or error there are two discrepancies in the first edition of the published code: Rule 13 reads 15 yards, when Rule 23 provides for 10 yards in a similar contingency; Rules 28 and 15 exhibit a like conflict. The committee has taken the necessary action to correct these, making Rule 13 read 10 yards, and bringing Rules 15 and 28 to conformity. Neither of these errors was likely to make any trouble, unless unexpectedly. The change that has been most commented upon is that in

the scoring rule, which really reduces the value of kicking a goal after a touch-down from two points to one. The result is effected by letting the goal and touch-down together count six as formerly, and increasing the value of the touch-down itself from four points to five. The difference in value of the touch-down will have no effect upon the play, nor probably upon the results of any game. But the reduction of the prize for conversion of touch-downs will bring teams who have no good or accurate goal kicker, more readily on a par with those who are fortunate enough to possess a man who can always, when the need comes and the nerve is required, put the ball over the bar. The committee gave to the rules marginal notes and an index, which will prove of great assistance to players and officials.



AUTUMN.

SAD sings the blackbird in the naked trees,
His feathers raised by blust'ring gusts
of wind,
And scarce he holds his dizzy perch on high.
Nature has turned unkind.

Wild whirl the withered leaves in circles round
The broad lawn, mid the flutt'ring flakes of
snow;
And sad the vine hangs drooping to its death,
Blown idly to and fro.

The shivering shrubs in mournful order seem
To guard the withered grass plots from the
breath
Of winter, like some army of the dead
Watching the field of death.

Cold blows the maddened wind across the field,
Hard'ning the surface of the fresh-turned
sod;
Before it, flies the chaff in wild career
As from the wrath of God.

But what care I if whit'ning winter come,
With frost, and winds that never cease to
blow,
Or if the sky above is cold and drear,
And bleak the earth below,

So long as in the autumn of my life,
The warm days of my youth and manhood
o'er,
A peaceful home and loving friends I have?
Content, I ask no more.

PAUL E. BILKEY.

OUTING'S MONTHLY REVIEW

OF

AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

FOOTBALL.



PERHAPS the most important of the changes in the intercollegiate football rules adopted since last year is that in the method of scoring. It was found so easy to kick goals from touchdowns that the proportionate value of the two points given for the goal and four for the touchdown was not reasonable, and the figures were altered so that now a touchdown counts five points, and

the goal after it adds only one more point to the score. A goal kicked from the field still counts five points, and thus has the same value as a touchdown, while the safety still remains at two points for the opponents.

The exact difference between a safety and a touchback—the latter does not count at all—is plain, although seemingly not clearly understood. One or the other is made when the ball is touched to the ground in the hands of a player within his own goal, and the rules define the difference as depending on the impetus that forced the ball over the goal-line. If it comes from the opponents, it is a touchback; if from the player's own side, it is a safety.

The commonest form of the touchback is shown in a punt or drop kick (providing it doesn't score a goal) over the goal-line, when a player defending the goal attacked falls on the ball. A fumble behind the line, or a blocked kick which rolls behind the line, is a safety if downed in the same way.

Many of the recent changes in the rules have been intended to keep the player from getting off-side, to prevent unnecessary roughness and to limit mass plays. The "flying wedge" was followed by other "momentum mass plays" that sought to gain ground through the sheer force of the combined weight of a team thrown

at one spot of the opposing line. These plays were stopped by prohibiting any player from being in motion at the time the ball was snapped back. Then, when the teams still drew their linemen back for wedges, but did not start them till after the ball was put in play, it was ruled that there must always be at least five men on the scrimmage line.

The natural number of line-rushers or forwards is seven, and this rule left two linemen who could legally be brought to add their weight to that of the backs for a mass play. This is the origin of the famous "guards back" formation of the University of Pennsylvania, which was originated by Coach Woodruff. Allowed only two men from the line, they selected the heaviest available by bringing back both of the guards for a battering-ram to punch holes through the opposing line. Generally, these guards are used in tandem, one before the other, and their weight is so great that it is very difficult to prevent their ploughing ahead for some distance. Their work is chiefly that of interference, for one of the backs generally follows behind this tandem with the ball; but sometimes one of the guards carries the ball himself, and the half-backs turn in behind to add their weight to the play, and to protect the runner from being attacked from the rear. There are many other variations of this "guards back" play, the ends, and occasionally the tackles, being used behind their protection.

Another formation still allowed by the rule that requires only five men in the rush-line is that in which both ends are brought back, and form a semicircle with the backs. When this first came out it was called the "turtle-back wedge," and the full-back or the quarter generally carried the ball, surrounded by the ends, the halves, and any other available linemen who could join in the interference after the play started. The wedge would push through the line and then open in front, so the runner with the ball could get out. The "revolving wedge" was somewhat similar, but when it struck the line it revolved until its open side

was free, and the runner generally came out from behind. This play was used much like a military flank movement.

But all of these plays have become less and less used as they became better known. Coaches have taught their players how to watch for them and just how to break them up. An opposing end was generally sent around behind all such formations to get at the player with the ball from the exposed side, while one of the backs always waited outside to tackle the runner if he did get through. The "guards back" interference proved very successful last year, but it was new then. Still, this play is really straight football rather than a trick, and it must be met by straight football. It is simply a legitimate form of interference, and can only be broken up by stopping the interferers or tackling the runner.

The prevalence of kicking, which has been so noticeable last year and this, is only the natural outcome of the development of the game. Open running plays, like end runs and long passes, used to be profitable, but football defence was gradually improved in all the big teams, until it is now almost impossible for them to succeed against teams of equal skill. The defence always has two or three more players in the line than the attack, because all its backs are not needed behind; so, to prevent their getting through to interfere with the plays and to protect the backs, closer formations were necessary, and these made open plays still more difficult. Mass plays came next; then momentum masses, when ordinary ones failed to gain; but when they were barred by the rules, the attack found the defence so strong that it was difficult to gain the necessary five yards in three attempts.

Now that it is so difficult to advance the ball by running plays, a team is constantly threatened with having to give it up on four downs, and if out near the middle of the field a punt is almost invariably ordered on the third failure to gain, for it is much more profitable to give it up forty yards further down the field by kicking. Good ends can prevent the opponents from carrying the ball back on the catch.

In most cases the ball is caught too far down the field to make it wise to begin a series of running plays, and this accounts for the frequent interchange of kicks in last year's games. The policy of the best football captains is to

save the strength of their backs until there is a chance of its being used profitably. The work of running backs is really harder on them physically than on the linemen who are tackling them, even if they are carefully alternated in running with the ball. All the backs have to get into the interference, and that also uses their strength. If a series of running plays is started beyond the middle of the field, it is probable that the backs will be used up and too tired to gain ground before they can reach the goal-line, unless there be some long runs on the way.

If all that distance is made in small runs of two to five yards at a time, as is customary, by the time the ball is advanced to within "striking distance" of the opponents' goal-line, the backs will probably be too weak to carry it over. It must be remembered that the defence grows stronger the nearer it gets to its own goal. One or two of the backs must always be kept as a reserve behind the first line of defence to stop a runner who might wriggle through, but the nearer they get to their own goal-line, the nearer these backs creep up to the line of defence. When the ball is within ten yards of the goal, only the full-back is behind the rush-line, and when it gets to within five yards, the whole eleven men are in the defence to stop the opponents' plays, as there is no use then for a second defence behind the first line. So it is considered the best policy to hold the running plays and to save the backs until a team gets possession of a ball somewhere down in the opponents' territory.

But once a team does get a ball within striking distance of the opponents' goal-line, it can only hope to score through running plays or goal from the field. Punting is useless then. "Striking distance" depends, of course, on the ground gaining ability and strength of the backs, but, generally speaking, it is about thirty or thirty-five yards from the goal. Anywhere inside this line a punt is of little value, for it is almost sure to roll over the goal-line, and then the opponents simply fall on the ball, make a touchback, and bring it out to the twenty-five yard line to put it in play there. Running plays must be used to make a touch-down, or, if the ball is in a favorable position on the field, a goal may be tried from the field if the backs cannot gain.

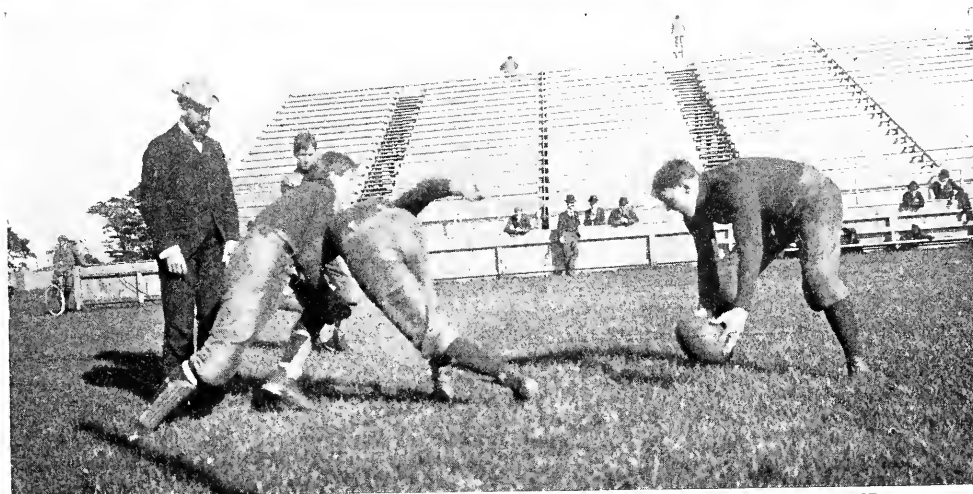
Punting is really a fine art, and one whose



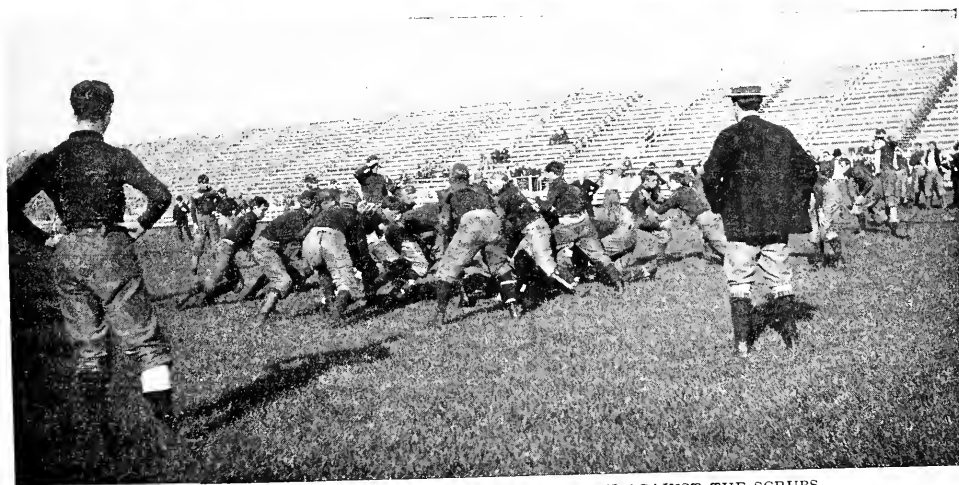
YALE BACKS PRACTICING AT CATCHING PUNTS.



COACH ELY TRAINING THE ENDS TO GET DOWN THE FIELD UNDER A KICK.



COACH CORBIN AND CAPTAIN CHAMBERLAIN INSTRUCTING CANDIDATES FOR CENTER.



COACH BULL WATCHING THE UNIVERSITY MEN AGAINST THE SCRUBS.
YALE AT PRACTICE.

finest points are seldom appreciated. Distance is not the only thing to be considered, and much of a full-back's skill lies in his ability to delay the kick long enough, or to kick high enough without losing too much distance, to give his ends time to get down the field. I have seen wonderful punters who made the fatal mistake of kicking too soon, too far and too low, so that the ball reached the opponents long before the ends, and the opponents had time to catch it from the interference to protect the runner, and then carry it back sometimes the whole length of the kick. Thus more ground was lost than if the punt had been twenty yards less and the ends had been under the ball when it was caught, so that the ends could have tackled the catcher before he could get under way. J. PARMLEY PARET.



CAPT. CHAMBERLAIN OF YALE.

GAMES OF THE MONTH.

YALE, 18; TRINITY, 0.

Yale opened her season with a game at Hartford, Conn., September 24th, against Trinity, and won rather easily by 18 to 0. In the second half Yale tried out some substitutes. Walton was used at center, with a view of testing him for the difficult position left vacant by Cadwalader. Dudley, last year's star half-back, and De Saulles, the crack quarter, did Yale's best work, Dudley making two of the three touchdowns. Brown made all three of the goals he tried. Trinity's men seemed rather green and

in poor physical condition. It was too warm for fast football.

PENNSYLVANIA, 41; FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL, 0.

The opening game at Philadelphia was played September 24th. The crack Quaker team included all three of its impregnable center trio of last year, and Hare, Overfield and McCracken did the lion's share of the work. Thirty-four points were rolled up in the first half of twenty minutes; then Pennsylvania put in seven substitutes and they added only 7 points to her score in the last fifteen minutes of play. The famous "guards back" formation of the Pennsylvanians was used again. Franklin and Marshall's linemen were too light to make much defence.

CORNELL, 29; COLGATE, 5.

Cornell's first game was played at Ithaca, N. Y., September 24th. Cornell ran up a score of 23 points in the first half of twenty minutes, but when they used substitutes, in the second twenty minutes, Colgate's full-back, Captain Cramp, began a series of plunges through their inexperienced men that finally landed him over Cornell's line for a touchdown. Cramp and Waite showed the best work for the visitors, while on Cornell's side Captain Whiting did the most effective work of the day. Young, a younger brother of the former crack quarterback for Cornell, played the same position and did some good punting. He also passed well, and may finally secure this position.

CARLISLE INDIANS, 43; BLOOMSBURG SCHOOL, 0.

The Carlisle Indian Training School opened its season September 24th against the Bloomsburg Normal School, at Carlisle, Pa., and won by 43 to 0. Carlisle had almost every one of her last year's team in line, including the crack quarter, Hudson, Captain Pierce, the big guard, and Metoxen. The Indians showed excellent physical condition, and their heavy rushes ploughed up the Bloomsburg line as though it were made of paper. Bemus Pierce was tried at half-back instead of his old position at right guard, but he will probably be shifted back to his old position later.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 50; GETTYSBURG, 0.

Played at Philadelphia, September 28th, in weather too warm for satisfactory football. Gettysburg was easily beaten by 50 to 0 in forty minutes of play. Gettysburg's team was very light and showed a lack of training. Pennsylvania played only three or four regular men; the line was largely substitutes.

CORNELL, 41; HAMILTON, 0.

Hamilton proved an easy victim for Cornell at Ithaca, September 28th. Never once was Cornell's goal threatened. Hamilton was weak, but her men stuck pluckily to their work, even up to the end, when they had been reduced to a pulpy condition by the constant hammering of the Cornell backs. Young again played quarter-back satisfactorily, while Whiting, at half, was in almost every play. The Cornellians scored 24 points in the first half.

YALE, 5; WESLEYAN, 0.

Yale's first game at New Haven, October 1st, was against Wesleyan. The weather was extremely warm, and only fifteen-minute

halves were played. Only 5 points were scored against the visitors. No less than twenty players were used in the short game, and most of the promising substitutes were given a trial. Wesleyan held Yale very well. Only two minutes before time in the first half the Blue made her only touchdown. Wesleyan kicked to her 30-yard line from behind the goal, and on the next line-up Marvin got through a big hole, made for him by Captain Chamberlain, for a run of thirty yards and a touchdown. It was made so far off to one side of the field that the try for goal was a failure. In the second half Yale put in almost an entirely new team, but Wesleyan kept all of her men without change, despite the weather and the hard play of the first half. Even with fresh men Yale could make little progress. Rymer and Raymond, Wesleyan's veteran backs, and Inglis, a new full-back, did the best work for her side.

PRINCETON, 21 ; LEHIGH, 0.

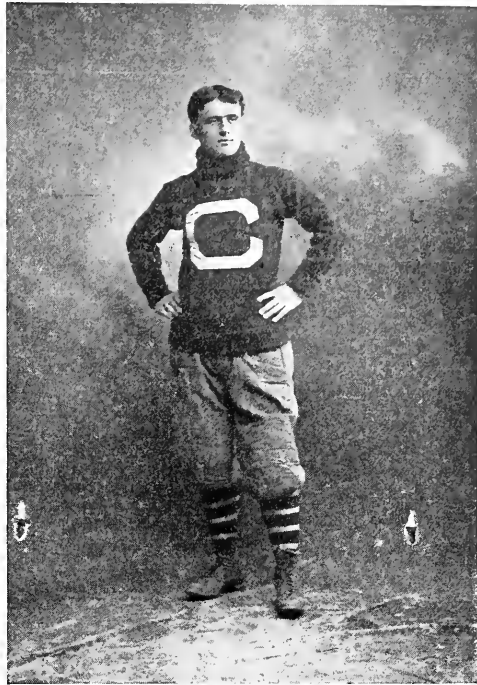
Princeton played the Lehigh University eleven October 1st, and scored a victory by 21 to 0. The game was a rather poor exhibition, for Lehigh's men were many pounds lighter than those of Princeton, and the sheer force of weight was responsible for most of the gains. Neither side showed much team work, and there was a good deal too much fumbling among Princeton's backs to satisfy the coaches. Rosengarten, an old substitute quarter, was tried at this position, but his passing was poor, and Watkins was put in his place. A. Poe, another of the famous family, had his first trial at right end, but he is very light, and can hardly expect to make the 'varsity team in this position. Mills showed up well as left guard, and he and Captain Hillebrand did the best work for old Nassau. Lehigh's team was composed largely of new men.

HARVARD, 11 ; WILLIAMS, 0.

Harvard opened the season at Cambridge, October 1st, with the Williams eleven for antagonists, and won by 11 to 0. Both scores were made in the first half, largely on the miserable fumbling of the Williams backs, but the heat was so great that only three of Harvard's original team were played in the second half. The substitutes who were put in their places could make little headway against even so poor a line as that of Williams. Several times Williams held the Harvard line, and got the ball on downs, but their backs fumbled each time when they had the ball, and the Crimson was soon able to recover it. Dibblee made two or three good runs, but the best work was done for Harvard by Cochrane, Boal and Daly. Daly's passing was very good for so early in the season, while Boal broke up many of Williams's running plays. Cochrane got down the field under kicks in good style, scored one of the touchdowns, and kicked the goal.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 40 ; PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE, 0.

Despite the warm weather, Pennsylvania's team played a forty-minute game against the State College at Philadelphia, October 1st, and rolled up 40 points. The Quaker's crack center trio was not complete in this game, as Carnett played in Hare's place at left guard. Most of the rest of the line was made up of substitutes. Harrison, the new lightweight half-back, made



CAPT. WHITING, OF CORNELL.

two runs for forty yards each and one for sixty, shaking off most of the State College tacklers and dodging the others in a very clever way. His work was so good as to make him a favorite for left half-back. Outland again played at right half and Walker at full-back. Outland kicked five of the seven goals he tried.

CORNELL, 47 ; TRINITY, 0.

At Ithaca, October 1st, Cornell ran up a score of 47 points without much difficulty. Trinity had the ball very few times, and then never threatened Cornell's goal. Whiting, Young and Sweetland all made long runs through the light Trinity line, and Captain Whiting alone made five touchdowns. Young's goal-kicking was very good, for he missed only one of the seven tries he made for goal. The play was 40 min.

CARLISLE INDIANS, 48 ; SUSQUEHANNA UNIV., 0.

The Carlisle Indians, on their own field, at Carlisle, Pa., October 1st, in thirty-three minutes, ran up a score of 48 points, chiefly by very long runs behind good interference. Bemus Pierce was back at his old place at right guard, and Metoxen played full-back for the first time of the year. Little Hudson, the brilliant quarter-back, kicked every one of the eight goals from touchdowns in this game, an excellent record. Metoxen made one run of sixty yards for a touchdown, and Bemus Pierce blocked one of Susquehanna's punts and then fell on the ball over the line for another touchdown. On the whole, the work of the Indians was nearly, if not quite, as good as last year.

U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY, 40 ; TUFTS, 0.

The West Point Cadets beat Tufts at West Point, October 1st, by 40 to 0. The playing

time was 35 minutes. Romeyn, Waldron and Kromer were prominent, and some of their rushing of the ball was very clever. Waldron carried the ball from the kick-off over Tuff's goal-line for a touchdown thirty seconds after the game began. Kromer kicked two goals from the field, and the West Pointers seemed to have little difficulty in scoring.

HARVARD, 28 ; BOWDOIN, 6.

Bowdoin sprung a surprise on Harvard at Cambridge, October 5th, when she scored against the Crimson. The touchdown was made on good straight football, without any blocked kick, fumble or trick play. A clever run by Stockbridge, Bowdoin's left tackle, landed the ball on Harvard's eight-yard line. Then Hill and Clark were sent into the line for seven of those eight yards, and an off-side play a minute later by Harvard brought the ball to within a foot of her goal. Clark was then sent through left tackle for a touchdown, and the goal was kicked. Harvard won the game with plenty of margin to spare. The score was 28 to 6, and the playing time thirty minutes. Boal, the crack guard of last year, was tried at half-back, but he will probably be used in his old position.

YALE, 34 ; AMHERST, 0.

Yale met Amherst at New Haven, October 5th, and won by 34 to 0, despite a drizzling mist and showers that made the ball rather slippery. Yale's interference for her backs was excellent. The runners were always well protected, and the men got into the interference quickly, while the backs followed them well. Marvin and Benjamin each made a run of fifty yards, while McBride's kicking was well done. In the second half, Watson broke through the Yale line and blocked a kick by Dupee. The ball bounded along the ground and both men followed it, the Amherst man ahead. He fumbled it twice in trying to pick it up, and finally pushed it over the goal-line and fell on it. The referee decided that he had batted it forward, however, and was thus off-side, so that the ball was given to Yale and the touchdown not allowed. Morally, it was as good as a touchdown, for Amherst blocked the kick fairly ; and, had her man not fumbled the ball, he must surely have scored, for he had a clear field before him to the goal-line. Brown kicked four of the six goals ; one of the others was at a very difficult angle. Time of play, 30 minutes.

PRINCETON, 42 ; STEVENS, 0.

Princeton won from Stevens at Princeton, October 5th, by 41 points to 0, in a game of only 25 minutes, played in a pouring rain. The heavy Princeton line pushed their light opponents down the field like so many pigmies. The Princeton interference for running plays was quickly formed and very effective, and the runner often broke through for long runs. Stevens never once gained her five yards, and her only chance to advance the ball at all was in kicking. One bad fumble gave the ball to the visitors in Princeton's territory, but, except for this, they never had a chance to score. Crowdis appeared for the first time at center, and Reiter showed up very well at left half-back. Mills was a tower of strength at left guard, and he combined good kicking with excellent line play.

U. OF PENNSYLVANIA, 50 ; MANSFIELD SCHOOL, 0.

The University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, October 5th, rolled up 50 points in a light rain, against Mansfield State Training School. Outland played full-back and kicked well when he had a chance.

WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON, 16 ; LAFAYETTE, 0.

The first big surprise of the season came in the game at Pittsburg, October 5th, when Lafayette was beaten by the Washington and Jefferson team by 16 to 0. The absence of Rhinehart and other crack veterans was greatly felt, and the players from Easton were unable to hold the Southerners. It was generally supposed that Lafayette would win easily, but they soon found the visitors much stronger than they had expected. Washington and Jefferson played good straight football, and forced the play all through. They scored three times, but only one of the goals was kicked.

CORNELL, 30 ; SYRACUSE, 0.

Cornell beat the University of Syracuse at Syracuse, October 5th, by 30 to 0, in forty minutes of play. In the first part, however, the Cornellians were scared, for the Syracuse men carried the ball from one end of the field almost to the other without once losing it. Syracuse got the ball on her own 10-yard line, and steady gains carried it all the way to Cornell's 10-yard line. Then it was lost on a fumble, and Captain Whiting got through immediately after and carried it the whole way back again in one run for a touchdown. This was the only touchdown in the first half, but in the second Cornell scored four touchdowns, and from each one Young kicked a goal.

YALE, 23 ; WILLIAMS, 0.

Yale improved materially over Harvard's score against Williams one week previous, by rolling up 23 points, while Harvard had been able to score only 11 points. Yale put her best team in the field, and their interference was quickly formed and very effective. Benjamin and McBride both made star runs, while Brown blocked two kicks, from one of which he scored a touchdown after a long run. Captain Chadwell did the best work for the visitors.

HARVARD, 21 ; DARTMOUTH, 0.

The first satisfactory play of the Harvard team was in their game against Dartmouth, at Cambridge, October 8th. The Crimson players won rather easily by 21 to 0 in a thirty-five minute game, but it was not the score so much as the general improvement in their play that pleased the Harvard coaches. The team work was better, the interference more quickly formed and effectual, while there was less fumbling, and better running by the backs. Warren made a touchdown in the first half, after cleverly blocking one of Dartmouth's kicks, while a little later, Cochrane kicked a pretty goal from the field after a free catch on Dartmouth's 35-yard line. Daly, the new quarter-back, was used constantly to punt, and he got the ball away quickly and for good distances each time. In the second half, Dibblee's clever running was very effective and Harvard scored twice, increasing her total to 21 points, while she should also have scored once more, and perhaps

twice, if it had not been for an off-side play and a bad fumble right under Dartmouth's goal.

CORNELL, 23 ; CARLISLE INDIANS, 6.

Cornell met the Carlisle Indians at Ithaca, October 8th, and won by 23 to 6. It was an exciting game from start to finish. The Indians carried the ball back some distance after Cornell's first kick-off, but soon lost it for fumbling, and then Whiting carried it back down the field in four rushes for a touchdown. Metoxen made two long runs a little later, and a touchdown was scored for the Indians just before the first half ended. Both goals were kicked, so the half ended with the score even at 6 to 6. In the second half, Cornell used a trick play several times successfully, Whiting generally carrying the ball and always gaining his distance. Two of the runs that this play netted were over 30 yards each. Later in the game, Metoxen again carried the ball down the field nearly to Cornell's goal-line, but the Cornellians held the Indians and got the ball only one yard from their goal. Cornell scored three times in the second half, and Young missed only one goal.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 18 ; BROWN, 0.

The University of Pennsylvania did not have so easy a time as they had expected against Brown at Philadelphia, October 8th, though they won by 18 to 0. Throughout the first half of twenty-five minutes the Brown players held Pennsylvania without score, and their friends were jubilant. The Philadelphians could not open up the heavy Brown line as they had those of the poorer teams they had already met. The "guards back" play failed to gain its distance at every try, and the Brown men frequently broke up the play for a loss. In the second half Brown's players seemed rather used up by their hard work in the earlier part of the game and their defence was not nearly so good. It took only seven minutes in the second half for the Quakers to make the first touchdown, but the next time they got the ball close to Brown's goal Brown held the Quakers one yard from the line for four downs, and kicked the ball out of danger. Brown forced the play after that and got the ball to within fifteen yards of their opponents' goal-line and tried for a goal from the field. Richardson missed the posts by only a few feet. Pennsylvania scored for the third and last time on a sensational trick play, in which the interference was sent one way and Outland, with the ball, the other, and from this play a touchdown and goal were scored. The full time of play was forty-five minutes.

PRINCETON, 58 ; FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL, 0.

In a short thirty-five-minute game at Princeton, October 8th, Princeton rolled up 58 points against Franklin and Marshall. A bad pass in the second half gave the ball to the visitors on Princeton's ten-yard line, but the Tigers held the opposing backs till the third down and then blocked their try for a goal from the field. Princeton's backs carried the ball well and followed the well-formed interference closely. In the second half almost an entire team of substitutes was put in, who worked better than expected. Mattis played a particularly strong game at full-back.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE, 5 ; LAFAYETTE, 0.

Lafayette received a second setback at Easton, October 8th, when she was beaten by the Pennsylvania State College, 5 to 0. The State College team were considerably heavier than Lafayette's men, and they steadily pushed the ball down the field, despite Lafayette's sturdiest efforts to stem the tide. The single touchdown of the game were made by Cure, full-back for State College, after a series of short rushes that took the ball down close to the goal of the home team.

U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY, 27 ; WESLEYAN, 8.

The West Point Cadets won from Wesleyan at West Point, October 8th, by 27 to 8. The feature of the day was Kromer's clever kicking of two goals from the field. The West Point coaches are beginning to hope that they have discovered in him a second Hudson. Wesleyan scored a safety, a touchdown and a goal, all in the first half. Romeyn played well for the Cadets.

U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY, 11 ; BUCKNELL, 0.

The U. S. Naval Cadets won their first game at Annapolis, October 8th, from Bucknell, by a score of 11 to 0. Bassett, Taussig and Wade showed up particularly well for the Cadets, while the two ends, Jackson and Shea, each scored a touchdown. Bucknell's line was unable to hold the Cadet backs. Time, 35 m.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY, 10 ; LEHIGH, 0.

The New York University's promising team beat Lehigh at New York, October 8th, by 10 to 0. The physical condition of the New Yorkers was much better than that of the visitors, but they also played better football. Van Vleck was given two chances to kick goals from the field, and he succeeded the second time. Slawson scored a touchdown in the first half, but Van Vleck failed in his try for goal. The time was 35 minutes.

PRINCETON, 34 ; LAFAYETTE, 0.

The twice beaten Lafayette team met the Princeton Tigers at Princeton, October 12th, and were beaten by 34 to 0. Despite their failure to score, however, the Easton team showed better form than in either of their previous games, and for some time held the formidable Princetons in check. Only once during the game did the visitors have a chance to score, but then Carter was too slow to take advantage of the opportunity. He got the ball on a fumble in midfield, and, with no one between him and Princeton's goal, had an excellent chance for a touchdown, but Edwards caught him from behind, and the chance was gone forever. Black, the new Tiger half-back, was tried again and with great success. He blocked a kick from Bray and scored a touchdown on the play. He also scored again later. Mills, the new guard, also played well and kicked four of the six goals he tried. Time of game, 35 minutes.

HARVARD, 53 ; AMHERST, 2.

Harvard improved materially on Yale's score against Amherst, by beating the latter eleven, 53 to 2, at Cambridge, October 12th. Amherst did not play her full team, however, and a number of substitutes were used in the line, as well

as behind it. The game lasted only twenty-seven minutes, and in the first fifteen the Crimson players ran up a score of 36 points against the 34 Yale made in her whole game. This result fully offset Yale's improvement over Harvard's score against Williams, which had bothered some of the coaches at Cambridge. Amherst, although completely outclassed, scored a safety by blocking Daly's return punt of one of their many kick-offs. The ball rolled back over Harvard's line, and Dibblee, who picked it up, was downed, just behind the line, for a safety. Cochrane did the goal-kicking, and missed only one in the nine chances he had, while Reid and Dibblee did the best work of the others behind Harvard's line. Houghton, who played full-back for the Crimson last year, appeared in his former position at tackle for the first time of the year, and his work was much more satisfactory than behind the line.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 34; UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, 0.

The University of Pennsylvania beat the University of Virginia eleven, at Philadelphia, October 12th, by 34 points to 0. The Southerners presented a very light line, but their defence was good and their team work irreproachable. Although the Quakers put in their strongest team against them, they could only score twice in the first half of twenty minutes and four times in the second half. Hare, the star guard of last year's Pennsylvania eleven, was tried at full-back, but his absence from the center of the line was missed too much, and he was put back in his old place for the second half, and Walker put in at full-back. In this half, the guards-back formation ripped up the visitors' line at frequent intervals for substantial gains. Time of game, 40 minutes.

UNION, 6; WILLIAMS, 0.

Williams was beaten by Union College, at Williamstown, October 12th, by 6 to 0. The result was a surprise to the home players, who had counted on beating Union rather easily, since their good showing against both Harvard and Yale. But the Williams players did not work together well, and several costly fumbles when the ball was progressing rapidly toward Union's goal robbed them of good chances to score. The single touchdown that was made by the visitors was directly caused by a fumble. Mallory, of the Union eleven, picked up the ball well down in his own territory, after it had been fumbled by Branch, and a touchdown and goal were scored on the play.

FOOTBALL RECORDS.

Sept. 24—Yale, 18; Trinity, 0; at New Haven, Conn.
 " Cornell, 29; Colgate, 5; at Ithaca, N. Y.
 " Carlisle Indians, 43; Bloomsburg School, 0; at Carlisle, Pa.
 " University of Pennsylvania, 41; Franklin and Marshall, 0; at Philadelphia, Pa.
 Sept. 28—University of Pennsylvania, 50; Gettysburg, 0; at Philadelphia, Pa.
 " Cornell, 41; Hamilton, 0; at Ithaca, N. Y.
 " Lehigh, 12; Rutgers, 0; at South Bethlehem, Pa.
 Oct. 1—Yale, 5; Wesleyan, 0; at New Haven, Conn.
 " Princeton, 21; Lehigh, 0; at Princeton, N. J.
 " Harvard, 11; Williams, 0; at Cambridge, Mass.
 " University of Pennsylvania, 40; Pennsylvania State College, 0; at Philadelphia, Pa.
 " Cornell, 47; Trinity, 0; at Ithaca, N. Y.
 " Carlisle Indians, 48; Susquehanna University, 0; at Carlisle, Pa.

Oct. 1—U. S. Military Academy, 40; Tufts, 0; at West Point, N. Y.
 " Swarthmore, 29; Delaware College, 0; at Wilmington, Del.
 " Union, 45; St. Stephen's, 0; at Schenectady, N. Y.
 " Brown, 19; Holy Cross, 0; at Providence, R. I.
 " University of Cincinnati, 12; Ohio University, 0; at Athens, O.
 " Syracuse University, 36; Rochester University, 0; at Syracuse, N. Y.
 " Dartmouth, 23; Phillips Exeter, 5; at Hanover, N. H.
 " Lafayette, 16; Villanova, 0; at Easton, Pa.
 Oct. 5—Yale, 34; Amherst, 0; at New Haven, Conn.
 " Harvard, 28; Bowdoin, 6; at Cambridge, Mass.
 " Princeton, 42; Stevens, 0; at Princeton, N. J.
 " University of Pennsylvania, 50; Mansfield School, 0; at Philadelphia, Pa.
 " Cornell, 30; Syracuse University, 0; at Syracuse, N. Y.
 " Brown, 26; Tufts, 6; at Providence, R. I.
 " Washington and Jefferson University, 16; Lafayette, 0; at Pittsburg, Pa.
 " Princeton Freshmen, 5; Lawrenceville, 0; at Princeton, N. J.
 Oct. 8—Yale, 23; Williams, 0; at New Haven, Conn.
 " Harvard, 21; Dartmouth, 0; at Cambridge, Mass.
 " Princeton, 58; Franklin and Marshall, 0; at Princeton, N. J.
 " Cornell, 23; Carlisle Indians, 6; at Ithaca, N. Y.
 " University of Pennsylvania, 18; Brown, 0; at Philadelphia, Pa.
 " Pennsylvania State College, 5; Lafayette, 0; at Easton, Pa.
 " New York University, 10; Lehigh, 0; at New York.
 " U. S. Naval Academy, 11; Bucknell, 0; at Annapolis, Md.
 " University of Cincinnati, 11; Maine University, 0; at Cincinnati, O.
 " Dickinson, 24; Haverford, 0; at Carlisle, Pa.
 " University of Rochester, 6; Hobart, 4; at Rochester, N. Y.
 " U. S. Military Academy, 27; Wesleyan, 8; at West Point, N. Y.
 " Swarthmore, 6; Rutgers, 0; at Swarthmore, Pa.
 Oct. 12—Harvard, 53; Amherst, 2; at Cambridge, Mass.
 " Princeton, 34; Lafayette, 0; at Princeton, N. J.
 " University of Pennsylvania, 34; University of Virginia, 0; at Philadelphia, Pa.
 " Union, 6; Williams, 0; at Williamstown, Mass.
 " Bowdoin, 29; University of Maine, 0; at Brunswick, Me.
 " Andover, 5; Tufts, 0; at Andover, Mass.
 " Wesleyan, 12; Holy Cross, 0; at Middletown, Conn.
 " Syracuse University, 45; Hobart, 7; at Geneva, N. Y.

FOOTBALL CALENDAR.

Oct. 29—Yale vs. U. S. Military Academy, at West Point, N. Y.
 " Harvard vs. Carlisle Indians, at Cambridge, Mass.
 " Princeton vs. Brown, at Providence, R. I.
 " University of Pennsylvania vs. University of Chicago, at Philadelphia, Pa.
 " Wesleyan vs. Dartmouth, at Hanover, N. H.
 " Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown, Mass.
 " Lehigh vs. Bucknell, at Bethlehem, Pa.
 " Lafayette vs. U. S. Naval Academy, at Annapolis, Md.
 " Swarthmore vs. New York University, at New York.
 Nov. 2—Princeton vs. University of Virginia, at Princeton, N. J.
 " Swarthmore vs. Pennsylvania Military College, at Swarthmore, Pa.
 Nov. 5—Harvard vs. University of Pennsylvania, at Cambridge, Mass.
 " Princeton vs. U. S. Military Academy, at West Point, N. Y.
 " Brown vs. Boston University, at Providence, R. I.
 " Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown, Conn.
 " Lehigh vs. Lafayette, at Bethlehem, Pa.
 " Cornell vs. Williams, at Buffalo, N. Y.
 " New York University vs. Syracuse University, at Syracuse, N. Y.

- Nov. 5—Swarthmore vs. Franklin and Marshall, at Swarthmore, Pa.
 Nov. 12—Yale vs. Princeton, at Princeton, N. J.
 " Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, Mass.
 " University of Pennsylvania vs. Carleiss Indians, at Philadelphia, Pa.
 " Cornell vs. Lafayette, at Ithaca, N. Y.
 " Lehigh vs. U. S. Naval Academy, at Annapolis, Md.
 " Williams vs. Dartmouth, at Hanover, N. H.
 " Wesleyan vs. Rutgers, at Middletown, Conn.
 " Swarthmore vs. Columbian University, at Washington, D. C.
 " Trinity vs. New York University, at Hartford, Conn.
 Nov. 16—Wesleyan vs. Bowdoin, at Middletown, Conn.
 Nov. 19—Harvard vs. Yale, at New Haven, Conn.
 " Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence, R. I.
 " Lehigh vs. Dickinson, at Carlisle, Pa.
 " Amherst vs. Williams, at Williamstown, Mass.
 " Swarthmore vs. Haverford, at Swarthmore, Pa.
 " Colgate vs. New York University, at New York.
 Nov. 24—University of Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, Pa.
 " Lehigh vs. Lafayette, at Easton, Pa.
 J. PARMLY PARET.

FOOTBALL IN THE SOUTH.

The Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association, with a territory spreading from South Carolina to Texas and from Kentucky to Louisiana, embracing such representative universities as University of Georgia, University of the South and Vanderbilt University, has formulated rules governing the method of play and the conduct of the players. The representatives of the colleges have entered upon the subject of modification of play in a spirit of earnestness, and they hope to avoid accidents to players and reduce the casualties to a minimum.

The University of Georgia team is again in the field, despite the attempt by the Georgia Legislature to abolish the game in the Cracker State. The team she will put in the field this year is especially strong, having replaced the vacancies in the line by good material, Captain Walden himself playing one of the tackles. Captain Walden made a great reputation last year in his strong defensive play against Virginia's heavy team. Tichenor will be at quarter again and will direct the play from the signal center. Jones will do their punting again this year, and is probably the quickest full-back in the South. Moore, the big half, is back again, and plays a strong game on offense but is careless in defense.

Vanderbilt will make a good showing this year; Goodson, last year's star quarter, will captain from his old position. The positions to be filled by the loss of Connell, Farrall, Boogher and Crutchfield is a problem for Captain Goodson, but with the new material, some of which gives great promise, there is little doubt but that Vanderbilt will play a creditable season.

At North Carolina the men are being coached by Reynolds, of Princeton, and, while Captain Belden has not returned, many of the old team are in harness again. Belden's strong kicking will be missed, but Rogers may go from quarter to full. Gregory, the great end and captain of Carolina '95, is again in college, and if he does not play will be of valuable assistance to Coach Reynolds.

Virginia has entered upon a new era in football, abolishing the hired coach system, and plunged into the arena on her own basis,

using her alumni exclusively for coaches. Porter Parker, full-back, '92-'93, and Archie Hoxton, '95-'96 quarter, are working with the backs. Massie, the '93 guard and Robert Mudd, '94 end, are giving the men in the line points. The team as a whole is light, but it is doing fast work for the early season. Virginia's schedule is complete, playing Princeton and Penn of the Big 4, and Vanderbilt, Carolina, University of West Virginia, and Center College, of Kentucky, of the prominent Southern colleges. The progress of the Virginia team this season will be watched with considerable interest and speculation, since it is the first Southern college to adopt the home-coach system.

The North Carolina Schedule.

- Oct. 1. Guilford College, at Chapel Hill.
 Oct. 8. Mechanical College, at Chapel Hill.
 Oct. 12. Greensboro Athletic Club, at Chapel Hill.
 Oct. 15. Mebane School, at Chapel Hill.
 Oct. 22. University of Georgia, at Atlanta.
 Nov. 4. Alabama Polytechnic, at Winston.
 Nov. 24. University of Virginia, at Richmond.

Virginia Schedule.

- Oct. 1. St. Albans, at Charlottesville.
 Oct. 8. Washington and Lee, at Charlottesville.
 Oct. 12. Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia.
 Oct. 15. Gallaudet, at Charlottesville.
 Oct. 22. Georgetown, at Charlottesville.
 Oct. 29. Columbian University, at Charlottesville.
 Nov. 2. Princeton, at Princeton.
 Nov. 5. University of Maryland, at Charlottesville.
 Nov. 8. Columbian, at Washington.
 Nov. 12. Vanderbilt, at Louisville.
 Nov. 14. West Virginia University, at Charleston.
 Nov. 19. U. S. N. Academy, at Annapolis.
 Nov. 24. Carolina, at Richmond.

W. A. LAMBETH.

FOOTBALL ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The University of California football team played its first match of the season on Saturday, October 1st, at Recreation Park, San Francisco, against the Olympic Club, and won easily by a score of 17 to 0. E. Sherman officiated as referee, H. Cross, the coach of the Stanford team, as umpire, L. E. Hunt and H. P. Taylor as linesmen. The University of California team played a fast game, especially behind the line, and their interference was good. The backs were speedy, and the line in front strong. Coach Cochrane was pleased with the work done by the winners. The teams were made up as follows: University of California—Whipple and Womble, right end; Pringle, right tackle; Hooper, right guard; Greisberg, center; Athearn, left guard; Albertson, left tackle; Craig and Masters, left end; Hopper and Kerfoot, quarter-back; Thane and Smith, right half-back; Hall, left half-back; Kaarsberg, full-back.

Olympic Club—Joyce and Taussig, left end; Sexton, left tackle; Smith and Erskine, left guard; Bandy, center; Middlemas and Erskine, right guard; Nelson, right tackle, McNutt, right end; Weldon, quarter-back; King, right half-back; Sheehy, left half-back; Atkinson, full-back.

Hall scored 3 touchdowns, 15 points, and Kaarsberg, 2 goals, 2 points, for the University of California.

G. L. Cadwallader, who played center rush in the Yale University team last year, and who has entered the University of California, may play for that university. His great height and strength, joined with his knowledge of the game, will render him invaluable.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.



Mrs. A. DeWitt Cochrane.

Miss Beatrix Hoyt.

THE OPENING DAY AT ARDSLEY, WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP, 1898.

GOLF.

OVER sixty entries for the women's golf championship may well have upset all calculations and official expectations. So much did it do so, in fact, that at the last moment preconceived regulations were thrown to the winds and sixteen was fixed as the number to be entitled to compete beyond the preliminary round, instead of eight. This was as it should be, and evidenced a wise and discriminating government. In the ordinary nature of events it was not to be expected that every entrant would put in an appearance, yet the fifty-four who faced the ordeal would have had perpetual cause of complaint had their numbers on medal play of the first round been reduced to eight. In the event the competition resolved itself into a parallel to the men's championship, excepting that each round was covered once instead of twice each day. First came a weeding out, by medal play of one round, of the total competitors to the sixteen who made the lowest scores. Then the sixteen played a match round, reducing the competitors to eight. The eight on the third day were reduced to four. The four on the fourth day were reduced to two, and on the fifth day came the final duel.

The conditions under which the contest over the Ardsley Links opened on the morning of Tuesday, the 11th of October, could not have been more favorable. The links had been gotten into perfect condition by alterations and attention worthy of all praise. Many of the contestants had in the week previous made themselves familiar with the lay of the land by ample practice, and the weather was superb.

The distances of the holes, after the alteration made for the match, were:

Out.....	205	225	200	122	375	300	215	370	317—2,419
In.....	285	245	140	237	235	355	375	350	475—2,097
Total, yards.....	5,116								

Amongst the entries were, of course, the most expert and enthusiastic in the land, ranging from Chicago to Baltimore, and many were the speculations and expectations. There were those who from the first pinned their faith to the champion of last year, the youthful hope of Shinneck, Miss Beatrix Hoyt. There were partisans of Philadelphia's accomplished player, Miss Edith B. Burt, and ominous hints, to use a misnomer, of dark horses.

Speculation turned to realization when the champion led off the game, having for her partner Mrs. A. DeWitt Cochrane, the Ardsley champion, and it was seen that none of her old-time power, ease and skill had departed. She played a well-nigh perfect game and finished the eighteen holes in 92, the lowest, as it transpired, of all the qualifying sixteen, whose scores we append:

Miss Beatrix Hoyt, Shinneck :									
Out.....	5	5	6	4	5	6	4	6	5-46
In.....	5	6	3	6	3	5	6	5	7-46
Miss Edith B. Burt, Philadelphia Country :									
Out.....	6	5	6	4	6	6	5	6	6-50
In.....	7	5	4	6	4	6	5	6	7-50
Miss Madeline Boardman, Essex County, Mass.:									
Out.....	7	6	4	4	6	5	6	8	6-52
In.....	6	5	4	5	4	8	6	6	6-50
Miss Grace B. Keyes, Concord :									
Out.....	5	5	4	6	6	4	7	6-49	
In.....	6	7	4	4	4	7	5	7	7-51
Mrs. William Shippen, Morris County :									
Out.....	5	4	6	4	7	6	3	8	7-52
In.....	6	4	5	5	4	6	6	7	8-51
Miss Carol Eidlitz, Ardsley :									
Out.....	5	5	8	4	6	7	6	6	7-54
In.....	6	5	3	6	4	7	6	6	6-49
Miss Maude K. Wetmore, Newport :									
Out.....	3	6	4	4	7	6	5	9	5-49
In.....	6	5	4	5	5	8	7	8	7-55
Mrs. J. E. Greiner, Baltimore County :									
Out.....	5	6	5	5	8	7	5	8	7-56
In.....	5	5	4	7	6	5	6	6	6-50
Miss Ruth Underhill, Queens County :									
Out.....	4	5	3	3	8	9	4	8	5-51
In.....	6	7	5	7	4	7	6	6	7-55

GOLF.

Miss Alice Strong, Seabright :										
Out.....	6	5	7	4	6	5	5	7	5-50	} 107
In.....	5	7	4	6	5	9	6	8	7-57	
Miss Frances C. Griscom, Merion Cricket :										
Out.....	5	5	7	3	7	7	6	7	6-53	} 107
In.....	6	6	5	8	4	8	6	6	5-54	
Mrs. Edward A. Manice, Pittsfield :										
Out.....	5	4	8	3	7	9	6	8	5-55	} 107
In.....	7	5	5	6	4	5	6	7	7-52	
Miss Marion Shearson, Chicago :										
Out.....	6	5	10	3	6	6	5	7	6-54	} 107
In.....	7	5	5	6	4	7	5	7	7-53	
Mrs. W. Fellowes Morgan, Baltusrol :										
Out.....	6	5	7	4	6	7	5	7	7-54	} 108
In.....	5	6	5	6	4	7	7	6	8-54	
Miss K. K. Cassatt, Philadelphia Cricket :										
Out.....	5	7	5	4	6	5	7	7	5-51	} 109
In.....	6	5	3	6	7	8	7	6	10-58	
Miss Harriot S. Curtis, Essex County, Mass. :										
Out.....	6	8	6	5	7	7	6	6	7-55	} 109
In.....	8	7	3	5	4	6	5	6	7-51	

Wednesday, the 12th, was the beginning of the real contest. The sixteen qualified then played off in pairs a round each at match play, wherein the uninitiated should know that strokes do not count in the result. The honors go to those who make the largest number of the eighteen holes. Each hole is, in fact, a separate match, to be won or lost and counted for or against one or the other player, or halved and divided equally between them. Sometimes it is not necessary to finish all the eighteen holes; for instance, when A and B are playing, if A wins so many holes that, should B win all the rest, she would still be below the number already won by A, then the remaining holes are not played. It would be useless, in fact, to do so. This will explain the term A won 4 up (*i. e.*, ahead) and 3 to play, *i. e.*, B could only have won 3 more, and must have still, in any event, been beaten by one hole.

The weather on Wednesday, by the time play commenced, was bright, clear, and dry; the one and only drawback was the strength of the wind; at times it was a factor of much perplexity and at all times of anxiety.

The following is the result of the day's play in the first round :

Mrs. W. Fellowes Morgan, Baltusrol Golf Club, beat Miss Harriet S. Curtis, Essex County Club, 5 up and 4 to play.

Miss Carol Eidlitz, Ardsley Club, beat Miss Marion Shearson, Chicago Golf Club, 2 up and 1 to play.

Miss Beatrix Hoyt, Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, beat Miss Grace B. Keyes, Concord (Mass.) Golf Club, 4 up and 3 to play.

Miss Edith B. Burt, Philadelphia Country Club, beat Mrs. E. A. Manice, Pittsfield (Mass.) Golf Club, 2 up.

Miss Ruth Underhill, Queens County Golf Club, beat Miss Madeline Boardman, Essex County, 1 up in nineteen holes.

Miss Frances E. Griscom, Merion Cricket Club, beat Mrs. William Shippen, Morris County Golf Club, 7 up and 5 to play.

Miss K. K. Cassatt, Philadelphia Cricket Club, beat Mrs. J. E. Greiner, Baltimore Country Club, 5 up and 4 to play.

Miss Maude K. Wetmore, Newport Country Club, beat Miss Alice Strong, Seabright Golf Club, 3 up and 2 to play.

SECOND ROUND.

Thursday's play reduced the contestants to four, for in the second round

Miss Carol Eidlitz, Ardsley Club, beat Mrs. W. Fellowes Morgan, Baltusrol, by 8 up and 6 to play.

Miss Beatrix Hoyt, Shinnecock Hills, beat Miss Edith B. Burt, Philadelphia Country Club, by 6 up and 5 to play.

Miss Frances C. Griscom, Merion Cricket Club, beat Miss Ruth Underhill, Queens County Golf Club, by 6 up and 4 to play.

Miss Maude K. Wetmore, Newport Golf Club, beat Miss K. K. Cassatt, Philadelphia Cricket Club, by 4 up and 3 to play.

The second round by strokes resulted as follows:

Miss Hoyt.....	4	5	5	4	6	6	5	6	5-46
Miss Burt.....	5	5	6	4	7	6	5	7	5-50
Miss Hoyt.....	5	6	4	5	* * *	* * *	* * *	* * *	*-20-66
Miss Burt.....	7	6	5	5	* * *	* * *	* * *	* * *	*-23-73

Byes not played.									
Miss Griscom.....	5	4	5	4	9	5	5	7	6-59
Miss Underhill.....	*7	*5	*7	*5	8	6	4	7	7-56
Miss Griscom.....	6	6	5	4	†	†	†	†	†-26-76
Miss Underhill.....	5	7	5	6	5	4	†	†	†-28-84

*Approximated. †Byes not played.									
Miss Wetmore.....	5	6	6	*7	7	9	5	7	7-59
Miss Cassatt.....	6	7	4	7	8	6	*8	6	6-59
Miss Wetmore.....	6	6	4	6	5	6	†	†	†-33-92
Miss Cassatt.....	7	6	5	6	5	6	†	†	†-35-94

*Approximated. †Bye holes not played.									
Miss Eidlitz.....	5	4	6	4	7	0	4	6	6-51
Mrs. Morgan.....	5	6	6	8	8	8	5	7	7-60
Miss Eidlitz.....	5	6	4	* * *	* * *	* * *	* * *	* * *	*-13-64
Mrs. Morgan.....	6	7	5	* * *	* * *	* * *	* * *	* * *	*-18-78

The semi-finals on Friday, played in cold, threatening weather, reduced the contestants to two, Miss Hoyt winning from Miss Eidlitz, with 6 up and 5 to play, and Miss Wetmore winning from Miss Griscom 4 up and 3 to play.

The individual cards were as follows

Miss Hoyt—									
Out.....	5	6	6	3	5	6	5	6	5-47
In.....	5	5	4	4					
Miss Eidlitz—									
Out.....	8	5	5	5	7	8	4	12	8-62
In.....	7	5	5	5					
Miss Griscom—									
Out.....	6	5	5	4	6	7	4	10	5-52
In.....	6	5	3	6	5	8			
Miss Wetmore—									
Out.....	5	5	5	6	6	6	8	7	7-55
In.....	5	4	6	5	6	7			

Saturday closed the contest with a battle royal between Miss Hoyt and Miss Wetmore, in which the former won, 5 holes up and 3 to play, after an exciting and excellently contested match in which the contestants were equal up to the tenth hole. Miss Wetmore's ill-luck in losing her ball under a fallen tree trunk at the fifteenth hole of the second round, robbed the last few minutes of the best women's play ever seen in America, of a brilliant finish.

The play all round, and during the whole week, marked a very distinct advance in general merit over previous years.



MISS BEATRIX HOYT,
ALBION. LADY CHAMPION, 1896 7-8.

ROD AND GUN.



THE BARTRAMIAN SANDPIPER (*Bartramia Longicauda*).

THIS is the bird everywhere known to sportsmen as the "upland plover," and rightly ranked as one of our best game birds for the table. It is not a plover, but a sandpiper, and it is named for the well-known naturalist, William Bartram, who was a friend of the celebrated Scotchman, Alexander Wilson, who first described the species.

This so-called plover is a bird of many names, among which are "Bartram's sandpiper," "Bartram's tattler," "upland sandpiper," "Bartramian sandpiper," "upland plover," "quail," "field plover," "highland plover," "pasture plover," "uplander," "hill-bird," "grass plover," "humilty," "gray plover," "plain plover," "prairie pigeon," "prairie snipe," and, in New Orleans, "papabote."

It is about twelve inches in length and about twenty-one inches in extent. Its range includes eastern North America north to Nova Scotia and Alaska. Its southward migrations extend to southern South America. The rude attempt at a nest is placed upon the ground, usually below a clump of grass in a meadow or pasture. The eggs are four, of a creamish ground color, with irregular dark brown spots; they are unusually large for the size of the bird. The young are hatched in June, when they may be seen tottering about on weak legs over the short herbage. Although, as a rule, these sandpipers are very shy, should an intruder approach the young, the parents become frantically excited and apparently fearless. They will swoop within easy range, and, by keeping up a piercing clamor and using divers pretty artifices, endeavor to distract attention from their skulking, helpless offspring.

The food of this bird is chiefly insects, and

it renders useful service by destroying hosts of grasshoppers. It also consumes certain sorts of berries, and no doubt the diet accounts for the peculiar excellence of its flesh. The southward migration usually begins during September, but may be delayed by continued fair weather. Last year I saw thousands of these birds in western Ontario (where they seldom are numerous) after the 15th of October, but the weather was summer-like and there was plenty of insect food. The sport they afforded was excellent, as they are strong, rapid flyers; and one day, so many were the chances offered, I ceased shooting about noon rather than kill more than I deemed a sportsman's rightful bag. For those who prefer details, I may say that the day's bag, for two guns, might easily have been made more than one hundred birds.

In the spring, perhaps, upon some soft, rainy day, a sweet voice crying from upper air tells of the arrival of the "plover." The cry is long-drawn, flute-like, and strangely confusing as to the direction from which it comes, and the bird may be so high overhead as to be invisible. When it stoops, its motions are graceful, and, after alighting, it has a pretty habit of momentarily keeping the fully extended wings raised above the back, and then slowly folding them. Like the better-known spotted sandpiper, the Bartramian freely perches upon rails, posts, stumps and like objects. My drawing represents a specimen in good plumage, but the bird is of a somewhat browner tone than the plain black and white can portray.

With many sportsmen the pursuit of the "upland plover" in the spring is a favorite occupation, but it is a sport of which I do not approve. Rather would I let the pairs rear their young and do their good work among the insects, and then take my modest tribute from the vastly augmented hosts as they move south. Then the plump young are delicious morsels, while in spring the older birds are decidedly inferior.

Last July, while driving through parts of Pennsylvania, I saw several pairs of these birds standing trimly erect upon new-cut stubble. No doubt the young were concealed near by, and perhaps some local Nimrod enjoyed fat "plover" later on.

SUMMER PIGEON-SHOOTING.

Trap-shooting at live birds during the warmer months is, to my notion, something which might very well be discontinued. The birds are then in poor, light feather, and they entirely lack the dashing speed and the lead-carrying power of the prime birds of cold weather. They might be better employed breeding in their home lofts. Any one of a dozen local experts can roll up a tremendous score on the slow-going summer birds, but such a score means little as a test of actual skill, and earns no glory for the gun. The summer shooting, to me, appears to be simply for money, while the sport is somewhat lost sight of.

GUNS AND SHOOTING.

For the benefit of some half-dozen inquirers, let me say that for all-round upland and cover-shooting I prefer a cylinder-bored twelve-

gauge of not more than seven pounds weight, and by a maker of established reputation, be the American, British, or other over-sea exponent. The better the quality of the gun the lighter it may safely be built, and there is no sense in lugging about a pound, or less, of useless weight. A twelve-gauge, properly charged with smokeless powder and the correct size of shot for the game in view, will, if held aright, kill that game at any reasonable range. A cannon could do no more.

Some of the finest weather for enjoyable sport

comes to us this month. The leaves will be well down before these leaves reach my readers, and sharp and bracing air will invigorate men and dogs, so both may do their prettiest. Grouse and quail, in spite of a doubtful spring, appear to be more than usually abundant. So get ye afield, my merry men all, and may I have the pleasure of meeting some of you, for I, too, expect to once again get near to Nature, and also to talk a bit with any birds that may be slow enough to hearken to me.

ED. W. SANDYS.

KENNEL.



THE IRISH TERRIER, ROUGH AND READY.

DOGS OF TO-DAY—THE IRISH TERRIER.

A CLEVER, hardy, plucky and exceedingly active dog, the Irish terrier is a capital companion and at the same time one of the best of watchdogs for city mansion or country villa.

Woe betide the prowling intruder who may attempt an invasion of this dog's bailiwick. By day and by night he is a match for all the tricks of the thieving fraternity. His ears are sharp and his nose is keen, while his springy activity, aided by undaunted courage, make him an awkward customer to have trouble with. And if needs be, when he has decided that the intruder means mischief, he can bite like fury. He is too shrewd to be coaxed and bamboozled, for he appears to possess his full share of that quick wit and ready resource which have made fame for his native island.

In appearance he is very peculiar. His clean-cut, sinewy frame suggests at a glance the strength and agility which it possesses, while his face wears an expression which no other breed appears to possess. It is a comical mixture of bold shrewdness, determination and humor, as though its owner had a dash of the *devil* in his blood. To me the dog seems to look like an Irishman—a true "Paddy"—and something about the Irish water spaniel always suggests the same idea. This may be merely fancy, but let the reader look for it the next Irish terrier he sees. As a whole, this terrier is a smart fellow, full of dash and go, and ever ready for the roughest sort of play. He is a

model of energy and endurance, good-natured, and willing to take rude cuffs and bear no malice. He is affectionate and faithful, but he has no scruples against an occasional "scrap" with almost anything of a reasonable size.

The standard of the Irish terrier is as follows: Head long, skull flat, narrow between the ears; stop hardly visible; jaws strong, not too full in cheek, and of good punishing length; hair on face same as on body, short, almost smooth, and straight; a slight beard is characteristic; teeth strong, level; lips well fitting; nose black; eyes dark hazel, small, full of life; ears, when uncut, small and V-shaped, well set up, drooping forward, free from fringe, and the hair darker and shorter than on the body; neck fair length, widening at shoulders; slight frill on each side of neck, running nearly to corner of eye, which is characteristic; shoulders *must* be fine, long and sloping; chest deep and muscular. Body moderately long; back strong and straight; loins broad and powerful; ribs well sprung, rather deep than round; hindquarters well under body and strong; hocks near ground, stifles not too much bent; stern generally docked, free from fringe, set on high, carried gayly, but not over back.

Feet strong, toes arched, toenails black; legs moderately long, well set on, plenty of bone; pasterns short and straight, stifles not turned out; legs free from feather; coat hard and wiry, straight and flat; *no* shagginess; color bright red, wheaten yellow and gray; white on chest and feet objectionable. Disqualifications, cherry or red nose; brindle color.

Scale of Points.—Head, jaws, teeth and eyes, 15; ears and neck (5), 10; legs and feet, 10; shoulders and chest, 10; back and loins, 10; hindquarters and stern, 10; coat, 15; color, 10; size and symmetry, 10; total, 100.

A Dog-Owners' Protective Association has been formed in Cincinnati, Ohio, Attorney Rogers Wright, Secretary, which will be copied in other cities. Its objects are the protection of dogs, making them "property," testing of any dog laws or ordinances, etc. The Association has caused the repeal of the dog license law in that city, whose license fees went to the Humane Society, which gathered up and killed unlicensed dogs. Cleveland with 400,000 people has no dog-license law, it having been declared unconstitutional, as dogs are property in Ohio, and cannot be touched without due process of law. Why not repeat the dog-license law in other cities?

NOMAD.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE FILM PATENT.—The sensation of the day, in most of the newspapers, is the statement that, after twelve years' fighting amongst patent attorneys, the Rev. Hannibal Goodwin, of Newark, N. J., has been granted a patent on the spool films in use all over the world wherever the camera has penetrated. He estimates that in this country alone there are at least 1,500,000 cameras in which spool films are used, and has bright visions of the fortune that even a small royalty on such will bring.

But the getting of a patent is not quite equal to the catching of your hare, and there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. If the patent claim is for merely a "spool film," as seems evident from his own reported expression and from what the newspapers say, I would not give much for an assignment of the rights, as it will not be difficult to show that Warmerke, nearly thirty years ago, made and sold film spools and roll holders in which to use them.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY.—The same reliable (?) authorities all over the land have been filling columns with as near an approach to "much ado about nothing" on the question of photography in natural colors as it is possible to get. The ball seems to have been started by the Chicago correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who, under the delusion that he had stumbled on something new, filled a column with such an account as such writers generally give of the long-ago threshed-out and well-known method of making a photograph appear as if colored, invented by Jolly, of Dublin, and also claimed by the late McDonough, of Chicago.

The bait took. Leader writers vied with each other in prophesying the wonders of the revolution that was at hand, and even photographers, some of whom at least should have known better, were and are being led to talk much nonsense regarding it, while, instead of being the novelty they seem to think, it has been, for several years at least, a perfected curiosity, the ruled screens for which are articles of ordinary commerce.

I noticed and briefly described in these columns the method on its first appearance, but the following résumé may not be out of place:

A negative is made in the ordinary way on an orthochromatic plate, but through a screen ruled in lines of the primary colors in close contact and in regular succession, the screen being in close contact with the plate and called the "taking screen." From the negative a positive is made by contact, and is not in appearance different from an ordinary transparency, or, if on paper, from an ordinary print. Seen through a similar, but slightly different screen, however, called the "seeing or viewing screen," in close contact with the transparency or print, and properly adjusted, the positive appears as if in all the shades of color of the original. The Jolly - McDonough or McDonough-Jolly method of producing a photograph that shall seem as if in the natural colors of the object photographed is a beautiful experiment and the result a real curiosity, but it does not bring us one whit nearer photography in the colors of nature than we have been at

any time since the discovery of photography itself.

PHOTOGRAPHING SOUND.—Photography, like Alexander, keeps marching on, determined not to stop till there is nothing more to conquer. The latest conquest is the recording of sound, and it is with that, as it is with its more natural and real affinity, very much more sensitive than the human ear, recording vibrations far too rapid and far too slow, or, in other words, hearing sounds that are far too high and sounds that are far too low to be heard by the human ear.

To Prof. A. G. Webster, of Clark University, belongs the honor of the discovery and the construction of the apparatus, which he exhibited in action at the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The instrument, or sound camera, as it may be called, includes a resonator, diaphragm, movable mirrors and several prisms, an arrangement too complicated to be intelligibly described without drawings; and, therefore, it must suffice to say that the diaphragm, set in motion by sound waves, even so slight as that caused by a draught passing through a room, brings so together a lens of slight convexity and a plane disk of glass as to produce interference rings in the light transmitted and directed by the mirrors and prisms. These interference or colored rings are received on an automatically moving photographic plate, and developed into wavy lines that tell the whole story to those who have learned to read.

Lantern slides from the records were projected on the screens, and the Professor's explanation was received with enthusiasm.

THE WIZARD'S WAND.—With the approach of the long, dark evenings flashlight photography comes more into vogue, and with it the natural question, which of all the various methods or different forms of lamp is it most desirable to employ?

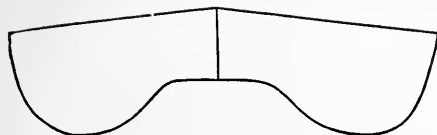
While, so far as efficiency is concerned, there is little difference between the simple tobacco pipe, with a few strands of cotton round the bowl, and the most costly more or less automatic arrangement of reservoirs, valves, tubes and bulbs, convenience and safety are matters that should be carefully considered.

For convenience nothing can beat the recently introduced "Mills' Electric Wand," a light tube probably about three feet in length, with a "swelled" handle, in which is concealed a dry battery, giving a current of sufficient strength to ignite a fusee. To produce the flash it is only necessary to press the button, and, as this is done without the knowledge of sitter or the distraction incident to the fussing with matches and flaming alcohol, the results are likely to be more satisfactory than by other methods.

But readers will please notice that I have said nothing as to its safety. Many of the flash powders on the market are dangerous things to handle; and until I have had an opportunity of examining the "electric compound" with which this photographic wizard's wand is recommended to be fed, I can only say, be cautious.

DR. JOHN NICOL.

YACHTING.



MIDSHIP CROSS SECTION OF THE "DOUBLE-HULLER" DOMINION.

THE SEAWANHAKA INTERNATIONAL CUP.

I AM delighted to be able to chronicle the good news that peace has been declared between the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club, of Oyster Bay, and the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, of Montreal. When OYING last went to press, war prevailed. Since then there has been an armistice, followed by dove-like peace and another challenge to sail races next year in the 20-foot class. Meanwhile the queer shape of the Duggan boat, *Dominion*, is exciting the curiosity of the yachting brotherhood at home and abroad.

The Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club held a special meeting at the club-house, Dorval, on September 2d, the business being the consideration of the Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup. There was a strong feeling in favor of returning the cup to the Seawanhaka Club, but after it had been explained that the objectionable "Dresser & Kerr telegram," printed in OYING last month, ordering the withdrawal of the club representatives and cautioning them not to accept "public or private hospitalities," was a personal and confidential suggestion which came into the hands of a reporter, who made it public without authority, matters were allowed to remain in *statu quo ante bellum*. The club passed a resolution backing up the Sailing Committee in all its past actions and giving it absolute power to deal with the Seawanhaka Cup business as it thought fit.

On September 3d a special meeting of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. was held, and a communication to the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. drawn up by the Race Committee was indorsed by the club.

After repudiating the "Dresser & Kerr telegram," and expressing its unqualified approval of the club representatives in protesting against *Dominion* and in sailing the match, the letter goes on:

"Having through our duly authorized representative made a formal protest against the selection of the *Dominion*, agreeing in advance to abide by the decision of your Sailing Committee, we unhesitatingly accept that decision as the expression of the conviction of your committee that the *Dominion* was eligible under the declaration of trust to defend the cup, and we therefore regard the match of 1898 as a closed incident, not open to further discussion. A profound difference of opinion, however, exists between us as to the propriety of accepting this decision as a precedent for the interpretation of the trust declaration and the government of future matches. It is our conviction, and that of our club, reached after full discussion and deliberation, that a vessel of the *Dominion* type is not within the contemplation of the declaration of trust, and that, therefore, without the consent of our club, expressed by formal amendment as prescribed in the instrument itself, such a vessel should not participate in future matches for the cup.

"Some confusion may perhaps have arisen in discussing the question from the use of the word 'catamaran.' It may very well be that the *Dominion* tech-

nically is not a catamaran, and that she may be merely an extreme development of the principle adopted without objection in *El Herrie*, *Glencairn*, *Speculator* and *Challenger*. However this may be, our point is simply this, that, whatever she may be called or however her conception may be accounted for, she is a vessel which in design passes the limit of fair competition with vessels not possessing her peculiar features of double hulls or separated bilges. While not now attempting technical argument, we cannot admit that such a vessel, even though evolved through the application of principles heretofore accepted, remains justly in the class from which she may have been evolved. It can hardly be questioned that had such a development been foreseen at the time when the cup was established it would have been expressly barred by the declaration of trust. But, whether this be so or not, we are not willing ourselves to challenge for the cup with a vessel of this type, and we could not regard with indifference the admission of such vessels to contests between other clubs for the cup which our club has founded.

"It cannot be doubted also that if the recent match is to be accepted as a controlling precedent the result will be either that future contests will be limited to vessels embodying a progressive development of the peculiar features of the *Dominion* or that competition for the cup will altogether cease. Either result, it seems to us, should be deplored. As founders of the cup, knowing that it has done much, if not for the art of designing, certainly, what is far more important, for the development of Corinthian sailing, we feel a deep interest in its future; and we do not doubt that you, who won it under circumstances reflecting such high credit upon your enterprise and upon the skill and character of your representatives, and have since twice successfully defended it, are equally solicitous.

"While we are firmly of opinion that no amendment is necessary to the declaration of trust, yet, if after final consideration you find yourselves unable to concur in our views as to the proper interpretation of that instrument, we invite your attention to the fact that it was framed in a liberal spirit, having in view the possibility of developments which, in the interests of yachting, would make changes advisable or necessary, and expressly provides that it may at any time be amended in any respect whatever by the consent of the holder and of our club, subject only to the condition that in case a challenge is pending the consent of the challenging club must also be obtained."

This letter was the means of reestablishing friendly relations between the two clubs. On September 14th, another special meeting of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club was held at Oyster Bay, at which it was decided to challenge again for the Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup. The following telegram was sent:

"OYSTER BAY, September 14th.

"TO ROYAL ST. LAWRENCE YACHT CLUB.

"J. C. ALMON, Secretary of Sailing Committee: The Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club hereby challenge the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club to sail a match for the Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup, during the season of 1899, in the 20-foot class. Letter will follow.

"SEAWANHAKA YACHT CLUB,

"Per C. A. SHEKMAN, Secretary Race Committee."

It should be recorded that before the above telegram was sent official assurance had been received from the Canadian yachtsmen that the challenge, would be accepted. The formal challenge, which was practically worded the same as the telegram, was received in Montreal on September 22d. So far as I can learn no action has been taken as yet with a view to amending the "declaration of trust" under which the cup is held, so as to bar out the objectionable "double-huller," but the occasion would seem to be fitting to follow an illustrious precedent and formulate a "new deed." There is no doubt that the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club has the power, if it feels so disposed, to frame new conditions.

To set at rest the question whether or

not the *Dominion* is a double-hulled boat it is only necessary to glance at her midship section given in last page. The drawing is sufficiently accurate for practical purposes and from it a capital idea may be formed of the shape of the boat. The design is daring and original in spite of its freakiness, and reflects great credit on Designer Duggan. In my judgment such craft should be compelled to sail in a class by themselves. It is not fair to allow them to compete with craft of the single-hull type. It would be a pity, however, to legislate such an innovation out of existence entirely. The double-hull craft or flying proa of the Orient was in vogue thousands of years B. C. The Herreshoff catamaran is an Occidental variation of it, which for many reasons proved neither popular nor practical. It remained for an ingenious Canadian to invent a double-hull boat which has none of the objectionable features of the Herreshoff catamaran, is able to beat to windward with great speed and efficiency, and is presumably a good seagoing vessel. Her system of construction, although it embraces more of the bridge-builder's than the ship-builder's art, is nevertheless both light and strong, presenting a remarkable contrast to the theoretically correct but practically faulty and flimsy method employed in the Crane boats *Seawanhaka* and *Challenger*, which, from all I can gather, nearly went to pieces in ordinary weather that would not have produced the slightest harmful effect on a paper shell. *Dominion* is well put together, and she cost far less than the shaky and cranky craft built in the hope of defeating her.

Yacht clubs may pass all the resolutions for which they have wind enough, but the double-hull craft of Duggan will not down. It is simply waste of time to write and lecture against the type. Its novelty and its oddness are enough to excite opposition, but the fin-keel also had many enemies when Herreshoff brought out *Dilemma*. What the evolution of the Duggan double-huller may bring forth in the way of marine monstrosities I know not, but the outlook is one of intense speculative promise. A number of improved boats are sure to be built. Yachting "cranks" will be fascinated by a "freak" of such transcendent qualities. The field is too attractive and has too many fertile possibilities to be allowed to lie fallow. I am a yachting foggy of the old school. I gaze with awe and admiration at the wondrous abortions that naval architects, amateur and professional, are turning out. Nevertheless I take off my hat, metaphorically, to Mr. Duggan and his double-huller, and wonder what will come next.

The suggestion that I offer in all sober seriousness to yacht clubs is that they should by no means discourage the double-huller. It has too much intrinsic excellence. It ought, in fact, to be encouraged and developed. But the double-hullers should be put in a class by themselves and not be permitted to sail against single-hull craft; also a hard-and-fast rule should be made defining clearly and intelligently the difference between the two types, and the penalty of, say, keelhauling should be imposed on any "tonnage cheater" who attempts to get the better of the rule and introduces a

wicked double-hull goat into a flock of innocent single-hull sheep.

THE AMERICA'S CUP CHALLENGE.

Nothing has occurred to disturb the harmonious relations existing between the Royal Ulster and the New York Yacht clubs with regard to the challenge of Sir Thomas Lipton for the *America's Cup*. The Irish delegation has returned home delighted with its reception, and Fife, the Scotch designer, has gone back to Fairlie cherishing the fond hope of capturing the cup, or, at any rate, of making a bold effort in that direction.

The following letter of the British Yacht Racing Association, in reply to a communication from the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, asking for advice on the subject of the challenge for the *America's Cup*, forms part of the history of the negotiations:

"YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION,
"ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB. }

"RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT, September 13, 1898.

"SIR—I have laid your letter of the 25th ult. before the Council at their meeting to day, and the committee appointed by your club attended and explained the reasons for inviting the assistance of the Yacht Racing Association. The Council fully appreciate the courtesy of your club, but as the Yacht Racing Association have no jurisdiction in international racing, the Council decline to express an opinion on the proposed challenge.

Your obedient servant,

"Secretary Y. R. A.

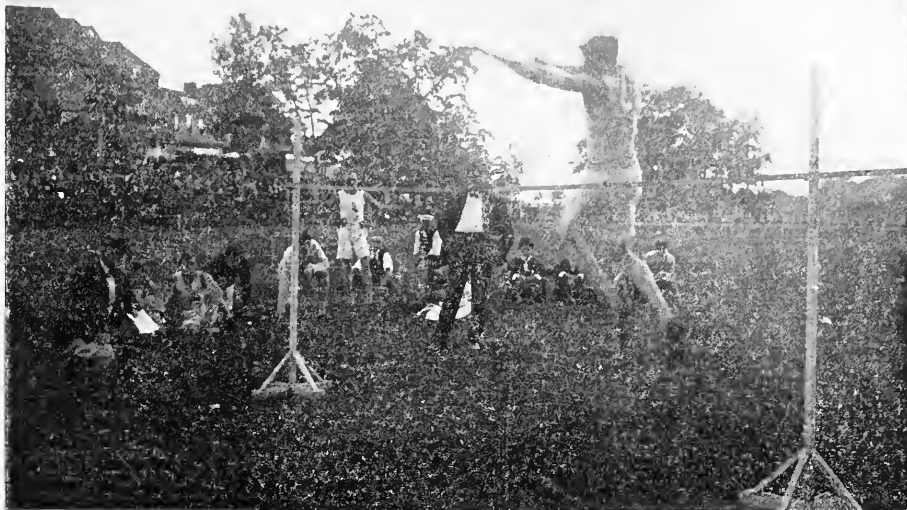
"To the Secretary, Royal Ulster Y. C., Bangor, Ireland."

Mr. Will Fife, Jr., designer of the challenger, *Shanrock*, before embarking on the *Majestic* for Liverpool on September 14th, paid a visit to New Rochelle, where he had a good look at *Defender*. Mr. Hugh M. McGildowney accompanied him home. Mr. Hugh C. Kelley and Vice-Commodore Sharman-Crawford went to Newport on September 9th, where they were entertained by Mr. H. B. Duryea, a member of the New York Cup Committee. The Vice-Commodore lost some of his baggage in the fire at the Ocean House, of which he was a patron. Mr. Kelley was more fortunate. He was enjoying the hospitality of Mr. A. O'D. Taylor, an old friend whom he visited when he came to this country in 1886 as captain of the Irish lacrosse team. From Newport they went to Toronto, where they were fêted and feasted by the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. From Toronto they went to Montreal, where they took a steamer for home.

Mr. Fife, on his arrival at Queenstown on September 21st, spoke highly of the kind reception he had met with in New York. He said he rather liked the looks of *Defender*, and thought, if Herreshoff could design a faster boat, the cup will not be won by the *Shanrock*. He declined to give any particulars about the challenging yacht except that she would be launched very early next season and thoroughly tested.

The *Defender* will undergo a thorough overhauling at the Herreshoff yard, Bristol, R. I. The cost of repairing her will be very great. A friend of mine who saw samples of the aluminum cut from her hull tells me that it is greatly corroded, no precaution having been taken to insulate the metal from her lower plating of bronze. The *Defender*, on the authority of Mr. Iselin, who is still acting as her managing owner, will go in commission early next season.

A. J. KENEALY.



THE STANDING HIGH JUMP—EWRY RISING TO THE BAR AT 5 FEET.

ATHLETICS.

THE sixty-first semi-annual games of the New York Athletic Club took place October 1st at the club's country home, Travers Island. These events are always more or less of a social nature, attended by none but invited guests of the club, but the beautiful weather with which the club were favored at their last meeting brought together, if anything, a larger gathering of the fair sex than had ever before assembled round the pretty oval. The facilities which the club members have at the house, for entertaining their friends, make these social gatherings most enjoyable.

This year the special attractions for the autumn games, in addition to the regular programme, were the Amateur Athletic Union championships for the standing high and standing broad jumps and the two-mile steeplechase.

The first two championships were won by that remarkable standing-jumper, R. C. Ewry, of the Chicago Athletic Association. He won the "broad" with a comfortable margin, but in the "high" A. P. Schwaner, of the New York Athletic Club, ran him to within two inches, and bid fair to get even closer, for he was jumping with wonderful ease up to 4ft. 10in. At this point, however, his nerve gave way and left the finish to the champion. This jump is one of the most trying, so far as nerve is concerned, of all the athletic contests. There is nothing exciting about it, no mad rush or plunge, which, in some events, to a great extent, distract the nerves from the terrible strain until after the contest is finished. In the standing jump the performer stands in cold blood beside the obstacle he is to overcome, and the few seconds between the time he takes up his position and the time he makes

his spring into the air, call for a particularly cool nerve. Schwaner is a clever jumper, and outside of competition would probably do better work, but he has not the seasoning which long experience has brought to Ewry. I am sorry that there are not more opportunities offered to men who follow the standing high jump.

Our illustration shows Ewry rising to the bar at five feet. In starting he places his arms at full length above his head, and his hands fairly close together. His body at this time is perfectly perpendicular from his heels to his finger tips. As he rises, the arms naturally descend, until at crossing the bar his body is well crouched. He seems to gain great force from his arms. His arms and legs act, as it were, like a pair of scissors, wide open at the start, closed at the bar, and opening at the drop.

The two-mile steeplechase was won by G. W. Orton, who went over the obstacles in his usual faultless style, clearing the wall and fences with plenty of room to spare, and never making as much as a splash at the water jumps.

John Flanagan was again in great form with the hammer, and another new figure was expected, but he was unlucky, for in his best throw, 158ft. 9½in., which would have been a new world's record, he just stepped over the circle. In another good throw the hammer was stopped by a big tree at the corner of the grounds, and caught in the branches. Something will have to be done to enlarge the club field if Flanagan doesn't stop enlarging his throws, for they are likely to be dangerous.

The champion hurdler, A. C. Kraenzlein, is slowly but surely developing a new feature in his athletic career. He is becoming one of our

foremost broad jumpers. At the Canadian championships he was beaten by E. Bloss, who jumped nearly two feet better; but at these games the tables were turned, and in spite of Bloss having a handicap of two inches Kraenzlein secured first honors with a remarkably good jump of 23ft. 5½in. If the Chicago man continues to improve up to next season, some wonderful performances should be seen between him and the champion, M. Prinstein.

The pole vault was won by R. C. Clapp without any great effort, in spite of the fact that R. G. Paulding (who was only three inches behind him the previous week) had a handicap of 10 inches.

H. E. Manvel won the half-mile by about five yards from G. Stephens, who received twenty yards.

The mile proved a very interesting race. Alex. Grant, who was beaten by Alex. Brodie at the Canadian championships, won by about twelve yards. Brodie had to allow Grant ten yards, but had both men again started from the same mark they would have made a better race and better time than at their previous meeting. Four minutes 20 seconds was particularly good time.

The summary:

Putting 16-lb. shot, handicap—Won by Fred. G. Beck, N. Y. A. C., 2ft., actual put 44ft. 2in.; Richard Sheldon, N. Y. A. C., 1ft. 9in., actual put 44ft. 2in., 2; George R. Gray, N. Y. A. C., scratch, 44ft. 8in., 3.

One-mile run, handicap—Won by Alex. Grant, N. Y. A. C., 15yds.; Alex. Brodie, Montreal A. A. A., 5yds., 2; John F. Malloy, Xavier A. A., 68yds., 3. Time, 4m. 20s. Won by 12yds.; 1yd. between second and third.

120-yard run, handicap—Final heat, won by Frederick Flores, St. Bartholomew A. C., 5yds.; M. W. Long, N. Y. A. C., scratch, 2; Frank B. Irwin, Montreal A. A. A., 4yds., 3. Time, 11 4/5s. Won by 4ft.; half a foot between second and third.

120-yard hurdle, on grass—Final heat, won by A. C. Kraenzlein, Chicago A. A., scratch; W. B. Rogers, N. Y. A. C., 2½ yds., 2; Charles O'Rourke, N. Y. A. C., 4½yds., 3. Time, 16 1/5s.

880-yard run, handicap—Won by H. E. Manvel, N. Y. A. C., scratch; George Stephens, Montreal A. A. A., 20yds., 2; John Bray, N. Y. A. C., 6yds., 3. Time, 1m. 56 1/5s.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer, handicap—Won by John Flanagan, N. Y. A. C., scratch, distance, 158ft. 1in.; W. D. Hennen, N. Y. A. C., 25ft., actual throw, 121 ft. 6in., 2; Robert Garrett, Johns Hopkins University and N. Y. A. C., 25ft., actual throw, 118ft. 5in., 3.

Pole vault, handicap—Won by R. C. Clapp, N. Y. A. C., scratch, height, 11ft.; R. G. Paulding, N. Y. A. C., 10ft., actual height, 10ft. 1½in., 2; S. K. Thomas, N. Y. A. C., 4in., actual height, 10ft. 5½in., 3.

Standing broad jump, Amateur Athletic Union championship—Won by R. C. Ewry, Chicago A. A., distance 10ft. 11in.; A. P. Schwaner, N. Y. A. C., 10ft. 5½in., 2; Robert Garrett, Johns Hopkins University, 3.

Running broad jump, handicap—Won by A. C. Kraenzlein, U. of P., scratch, distance 23ft. 5½in.; E. B. Bloss, N. Y. A. C., 2in., actual jump, 23ft. 7/8in., 2; William J. Feldkamp, N. Y. Turnverein, 12in., distance, 21ft. 9/8in.

Standing high jump, Amateur Athletic championship—Won by R. C. Ewry, Chicago A. A., height, 5ft.; A. P. Schwaner, N. Y. A. C., 4ft. 10in., 2; John H. Grief, N. W. S. A. C.

300-yard dash, handicap—Won by M. W. Long, N. Y. A. C., scratch; Michael J. Cregan, N. W. S. A. C., 15yds., 2; Ernest H. Webb, Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, 17yds., 3. Time, 31 3/5s.

Two-mile steeplechase, Amateur Athletic Union championship—Won by George W. Orton, N. Y. A. C.; T. McGirr, N. Y. A. C., 2; Dick Grant, Cambridge Gymnasium Association, 3. Time, 11m. 41 4/5s.

The annual games of the Rochester Athletic Club were held at Culver Field, Rochester, September 17th. The most interesting event

was the individual all-round city championship, which was won by G. Gernandt, of the R. A. C., with some very good performances. Gernandt is young, and if he keeps steadily at work for next season he should be able to give a good account of himself in the National All-round Championship. The times for the half-mile and mile are not particularly good, but the men worked on turf track for these distances.

A summary of the champion's performances follows:

100-yard dash; time, 10 2/5s.
 Putting 16-lb. shot, 37ft. 5in.
 Running high jump, 5ft. 5½in.
 880 yard walk; time, 4m. 52 4/5s.
 Throwing 16-lb. hammer, 80ft. 4in.
 Pole vault for height, 10ft. 3/8in.
 120-yard high hurdles; time, 13s.
 Throwing 56-lb. weight, 22ft. 2in.
 Running broad jump, 21ft. 3¾in.
 One-mile run; time, 6m. 8s.
 Gernandt was credited with the high percentage of 5636.

The announcement has just been made of the winner of the Yale All-round Championship, held last June. B. Johnson, 1900, takes the honors, with a percentage of 5650 out of a scale of 10,000. The second place was won by R. C. Clapp, '99, the present champion intercollegiate pole vaulter, with an average of 5070. Third is W. F. B. Berger, '99, 4786; fourth, J. J. Adams, 1900, 4300; fifth, F. C. Chisholm, 1901, 3656; sixth, A. S. Mann, '99, 3533; seventh, H. Shaffer, 1900, 1206.

The fifteenth annual open championship games of the Canadian Amateur Athletic Association were held at Montreal September 24th. The heavy rain of the previous day had made the track inferior for record-breaking. This accounts for the rather ordinary time made by some of the crack athletes. The turf was also in poor shape for the field events. About three thousand people braved the cold and threatening weather and came to the track, but, so far as local enthusiasm went, the spectators had little chance to rejoice, for, of the twelve events, Canadians captured only two of their own championships. Alexander Brodie won the mile, and that veteran shot-putter, G. R. Gray, although he fell far behind his previous records, won his event with a put of 44ft. ¼in.

The visiting American athletes captured ten events, and, as usual, the representatives of the New York Athletic Club did great work, securing seven firsts for the club. The Chicago Athletic Association's representative, A. C. Kraenzlein, took two championships for his club, with the



J. FLANAGAN, THROWING 16-LB. HAMMER.

hurdles and running high jump; and the New Jersey Athletic Club's representative, H. E. Manvel, added another victory to his long list of half-miles. M. W. Long again covered himself with glory, securing all three of the sprints, 100 yards, 220 yards and 440 yards. John Flanagan was first in the 56-lb. weight, and had but little trouble in winning his favorite event, the 16-lb. hammer, with a throw of 141ft. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. After the contest he made an exhibition throw of 150ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., over five feet better than the Canadian record, which he established at Toronto last year.

The summary follows:

100-yard run—Final heat, won by M. W. Long, N. Y. A. C.; Frank L. Stephen, Halifax, 2; J. W. B. Tewksbury, N. Y. A. C., 3. Time, 1os.

Putting 16-lb. shot—Won by George R. Gray, Coldwater, Ont., 44ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Arthur Smith, Montreal, 2, 40ft. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; W. W. Coe, Somerville, Mass., 3, 30ft. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

One-mile run—Won by Alexander Brodie, M. A. A.; Alexander Grant, N. Y. A. C., 2; Dick Grant, Cambridge, Mass., 3. Time, 4m. 35 4 5s.

Running high jump—Won by A. C. Kraenzlein, Chicago, 5ft. 8in.; W. C. Carroll, N. Y. A. C., 5ft. 6in., 2; F. G. Webber, Y. M. C. A., Montreal, 5ft. 7in., 3.

220-yard run—Won by M. W. Long, N. Y. A. C.; J. W. B. Tewksbury, 2; F. B. Irwin, M. A. A., 3. Time, 22s.

Throwing 56-lb. weight—Won by John Flanagan, N. Y. A. C., 33ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; T. O'Rourke, Toronto, 32ft. 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ in., 2; Desmarteau, Montreal, 29ft. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in., 3.

Pole vault—Won by R. G. Clapp, N. Y. A. C., 10ft. 6in.; R. G. Paulding, N. Y. A. C., 10ft. 3in., 2; D. Sinclair, Toronto, 9ft., 3.

Half-mile run—Won by H. E. Manvel, N. J. A. C.; John Bray, N. Y. A. C., 2; George Stephen, Montreal, 3. Time, 1m. 58 4 5s.

Running broad jump—Won by E. B. Bloss, N. Y. A. C., 22ft. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; A. C. Kraenzlein, 20ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 2; D. Robinson, Toronto, 20ft. 4in., 3.

120-yard hurdle—Won by A. C. Kraenzlein, Chicago; Z. O. Howard, Montreal, 2. Time, 15 3 5s.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer—Won by John Flanagan, N. Y. A. C., 141ft. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; W. D. Hennen, N. Y. A. C., 116ft. 3in., 2; T. O'Rourke, Toronto, 103ft. 2in., 3; J. McArthur, Toronto, 95ft. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 4.

440-yard run—Won by M. W. Long, N. Y. A. C.; H. E. Manvel, N. J. A. C., 2; George Stephen, Montreal, 3. Time, 50 3 5s.

VIGILANT.

SWIMMING.



F. A. WENCK, A. A. U., CHAMPION SWIMMER.

THE annual contest for the Amateur Championship of America, under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Union, took place off the New York Athletic Club's grounds at Travers Island on the morning of October 1st. The entries were large, and the times particularly good, so good, in fact, that in three of the five events new fig-

ures were created. The two hundred and twenty yards was covered in 3m. 7 3 5s., breaking the previous record of 3m. 33 2 5s. The "half" was completed in 14m. 8s., breaking the previous record of 14m. 45 3 5s. In this race, first, second and third men all did better than the old record. The mile was covered in 29m. 51 3 5s., against the American record of 30m. 27 2 5s. The Western swimmers who represented the Chicago A. A. did good work in capturing two of the championships, but most of the spectators were greatly disappointed in the somewhat strange action of Dr. Paul Neumann, who is, as his past records have shown, certainly a remarkably good swimmer. A great contest was expected between the Doctor and F. A. Wenck, of the N. Y. A. C. Neumann, although entered for the "half," did not start; This was considered by some to be diplomacy, and that he was saving himself for the mile. In this event he came to the start, and at the crack of the pistol plunged into the water. He had hardly gone twenty yards before he stopped swimming, and turned to the referee and judges, complaining that one of the competitors had pulled his leg. The officials decided that such a thing was impossible, and Neumann returned to the float and left the water. F. A. Wenck won the half-mile and mile in particularly good style. He is a fine build for a swimmer, and came to the contests in perfect form, finishing both his races as fresh as if they had been but short spurts. Wenck used a powerful side-stroke throughout the entire mile and kept very low in the water. H. H. Reeder and G. Wieland swam a good race in the two hundred and twenty yards. D. M. Reeder was unfortunately absent from the contests, owing to illness.

Summaries:

Swimming championships of the Amateur Athletic Union, 100 yards—Won by S. P. Avery, Chicago A. A.; J. F. McMillan, New York A. C., 2; W. L. Kersey, Knickerbocker A. C., 3. Time, 1m. 12s.

830 yards, seven turns—Won by W. F. Wenck, New York A. C.; W. G. Douglass, New York A. C., 2; George Wieland, Chicago A. A., 3. Time, 11m. 8s.

440 yards, three turns—Won by Dr. Paul Neumann, Chicago A. A.; William Reuss, Knickerbocker A. C., 2; L. Fitzgerald, Jr., New York A. C., 3. Time, 6m. 51 1 5s.

220 yards, one turn—Won by H. H. Reeder, Knicker-

bocker A. C.; George Wieland, Chicago A. A., 2; Dr. J. M. Davis, New York A. C., 3. Time, 3m. 7 3-55.
 One-mile swim, fifteen turns—Won by F. A. Wenck, New York A. C.; G. W. Van Clief, 2; W. D. Hennen, New York A. C., 3. Time, 29m. 51 3-55.

At the annual fall meeting of the Philadelphia National Swimming Association the most interesting business was the report of the Race Committee. It was shown that race meetings had been held regularly every Saturday from June 11th to September 10th. Thirty-four different competitions had been held, of which

fourteen had been contested from scratch. W. B. Kugler and Victor Binder, who had been leading in the point competition for the A. F. Tod and C. W. Kinsing prize cups, withdrew toward the close of the season, and the trophies went to H. Rosenthal and P. A. Mitchell, respectively. The former started in twenty-two races, and finished first four times; second, four; third, three times, and fourth, four; the latter made twelve starts, won two firsts, one second, five thirds, and four fourths.

VIGILANT.

LAWN TENNIS.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE intercollegiate championship tournament was held as usual this year at New Haven during the first week of October. Only four colleges were represented, the absence of other players being largely due, however, to the fact that Harvard's team contained three of the strongest men in the country, and there was no chance of their being beaten. Whitman, champion of America, Ware, champion of Canada, and Davis, the runner-up for the national championship at Newport, were Harvard's entries in the singles, while her two teams were Whitman and Ware, and Davis and Ward, the crack pair who won the Western championship in July, and who were afterward three times within a single stroke of winning the national championship at Newport. Whitman and Ware won the intercollegiate championship in doubles last season. Yale's team were the only players who had a shadow of chance against the formidable Harvard men, although Princeton sent three players and Cornell two.

Hackett, of Yale, met Davis, of Harvard, in the first round and an exciting match followed. The Yale man won the first set, and, to the surprise of all, got a lead of 4-2 in the last before Davis was able to pull out the match. Both of the other Yale men were drawn against the Harvard representatives the first day and were beaten, so the struggle narrowed down at once to one between representatives of the same college. The Princeton and Cornell men were hopelessly outclassed. Davis and Whitman, the national champions, came together in the first round, and the former won after a sensational match. Whitman had everything his own way, and in the second set came within a single stroke of winning the match at 6-4. Davis, however, kept steadily at his work and gradually improved until he had pulled out the second set by 9-7. The third set was almost a walkover for Davis. He played with wonderful speed and confidence, and the champion could not get a single game. In the finals Davis's play was not so good, while Ware was remarkably steady in all his strokes. Davis had a brilliant streak in the third set, and won it with four straight games after 4-2 for Ware had been called.

In the doubles Yale made a better showing. The other two teams were soon disposed of, and the Harvard and Yale players, who had been drawn on opposite sides from each other, came together in the semi-final round. Whitman

and Ware underestimated their antagonists, Dodge and Noyes, and before they got down to hard work the Yale pair had won the first set and come within a game of the second also. Then the Harvard men beat by better strokes and superior team work. Davis and Ward were also expected to win easily from Hackett and Allen, but the Yale pair again showed up stronger than expected. They not only got the first set easily, but in the third kept a little ahead of their antagonists all the time and finally landed the set and match. The finals were very one-sided, the Yale pair being almost outclassed by their Harvard adversaries. Only in the third set did they make any showing at all, and then it was largely through a streak of poor play by Whitman that they had the chance.

The full scores follow:

Championship singles, preliminary round—M. D. Whitman (Harvard) beat C. P. Dodge (Yale), 6-1, 6-4; D. F. Davis (Harvard) beat H. H. Hackett (Yale), 4-6, 6-3, 6-4; R. D. Little (Princeton) beat Otto Wagner (Cornell), 6-3; 6-1.

First round—W. K. Auchincloss (Cornell) beat F. A. Linnen (Princeton), 7-5, 11-13, 6-3; D. F. Davis (Harvard) beat M. D. Whitman (Harvard), 2-6, 9-7, 6-0; R. D. Little (Princeton) beat F. B. Alexander (Princeton), 6-3, 6-1; L. E. Ware (Harvard) beat J. A. Allen (Yale), 6-0, 6-4.

Semi-final round—D. F. Davis (Harvard) beat W. K. Auchincloss (Cornell), 8-6, 6-3; L. E. Ware (Harvard) beat R. D. Little (Princeton), 6-1, 6-0.

Final round—L. E. Ware (Harvard) beat D. F. Davis (Harvard), 6-1, 6-1, 4-6, 6-2.

Championship doubles, preliminary round—Whitman and Ware (Harvard) beat Linnen and Alexander (Princeton), 6-2, 7-5; Hackett and Allen (Yale) beat Auchincloss and Wagner (Cornell), 6-4, 6-4.

Semi-final round—Whitman and Ware (Harvard) beat Dodge and Noyes (Yale), 3-6, 7-5, 6-1; Hackett and Allen (Yale) beat Davis and Ward (Harvard), 6-0, 1-6, 6-4.

Final round—Whitman and Ware (Harvard) beat Hackett and Allen (Yale), 6-0, 6-3, 5-7, 6-2.

J. PARMLEY PARET.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The eleventh annual tournament of the Pacific Coast Lawn Tennis Association was held on September the 9th and 10th. In the final round of the men's doubles, Picher and Freeman, of Stanford University, defeated Weihe and Adams, the score being 10-8, 6-1, 6-2. In the championship round Samuel and Sumner Hardy defeated Freeman and Picher in three straight sets, the score being 6-2, 6-2, 6-3.

The Ladies' Single Championship was won by Miss Marion Jones, of Nevada and Santa Monica, who defeated Miss Anna H. Martin in three straight sets, the score being 6-1, 6-2, 6-2.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

CRICKET.

THE team of English amateurs captained by P. F. Warner and including C. J. Burnup, F. Mitchell, C. O. H. Sewell, F. H. Bray, V. T. Hill, B. J. T. Bosanquet, E. C. Lee, G. E. Winter, R. Berens, R. S. A. Warner, J. S. Ainsworth and E. T. Penn, commenced a series of eight matches September 8th, and finished their last game October 11th.

Mr. Warner will be remembered as having brought out a team to this country last season, and on that occasion returned with one lost game against him. This undoubtedly prompted him, in making his selection for this year's team, to do his best to secure a team which would not suffer even one defeat against any American or Canadian combination.

The popular captain deserves all credit for having brought out the best team that have ever visited this country, strong in batting, strong in bowling, with plenty of change, and particularly good in field work, so good, in fact, that it was a very hard matter for any of their opponents to get a ball to the boundary. It is true that in their games against the Gentlemen of Philadelphia the home elevens were not quite as strong as those of '97 or '96; and it is to be regretted, for Mr. Warner's team of this year were strong enough to have taken good care of themselves against any eleven it was possible to put into the field in this country.

The first game was played in Canada at Montreal, September 8th and 9th, against fourteen representatives of Eastern Canada, and the visitors won by 88 runs.

The second game was played at Toronto, September 12th, 13th and 14th, against the Canadian eleven, and resulted in a most decided victory for the visitors by an innings and 140 runs.

The third game was played at Philadelphia, on the Philadelphia Club grounds, against the Gentlemen of Philadelphia, September 16th and 17th, and proved an easy win for the Englishmen by eight wickets.

From Philadelphia the visitors went to New York, where, on the grounds of the Staten Island Club, September 21st and 22d, they scored their fourth successive victory, defeating a representative eleven of New York by an innings and 247 runs.

The fifth game was against a team of eighteen Philadelphia Colts, on the grounds of the Merion Club, September 23d, 24th and 26th. Rain on the third day prevented the game being finished, and it ended in a draw.

The sixth game was played at Baltimore, September 28th and 29th, against fifteen representing the city, and resulted in an easy win for the Englishmen by nine wickets.

The seventh game, the return match against Gentlemen of Philadelphia, was played on the grounds of Germantown Club, September 30th, October 1st and 3d. Again the English team were victorious, this time winning with four wickets to spare.

The eighth and concluding game was played at Chicago against twelve representatives of that city, and finished on October 11th in a draw, owing to heavy rainfall.

Six of the eight games played resulted in

victories for Mr. Warner's team, two being stopped by rain, and declared drawn.

The summary and scores follow:

	First Innings.	Second Innings.
Sept. 8, 9,	Warner's Eleven. 130	105
	Eastern Canada 82	65
Sept. 12, 13, 14,	Warner's Eleven. 437	—
	Canada. 133	164
Sept. 16, 17,	Warner's Eleven. 84	70 for 2 wkts
	Philadelphia 94	59
Sept. 21 and 22,	Warner's Eleven. 419	—
	New York. 49	123
Sept. 23, 24, 26,	Warner's Eleven. 133	30 for 1 wkt
	Philadelphia Colts 77	159
Sept. 28, 29,	Warner's Eleven. 150	8 for 1 wkt
	Baltimore. 126	30
Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 3,	Warner's Eleven. 133	161 for 6 wkts
	Philadelphia 143	147
Oct. 10 and 11,	Warner's Eleven. 295	—
	Chicago 74	83 for 7 wkts

T. C. TURNER.

PACIFIC COAST RECORDS.

The fifth "Cup" match between the Alameda and Pacific Cricket clubs took place on the Golden Gate ground, near San Francisco, on September 4th and 11th. Alameda, one man short, went first to the bat, and scored 157 runs, to which J. J. Moriarity contributed 38, and J. J. R. Peel 35 not out. Pacifics in their first innings scored only 76, C. P. Coles making 23. On the 11th the Pacifics, being 81 runs behind, followed on. They played ten men, and of the ten eight made double figures. The total for the innings was 259, to which C. P. Coles contributed 72, J. J. Theobald 51, and T. W. G. Wallace 35. The Pacific total for both innings thus amounted to 335, and left Alameda 179 runs to make to win. Alameda, aided by contributions of 40 from J. J. Moriarity and 39 from R. B. Hogue, compiled 169 runs, and so lost the match by 10 runs. F. Croll took 4 of the Pacific wickets for 67 runs, and F. Sewell 3 of the Alameda wickets for 70 runs.

On September 18th and 25th, at Alameda, Cal., a match was played between elevens representing the cities of Alameda and San Francisco. In the first innings San Francisco scored 132 runs, of which J. Myers made 60. Alameda in its first innings scored 74, the principal scorer being C. P. Cole, 23. On the night of the 24th there was heavy rain, and in the second innings the San Francisco team, playing three men short, were all out for 39, J. J. Moriarity, 20, being the only batsman to get double figures. The Alameda team, playing two men short, scored 56, of which J. H. Harbour made 23. F. Sewell and R. B. Hogue took the 7 Alameda wickets with 93 balls in all.

The San Francisco total for both innings being 171, and the Alameda total 130, San Francisco won by 41 runs.

On October 18th, 19th and 20th, the Placer County Citrus Colony team will play the Lakeport Club, at Lakeport, Lake County, Cal., reaching San Francisco on the 21st. They will play against the Alameda Club on the 22d and against the Pacific Club on the 23d; on the 24th and 25th they will journey to San José, Cal., to try conclusions with the San José Club.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

CYCLING.

WORLD'S AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS.

THE annual race meeting of the International Cyclists' Association was held at Vienna, Austria, on September 15th, 16th and 17th. At this tournament, marked throughout by splendid weather and large attendance, the world's championships for 1898-9 were decided, for the fourth consecutive time, without any amateur representation from the United States. The world's amateur championships were two, the one-mile and the 100 kilometer, both paced. The former was won by Paul Albert, of Germany, in 2:13. after a terrific sprint throughout the last quarter. The latter went to A. J. Cherry, of England, who defeated Griebenow, Bourke, Graben, Listernow, Pease, Hunck, Peschke and Dworzak. Cherry was paced by the famous Dunlop team and proved vastly superior to his competitors. He lowered all Austrian amateur records from one to 100 kilometers, covering the latter distance in 2:12:23 4-5. In the last third of the international amateur two-mile handicap the contest narrowed down to a grand tussle between Van Wichelen, of Belgium, and Summersgill, of England, the latter finally finishing first in 4:21. The international team race resulted in a tie with 11 points each, between the representatives of England and Denmark. In this event teams from Austria, Belgium, France, Germany and Ireland also competed. The special race run at the close of the tournament, between the winners of the other championships, amateur and professional, was won by the world's amateur champion, Paul Albert, of Germany.*

AUTUMN ROAD RACES.

The third annual road race of the Associated Cycling Club, of California, was run on September 23d, over the San Leandro (Cal.) twenty-mile course. The clubs participating in this event entered five men each, who were started in five different bunches, the times of the winner in each bunch being averaged to determine the club winning the event. Only three teams

entered, the Olympic Club Wheelmen and the Bay City Wheelmen, of San Francisco, and the Acme Club Wheelmen, of Oakland. The five men of the Olympic Club team covered the distance in the aggregate time of 4:26:58, while the aggregate time made by the Bay City Wheelmen was 4:34:18, and by the Acme Club Wheelmen, 4:32:49. The individual average time was, for the Olympics, 53:22 4-5; for the Bay Citys, 54:51 3-5; for the Acmes, 55:09 4-5. Wing, of the Olympic Club Wheelmen, made the best individual time of the race, covering the course in 52:37.

Lester Wilson, starting from the one-minute mark, won first place and barely lost the first time prize in the Pittsburg, Pa., annual road race, 25 miles, on October 1st. Frank Mountain, from the seven-minute mark, won second, and C. H. Burson, who finished third, from scratch, in 1:14:15, reduced the former record for the course by two seconds. The third time winner, A. Sanguigni, finished fourth, from scratch, in 1:19:17. The winner's time was 1:14:20; second man's time, 1:14:25. Wilson mowed down the handicap men in good style, passing Mountain, the last man to beat, very near the tape. Burson broke his handle-bar at the turn, but obtained another machine without loss of time, finishing strong.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH.

E. A. Bozio, of the Olympic Club Wheelmen, of San Francisco, on September 21st lowered the Pacific Coast record for ten miles to 22:04, or over two minutes less than the previous record.

Everett Andrews, of Atlantic City, N. J., on September 28th, covered the distance between Philadelphia and Atlantic City, 60 miles, in 2:40:17. The previous record of 2:47:00 was made a short time ago by J. Matlack, of Camden, N. J.

Fred R. Goodwin, paced by a motorcycle, rode 428 miles in twenty-four hours, in England, on September 30th. He missed E. Gould's twelve-hour record, 226½ miles, by 1½ miles.

THE PROWLER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

West Point.—Each soldier carried a Springfield rifle and shelter tent, blanket, extra clothing, and one day's rations—weight of equipment forty-one pounds, which, with twenty-four pounds for the bicycle, made an average total weight of sixty-five pounds. Instructor Davidson organized the expedition to test the effect of the trip upon the young students.

"Cit."—The Court held that when there is an ordinance prohibiting the use of the sidewalks, cyclists have no right to violate the same by reason of the streets being obstructed, either

* It is provided by the rules of the International Cyclists' Association that, at the close of the annual race meeting of that organization, one or more special competitions may be sanctioned and run between holders of the amateur and professional championships won at the same meeting. As a member of the I. C. A., the L. A. W. becomes a party to this license.—Ed.

on account of pending improvements or a crush of traffic. It has been ruled a number of times by courts that when a street is impassable, cyclists have a right to use the sidewalks so long as they are careful of the rights of pedestrians.

E. A., Boston.—Motor cars have recently taken the place of the ordinary four-horse omnibuses on the St. Ouen line in Paris, while motor-driven delivery wagons are gradually being substituted for horse-drawn vans in those English and continental cities where well-paved and smooth streets abound.

U.—If lady cyclists would use only the ball of the foot for propelling the bicycle, instead of the instep—which latter practice is very common among novices—pedal slipping would be a rare occurrence.





Painted for OUTING by Jas. L. Weston.

See "Line hooting on Long Island Sound." (p. 274.)

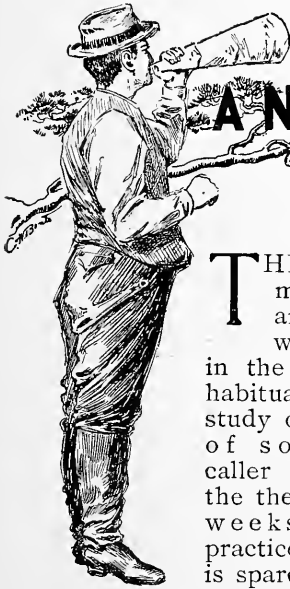
"HERE THEY COME!"

OUTING.

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No. 3.



A NEW BRUNSWICK MOOSE

BY FRANK H. RISTEEN.

THE art of calling moose is easy for anyone to acquire with whom "frog in the throat" is not habitual. A careful study of the methods of some proficient caller will teach you the theory, and a few weeks of persistent practice (if your health is spared by a critical world) will place you

on the tote-road that leads to success. The road may be long and crooked, but victory is sure if you can only suppress the frog. I shall never forget the day I earned my certificate. The old man paused to root up a live coal for his pipe from the sunken fire, then cautiously remarked:

"Well, I don' know. I wouldn't be s'prised a mite if you fetched a moose with that. I guess most any ole noise 'll start 'em 'bout the full moon in September. I've raley brung 'em up myself many's the time when I fust begun callin', er when I had the quinsy rale bad, with a blame sight wuss noise 'n that. But when you hear him grunt the fust time, I cal'late if I was you I wouldn't call agin for a spell, but jess lay low and lissen. 'Pears to me I would."

The most experienced professional callers differ widely in their efforts to simulate the plaintive challenge of the cow moose. The call employed by some

of the guides in Maine and New Brunswick is a rasping roar, that on a windless, moonlit night fairly shatters the silence for miles around like a withering storm of grape. Yet they declare that this will bring the bull. Some affect a short, then a long, then two more short calls; others prefer a single long call. The Montagnais Indians of Quebec use a succession of short calls. Many of the Micmac and Milicete guides, when at the height of the long call cut the note off abruptly with a sort of choking sob. All of these are at variance with my own observation of the characteristic music of the cow moose.

"Peter," I asked, "can you call moose any way?"

"Sartin, Frank, me call moose. Call um all my lifetime. Never come yet. Sposem big lot come when *do* come!"

The low call, or "coaxer," is a tough proposition for the amateur. It is only needed when the moose is very near, and, as he is then likely to be suspicious, with all his senses on the alert, the call must be given with the utmost skill and caution. A single false note and he will steal away on velvet foot as silently as a ghost.

Many old hunters claim that as soon as the first answering grunt is heard from the bull, away across the lake or up the mountain side, the caller should call no more. They say that the moose, though he may be miles away, locates the sound exactly; that his answer indicates that he will surely come, and is even then on the way; that he is almost



Painted for OUTING by C. Rungius.

“WHAT WAS THAT?”

certain to detect the spurious call if it is repeated. There can be no doubt that, under ordinary circumstances, this is sound advice. It requires a caller of very exceptional skill to safely give the low call when the moose is close at hand. I know of only one guide, the celebrated Henry Braithwaite, who can really bring the moose right into camp. One of his experiences in calling time has always seemed to me the most thrilling moose adventure I have ever heard of.

He was alone in the heart of the wilderness, fifty miles from any human habitation. He had recently taken leave of a party of sportsmen whom he had been guiding, and was now trying to find a moose on his own account. Having called at several places without success, he was on his way out to the settlement at the close of a bright October day, carrying his rifle and pack. On the shore of a small sheet of water called Musquash Lake, he put down his pack to rest himself, and incidentally to try the call. He was answered from across the lake.

Henry at once sprang for cover behind a clump of stunted hackmatacks that projected from the woods that flanked the shore. The moose soon appeared on the opposite bank, about four hundred yards away, and looked across the lake. As Henry called again, the animal waded out into the water until beyond his depth and then began to swim. When he neared the shore where Henry was concealed he struck shoal water, and again began to wade. Henry could easily have dropped him there, but he knew he could not handle the carcass without help in the water. The moose paused when about twenty yards from the hidden enemy, one fore-foot lifted, his great ears thrown forward, his mane erect, his nostrils writhing weirdly as he sought the scent, and the last rays of the setting sun lighting up his noble antlers till they shone like a crown of glory.

Henry gave the low call with his usual inimitable skill. The moose snorted, and then advanced slowly, as if dimly conscious of a danger he was unable to define. When he stepped at last upon the bank he was so close to the hackmatacks that, as he shook his shaggy sides, the water flew over the prostrate figure of the guide. Then came a sheet of flame, a report from Henry's express

rifle that sent the startled echoes flying madly over lake and hill, and the mighty animal fell on the shore with his great heart torn to atoms. Talk about your favorite tragedies, ye devotees of the mimic human stage! Don't you think it would have been worth some years of your inane existence to have occupied a reserved seat by this lonely lake, from which you could have witnessed such a play as that, performed in Nature's amphitheatre?

But I started to tell about my moose—the only moose that really counts, because he is all my own. I was hunting with the veteran Indian guide, Joe Mitchell, in the Bear Brook region, in search, mainly, of a giant moose reported to have been seen there by a portage teamster a few days before. An Indian guide is seldom equal, on his real merits, to a white guide, but he is usually far more interesting. The strange legend of Gloscop and the spirit land he tells about the camp-fire; the history, the romance and the pathos of the dumb, unwritten centuries that are reflected in his swarthy face as he silently threads the forest trails; his vast enthusiasm for the chase, even the little tricks and stratagems he tries to practice on you (which are as transparent as those of a child), all these render him a most agreeable companion if you wish to realize all the charms the glorious Canadian forest can afford.

The red man with his birch canoe is as much a feature of this great northern wilderness as the maple, the pine, the quaking caribou bog, or the loon, whose wild laughter echoes over the nameless mountain lake. When he is gone the forest will never be quite the same as it was before. But the trees and the streams and the winds will remember and tell the story of their vanished king.

Joe was an old man, somewhat crippled by many years of hardship and exposure. In his early days he used to chase the moose on the snow, and stand around a fire of twigs all night without food or blanket. Though a matchless caribou hunter, he had little confidence in himself as a moose caller. He readily acquiesced when I consigned to him the care of the camp, while I assumed the contract of calling up the big moose.

For about a week we vainly looked for the big moose at Burpee Lake, Clare Brook deadwater, and along Little

River. We had nothing bigger than a few black duck and partridge to show for it when we returned to our former camping ground at the lower Bear Brook landing. Joe pointed to a moose track that looked like the impress of a cracked dinner-plate, in the ashes of our old camp-fire.

"Mujago! Mujago! (Bad, bad.) That's a big devil moose, sure. Made 'im that track las' night. Well, mebbe git 'im to-night out Otter Brook."

The tent was hastily flung over the ridge-pole, a cold lunch stowed away, and Joe hobbled off in the lead, up the path that led to the deadwater. It was about two miles from the camp to the calling place, and as we reached it the level sun was flooding with liquid fire the tops of the sentinel firs that guarded the head of the pond. There was no wind at all, save that the fog which slowly rose from the still, cold surface of the pond was "canted" to the southern shore.

Joe made a new horn and I called at intervals for about an hour. Joe was then fast asleep. I was beginning to feel a little cold and disheartened when I heard a distant sound, away on the hardwood ridge to the north, that resembled the stroke of an axe at the foot of a hollow tree. It was very faint at first, but, as I listened anxiously, it softly broke the silence again and again. Just then Joe woke up, ever with an eye to the main chance, rubbed his eyes and remarked:

"Frank, what you take for that ole gun; now come? Sartin, I got no gun 't all. Sartin, I make you pair snow-shoes; string 'em myself; no squaw-work 'bout 'em 't all. I got them caribou hides——"

"Hist!" I whispered. "Don't you hear the moose?"

A bland smile of mirth and incredulity swept over Joe's homely face. Never was smile since the world began more phantom-like and fleeting.

"Wuh! Wuh! Wuh! Wuh!"

As the deep-toned notes which heralded the approach of the monarch of the forest came swelling down the leafless hill, Joe's eyes snapped savagely, his face grew pale with excitement, and the words he used were not, in their entirety, available for publication. The available residuum was:

"Frank, you got 'im! That's big

devil moose, sure! Hol'im, now, hol'im! Don't call him any more! By tunders, he's makin' for head that pond!"

"Wuh! Wuh! Wuh! Wuh!"

The gruff, guttural signal echoed from the ridge with ever-increasing volume, while the fading sunset, the naked trees and the gray wreaths of mist that slowly floated from the deadwater, seemed freighted with impending tragedy. A crane at the head of the pond sprang up in toilsome flight and startled us with the splash he made. A muskrat steamed out from his dock in the bank, leaving a long, shining wake in the liquid shadows. Louder and plainer came the monosyllabic response of the moose, as I knelt with cocked rifle and Joe lay down and nervously gripped the turf.

It is easy now to trace the course of the unseen enemy as his hoarse challenge is borne through the brooding wilderness. Yet not a footfall can be heard, only now and then the furtive rubbing of his horns against the opposing branches. He is not coming out on the open ground at the head of the pond, as we had hoped, but sneaking along like a big thief through the fringe of matted alders lining the northern bank. He is advancing much more slowly now, pausing every step or two, and grunting doubtfully. It is thrilling to hear so near at hand that explosive blast from his mighty lungs, so expressive of anger, suspicion, fear, and brute desire struggling for the mastery.

Now, all is as still as the grave. The moose is standing in the alders, not more than sixty yards from our position, listening and seeking for the scent with all his might. He is a wary old bull that has been tricked before, or else a timorous "spike" who means to reconnoiter before he takes the chance of being lifted into the pond by a bigger rival. Joe clutches my sleeve and glares wildly into the semi-darkness. Is it fear that makes him tremble so? No, it is the Indian's eagerness for slaughter.

Against Joe's frowning protest I lower the mouth of the horn to the level of the reeking moss and try the low call. The moose replies with a hesitating but emphatic "Wuh!" and we can hear his horns softly brushing aside the branches. It is getting darker every minute. Unless he can be induced to show himself soon, our chance for a sure shot will be slim indeed. Twice we hear a rustling

in the thicket, punctuated by dubious grunts. At last he seems to have decided to come no further. There he stands for a long time, the embodiment of negative resolution—silent, motionless, invisible—while the golden light dies out of the west and the pallid October moon spreads her fleecy radiance like a mantle over forest, plain and pond.

No effort avails to coax him from his dark retreat. Not a glimpse have we ever had of him as he has advanced through the jungle of alders down the north side of the pond. Bending over the marshy bank, I try the ancient scheme of pouring water from the horn. All is silent as before. Joe was right. It was a mistake to repeat the call after the first response. Will he never emerge from that maze of shadows? Are we going to lose him after all?

Hush! There is a rustling in the thicket that indicates a change of base. "Wuh! Wuh!" The moose has turned around and is heading back through the alders up the side of the pond, grunting as he goes. I hear a muttered "Mujago!" from Joe, and then he adds, reflectively:

"No, he's not gone yet. Sartin, that's mighty squirrely ole moose. Sartin, when you hear 'im grunt that way he's goin' roun' that pond!"

I follow the vocal trail of the moose with a sinking heart. He is still invisible, and, despite the rising moon, the shadows everywhere are deeper than before. The night-hawks are wheeling overhead. Soon it is plain that the moose has crossed the brook above the pond and is stealing down the southern shore. We must shift our post to the north side of the pond if we are to have any chance of glimpsing the rascal as he slinks through the forest gloom. Over a fallen rampike, and with an uncanny amount of noise, we cross the foot of the pond and drop on our knees in a sunken path behind a screen of wild grass and ferns.

Only one chance now remains and it seems a desperate one. Across the stream appears a narrow notch of twilight in the barrier of murk and mystery. It means a break or opening in the alders. If the moose can only be induced to cross that opening it may still be possible to get a shot. Minutes that seem hours pass without a sound except the beating of our hearts. The suspense is becoming intolerable.

I suggest to Joe, as a last resource, that he should walk up the path a few rods, in the hope that the moose, hearing his retiring steps, may pluck up courage to face the light. I can hear the Indian brushing aside the overhanging grass and ferns as he limps hurriedly away. I hear also the snap of a twig on the opposite shore, then an anxious grunt, and then the dark bulk of the moose is thrown for an instant in nebulous but unmistakable relief against the southern sky. Three shots ring out like so many cracks of a whip from my rifle. There is the crash of a collapsing snag, the thud of a falling mass, and a series of blood-curdling Milicete whoops as Joe, the rejuvenated cripple, comes bounding over the brakes. The game is down and he is ours!

The birch-bark horn is converted into a torch, by whose light we cross the stream. The moose is as dead as Rameses. One of the "dum-dum" bullets has struck him fair in the shoulder, shattering the massive bones like glass and piercing the heart behind.

Joe's knife is gleaming in the moonlight. As he lays his grimy hand on the upturned antler he grins, for he knows that his opportunity has come.

"Frank, what you take for that ole gun; now come? Sartin, I got no gun 't all. By tunders, I want that gun so I kin 'member 'bout dis moose!"

It is impossible to stand off redskin diplomacy, even when you know it's very much "mujago."





THE GREEN SPRING VALLEY HUNT-CLUB.

BY HANSON HISS.



RANDOLPH BARTON, JR. (SEC'Y),
ON "EXNING."

FOR one hundred and fifty years or more, in that beautiful rolling country celebrated throughout Dixie land as the lovely Valley of the Green Spring, not to ride to hounds or to keep a hunter has been to argue oneself unknown and on the outskirts of that charmed and coveted circle

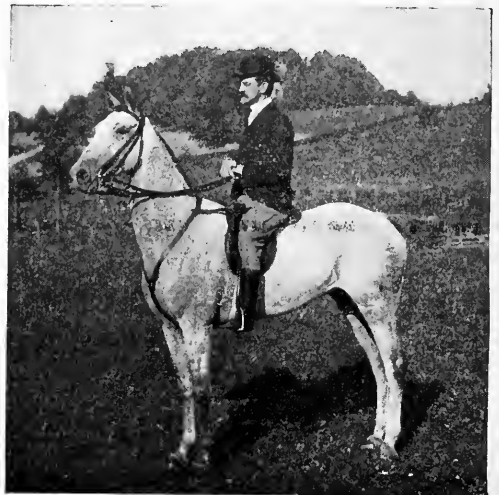
of blue-blooded aristocracy which from time immemorial has been the social dictator of that region.

Time was when the whole countryside, from the northern outskirts of Baltimore town to the edge of the great wilderness from whence flows the Potomac, and known as the Western Country, was owned by a few great families, the Carrolls, the Browns, the Ridgeleys, the Calverts or the Gilmors; and to this day they have extensive and beautiful estates in that region. These families inherited a love for outdoor sports from their British ancestors.

In view of the record made by the

people of the Green Spring Valley in the realm of many sports, it is not surprising that there exists in that beautiful country one of the most successful fox-hunting clubs in the United States. It can truly be said of the members of the Green Spring Valley Hunt-Club that they have confined themselves strictly to legitimate sport, and have followed out in every detail the real object of the formation of the club. It is distinctively a fox-hunting club.

If the number thirteen has proved in the past to be the harbinger of ill fortune, the history of this club is certainly the exception which proves the rule. There were thirteen enthusiastic fox-



MR. ROBERT N. ELDER, JR., ON "SILVER BILL."



MR. ROBERT GILMOR ON "PRUE."

hunters who met at the country seat of Mr. E. Lynn Painter, on the third day of December, 1892, and organized the club. So, too, some of the most successful meets in its history have taken place on Friday.

The object of the club, as stated in a resolution passed at the first meeting, was "to hunt the wild fox, to improve the pack of hounds, and gradually, with the increase of its membership, to extend the strictly hunting features of the club to other athletic and out-door sports."

The club certainly lost no time in attempting to fulfill its mission in life, for the first meet took place just a week after its organization, the field assembling at Pikesville Station at 2:30 P. M. and consisting of sixteen riders. Rather a healthy and precocious infant, to be sure. Though there were but eight dogs in the pack, a fox was found a few minutes after the cast-off, and led the field on an uninterrupted chase for over ten miles. The run was very exciting, as the pace was very fast, and the Secretary in his report to the club tells us that a number of riders came to grief over

fences. Darkness finally put an end to the sport.

During the summer of 1893 it was decided to rent the old ten-mile house, on the Reiserstown turnpike, as a club-house, and there the club remained until their new club-house was completed. The new building is a model one in every respect, with excellent kennels, a fine stable with plenty of box stalls, and capable of accommodating sixteen hunters. The social side of the club is growing and has become a popular rendezvous for the members and their wives and daughters.

The club is averse to change of any kind. The same corps of officers elected at the first meeting in 1892 now hold office. The President is Mr.

John McHenry, the Secretary is Mr. Randolph Barton, Jr., and Mr. Redmond Conyngham Stewart is the Master of the

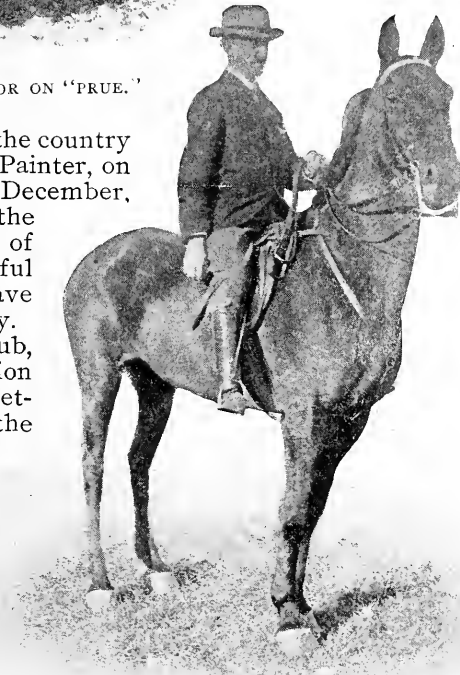


Photo by C. T. Walter.

PRESIDENT JOHN MCHENRY ON "JOHNNY MILLER"



Photo by H. M. Birchhead.

MR. H. CARROLL BROWN ON "SILVERTHREAD."

Hounds. The Board of Governors hold office for one, two and three years.

The pack of the club now numbers nearly forty dogs, and all are of the staunchest and best selected strains of American fox-hounds. From a sentimental point of view, they are a non-descript lot. Some are from Virginia and points further South, and the remainder were gathered in from the four corners of Maryland. The hunting gentry of the Green Spring Valley were always fortunate in having good hounds. Great care was exercised in their breeding and limitless patience in their training. The popular error, that the same animal instinct as makes a duck take to water makes a hound hunt, would be rudely dispelled could the holder of any such opinion see the great amount of work required to teach a pup to follow the trail. Unfortunately, in those early days no care was taken to keep the

strains separate. A good dog was bred to a good bitch, and the result, as a rule, was a good litter. The rest were killed. Had our early hunters kept the several strains separate, what a splendid lot of hounds would the valley have to-day! But, all things considered, the present pack of the club is a very superior one in many respects. While all are not of similar markings, tongue and size, like the magnificent packs of the Radnor and the Meadowbrook, they are splendid fox-hunting dogs, full of voice and with excellent ranging qualities.

Mr. Redmond C. Stewart, who has

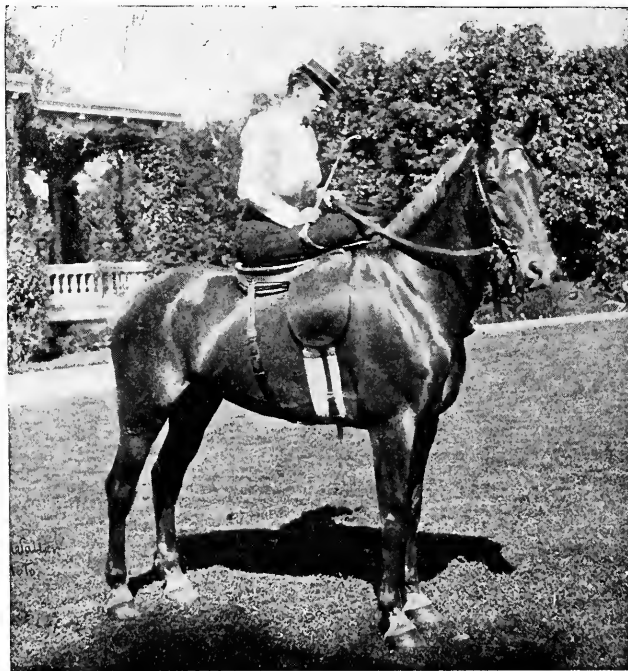
been the club's Master of Hounds since its inception, has taken great pains with the dogs, and gives much of his time and attention to the kennels. He has hunted foxes since his early youth, and, while that is not so very far distant, he has acquired about as much information concerning fox-hounds and fox-hunting during the past eight or ten years as an ordinary man does during the entire course of his life. Mr. Stewart is not alone an expert on fox-hunting, but is held to be one of the finest cross-country riders in the United States. His brother, Mr. Plunkett

Stewart, and himself are said to have won more trophies for good horsemanship than any two others in Maryland.

The country of the Elkridge and Green Spring Valley clubs is a difficult one to negotiate. The jumps during a run of ten miles will average fourfeetfive inches, and the course will be found to be

exceedingly rough and broken. Maryland is fortunately free from wire.

The Maryland farmer is not an obstacle to legitimate sport. On the contrary, he encourages it, but frowns on drag-hunting. He says he has no patience with a man who will ride at a break-neck speed over the country in pursuit of an anise-seed bag when a real live fox can be started for the trying. But drag-hunting is practiced very little in Maryland. The only club which does not frown upon it is the Elkridge. The members of the Valley Hunt ride after the live fox only. The club is



MRS. B. D. DEFORD.

composed of young business men of Baltimore, with a fair sprinkling of farmers who have the time needful to spend in a find. Young and enthusiastic, they spurn the idea of a drag.

In the matter of horsemanship the women of the Green Spring Valley Club cannot be excelled. They ride to hunt foxes, and not because they look well on horseback. Miss Stewart, on Cupid, is said to be the most graceful rider, and Miss Lurman, on Lark, the most daring one, and, all things considered, the best woman fox-hunter in the club. While not a graceful rider, she is bold and daring to a charming degree. The word fear is not in her vocabulary.

If she is thrown or her horse falls she mounts again. Miss O'Donovan, another fine horsewoman, rides an animal with an unpronounceable name, the translation of which is Sweetheart. Dr. John Tompkins rides a nag which he calls Sweetheart in plain English. Mr. W. Stewart Diffenderfer rides either Fox, Victoria or Freeland. The first is the winner of many prizes and honors. Some of the other riders and their mounts are: Redmond

Stewart, Tim Burr; Arthur Brogden, Don; H. Carroll Brown, Silverthread; Duncan K. Brent, Gray Gown and Fawn; Samuel M. Nicholas, Little Giant; Plunkett Stewart, The Squire; Robert Elder, Jr., Silver Bill; O. T. Meyer, Upjinks; Mason Janney, Acrobat; Randolph Barton, Jr., Beau Brummell; J. Brainard Scott, Sister; Dr. C. G. Hill and Thomas Harrison, Brandy and Telegraph.

In Maryland there is somewhat of a diversity of opinion in regard to the advantages of the Northern cross-country horse over the Canadian-bred animal. As far as I have been able to learn, the

members of the Elkridge Club favor the Canadian horse, while the Valley riders prefer the Virginia hunter. It is claimed that there is more quality in the Canadian horse, more bottom and endurance. As a jumper the Virginia horse is equally good, but when it comes to the "pace that kills," the hardy Northern horse is in the field longer. Of the hunters in Maryland fully fifty come from the Old Dominion, while fifteen or twenty are Northern animals, but, as a matter of fact, there are more prize winners in the latter than in the former.

The Green Spring Valley Club is probably the only hunt-club whose master of the hounds annually entertains the male members at his shooting-box. Mr. Stewart is the happy possessor of a country seat on the Eastern Shore, near Easton, which is nicely fitted up with all the appliances necessary to a comfortable shooting-box. Every autumn a steamer is chartered, and, accompanied by their hunters and hounds, the men take a holiday of three or four days, when, on this happy hunting-ground, they chase Reynard to their hearts' content.



MR. WM. H. BRYAN, ON "ABERDEEN."

The outing is strictly stag, and, in the words of the old song, there is "True hospitality, no formality."

In the Green Spring Valley to-day the riding is harder and swifter than it was fifty years ago, and the pace is growing faster every day with the improvement in horseflesh. Judge Robert Gilmore, who used to follow the hounds on his pony when only eight years old, claims that the fox-hunters of antebellum days would not have dared to take or even to attempt the jumps which the members of the Elkridge and Green Spring clubs go over at every meet. A rider who would have been so



MR. W. PLUNKETT STEWARD, ON "THE SQUIRE."

d a r i n g
would have
been consid-
ered fool-
hardy and a
dare-devil;
and in that
day,beit un-
derstood,the
Maryland
riders were
the most
dashing on
the conti-
nent, and in
the matters
of riding,
hounds and
horses, led
all other
fox-hunters.

An article
on the Green Spring Valley would
not be complete without mention of
Mr. William Bowen, the grandfather
of cross-country hunting in the valleys
of the Green Spring, Delaneys and
Worthington. He has hunted foxes
for seventy-one consecutive years, and it is
the earnest wish of all loyal hunters that
he may follow the chase as many more.
He is always at the point where cover
is drawn, he can always predict the
route the fox will take, and the topog-
raphy of the three valleys is so indeli-
bly stamped on his mind that he has
become an invaluable assistant to the
master of the hounds.

With such fox-hunters as Captain
Greenbury Holt, on the Eastern Shore,
and Mr. Bowen in the Valley, and with

such enthusiastic devotees of the chase
as Messrs. Whistler, George, Stewart and
Diffenderfer, cross-country hunting in
the fine old State of Maryland will ever
maintain the lead which she has earned
through the efforts of a long line of en-
thusiastic and scientific hunters, extend-
ing over the past two hundred and forty-
seven years.

And now in conclusion, a few words
about the Maryland Hunt-Club Cup
which was started through the efforts
of five of the Elkridge Club members.
The Green Spring Valley Club is now as
much identified with it as its sister or-
ganization. In the spring of 1894,
Messrs. Ross W. Whistler, J. A. Ulman,
Frank Baldwin, H. A. Farber and one

other gen-
tle man,
offered a cup
of the value
of one hun-
dred dollars,
to the win-
ner, over a
point-to-
point stee-
ple chase
laid out by
these gen-
tlemen, the
only condi-
tion being
that every
hunter en-
tered should
be owned
and ridden
by a member

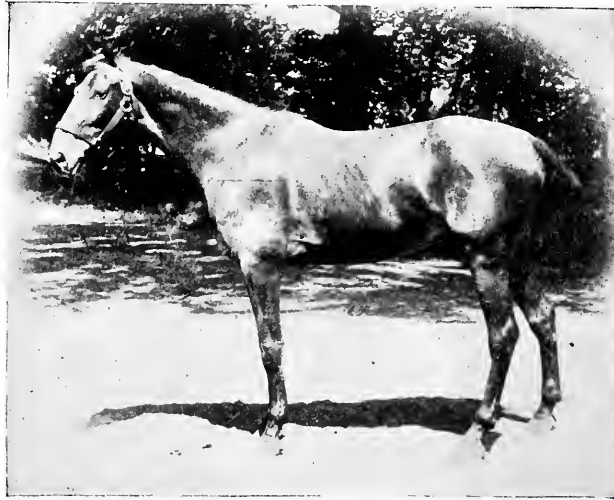


Photo by C. T. Walter.

AN OLD-TIME FAVORITE



MR. H. IRVING KEYSER.

of a Maryland Hunt Club. The first race was held in the month of May, 1894, and was run over a stiff country in the Green Spring Valley. "Johnny Miller," the winner, was owned and ridden by Mr. John McHenry, President of the Green Spring Valley Hunt Club. The race in the following year was run over the beautiful Ridgely estate, of Hampton, where so many meets have been held by both clubs, and which is as much of Maryland's local history as the Carroll estate of My Lady's Manor. This race was won by Mr. Samuel E. George's hunter "Sixty," ridden by Mr. R. N. Elder, Jr. Like the first race, the contest in May, 1896, was run in the Green Spring Valley, the course this time being laid over the beautiful estate of Mr. George Brown, Brooklynwood, and was won by Mr. Thomas W. Whistler, one of

the Elkridge Club's fine riders. He rode the famous "Kingsbury." The last race was also on Mr. George Brown's Brooklynwood estate, and was won by Mr. Charles R. Spence's gelding "Little John," Mr. R. N. Elder up. In 1896 the race was put in the hands of a committee of three, of whom two were members of the Elkridge Club, and the third, Mr. R. C. Stewart, the M. F. H. of the Green Spring Valley Hunt. Year by year the race has been growing stiffer and more difficult, until now only the most experienced riders dare to enter. As a matter of fact, it is considered the stiffest steeplechase in America, if not in the mother country as well. On the last race, be it not said to their discredit as horsemen, nine of the ten riders parted temporarily with their mounts, fortunately without serious damage.

THE
COLLIE
AND THE
SHEEP-
DOG.

BY H. W. HUNTINGTON.



HEATHER MINT.

SLEEK, gentle, bright and beautiful is the collie; a delight to the eye, the darling of the children, the pride of the country home, and an aristocrat of the canine race. He looks a thoroughbred, and if length of pedigree gives a title to the term, he is entitled to it. In dogdom, too, length of ancestry tends to develop intelligence by the cumulative force of centuries of heredity. Both in appearance and intelligence the collie bears the marks of centuries. His antiquity no man can guess, for he is coeval with the shepherd. The most

ancient and holy writers, true, speak of the shepherd leading his sheep, the dog guarding the flocks by night. At what period the leading process was reversed and the dog aided the shepherd in driving his sheep, history makes no mention.

There are many reasons why the collie should be the most intelligent of the canine family. First and foremost, where he is used in the performance of the duties for which it seems nature especially intended him, he is in constant attendance upon his owner when he is abroad. This association alone should

make the dog keener, but to it is added the teaching of driving or guarding the sheep, where patience, intelligence and obedience are brought into constant requisition. Pessimists claim there is no reasoning faculty in the dog, but should they once witness a field trial, where good dogs are in competition, the most skeptical would be forced to admit, if there was no reasoning faculty demonstrated, at least there was some quality apparent so closely allied to reason that it was a distinction without a difference.

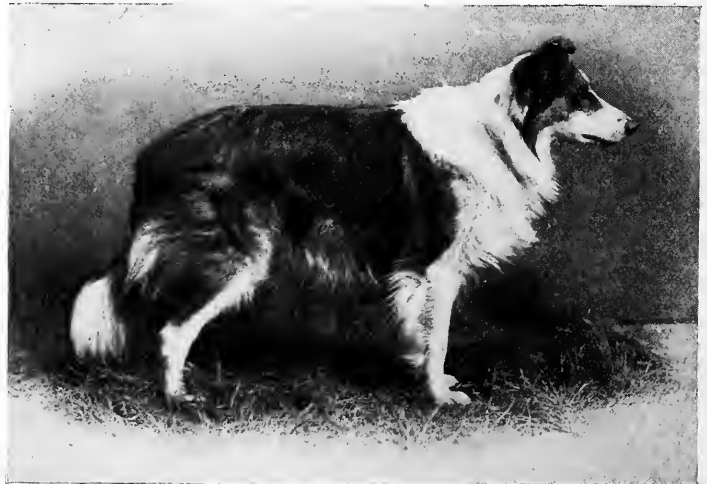
The proper driving and penning of sheep, which are said to be the most stupid or silly of all animals, requires many qualities to insure success. The stubborn sheep must not be nipped by the dog, they must not be put "on the run," but patience and cunning with exceeding gentleness must be exercised, else the dog will be withdrawn as unfit for his business. This constant association of shepherd or owner with his dogs results so beneficially to the latter that while they are able to herd and pen their charge in a wonderfully short space of time, they are also so familiar with their owner's movement of hand and expression of eye that they are able to drive an entire flock *away* from the owner to a given point as directed.

It is not every dog that is susceptible of being so trained, yet many will do it, even with a flock with which they are not familiar. Where only one dog is kept, the flock soon come to know him, are soon completely under his control, and therefore are easy to handle; but when the public trials come off and he has a flock of strange and sturdy Welshmen to pen, that play assumes every phase of work, and hard work, too. Of domestic sheep, there is perhaps no breed so wild, so headstrong, so hard to handle as the rugged chap that is bred in Wales, and when he and his fellows conclude they wish to go east and the collie favors a westward course, things are especially interesting and remain so

till the sheep yield or the dog "flunks." No rushing, no nipping, can be indulged in, but reasoning and patience must be resorted to and then the end is generally attained.

In many parts of England cattle and sheep-dealers frequently use the collie for driving their possessions from one town or city to another, and where two drovers meet, each going in an opposite direction, it is no uncommon circumstance for the herds to get mixed. Here the wonderful sagacity of the dog is brought into great prominence, for he will at once proceed to find and drive out his master's stock from the general confusion, and he will not leave till he has strictly performed his duty.

Much has been said of the variable



CHESHAM MARVEL.

temper and disposition of the collie; that he is nervous and fretful and apt to snap, especially at strangers. If this be proven in some instances, it must be borne in mind that his duties are not such as tend to improve his disposition. However, taking the collie with the other breeds of dogs as they go, dog for dog, it will be found that he is true to the members of the household, excellent as a watchdog, and as loyal, gentle and kind as any that exists, especially with children.

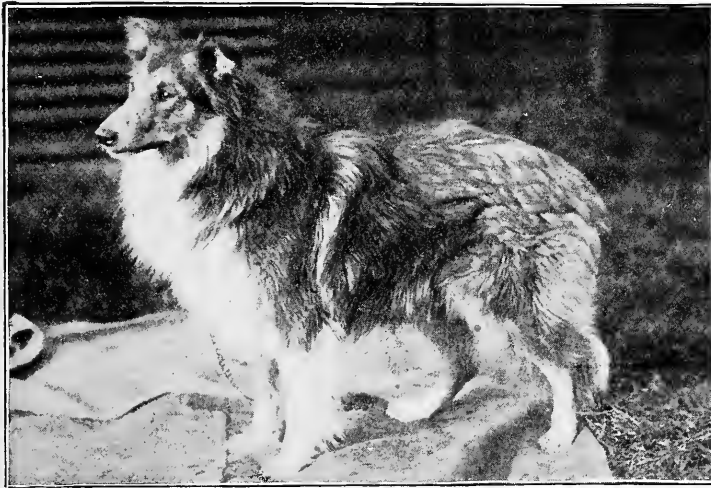
By nature, the collie is no more intended for the show bench than is the foxhound or the greyhound. In fact, many owners of these breeds refuse to show their dogs, considering that their

proper place is in the field. If the dog could win afield he suited the owner, though there is no good reason why a handsome-looking dog should not also be a useful one. Among some collie breeders the sole ambition seems to be to breed profuse coats, caring little what the head properties may be, or whether or not the dog has sufficient legs to stand on. This was illustrated in a marked degree at one of our late shows, and, though the dogs were most beautiful to look upon, they would stand no critical examination. The collie, whether rough or smooth or bob-tail, is essentially a working dog. It therefore seems most unwise to sacrifice so much merely for the purpose of securing a profuse and elegant coat. No one will deny that the

that to-day win premier honors at some of our largest shows there is too great a prevalence of the long, attenuated head of the Borzoi or Russian wolfhound, without the corresponding power of that dog's jaw. Such a head is perhaps pleasing to look at, but, as far as it being a true collie head, no one will venture to contend that it is. All that is claimed for it is that it is pretty and picturesque, which it may all be, but such a head on a collie body gives us a decidedly characterless dog. Some of our best breeders are to-day holding their dogs back from the shows, averring that they will not compete in classes where such dogs are entered and under a judge whose taste runs for that type.

Again, size seems to have suffered greatly these past few years, and our recent shows bring out a very large number of small and light-built dogs. Instead of tipping the scale at from fifty to sixty pounds many of the winners will not weigh over thirty-five or forty pounds.

It is no great feat to breed a good little dog, but it is a decided achievement to breed a good big one that will stand from twenty-three to twenty-four inches at the shoulder. With a properly



J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S RUFFORD ORMONDE.

coat with frill counts twenty out of a possible hundred points (perfection), still it is not the desideratum that it is in the Yorkshire terrier, unless one is breeding wholly for show purposes and intends always to have the dog act the part of a companion about the house. If such is the desire, then sacrificing all things to the beauty of the coat is perhaps admissible.

Nor is the question of excessive coat the only fault that is creeping into the breeding of too many of the dogs of to-day. Though the adopted standard of the club calls for the head to be moderately long, skull flat, moderately wide between the ears, tapering to the eyes, and with very little stop, yet in many of the dogs

made body, furnished with legs possessed of good bone, a coat that fills the requirements of the standard, a head devoid of a domed skull, and an eye that is full of character, we then have a dog that is not only ornamental but useful as well, and one which will always be able to render a good account of himself when called upon.

Another very noticeable fact about many of our young dogs, of the class of which mention has just been made, is that as they grow out of the puppy classes instead of improving with age they seem to retrograde. Some pups that at ten and eleven months of age gave promise of being world-beaters have so changed when they had grown to be two years

old, that their chances to win premier honors in hot classes were absolutely nil, yet as pups they swept all before them. Many owners have wondered why this is, and when argued with that it was the result of sacrificing qualities, as heretofore mentioned, were very loath to admit it. It is greatly to be hoped that the faddists will modify their fancies and allow us all to return to the strong bone and characteristic, intelligent heads of the great dogs that flourished, say, ten years ago.

According to the standard of excellence now in use for judging, the

muscular; the chest deep and narrow in front, but wide behind the shoulders, and the back short and level with the loins, rather long, slightly arched, yet powerful. The legs should be straight, muscular, rather flat of bone, hind-quarters slightly drooping and very long from hips to hocks and hocks well bent, the pasterns long and springy, with the soles of the feet well padded and the toes arched and compact. The tail is generally carried low when the dog is quiet, is of moderate length, and when he is excited is carried gayly, and almost straight when he is running.



BOXER III.

rough collie should present the appearance of a lithe, active dog of elegant and pleasing outline, with a combination of speed, strength and intelligence. The head should be moderately long, covered with soft, short hair, skull flat and with very little stop, eyes almond-shaped, of fair size, but not prominent, placed rather wide apart, and the darker brown in color the better. The ears should be small, covered with soft, short hair, and carried semi-erect when at attention, but at other times thrown back. The neck should be long, arched and

The coat as required should be abundant, except on head and legs; the outer coat straight, hard, and rather stiff; the inner coat soft, furry, and very dense, so as to make it difficult to find the skin; the frill (a mass of hair on the breast) very abundant; hair on the tail very profuse, and on the hips long and bushy; fore-legs slightly feathered, while the hind legs below the hocks are smooth. Weight of dogs, 45 to 60 pounds; bitches, 40 to 50 pounds.

The defects most to be avoided are domed skull; high-peaked occipital bone; heavy, pendulous ears; full, soft

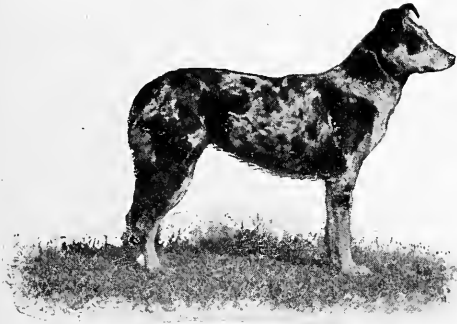
eyes; heavy feathered legs and short tail.

Having spoken at length of the rough-coated collie, perhaps it would not be amiss to introduce two branches of the family, known respectively as the smooth collie and the old English sheep-dog or bob-tail, neither of which is at all well known on this side of the water. The former is found almost entirely in the northern part of England and the southern part of Scotland, though he is not an especial favorite of the Scotch. He seems to be

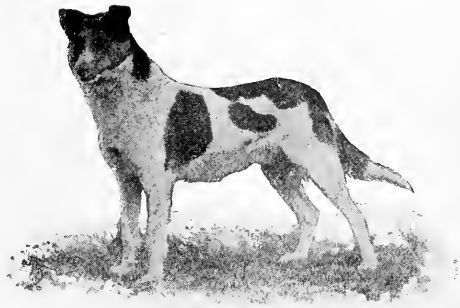
too, is at variance with those of the other species, as all of these should be wall eyes. While the smooth collie has firm friends, yet, from an æsthetic point of view, he certainly is not a handsome dog, nor one to which a person would be instinctively drawn. His eyes, so thoroughly peculiar in color, do not seem to possess much warmth nor show a very lovable disposition, yet in both instances these appearances belie his true character. He is loyal in the very highest degree, a bit of a stay-at-home chap, and



ORMSKIRK MERLIN.



SEDGEMERE FLOSS.



SEDGEMERE PIEBALD.

chiefly adapted to work over a very rough and hilly country, where the undergrowth of the land is dense and destructive to a rough-haired dog. His contour is the same as that of his rough-coated brother, but he is much larger than he, has heavier bone, is stronger, and can consequently endure a great deal of exposure and hard work. In point of color, though, he is vastly different, preference being given to marbled ones, though tortoise-shell is not only very attractive, but is greatly sought after. The color of the eyes,



WELLINGTON.

worships his master.

As sheep dogs are kept solely for exhibition purposes in this country, it is not likely that the smooth collie will be a reigning favorite. Great efforts were made in England to make him such, but the end was never attained. The scale of points adopted by the club

for judging the breed is the same as applies to the rough-coated collie, except in matter of coat, which it says should be "dense, hard and quite smooth."

The old English sheep-dog, or bobtail, as he is often called, is rapidly forging

ahead in popular favor, and this year has brought out some rare good specimens in England. There is another member of the collie family that will always attract attention wherever he goes, and, on account of his quaint appearance, very shaggy coat, and short, or "no tail," he is decidedly out of the ordinary. As in the Schipperke, they say the whelps should be born minus a tail, yet, in almost every litter of each breed, puppies will be born with well-defined caudal appendages, which, however, are generally made acquainted with the knife problem, to the decided detriment of whatever semblance of tail had previously existed. Occasionally one does see a bobtail *with* a tail, but it is of no great length, and is generally such a poor apology for one that the owner seems to feel ashamed of it. The bobtail differs greatly from the other members of the family, especially in matters of the coat. This is very shaggy, harsh, wiry and dense throughout, which renders it admirably suited to the rough country where he is mostly used. Claim is made by many of the admirers of this variety that he is the "father" of all the collies, and, while there is nothing to verify it, it is a fact that he was known in Wales especially, and in and about Sussex, hundreds of years ago. Yet in spite of this confirmed statement, the Collie Club refuses point blank to recognize him as a collie, so the breed is now fostered by the Old English Sheep Dog Club, which is doing great work towards popularizing him. There is little doubt but that, had the same care and attention been devoted to him that has been bestowed upon his rough-coated brother, he would now be the latter's strongest competitor for universal admiration.

It seems strange that so attractive a dog should so long have remained in the background, especially as he is not only so very useful, but so strong and hardy of constitution. Perhaps his day will come, and then the rough collie will have to look out for his laurels. All the dogs that are essentially Welsh seem to be especially hardy and tough. The little Welsh terrier is like a pine knot, and in this country, when the Welsh foxhounds have been pitted against the American and English dogs over rough and hilly country, the Welshman has always been well to the fore. Whether or not the same result is experienced on

the other side, "deponent knoweth not," but it can be said of him that he seems to have better bone, better feet and a harder coat than his English brother. Besides his shaggy coat making him look strange to us, it also makes him look the workman all over.

While all the varieties of the collie family are bred for herding and driving, yet the bobtail seems especially well adapted to work on cattle, as we understand the term here, viz., cows and oxen. In this vocation he outshines all the others. He is not as patient as the others, nor quite so even tempered, and many who don't like him go so far as to say that he is decidedly ill tempered. It will be therefore seen he is much better adapted for handling cattle than sheep, as the latter must be gently dealt with, otherwise the dog is about useless. But in and among the cows the bobtail is without a peer. When milking time comes he will bring in the cows one by one, and as one is disposed of he drives it back to pasture, returning with one that is to be milked. Wonderful as it may appear to relate, he very rarely, if ever, makes an error in this regard, showing a marked degree of reasoning or observing powers that render him invaluable to his owner.

In point of height he towers above the others, and should measure at the shoulder full twenty-five inches, with breadth and weight to correspond. He is furnished with a head that is large, wide across the forehead, muzzle somewhat short and heavy. The eyes are sable in dark-coated specimens, but "wall" eyes are looked for in the light-colored ones. The ears are small. The legs are strong, of good bone, and furnished with plenty of muscles, while the feet are large, round, and very firm. The body is squarely built, very strong and rugged, with excellent loin and hind-quarters. From the foregoing it will be seen he is a workman, and in performing his duties is both diligent and honest. The coat is very shaggy, rough and dense, and the shaggier and denser it is, the handsomer it is considered. In point of color, it is generally pigeon-blue, steel gray, or black and tan, though the first seems to be decidedly the favorite. Certainly the pigeon-blue is exceedingly attractive, and when found in a profuse and shaggy coat, the preference can readily be accounted for. When one

considers the wildness of some of the counties of Wales, it can easily be understood how useful a bobtail is and would have been a couple of hundred of years ago, especially if he was then called upon to protect cattle or sheep from the ravages of wild animals.

The standard adopted by the Old English Sheep-Dog Club describes their dog as being strong, compact and cobby, profusely coated, and having a bear-like movement. The head should be

rather square and stop slightly defined; the parts over the eyes well arched, and the whole well covered with hair. Eyes in dark bluespecimens should be dark brown; in lighter colors they follow them, and, if

white predominates, a "wall" eye is typical; nose black and fairly large; teeth strong, firm and even; ears medium heavy and curved close.

Neck should be long, gracefully arched, and well coated; shoulders sloping, so that the dog is lower in front than at the hind-quarters; forelegs straight, well coated, furnished with plenty of bone and not leggy; feet round, large; toes arched, and pads hard

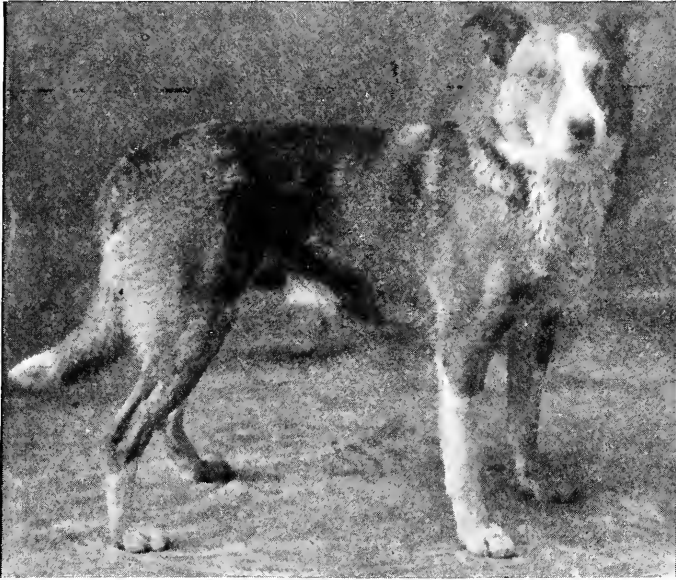
and horny. The body should be very short and compact, ribs well sprung, brisket deep, loins very stout and arched, hind-quarters bulky; coat should be profuse, fairly hard and strong, and double-coated, as in the rough collie; color, dark, light, or pigeon-blue and steel gray mixed with white; white collars, legs, chest and face greatly to be desired; height, twenty inches and upward. Stonehenge, some twenty years ago, in writing of

the breed, remarks that "Usually these bobs are strongly made and symmetrical dogs, but without any definite type. They frequently have a tendency to be brindle in color." Some one facetiously remarked that the homeliest

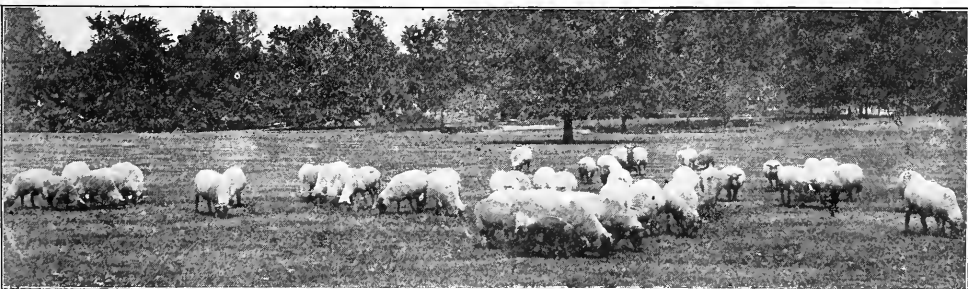
specimens seem to receive the highest honors at the dog shows here, as well as abroad.

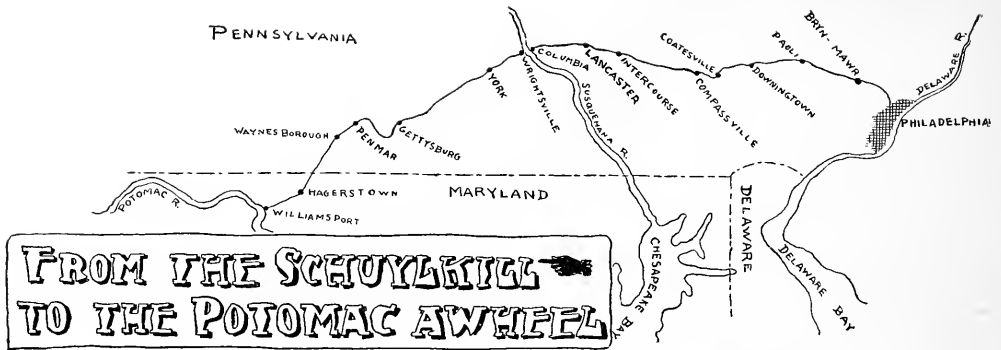
The adopted standard admits "bobs" with tails, stating: "All other parts being equal, the tailless specimen wins over the one with a tail; the less he has of it the better."

Among the finest bobs in America are Boxer III., Trilby, Lady Grizzle and Monkey.



SMOOTH-COATED "BEN."





BY GEORGE H. STREAKER.

IT was on a winter's night, when, talking over former experience in the North and West, the idea occurred which met with unanimous approval. The proposal was to leave our homes in the "Quaker City," and, from the crack in the old Liberty Bell in the Philadelphia State House, to follow westward the old overland pikes and post-roads, taking the route of the ancient Conestogas out to the scenes of civil strife at Gettysburg, and then over the mountains through Cumberland's peach orchards. Here, turning south, to cross "Maryland, My Maryland." If Virginia and West Virginia proved as hospitable as reported, to continue across their historic battlefields, view their rugged mountain sights, ride their fertile valleys, visit their caverns and bathe and drink at their health-giving springs. In short, to enjoy a roving, wheeling, out-of-door life as only touring wheelmen

can. The latter part of June was the appointed time to start. And the time arrived, but with it the news that Billy's wife "must" have him "visit mother's home at Tuckahoe." Edward, likewise a benedict, well (poor Edward), his young wife had made arrangements, which "cannot be broken," to spend the vacation at Seaweedville, where the billows roll and the mosquitoes bite, and Tom, the jolly bachelor, the expected buoyant, singing life of the party, "couldn't get off."

So alone it must be, and alone I started over the hills of Fairmount. Before me lay the well-known Lancaster Pike, stretching sixty miles away. For twenty miles ahead, to and beyond familiar Paoli, this famed pike is a fine sand-papered, rolling, macadamized road, not surpassed in this country. I speak from experience.

Beyond the hills of Paoli it was all new



"SO ALONE I STARTED."

to me, and the charms of the open, fertile farming country of Chester Valley awoke all my enthusiasm, as, breathing the fragrance of a June day, I put additional speed to my wheel, and rolled over the inviting but less modernized portions of the old turnpike. While the wheel bounds on towards dinner, a little history of this old highway may be interesting.

As far back as 1730, a petition was signed to the powers of Philadelphia for a "public road from the town of Lancaster," and in 1733 the petition had been granted, and the road officially declared a "King's Highway."

They must have been hungry and thirsty travelers in those days, for an old

ble of the stage, the squeaking of the old boot and scraping of the brakes on the down grades, are now rarely heard, and then only on the fashionable "Tallyho"; but in their places, reviving old memories and making a demand for finer roadways, come the jingling bells, the whirl of the wheels and the happy sun-burned faces of the cyclists, demanding "board and bed" as of old. Consequently, "Mine Host" is scraping off the rust of years, and bringing forth the refreshing hospitality of "ye olden time."

I was soon testing the meal provided by mine host at Downington, where flows the Brandywine.

Then, for a rest till four o'clock. And



THREE OTHERS OF THE SAME MIND.

almanac of 1766 gives the following itinerary: "Philadelphia to Schuylkill, 2 m.; Black Horse, 4 m.; Prince of Wales, 1 m.; Buck, 1 m.; Sorrel Horse, 1 m.; Plough, 1 m.; Unicorn, 3 m.; Blue Ball, 4 m.; Admiral Warren, 3 m.; White Horse, 3 m.; Downing's, 7 m.; The Ship, 2 m.; The Wagon, 6 m.; Miller's, 6 m.; Douglass', 3 m.; The Hat, 4 m.; Duke of Cumberland, 3 m.; Red Lion, 3 m.; Conestoga Creek, 4 m.; Lancaster Court House, 2 m." The glory of these old taverns grew and their numbers still increased with the rush of overland Western travel up to the advent of the steam railroad.

The crack of the whip, the heavy rum-

no place offers a retreat better suited for rest than the shaded, grassy banks of the creek, near the old mill, where, in dreaming idleness, the lines of Rogers are suggested:

"Mine be a cot beside the hill,
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear,
A willowy brook that turns a mill
With many a fall shall linger near."

Downington was here long before the pike, although as far back as 1718 it was but a small hamlet, built around Thomas Moore's mill, and known as Milltown, receiving its present name from Downing, one of the early settlers. Sitting on grassy banks, dreaming of a brook-side cottage and looking back-

ward at "ye golden past" is delightful for a few hours, but, like everything else in life, there is a time to move on or we rust. The Potomac is many miles in the distance. The wheel must be oiled and the legs kept going to reach it.

"A rest in the extreme heat of these summer days, from twelve or one until four in the afternoon, is to be my rule to follow." This I was explaining, soon after leaving Downington, to a roadside pump acquaintance, a very sociable local wheelman, with whom I journeyed as far as Coatesville. A big-hearted fellow he proved, with his valuable directions to take the older Lancaster road, *via* Wagontown and Compassville, kindly offering besides to entertain me over night at his home. Accepting only his advice as to the roads, I climbed through picturesque glens, then, higher up over the hills to the north, passing the old relic of an inn, "The Waggon."

Considerable walking was necessary on the sand hill-tops, but I pushed cheerfully on, remembering his assurance that the road would improve in the valley beyond, and it did so. Coasting down the steep grade into the "holler," the "Mariner's Compass," about forty-five miles from Philadelphia, opened its welcome doors, and a home was mine for my first night on the road.

Any suggestion of the sea, outside of the name, was nowhere to be found at this quiet inland country inn, the gathering-place in the evening for the farmers to discuss the now rapidly ripening crops. Their teams filled the open space in front of the house during the early hours, but by nine-thirty all had gone as quietly as they came, and peaceful country cricket-chirping serenity reigned everywhere.

Wednesday morning at eight-thirty, reluctantly I wheeled away from scenes so delightful in contrast with city life, an hour behind my schedule time. In touring, one should always take advantage of the early morning hours. This had always been my advice to others, and I hold it yet as good to follow.

Three hours' riding through the ripening grain, the growing corn and fruitful orchards of Lancaster County, making use only of the pump at the original "White Horse" tavern, on through "Intercourse" to "Bird-in-Hand," and again you are back from the clay roads to the stones of the pike. To the dis-

credit of one of the most fertile and beautiful agricultural districts of our country was the fluted condition of the roadway. For several miles there was a succession of parallel ruts and ridges from the ditch on one side of the road to that on the other. The ruts were a severe test on tires. The ridges afforded excellent practice for controlling a bicycle under adverse circumstances. My bubbling, bursting indignation would have hit the first road-overseer I met, had not my wrath been successfully corked by the delicious cherries, gathered from the many trees which grew along the way-side. So thickly grew the cherries that I crushed them as I clambered down the trees. My appearance was such that a hundred years ago I might have been taken for one of the famous "bloody Doanes," the seven Robin Hoods of Lancaster County, the outlaw brothers who stopped travelers in these regions. The wild story of these daring seven brothers, with their one sister, finds a parallel in the romance of "Lorna Doone," the beautiful Lorna with her seven outlaw brothers.

But the terror created by the deeds of the Doanes has passed, and instead the bicyclist has but to fear the condition of the road, which improves as you near the Conestoga Creek, and the western breeze brings to your ears the chiming bells of Lancaster.

The rolling, rich lands of Lancaster county's farms were seen to better advantage in the next stretch of eleven miles, over a fine limestone pike. Running high up on the hills, the pleasure of living and cycling was brought to its highest pitch in views from the distant city in the rear to the surrounding scenes of glowing, golden fruitfulness, resulting from the Dutch-descended farmers' years of toil. Their large well-painted barns and firm stout fencing; big brick houses in shaded groves of pine, maple and buttonwood; sleek, well-fed, vigorous animals, from the horses at the buzzing machine, reaping and gleaning in the harvest fields, to the pigs grunting in sleepy contentment beyond the orchards; all told the story of the thrift and wealth of the people.

In the distance ahead, on the banks of the Susquehanna, the town of Columbia showed itself by the curling black smoke rising high up in the still summer air.

But I confess the most gratifying thought, in contemplation of the last view, was that the smoke not only came from great factories and mills, but that part of it, at least, came from the fire in the kitchen of the Franklin House, my next dining station. Two p. m. found me there deep in a practical study of the strength to be found in some of the products of this county.

After a morning's ride of thirty miles, from the Mariner's Compass to Columbia, I felt entitled to a noon-day's rest, and where could it be better spent than on the bridge which here crosses the Susquehanna River, one and a quarter miles across? A covered bridge, but the open span in the centre gives, while resting, a cool, inviting spot from which to admire the beauty of this grand, noble river, which is entitled to be placed among the most picturesque in America.

In the far North it has drained the Wyoming and other great valleys of Pennsylvania. It has broken its way through the rugged, bold barriers of the Blue Mountains, where, in the northern distance, you see their high peaks. Then, winding through the rolling, wooded foothills of this mighty mountain range, in turbulent whirls, by wooded islands and projecting rocks, it flows under the great bridge beneath your feet, uncurbed by navigation, through the low, flat country to the southward, and thence by Havre de Grace, and through the Chesapeake to the sea.

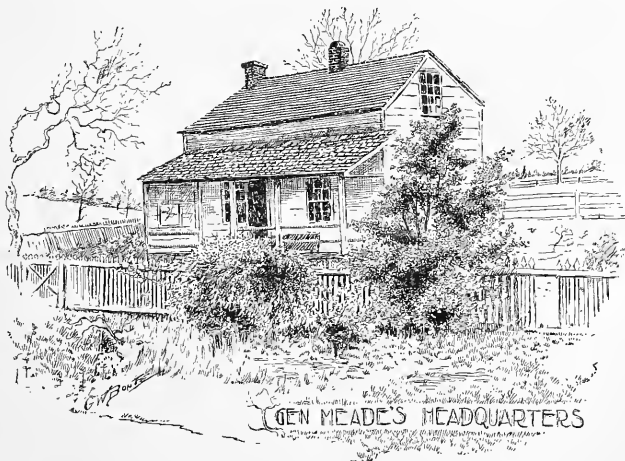
The springing, jumping planks made rattling music, as I wheeled rapidly on across the bridge to the west side. Here the little town of Wrightsville is the beginning of a thirteen-mile spin over a most excellent stone road, through a farming district to York, where my second day's journey of forty-three

miles was completed, and I had a chance to sup and scrub off the accumulated dirt of a two days' run. To be mentally delighted, to be physically tired, to bathe and have a good, clean bed, is to find, sweet indeed, the revitalizing rest of the touring wheelman.

By half-past seven the next morning I was well on the high road to Gettysburg, thirty-two miles away, the first ten miles over an excellent macadamized road, bordered on either side by well-kept, prosperous farms, until Hockstown is reached. Here the question arises, whether to take the clay road via East Berlin and Hunterstown or to continue straight ahead over the old pike. Ask every one you meet, from the wheelmen at York to the natives at Hockstown, and you will then

be compelled to toss a copper for a choice. I have tried both, and prefer the old pike, where, the farther I went, the older it got. Of course, this could be said of any road. What I mean is, its condition grew worse until, in many places, I was

compelled to walk. The country deteriorated, houses and barns lost their freshness, growing worse as I went along, until some looked ready to tumble from neglect, and the fences fell back to the old worm style. In many places they disappeared entirely, and I presume they had changed from worm to butterfly fences, and gone West to better pastures. One old roadside tavern, long since out of use, except as a temporary shelter for a poor family, seemed to forcibly express the sorrow for its departed glory by the weeping expression of its broken windows and the gloomy, gray-black appearance of its wooden exterior, which had not seen paint nor whitewash for many years. The old pump, although rickety, still retained its usefulness, for the water



which came from it was as clear, cold, and refreshing as ever. Its overflow was received by a wooden horse-trough, and here played the ragged little children of the house, splashing in childish glee, and giving their little dog his first lessons in swimming.

Wheeling on I found several small towns in Rip Van Winkle slumber, and it was one o'clock before I reached Gettysburg. Then came a conflict dire but peaceful. Thanks to the vigorous forces induced, and strengthened by wheeling, and nerved by the very atmosphere of the place, I was tuned for fighting. After repeated violent attacks, I conquered. The chicken and beef succumbed. Dinner over, I asked for the quickest and best way to see the battlefield.

Do not ride thoughtlessly through this place, as I first intended to do, but procure books, map and guide, and ride to the tops of the surrounding hills, to get an extended view of this battlefield of twenty-five square miles. View to the northwest the distant Seminary Ridge, the scene of the first day's fight.

Ride to the battle-scarred, rocky heights of the Round Top hills, and here will be given you an idea of the second and third days' wild contentions, their attacks and repulses. From here view the distant headquarters of the opposing Generals, Lee and Meade; see the most noted spots in the terrible, death-dealing strife of those mighty hosts, the "Cemetery Hills," the "Peach Orchard," the "Wheat Field," the "Devil's Den," and the "Bloody Angle." Then see the "clump of trees," the historical trees, which mark the extreme advance of the Confederates on the third day.

The story of Gettysburg is best told by the voiceless hundreds of marble and granite monuments, which, in the highest artistic skill of American and

Italian sculptors, tell, in memoriam, where the brave survivors stood, and where the bold, heroic warriors died. Before final departure one should visit the National Cemetery, marking the spot where the fight was fiercest. It is now filled with the stone memorials erected to the thousands upon thousands whose lives were all lost in three short days. The most impressive part of this scene is the one thousand tombs with the simple epitaph, "Unknown."

Next morning I still lingered around, wheeling from place to place, through lanes and avenues filled with battle memorials, while, in the surrounding fertile fields, the waving, nodding heads of the ripened grain were coquetting with the wild roses and flowers of June.

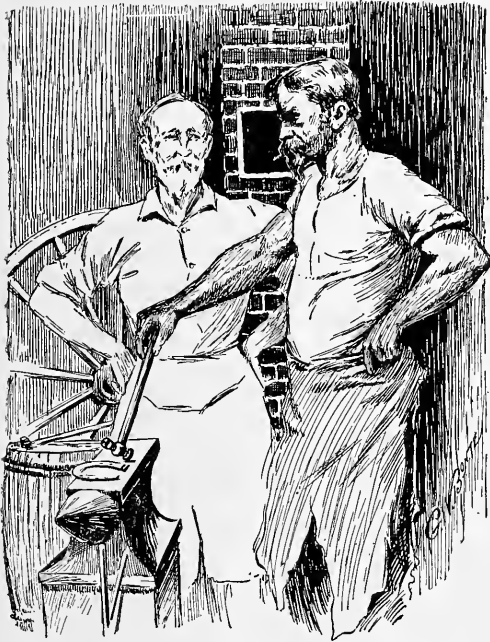
Gettysburg had somehow put one out of humor to ride and climb the intervening twenty miles to the heights of the mountains, so I took the train through the rising, waving hills, up still higher over wooded ridges, on to what, as seen from Gettysburg, had been the blue, hazy summit of the mountains. Reaching the highest altitude at Pen



HOW DE DIBBEL DO YO MAKE A BICYCLE?

Mar, near the Monterey Pass, which had afforded an escape for Lee's retreating army, I left the train and found a good dinner awaiting me at the Blue Mountain House.

I had my noon-day hours to spend in the mountains, in the ozone-impregnated air of the higher altitudes, around whose summits the summer zephyrs play and whirl, filled with the perfume of many mountain blooms. The views from these towering heights, together with the healing, balsamic aroma from the forest pines, brought back buoyancy to a spirit depressed by stories of war. The soul-lifting enchantment of your position comes from your western view. Behold, as if from cloudland, the capti-



WHERE BICYCLES MAY BE REPAIRED.

vating scene of the Cumberland Valley is spread before you. Thirty miles across this rich, productive plain, from the vine-clad cottage near the village directly below, over fields and orchards teeming in luxuriant fertility, over winding roads and glistening rivers, over the spires of busy cities and the chimneys of sleepy hamlets, to the distant Alleghany Mountains.

The spires sparkling in the declining sunlight, some eighteen miles to the southwest, mark Hagerstown, in Maryland, my destination for the night. A visit to the many other points around this charming mountain resort, the fairy glens and rocky gorges, another peep at the enrapturing map-like view of the valley, and it is four o'clock.

Mercury, "the god who mounts the winged winds," might have been jealous of my six-mile wheeling leap from the mountain-top to Waynesboro. Through mountain forests; out around rocky prominences,

with occasional glimpses of the valley view; down, down, down; over a road mostly good, but requiring careful watch on the sharp curves, back-pedaling and braking now, with gravity for your motive power, while through your mind runs the Tyrolian yodel,

Down the mountain sides
Where the streamlet glides,

as your wheel rushes on to a brook, which, crossing the road, offers its refreshing waters to the thirsty.

Mounting again, little or no effort carries you on over the rolling foothills, through the peach orchards of the Cumberland, on to Waynesboro. Then a turn sharply southward, over an excellent limestone pike, and through the heart of these rich valley lands. Wheeling is an unalloyed pleasure as you spin along through Maryland. The distant mountain ranges still hem in this highly cultivated district, the Blue Ridge in the east, the Alleghanies to the west. A twelve-mile run and supper is served at Hagerstown.

Saturday morning, and Hagerstown, busy, interesting, hospitable place that it is, at eight o'clock was behind me. Those who, like myself, live in cities, accept with pleasure the comfort and good cheer of towns like this, but the greatest delight on a tour is to be out in the country, free from their busy hum.

Six and a half miles' run and I was across the narrow portion of western Maryland. As I roll down from the bluffs at the little town of Williamsport.



A SON OF THE SOIL.

and look across the river to the shores of West Virginia, I find it "All quiet along the Potomac" indeed, no sound save the flowing waters. But I soon destroyed the serenity of the scene by yelling at the top of my voice for the ferryman to "Come! take me over." No double-deck Jersey City ferry. Simply the rude rope ferry of which our fathers were so proud. Running my eye along the rope over the waters, I could make out the little scow, hauled up on the opposite bank. But the ferryman? Alas! Where was he? I concluded he must be gunning in the mountains to the northwest around Berkeley Spring, or else gone fishing down below at Harper's Ferry. In a little while sympathy came from the only sign of life I saw. Passing along the river bank was a tall, thin woman, dressed in a shabby calico gown, carrying on her arm a small basket, her face hid in a sun-bonnet which projected nearly a foot in front of her head. Her high-pitched voice called out as she walked towards me, "Keep on holler'n, he'll come." She was kind and full of information, telling me stories of the river.

"This 'ere river quiet! Well! well! You should a jes' seen it las' spring, time o' the big flood. Swept my home away!" As I followed the gaze of her shaking head, I saw her small cabin home, nestled in under the bluff, down near the pebbles and sands of the river beach, and inquired why she rebuilt it in the same spot. "Are you not afraid it will be again washed away?" I asked. The reply she gave was, "Oh, no! Mr. A— what's his name? Keeps the big store at Hagerstown. He told the boys to hog-brace it. An' they did. Fresh't can't move it again." Happy and proud

of her hog-braced riverside home, she passed on, advising me to "keep on holler'n."

I took her advice until I saw the old flat-bottom boat move out from the other side obliquely, catch the current and slowly move towards me, the traveling pulley running along the rope. Seated alone in the boat was the ferryman, "brown as a berry and fresh as a pip-pin," suggesting the song of Twyckenham Ferry, where it "costs but a penny to Twyckenham Town;" but this ferryman of the Potomac charged fifteen pennies. Under the advantages of American protection, he beat his English prototype by several hundred per cent. His apology for the delay in coming over was, "Ploughin' corn back o' the barn."

Pushing my wheel up the stony bluffs on West Virginia soil, I found a fair limestone pike, running five miles farther on to where it again meets the Potomac.

It may be of interest, in conclusion, to speak of my luggage, which was very light, all extras being kept in a small leather handbag, strapped by a luggage carrier to the handle-bars of my wheel, handy to carry at night to one's room. The bag contains simply an extra under-suit and toilet articles. No starched shirts, no cotton or linen goods, all woolens, both outer and under clothing, except of course handkerchiefs and necktie. They can all be easily replaced, dried or cleaned every night at stopping places. Shoes should be strong and heavy soled, to meet necessary walking and hill climbing, but one pair is necessary. A light-weight gossamer cape is useful to keep off rain until shelter is found.



OVER THE CONOCOCHAQUE CREEK.

WITH THE QUAIL AMONG THE COTTON.

BY WIRT HOWE.



HOWEVER scarce the quail may be in the North and East, it is still the delight of the gunner in many localities of the South and West; and it may be of interest to hear how he is hunted in the cotton lands of Mississippi.

It was late in the afternoon of a crisp day in December when the writer and a friend who owned several plantations in that part of the cotton belt in which lies Columbus, Miss., reached the

diminutive station from which we were to drive to our shooting grounds, the plantations themselves. It was quite dark when, after a drive of three or four miles through scrub-oak woods and fields of withered cotton-stalks and corn-stubble, we reached the manager's house and were welcomed in by him to a huge log-fire in his living room.

Here dogs, guns, baggage and ammunition were suffered to remain in comfortable confusion while we warmed our fingers and toes, and a smoking supper was borne in for us by the black woman who presided over the kitchen. And how delicious was the savor of those hot "spar-ribs" and that cornbread and sizzling bacon! "Just wait until this time to-morrow," said my friend, "and we'll serve you the finest quail on the finest toast that ever was made, eh, Dinah?" "Ya-as, sah," was the grinning reply.

The evening was spent in discussion and preparation for the morrow. The manager, in preparation for our coming, had notified one of his men to be on hand in the morning. He had "spotted" a dozen or more coveys within a short distance, and would bring a dog of his own to help out the two that we had brought with us. After a last look at our clothes and guns, we were glad to say good night and go to bed to dream of what the morning might bring.

The roar of a hot fire and a cheerful "Mornin', marser; gwine be a good day terday," woke me at an hour when only a native of long experience or prophetic powers could have told what sort of a

day would follow the night that still enveloped everything. But we took the boy's word for it and were soon up, and by the time we had finished our breakfast the short twilight had given way to a glorious sunrise that seemed to smile upon us. On stepping out we found our Nimrod awaiting us, seated upon a mule and holding two others saddled. We mounted quickly, the dogs were sent ahead, and we were off.

I shall never forget the exhilaration of riding forth that frosty morning, with a clear sky overhead, the ground white with frost and crackling under hoof, and the air full of the notes of birds that had fled the snows of the North to winter in these balmy climes. All the world seemed in good spirits, and, as I looked ahead over the huge ears that flapped before me, it seemed as though every bush must conceal our quarry, and I longed for the first "stand."

The large plantations of the cotton belt, which present practically the same appearance that they did in ante-bellum days and which are operated upon methods that have been in use for many years, are, from an agricultural point of view, unlike anything existing elsewhere in this country. Each plantation covers a large amount of land, and the cultivation, which is, with few exceptions, entirely that of cotton and corn, centres about the plantation store, carried on by the owner through his manager, and the "quarters," parallel rows of log cabins where live the negro hands and their families, very much as they did in the days of slavery. The rest of the land is without any buildings whatever, and, as the planting is in nearly all cases confined to the low-lying and bottom lands, a great extent of higher ground is left wooded, or, if cleared, remains untouched as old fields or wild pasture. These pastures are soon taken possession of by the long, coarse grass known as broom sedge, whose deep yellow color forms so characteristic a feature of the autumn and winter landscapes of that part of the country.

It is the abundance of land and the peculiarities of cotton culture that bring about these conditions and effect the

result that these plantations are natural shooting grounds. Covering, as they do, an immense acreage, they present almost every variety of cover, affording not only the best of breeding grounds for the quail, but admirable protection from their enemies and the mild attacks of a climate that is rarely severe. The birds are seldom to be found in the cotton itself; indeed, by the arrival of the shooting season this has become little more than withered stalks waiting to be ploughed under. But they delight to hover in the sunny openings in the oak brush along the edges of the fields, and, when scattered from there into a field of broom sedge, afford an entertainment that resembles trap-shooting in its surprises.

Other favorite haunts are the briars and thickets that hide the drainage ditches, and it is astonishing with what obstinacy the birds will refuse to leave a position which is the delight of the two gunners who beat the cover, one on each side. The country, moreover, is one easy to shoot over, very slightly rolling and encumbered but little by fences, which, if they exist at all, are of the easily removable "snake" variety. On account of the extent of the open country the dogs are taught to range widely, almost at the limit of hearing and practically independent of command, and are followed on horseback, or, preferably, muleback, the usually phlegmatic indifference of the latter animal to firing by his rider making him a much more desirable mount.

The best dog is the one that can cover most ground, the best mule the one that can walk fastest, is least affected by shooting—I might add, also, least given to stealing home if left unnoticed.

"Yonder stand, Marse Tom!" Sure enough, the dogs had halted for a moment in attitudes that seemed to betoken a find of some sort. We leaped off, leaving our beasts for the darkey to catch, and pushed forward. Then it came, the familiar sound I had longed for. Whir-r-r! in every direction, and four shots rang out almost at once, and three birds killed made indeed a pretty good start.

"In the broom sedge, by Jove!" shouted my friend. "Now for some sport." He was right in both respects. The birds had scattered widely in the yellow sedge, and the sport that fol-

lowed was the best I ever saw. Back and forth we worked over that waving slope, stand followed stand, and single birds and twos and threes were put up in what seemed an unending succession of benefactions. Never had I seen dogs behave better, nor seen cleaner, prettier shots.

Not much farther on, the dogs discovered another and larger covey, and this time the frightened birds took to the woods, and we were treated to the liveliest of bush-shooting. The third lot scattered along a ditch, and the fourth in a field of corn-stubble.

And so it went. There is no need to recount to lovers of quail-shooting the details of a day spent under such conditions. Suffice it to say that we kept at it all day, and that it was only when men and dogs were tired, "and the sun was droppin' low," that we turned reluctantly toward home.

But we were not yet through. As we crossed a little swale, where the mud had melted in the bright noon sun, the dogs stopped abruptly. No noisy whir this time, but a whistling streak of light that shot by me in a way that seemed by comparison strangely quiet. Instinctively my friend fired, and when our little procession started on again the weight of our already well-filled bag had been increased by the burden of a solitary woodcock.

I need not dwell on the delight of Dinah's quail on toast, or of a dreamy pipe before the bright fire, or how quickly the minutes passed amid thoughts of woods and fields, the reports of guns and the proud bagging of a plump brown body—all to the singing of the frosty logs before me, and the blissful snoring of the sleeping dog at my feet. The noisy city that I had left the day before seemed forever in the past.

"Good time, eh, old man?" "Well, I should say so."

And yet, how long will it be before the quail will be scarce even here and the lament go up that the birds are being killed off and the statute books ordain close seasons? To be sure, the country is a game bird's paradise, and there is plenty of it. At present, also, it is comparatively little shot over. The negroes have no fancy for such amusement, and the absence of a large market near-by has retarded the appearance of the pot-hunter.



Painted for OUTING by Jas. L. Weston.

"ALL THE WORLD SEEMED IN GOOD SPIRITS." (p. 245.)

THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.

BY MALCOLM W. FORD.



WHATEVER the future may have in store in the evolution of athletics, in the magnificence of its homes, the thoroughness of its gymnasiums or its tracks, or the objects comprised within its scope,

the New York Athletic Club will forever hold the proud position of having been the pioneer organization of America. Indeed, its claim may be vastly widened, and, of a truth, it may be said to be the first club in the world that combined the preparation for and the performance of deeds of endurance with the social attributes of a club.

Man the world over, at least refined, cultivated, and educated man has the clubbable instinct. He is gregarious, and like will gather with like. In other lands this segregation had mainly been round politics or art or letters. True, the Alpine Club approached athletics as its raison, but it was left to America, and, in the result, to the New York Athletic Club, together together in a permanent home those whose motive of meeting was the cultivation of the human body for endurance, by

healthful exercises and friendly competitions.

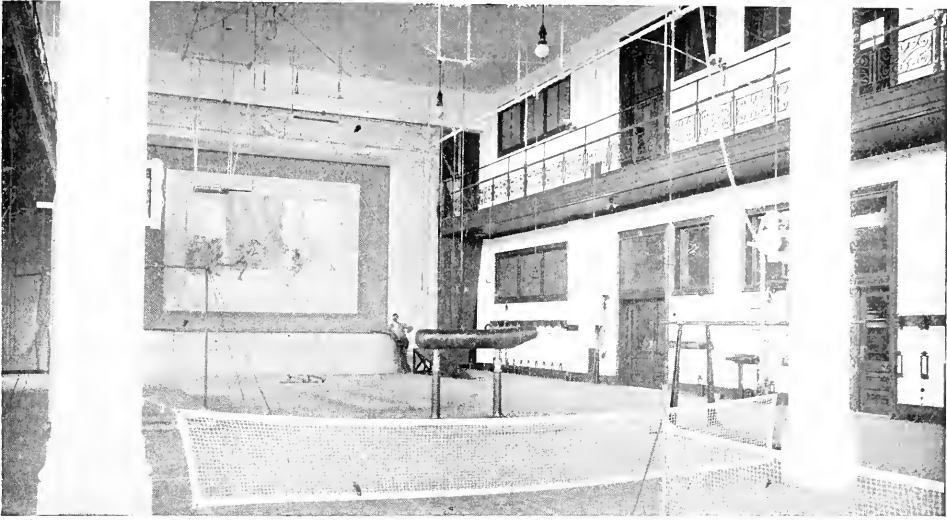
The magnificent pile facing New York's Central Park into which this oldest and largest athletic club in the world moved last spring compels the attention of the merest passer-by, and to those who for the first time pass within its portals, as well as for its thousands of members and a wider general public, the questions of how this tremendous organization originated, what started it, and how the promoters first managed to gain a material foothold in public favor, are of intense interest.

England has had her amateur athletes as far back as authentic history chronicles, although it has only been during the present century that athletic sport there has been correctly compiled; but in this country nothing in the way of amateur athletics was known of until the formation of the New York Athletic Club thirty years ago. It was not

long after the civil war in America, which at the time of its progress engrossed all minds here, that the nation settled down and became ready for any form of pleasure which it had the inclination or time to engage in. The New York Athletic Club was conceived by a band of strong men who met in an off-hand way in their own various rooms, to contest in feats of strength.



EXTERIOR OF CLUB-HOUSE, FROM CENTRAL PARK.

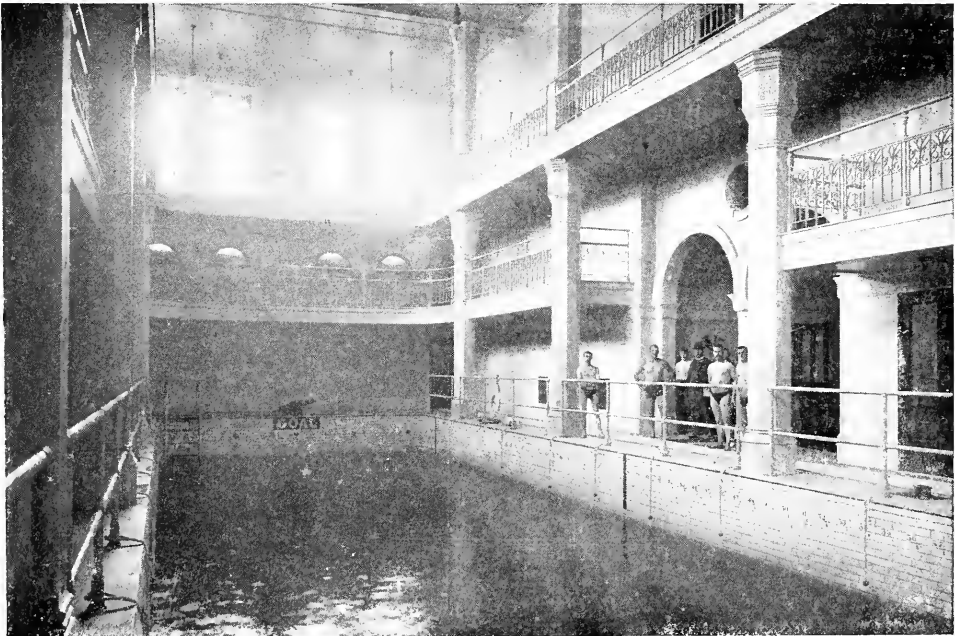


THE GYMNASIUM.

To be exact, it was on September 8, 1868, that the club was organized in the bachelor apartments of W. B. Curtis and John C. Babcock, who resided in what was then called the up-town district of New York, Fourteenth street, corner of Sixth avenue, now occupied by R. H. Macy & Co., a very busy part of the city of to-day, very much down-town for residential purposes.

A call had been sent around among a

few intimate friends, and the regular organization was effected, when the following officers were elected: President, J. Edward Russell; Vice - President, John C. Babcock; Secretary, Henry A. Hires; Treasurer, Henry E. Buermyer. The organization soon gave evidence of its vitality by deciding to hold an athletic meeting in the following November, in the building then standing at Third avenue and Sixty-



THE SWIMMING-POOL.



ALFRED H. CURTIS.

third street, known as the Empire Rink, and there the first athletic meeting ever held in America was in due course brought to the test. It was a very peculiar meeting compared with those of the modern day. The 100-yard run, and, in fact, all of the races, were started by the tap of a drum. The results were most satisfactory to the originators, and the club has never failed to hold annual games since then. In its thirty years of active life not a single year has passed when the club did not hold games and give other attractions in an athletic way. Other amateur athletic clubs have come and gone, some having only a meteoric career, while others have lasted long enough to show that in the vicinity where they lived there was more or less demand for an athletic rendezvous. But the N. Y. A. C. has not a single failure in its life's existence scored against it, and it is doubtful if anything can now arise to retard its prosperous growth.

The first of the aggressive acts which mark like milestones the path of success which the club has ever marched, was taken when it added rowing to its subjects. With this object the club acquired a good boat-house on the Harlem River and concurrently leased a piece of property behind it on which to lay out a track. It was crude compared with present day-tracks, but it was handy to the boat-house, and in proportion to the

club's membership it was patronized a good deal. These grounds became the celebrated "Mott Haven" of amateur athletics and collegiate sports, and up to the time of the club's vacating them, when Travers Island was ready for occupancy, were considered the best grounds in this vicinity.

The club's first open games, where outsiders were allowed to compete, were held on grounds at 130th street and Third avenue, Saturday, May 27, 1871.

The events were:

100-yard run, half-mile run, one-mile run, three-mile run and three-mile walk. The 100-yard run was won by Elliott Burris, no time. The half-mile run was won by F. H. Hyres in 2m. 23¼s., and the one-mile run by Francis S. Kinney in 5m. 25s. The three-mile walk was captured by Henry E. Buermeyer in 30m. 42½s., and the three-mile run was won by Francis S. Kinney, who covered the first mile in 5m. 47½s., and the two miles in 12m. 45s., the other contestants dropping out and the race not being finished. Among others who competed were B. E. Gafney, E. B. Gregory, D. D. Wylie, W. E. Van Wyck, C. Y. Roosevelt, Charles H. Cone, Paul A. Curtis, P. K. Stetson and H. S. Truax.

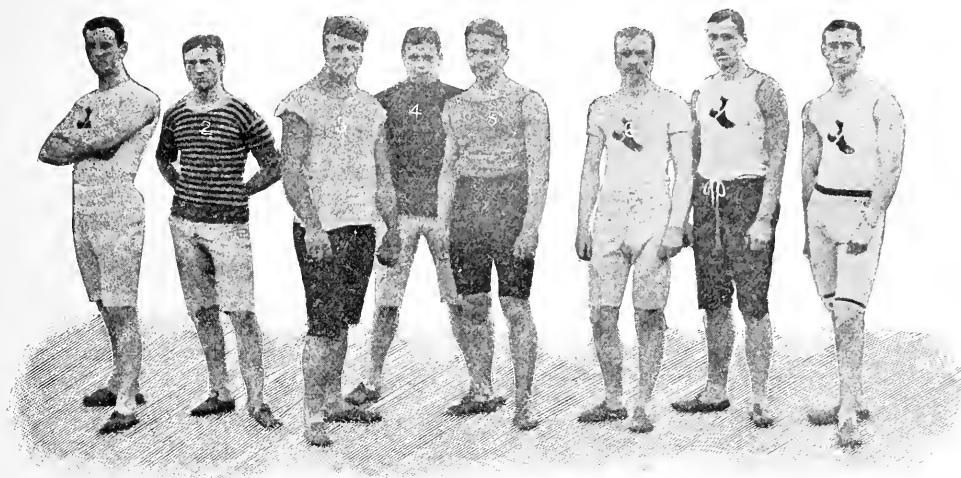
The ten oldest members of the club are as follows, with their numbers and dates of joining:

No. 1.	Paul Allan Curtis,	Sept. 8, 1868.
2.	John H. Stead,	March 15, 1870.
3.	Albert H. Wheeler,	Sept. 15, 1870.
4.	William E. McCready,	Nov. 9, 1870.
5.	R. Wm. Rathbone,	June 14, 1871.
6.	Walter K. Collins,	Nov. 8, 1871.
7.	Alfred H. Curtis,	March 15, 1872.
8.	Waldo Sprague,	Sept. 4, 1872.
9.	Daniel M. Stern,	Nov. 5, 1872.
10.	James R. Curran,	Sept. 9, 1874.

Athletics were engaged in on the Mott Haven grounds in a very informal



HERMANN OELRICHS.



A MOTT HAVEN MEMORY.

1. William G. Morse. 2. George H. Taylor. 3. C. A. J. Queckberner. 4. Charles A. Reed. 5. Malcolm W. Ford.
6. Nelson A. Stewart. 7. S. T. Wainwright. 8. Herman E. Toussaint.

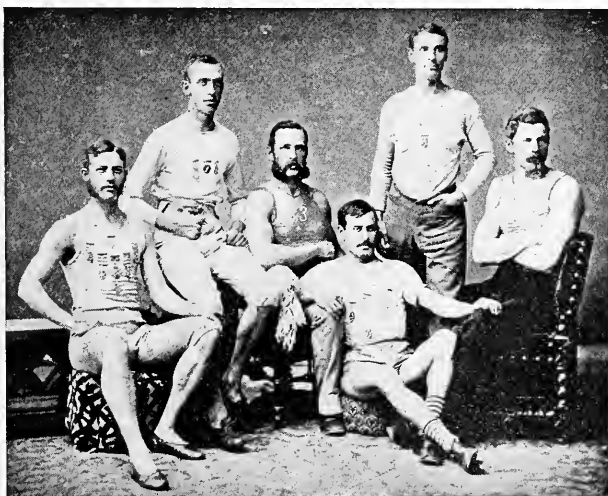
way, and the Saturday and Sunday crowds were very much of the same kind who now go to Travers Island, except that whoever visited Mott Haven was an athlete in some way or other. There was no other attraction besides the boat-houses, swimming, track and field. With no other class of men in the club than this it could be seen that the club was a purely athletic one, and it remained so up to 1882, hardly encouraging a feature outside of physical strength and activity. In other words, if a man did not take an active part in physical development, he would have very little use for the New York Athletic Club prior to 1882.

This condition was justifiable and perhaps necessary in the early stages of its existence, but in half a dozen years all around the eastern part of this country, but more especially in the vicinity of New York

City, amateur athletic clubs came into existence, and athletic games were being held so often that dates conflicted, and there was more or less of a slack in the tide of the steady and rapid development of the New York Athletic Club:

The big club held its own through all this competition, but the leading spirits in it became restless over its condition. They would fain retain their original position as the first, and several of the more far-sighted members commenced promulgating plans which would make the club as impregnable during the days

of great competition as it was when it had the field entirely to itself. It was not sufficient that it should be surrounded by the *éclat* which has always been connected with it; that its games were always good, its members were always looked upon as athletic experts, business men and gentlemen,



SIX OF THE ANCIENTS.

1. Elliot Burris. 2. George J. Brown. 3. Win. B. Curtis. 4. Daniel M. Stern. 5. Chas. H. Cone. 6. H. E. Buermeyer.

who always figured largely as officials at other games; it was felt that the club should grow and something had to be done to keep it from retrograding. Members had to be attracted, and how to do this was the great question.

The shrewd and fertile brain of one of the staunchest members, who is also among the ten oldest ones and the brother of the oldest one, came into play at this time, and to him credit must be given for starting the movement which has resulted in the club growing from 123 active members to 3,000, besides non-resident members and life members. Mr. Alfred H. Curtis had figured as the club's secretary and captain on a number of occasions, and had always been among the first to lend the club a helping hand in getting members, giving games, and creating general interest. He knew that the quarters occupied by the club, although all right for athletics, were entirely insufficient to attract members. To him, however, amateur sport was a noble subject, and he felt that average business men would become patrons of the sport if the subject were laid before them in a way that appealed to them.

At this time the club, outside of its athletic quarters, had so-called permanent rooms in the old Crescent Club, a political organization on West Twenty-third street. These rooms were small and dark, although there was a fairly well-equipped gymnasium, billiard tables and other club privileges. Everything was on a small scale. It was conceded by all interested in the club that the only way to get members interested

in athletics, but not competitors, was to build a suitable rendezvous. The question was asked: "How can we do it?" "Such a few of us cannot float the scheme." "We have not financial standing enough." But a start had to be made.

The first prize captured was credited to Mr. Curtis, who succeeded in interesting Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, whom every one knew then as a patron of the highest kind of gentlemen's sport, and a man needing no description so far as his business and social standing is concerned. Mr. Oelrichs, with his large acquaintance

and reputation as an unusually fine swimmer, boxer and polo player, was just the name that would surely attract others.

And so it transpired. The club took on a new lease of life almost from the day Mr. Oelrichs in 1882 became a member, and although the fact was not heralded, still the undercurrent commenced to form which drew in the club's ranks the most prominent and suc-



W. R. TRAVERS, EX-PRESIDENT.

cessful men in New York City and vicinity.

The next feather in Mr. Curtis's cap, after proposing Mr. Oelrichs, was in engaging the attention of Mr. William R. Travers, whose name in clubs, society and sport was identical with Mr. Oelrichs's, augmented, however, by many more years of age and experience. Although Mr. Curtis was the one who first spoke to Mr. Travers about joining, and who eventually proposed his name, still he frankly admits that had it not been for Mr. Oelrichs the "old gentleman" never would have taken the interest he did. Any one familiar with the general

life, characteristics and associations of Mr. Travers and Mr. Oelrichs can see that this may be so.

After Mr. Travers joined, then came another tug-of-war to get him to be president. Here again is where Mr. Oelrichs rendered invaluable service. The president at this time was Mr. D. Henry Knowlton, now deceased, much esteemed by the members, and who was ready to step out when a better man could be secured. Mr. Curtis laid the matter of the presidency before Mr. Travers and then rested on his oars. Mr. Oelrichs won the "old gentleman" around by talking to him for several hours about it in the Union Club one night, and several days after Mr. Curtis received the following letter, written from another club which Mr. Travers was president of :

RACQUET AND TENNIS COURT CLUB,
55 WEST TWENTY-SIXTH STREET, }
April 27, 1882.

MY DEAR MR. CURTIS:

Your very kind and complimentary letter of the 13th, asking me to accept the honor of the presidency of the New York Athletic Club, only reached me yesterday afternoon.

While very sensible of the compliment paid me, I am not of the opinion that I can be of much service to the club. Still, as you and my friend, Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, both think so, and also assure me that this is the opinion of others, and as I am and always will be most anxious to aid and promote athletic exercises, I shall have great pleasure in accepting the position and in endeavoring to fulfill the duties of it to the best of my ability.

Yours very truly,
W. R. TRAVERS.

TO A. H. CURTIS.

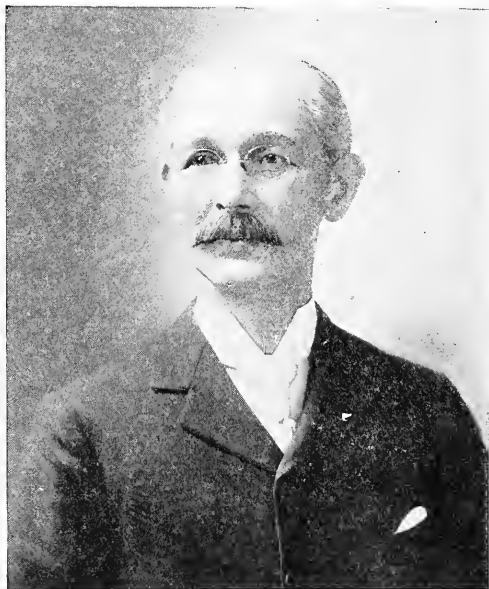
The effect of Mr. Travers' becoming president of the club commenced to be felt in a most material way. All the old workers for the club had a magnificent argument to present to their friends to join it. All they had to say was that "Hermann Oelrichs and Old Man Travers are members, and the latter is president," and any one who was in the least interested in club life and sport, and who could afford it, would sign an application for membership. The example was contagious and the roll of members increased as if by magic.

By the early part of 1883 propositions for a new club-house had assumed such shape that it resulted in negotiations being commenced for raising the money necessary for the purpose. Seventy-five thousand dollars was raised among the members on bonds, and a site was purchased, corner of Sixth avenue and Fifty-fifth street, seventy-five feet on the avenue and one hundred feet on the street. Then came the question of



BARTOW S. WEEKS, EX-PRESIDENT.

raising the money necessary to put up a building, and when, at a special meeting, it was announced that a large financial institution would advance one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, Mr. Travers, in his characteristic way, on hearing the news, said: "That's fine, boys, and if you need twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars more for incidentals, I will advance it." It is needless to describe how the feeling was at this meeting when it was decided



JAMES WHITELY, PRESIDENT.

to go ahead with the first permanent home of the club. No one saw anything but prosperity for the club, and the membership was soon raised to one thousand five hundred, so large was the waiting list.

When the club was getting ready to move into its first permanent home in the winter of 1885, an act of generosity was done by Mr. Oelrichs unparalleled in the club's history. Like all organizations engaged in building and equipping a new, large structure, this club had no more money than was actually needed to fulfill contracts, and yet it had had such a marvelous growth, and stood so high in the community,

the head of the club, and the whole affair attracted so much attention that applications for membership poured in faster than ever, and the limit of membership was raised, at a special meeting, from one thousand five hundred to two thousand. On the occasion of this special meeting the power of Mr. Travers was shown in a most forcible way. As is usual in all such cases, there was tremendous opposition on the part of many to increasing the membership. The arguments were that the club did not need more members, it had plenty of money and sufficient annual revenue to make its future assured, etc., and it looked, on the whole, as though the

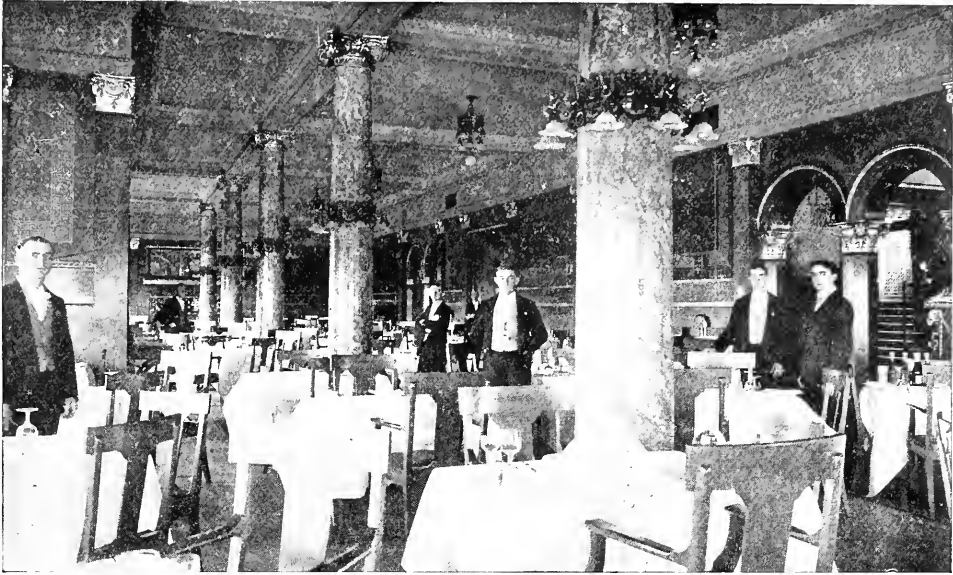


SCENE FROM THE DINING-ROOM WINDOW, OVERLOOKING CENTRAL PARK.

that it was most fitting that a reception should be held on the doors being opened. Mr. Oelrichs was then a member of the Building Committee and Chairman of the House Committee, and so great was his interest in the success of the organization that he personally offered to foot the bills for the reception, and it was given in the name of the House Committee. The entertainment was an appropriate one for the occasion, and the six thousand dollars which it cost never found a place on the club's books.

This incident is mentioned to show what the general feeling was in those days by the class of men who were at

amendment increasing the membership would be lost, so great was the opposition to it on the part of the lucky ones who were safely in its ranks. A number of governors spoke earnestly and forcibly to the large gathering, showing that the club's expenses could not fail to be a great deal more than had been anticipated, for everything had to be the best, etc.; but all to no avail. The members were obdurate, and had the motion been put to a vote then it would surely have been lost. But Mr. Travers, who had been sitting quietly on the stage, arose, and, in his inimitable style of talking whenever he grew excited, won the whole one thousand members over in

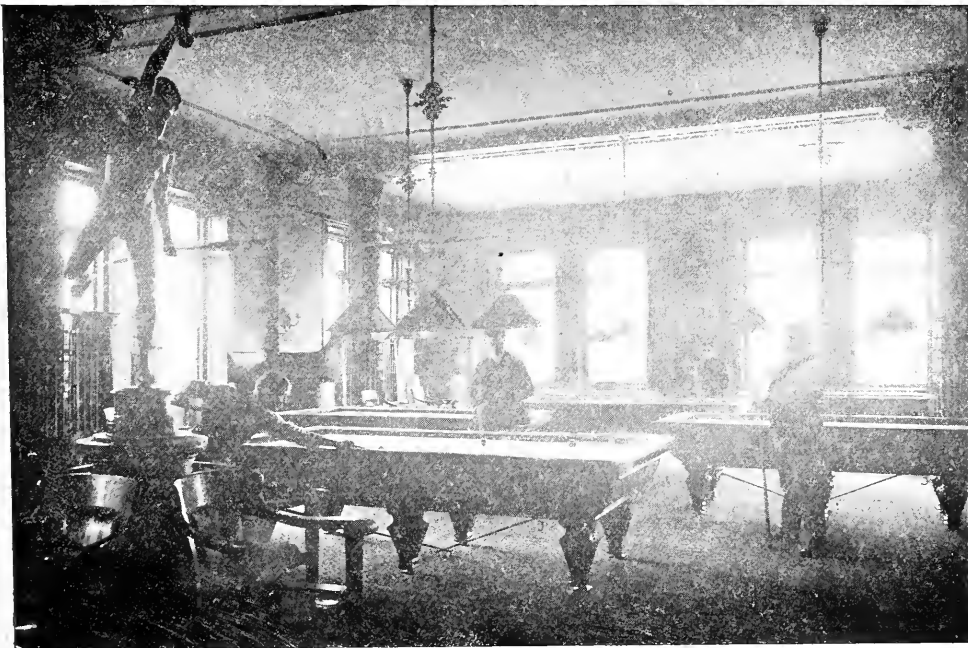


THE DINING-ROOM.

a few minutes, put it to a vote, and adjourned the meeting in a way that made him more than ever established in deep-seated esteem.

After moving into this then grand building, the club's history consists merely in minding its own business, holding very successful athletic events

and giving unusual privileges to its members. Several years then elapsed, and Mr. Travers died, he having been president from 1882 to 1887. His death occurred at Bermuda, where he had gone for his health in April, and the presidency of the club remained vacant the remainder of the year. When his



THE BILLIARD ROOM.

death was posted on the bulletin board, hardly a member entered the front door without visibly showing that he considered he had lost an intimate friend. It is generally conceded that even although the club's presidents have been men of unusual standing, not one has quite filled the gap made by the "old gentleman."

Being firmly and comfortably established in a city home where there was everything to make life as pleasant as it can be in the environments of brick walls and stone pavements, what remained to make life absolutely pleasant was the acquirement of a country home, and in 1888 the club purchased Travers Island in the Sound. Travers Island consists of a peninsula, jutting out into Long Island Sound, within easy access of the business portion of New York City. There is excellent water on the prominent sides of the island, and the lowland or marsh between the so-called main part of the island and the mainland can be filled in at the club's convenience and made just

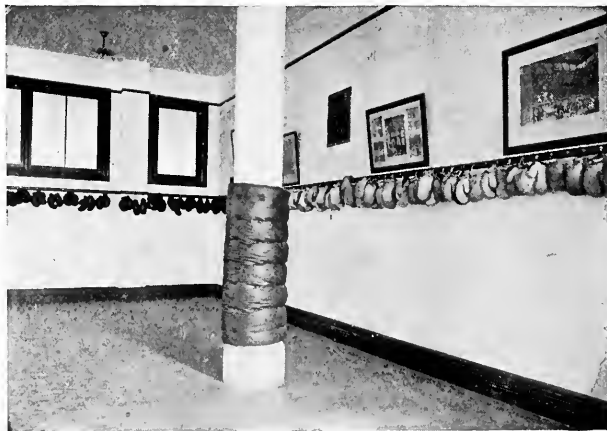
as useful and beautiful as the land now is where all the improvements have been built. The total acreage of the island and the unclaimed land is over thirty-three acres, and its natural beauty is remarkable. On it a fifth-of-a-mile track has been constructed, with a well-sodded infield. A feature in natural beauty of the track are the raised banks around certain parts of it, forming a natural amphitheatre. A fine view of everything going on in the field and on the track is obtained from the surrounding slopes.

The club-house on the island commands a good view of stretches of Long Island Sound, and is built in a low, rambling style, appropriate for the country. In it are all the accommodations found in the club's city quarters,

except on a plainer and smaller scale. The exterior architecture reminds one very much of the old English inns where additions have been made almost every decade. To the north or north-east of the club-house is the boat-house, in which are housed almost every kind of conceivable rowing craft. The club has the largest collection of boats for developing rowing of any organization in the world, exceeding even the number housed in the far-famed London Rowing Club. In front of the boat-house is a float, where oarsmen and swimmers may take turns in giving themselves sun and water baths, for right off the float there is eight feet of water.

Then there is the yachting department, more around to the west of the

boat-house, where a number of such craft can be found in the water or up on shore in state of repairs at almost any time. Boats sail right in from the Sound, passing Glen Island and landing at the club dock, with as little concern and as much



THE BOXING-ROOM.

ease as though it were a public aquatic refuge. Passing further along, and more away from the general view, are quarters for attendants of the island, which, as can be imagined, number considerable during the summer season; but even in winter the club-house itself always is in charge of enough help to take care of members who visit it when forced to go over snow and ice. The tennis courts are on an elevation, and are much patronized. They are kept in as good repair as the running track, and, being made of clay, stand the wear and tear well. In fact, everything on the island is so constructed as to be thoroughly practicable and yet to embrace as much of the æsthetic side of the surrounding and beautiful country as possible.

The club life at Travers Island is very much of the same kind as is found in the club's city house, except that there is more country recreation than the more indolent pastimes associated with cities. Members ride out on their bicycles Friday and Saturday afternoons, and stay until Monday morning, as a rule. Very few of this kind engage in competitive athletics, but nearly all take up athletics in one way or another. There is so much to do when one gets there, in the shape of amusement, that the days go before one knows it, and when evening comes around, and visitors assemble in the club-house in their various groups and corners, it reminds one of a college dormitory.

The great new city home was decided on in 1892 when the retiring (1891) Board recommended to the incoming Board of Governors that steps should be taken to getting a new and larger building. Mr. Bartow S. Weeks succeeded Mr. Mills as president, and the first plan, a most conservative one, was in raising \$100,000 by voluntary subscriptions or gifts. Sixty-one thousand dollars was subscribed with the condition that the whole should be raised, and in June, 1892, the present site was purchased for \$260,000, and the limit of active membership was raised from 2,100 to, as it is at present, 2,500. Twenty-eight thousand dollars had been paid in by the members to the volunteer fund, and \$7,000 extra was taken from the club profits, and those two amounts, \$35,000 in all, was paid on account of the site, leaving the balance on mortgage.

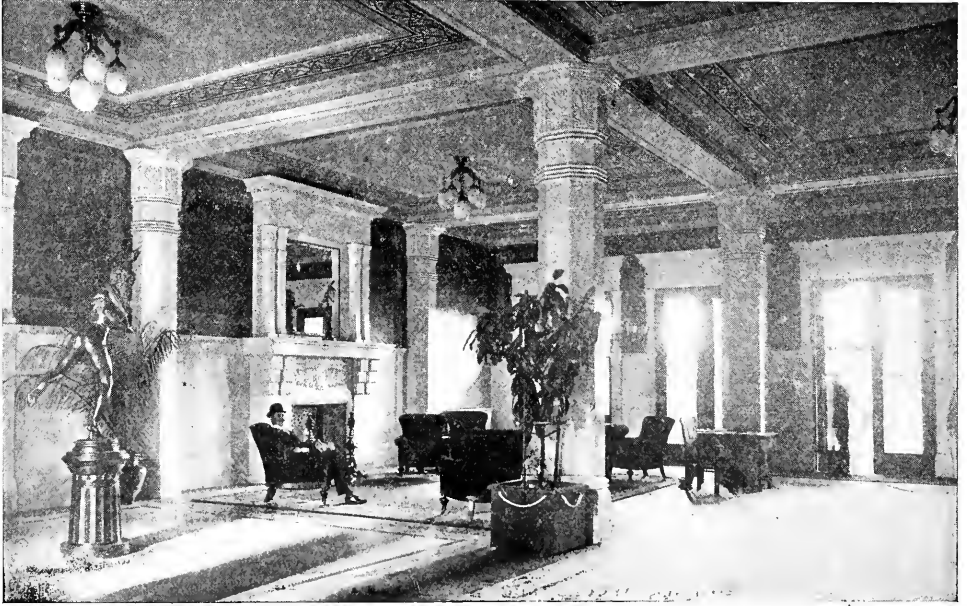
Some bold yet delicate financiering was necessary to insure the flotation of the new club project, and the "man on the bridge" in this case was Mr. James Whitely, who was elected president in 1895, and who yet occupies this important post of honor. It is a curious coincidence that Mr. Whitely is more or less of a direct descendant in a financial way of Mr. Travers, for the latter was special partner in Mr. Whitely's firm up to his death, and he was the one who proposed Mr. Whitely for membership in 1885.

The club rested on its oars for some time, especially during 1893, the year which more or less disturbed all business of the country, but on the election of that year Mr. Whitely induced Mr.

August Belmont to take the presidency, which he held for a year, and retired in favor of Mr. Weeks, with Mr. Whitely as Vice-President. Nothing was done by the club in that year except to make its usual \$30,000 annual profit, for the books show that from January, 1892, to January, 1898, the net profits for the six years were \$187,000.

Mr. Whitely was elected president in 1895, and Mr. August Belmont then wrote to him, saying that he considered the time had arrived when the club should build. A Building and Finance Committee, composed of the following members, was elected: James Whitely, Chairman; Thomas L. Watson, A. G. Mills, Bartow S. Weeks, August Belmont, John R. Van Wormer, W. D. Searles, Charles E. Goodhue, Charles T. Wills, Walter Stanton, and B. F. O'Connor, Secretary. This committee had full charge of the undertaking, which has just been put through so successfully, and it is all ready to be discharged, hardly the minutest detail in the whole affair remaining to be finished.

In March, 1895, prizes were offered for the best plans for a suitable building, and the financial plan was outlined for the raising of the funds. A first mortgage was put on the new site, with building, of \$450,000, and a similar instrument was put on the Travers Island property of \$50,000, in each case the old mortgages being paid off. Then the equity in both of these properties was mortgaged for fifteen years for \$300,000, and these second mortgage bonds were taken very satisfactorily, almost entirely by members of the club, an example being set by Mr. August Belmont, Mr. Francis S. Kinney and Mr. George J. Gould, who took \$20,000 apiece. As the building progressed, more money was wanted, and debenture bonds were issued to the extent of \$150,000, running six years from November, 1897, this money being used chiefly to furnish the grand structure, which was then almost completed. Readers of the daily press will probably remember how, when the new building was opened last spring, it was announced that \$47,000 of these debenture bonds had not yet been taken, and the total amount was sold in twenty minutes, conclusively showing what faith the members have in the stability of their property.



THE LOBBY.

During the process of the construction of the new building nothing happened to mar the way, except a slight mechanical one in laying the foundations, and work progressed steadily until it was completed. The corner-stone was laid November 28, 1896, by Mr. Whitely, the invocation being by Bishop Potter and the oration by Mr. Chauncey M. Depew.

The building stands on the south-east corner of Fifty-ninth street and

Sixth avenue, with one hundred feet on each of those two thoroughfares and an L running back through to Fifty-eighth street. The building faces Central Park, and from its windows fine views of this citified oasis can be had. The entrance is by way of a broad staircase on Fifty-ninth street, and on entering one sees before him a huge hall, finished in white marble, with massive octagonal columns. To



THE PARLOR.

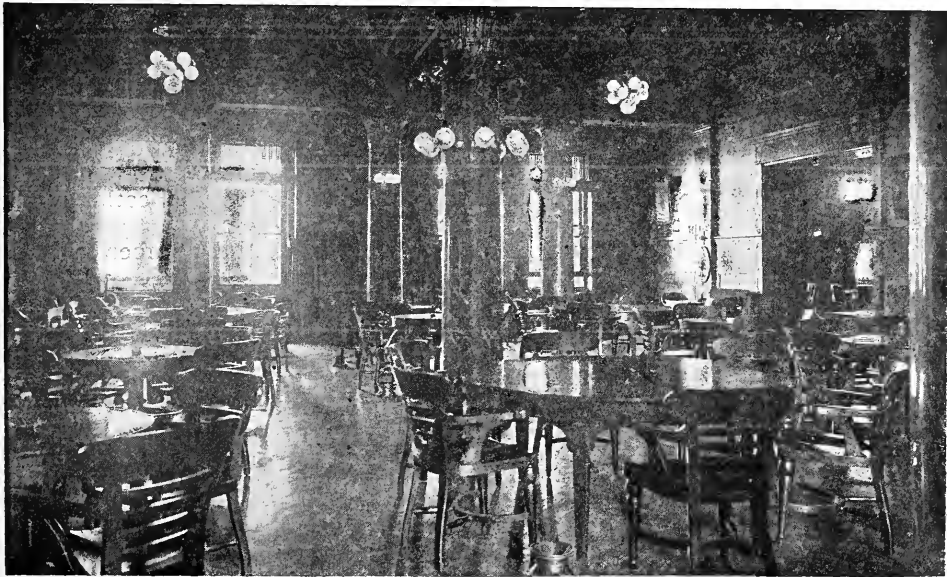
the east of the entrance is the library, a large, lofty room, forty feet square, containing several thousand books, mostly devoted to athletic subjects.

To the west of the main entrance, and running parallel with the Sixth avenue side, is the beautiful marble and white tile natatorium, ninety-six feet long and forty feet wide. This is surrounded by two balconies, from which visitors may get a good view. From the marble floor which surrounds the pool a broad hall-way leads to the Turkish bath, which occupies the northwest end of the building.

The wheel room of the club is one of

The third floor is given up exclusively to the living rooms for members. They are light, well ventilated, prettily furnished, and most of them command a fine view. On the fourth floor is the gymnasium, furnished with everything modern and improved in the line of gymnastic apparatus. Its light is unexcelled, and every afternoon scores of members can be found using the apparatus, mostly only as a means of building up bodily vigor. The running track is on the mezzanine floor.

To the south of the gymnasium is a large room used for boxing, with walls and projections padded wherever there



THE LOUNGE.

its best features. There is a storage room for five hundred wheels, a repair shop, and a wheel supply store. On this floor are also the six bowling alleys, and at one end of these there is a balcony with comfortable seats from which spectators may watch the bowling contests.

The parlor is at the east of the smoking-room. At one end is a large tile fireplace, over which is a decoration showing the winged foot. Cozy corners and comfortable chairs bid the visitor to remain in this handsome and well-lighted room. On the west of the smoking-room and occupying a space 100 feet by 40 feet, is the billiard room.

is danger of a participant coming in contact with them, and on the same floor is another room equally large for fencing.

The club dining-room is 120 feet long and 40 feet wide, and is on the sixth floor. It is furnished in quartered oak, and on the north side there is an unobstructed view of Central Park. This is the most used room of the club, and its general appearance, with its ornamentation of bronze, is one that the members can well be proud of.

The club's athletic history is so much public property that it suffices to say that it has had the great majority of the most prominent athletes in this country, and perhaps in the world, in its ranks.

Some of the best known of these, termed as they usually are by their intimates, are the following:

Bill Curtis, Harry Buermeyer, Dan Stern, Pete Burris, Benny Williams, Ernest and Rene La Montagne, Ed. Merrit, Craig Wilmer, Rege Sayre, Charlie Reed, Frank Kilpatrick, Hugh Baxter, Maxey More, "Queck" Jack Cory, "Rabore" Billy Morse, George Taylor, Arthur Schroeder, Evert Wendel, Wendel Baker, George Gray, Alec Jordan, Herman Touissant, Wilson Coudon, Charlie Sherrill, George Phillips, Walter Dohm, Eddie Carter, Roland Molineux, Bob and Tom Fisher, the former being the club's present captain; Bob Stoll, Tommy Conneff, A. P. Schwaner, Dody Schwegler, Eddie Bloss, Tommy Lee, Mike Sweeny, Big Bill Barry, Jim Mitchell, Barney Wefers, Tom Burke, W. O. Hickok, Charlie Kilpatrick, "Count" Giannini, George Orton, J. H. Hurlbut, Steve Chase, John Flannagan, Maxey Long, Alva Nickerson, C. W. Stage, Alec Grant, "Tewk" I. K. Baxter, J. V. Crum, Mat. Halpin, W. P. and A. P. Remington, Harry Lyons, L. P. Sheldon.

The club's instructors have always been of the best, commencing with George Goldie, who was taken from Princeton University on the opening of the first club-house in 1885. No better tribute can be paid to this celebrated authority than to say that after being missed from Princeton a number of years, that university made him such a flattering offer to return that he did so, and he is now one of the faculty.

He was superseded by Eugene J. Giannini, who figured prominently in the club's athletic ranks previous to his receiving the offer to become its athletic director. He was known as the "Count," a title probably due to his physical idiosyncrasies. He is a splendid example of an all-round athlete, not only in looks but in records, and an expert oarsman, swimmer, weight-thrower and gymnast.

The well-known Mike Donovan, of boxing fame, has been with the club ever since 1885, coming at the time George Goldie did, and still rendering as good service as ever and enjoying the esteem of the members.

Gus Sundstrom, equally well known with Donovan, has charge of the swim-

ming department, having been with the club since 1885.

Hugh Leonard, the wrestling instructor, is on an equal basis of knowledge as any of those who have been longer in their respective departments.

To sum up, all of the heads of these various departments, it can truthfully be said that their equal, as a whole, cannot be found anywhere in this country, and this assertion might just as well embrace the whole world, for there is no other place where athletics have been developed to such an extent as in the United States.

The great international athletic meeting, given under the club's auspices in 1895, will never be forgotten. It was the most wonderful athletic meeting ever held in the world, and the way the American athletes captured event after event conclusively showed their superiority, even though they had the best men in England, Scotland, and Ireland against them.

The club has had a number of handsome and valuable trophies presented to it for competition among the members. Chief among these was the Le Cato Cup, a large and massive piece of solid silverware given for a one-mile handicap run. It was won eventually three times by E. M. Yoemans, and became his property. Then there was the beautiful Travers diamond medal, a huge series of bars and pendant, with Mr. Travers' initials emblazoned in diamonds, a valuable and costly prize given for the one-hundred-yard handicap run, and won eventually for the third time by, and became the property of, myself. Mr. Oelrichs also gave a medal, second only in beauty and value to the one given by Mr. Travers, for the two-hundred-and-twenty-yard handicap run, and eventually won three times by H. Raborg, and which became his property. There are also two prizes which never can be won outright by members. In those cases a medal is given whenever a win is made. These are the French silver cup for the one-mile run, donated by Mr. Seth B. French, and the Osborne one-mile single-sculd diamond medal, donated by Mr. Charles J. Osborne to the Stock Exchange Rowing Club. By the amalgamation of this club and the New York Athletic Club it became the property of the latter.

SPORTING RAMBLES IN CEYLON.

BY F. FITZ-ROY DIXON.



THE first glimpse of Ceylon awakens so keen a sense of its marvelous beauty as to leave a permanent impression on the mind. The distant peaks, the wealth of vegetation, the waving palms, the coral strand on which the surf breaks in silver spray, and above all the marvelous radiance of a tropical sun, are

a complete realization of one's ideal of the land "where the feath'ry palm-trees wave."

But alas! The dense groves that invite the visitor to wander beneath their shade swarm with insect life more or less obtrusive, and the turf you would throw yourself down upon affords cover for deadly snakes and other reptiles. Even the lovely lake whose cool waters invite a plunge conceals in its depths scaly monsters ready to pull you down to their muddy lairs.

Along the coast of Ceylon there are many stretches of water, generally running parallel to the seaboard and often penetrating many miles into the interior, which sometimes widen out into lakes but more often resemble broad and placid rivers, occasionally degenerating into marshes and mangrove swamps.

On the eastern coast, in the Batticaloa district, these waterways, or *tonahs* as they are locally termed, are the regular highway of the cocoanut planters, who use them when traveling. It was while on a visit to that locality that I made my first acquaintance with the alligators that abound there in countless numbers.

The alligator spends most of its time, when not hunting for its dinner among the finny denizens of the *tonah*, in basking either at the surface of the water or

on some convenient mud-bank. The way in which it settles for a comfortable sleep is certainly interesting, and I have often watched one crawl out on to the mud and choose a soft spot and prepare for its noontide siesta. After wriggling until its oozy bed had assumed the proper mold it would take a quiet survey of its surroundings, close its eyes, while its jaws would open to their widest capacity, and it would fall fast asleep! It would seem impossible that the jaws should remain spread during the creature's unconsciousness, but nevertheless they do.

The creatures are so cunning and wary that it requires the most careful stalking and watching in order to secure a successful shot. Usually they float just beneath the surface of the water, with only the eyes and a small portion of the top of the head exposed, looking at a little distance like a piece of driftwood. But this same exposed part of the head is the vulnerable point at which to aim; and as it is only about as large as an inverted saucer, rising but an inch or two above the level of the water, it offers the smallest possible mark and requires pretty straight shooting. Too often the raising of the rifle is a signal for the disappearance of the proposed victim, without a ripple.

Truly life in the cocoanut districts of Ceylon is very different from what most of us are accustomed to. There you may live your life away, literally "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." A white face is a rarity; perhaps a wandering superintendent of roads passes along and avails himself of your hospitality, but at other times you see no one but your own family. Occasionally the *Vun-iyah*, the head man of the district, will pay you a visit; and as it is always a matter of the greatest importance to be on good terms with his high-and-mightiness, the most punctilious etiquette is observed — any infringement of it would be regarded as a personal slight, and resented as such on some convenient opportunity. Nevertheless, I think there is a great charm in the freedom from the conventionalities of modern civilization.

A day on a cocoanut plantation passes so rapidly that it is difficult to keep track of time. Everyone rises early, soon after five o'clock, and after a cup of coffee and a bit of toast, the work of the day begins. The planter goes on his rounds and visits the different gangs of coolies at their labor, and superintends their work until about eleven o'clock, when he comes home for a bath and breakfast. This meal consists of fried fish, roast fowl, and curry and rice, followed up by such fruit as may be in season, washed down with tea and coffee.

Naturally the middle of an Indian day in the low country is spent in repose. Activity during these hours would be fatal. Even the natives on a cocoanut estate stop work and retire to their huts. And yet the noontide is not without its charms. If you can make up your mind to forego your siesta for once and will put on your helmet you will be amply rewarded in a stroll around.

The first thing that strikes one is the general air of sleepiness. Outside, all is at rest. The breeze has fallen and the leaves of the mango and cork trees hang limp and lifeless. The dog which was so active during the forenoon now lies panting against the shady side of the house. Away in the distance you hear the sound of the cicada, or as it is generally called, from the peculiarity of its cry, the scissors-grinder. The native boys catch the cicadas and tie them to a string, just as we in our youth used to taste the chafers in our own country.

When we leave the shelter of the grove around the house we discover how hot it is outside. The sandy soil glows with the heat it has been absorbing all day, and it is actually in such a condition as to render walking unbearable, even though you wear heavy shooting-boots. You are glad to reach the shade of the cocoanuts. Here, where you are in a great living temple, the trunks of the trees represent the supporting pillars, but no roof designed by man can ever equal the beauty of the green screen which interposes between yourself and the light of day.

Standing within the shade you are able to watch with comfort what is going on in the sunshine. You see the chameleons chasing one another in anger, real or pretended, their heads and throats glowing with brilliant crimson, orange or yellow, changing rapidly from

one color to another at will. Suddenly one of them will desire to conceal itself from its pursuer, and, like the blowing out of a candle, the colors will suddenly vanish, and it will cling to a tree, looking for all the world like an excrescence on the bark, which it exactly matches.

Then you notice a fat dun-colored lizard, a couple of feet long, crawling up a stump close by. Do you know what it is? It is an iguana, and in spite of its repulsive appearance is excellent eating. A good native cook will serve it up in such a manner that you will pronounce it—so long as you are ignorant of what it is—infinately superior to the most delicate chicken. You notice that many of the fernlike branches overhead are clipped in places as if with a pair of shears. This you learn was done by the larva of a species of beetle that eats its way into the heart of the feathery crown, and if not removed may eventually cause the destruction of the tree. The pretty red squirrels leaping about are looked upon as pests, since they gnaw off the young nuts, feeding upon the immature husk.

A bullock-cart half filled with nuts is standing where the coolies knocked off work at noon. This cart goes up and down the rows of trees every day or so, to collect the fallen nuts which drop, if overripe, and if they are not speedily picked up are devoured by wild pigs and porcupines. The pigs with their tusks tear off the outer covering of coir-husk, and then dash the nut against the butt of the nearest tree in order to get at the contents, and in this way destroy scores in the course of a night; but how the porcupines manage it is a mystery, except that sharp teeth and patience will overcome most things.

At this time of the day even the birds have taken refuge from the heat, but you catch a glimpse of something white fluttering in the distance and you learn that it is a variety of bird of Paradise, called by the natives the cotton-thief, from its fluffy appearance. Being rare and shy, it is seldom seen or shot.

As you stand watching its flight your attention is attracted to the sound of a blacksmith at work in the scrub close by. You look inquiringly at your host and he tells you that it is the anvilbird, so called from its peculiar note, and he says that there will be rain soon, as the bird is silent except before a shower.

For this reason it is locally known as the rain-bird.

On your way home by the seashore you look up and admire the cloudless sky and wonder at the number of kites and hawks hovering overhead. You learn with surprise of their boldness, how they will swoop down and carry off fish from the baskets of the fisher-women, and how the noble osprey is not above resorting to such tricks.

By this time you have regained the bungalow and find you are drenched from head to foot with perspiration, and you naturally fly to the bathroom. The bath is one of the greatest institutions of Ceylon, and is indulged in twice a day or oftener in the low country. Sometimes the water is poured into a great cemented bath about seven or eight feet long and three feet deep, but oftener it is placed in chatties (earthenware pots) ranged against the side of the room, wherein it cools by evaporation through the porous shell. Here then, standing stripped, it is customary to lift chatty after chatty and pour the cool contents over the head and body. It is worth while to get heated in order to enjoy this luxury.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the heat begins to abate and nature seems to revive. The coolies return to work and the estate is once more the scene of activity and life. Later on the planter puts on his solar-topee, lights his cheroot and strolls out to see what is going on.

In the evening everybody sits out on the deep veranda. It is now comparatively cool and pleasant. The moon throws a shimmering light upon the big rollers of the Indian Ocean which break upon the shore in dull thunder. A gentle breeze moves the branches of the trees around the bungalow, and the cocoanut-leaves rattle crisply when the boughs sway to and fro. Outside all is silent, except for the cry of the goat-sucker or the squeal of a wild pig quarreling with a friend over a fallen cocoanut.

Sitting there listening to the distant grunts of the wild pigs not unnaturally caused me to make inquiries about them, and I was astonished to learn how numerous they are. During the time the nuts are ripening, and when they are split and laid in the sun to dry into the *copra* of commerce, hundreds of these

animals attracted by the oily smell congregate around the cocoanut estates, and it is necessary to keep a watchman on guard at night to prevent them from overrunning the barbecues and devouring the *copra*. During the day they are very rarely seen, but at night they issue from the jungle and commit great depredations on lands not protected by fences. The natives shoot a great many; and nearly every gun I saw there, was whitened with *chunam*, unslaked lime, along the center-rib in order to assist the eye in aiming at night.

One night about 11 o'clock, F—— and I started out to have a shot at a pig. Each had a double-barreled No. 12, loaded with ball, and we thought we could stop anything we might come across. It was too early to expect anything on the estate, so we followed a track through the scrub along the edge of the seashore, where the pigs often come down to feast on the crabs that abound there.

It was a strange sensation moving along through the thorny bush with gun at full-cock, ready for a pig at any moment, for I had been warned beforehand that these animals have a pleasant habit of charging from a bit of scrub when about ten feet off. Generally speaking, in such case it is a solitary boar. The natives, who have a wholesome dread of them, apply to them the same term—*thunniavan*—that they do to a rogue elephant.

After warily moving along for about half an hour without seeing anything larger than a jackal or mongoose, we turned away from the sea to a pool, a branch of the neighboring *tonah*. Just as we came in sight of it, there was a sudden savage grunt, and something black rushed off through the long grass and into the jungle. F—— and I had been walking about thirty feet apart, and the pig was between us; and neither cared to fire, not being quite certain at the moment where the other was. Standing quite still for a moment, we indicated our positions by a low short whistle, and went on. We were now at the edge of the bush, and could see the water of the pool gleaming ahead of us. Then all of a sudden there came another rush and a "hoff-hoff!" as two pigs rushed from the right and bounded across the open. No one who has not seen pigs in their wild state can form any idea of the pace

they can go. They bound and rush like deer, and are as nasty animals to tackle as I know of. We both fired, and a dismal yell indicated that one of them had been hit. But it went on and was lost to sight, and we saw it no more.

We went on and struck a village track that led in the direction of the plantation. We followed it silently, and at length reached the hedge of prickly pears which was planted along the border, and which we crossed with all due discretion. Once among the cocoanut trees, we had no fear that some grizzly *thunniavan* was going to charge suddenly into us from the nearest bush.

One redeeming point that these old boars have is that they don't repeat their rush if they miss the first time. A villager, early one morning, in company with a friend, came suddenly upon a big boar which was returning to its lair after a night out. The instant the boar saw the leading man, who was only a few feet from it, it reared on its hind legs and then charged straight at him. The terrified villager instinctively threw himself on one side, and escaped by a miracle the savage sweep of the terrible tusks. The boar disappeared in the jungle without noticing the other man, who was out of its line of fire. "I-yah!" said this second man to the first, who, panting with terror, was slowly picking himself up; "I-yah! This is your lucky day; go and do what business you have to do, and you will prosper."

When we reached the plantation F— led the way to a spot where he said the pigs generally came. We reached a little knoll, whence, peering down the avenues of trees, we could make out a dark mass slowly moving obliquely across us. F— touched my arm and whispered: "There they are; get ready!" and then we each took up a position behind a good thick tree, kneeling behind the butt. On came the pigs, and we could presently make out that there were fully a dozen of them. In the indistinct light, they looked enormous, and it seemed impossible to miss them, an opinion, however, that we changed when we came to sight them. They were feeding slowly along, looking just like tame pigs, one or two of the younger members bucking and frolicking as they do in any farmyard; but, when within about forty yards, they came to a dead stop, evidently suspi-

cious. They quickly got into a wedge-shaped mass, with one or two at the head; and they stood thus, motionless, for a few minutes. There being no chance of their coming nearer, we sighted for the leading pigs and fired.

Two huge porkers lay kicking on the sand. Knowing the danger of attacking wounded animals we cautiously approached, and found one was about dead, whilst the other had sufficient life to show fight. Staggering to its feet it faced about, and in a moment would have charged; but a second bullet stretched it out for good and all. We then made our way to the bungalow, and the next morning sent for our game. One was an old sow, and the other a well-grown young boar. We had a piece of the flesh roasted for dinner, and came to the conclusion that the pigs were better living than dead, as the meat was decidedly rank!

One day F— said to me that in a certain part of the *tonah* there was an enormous alligator which had done a good deal of damage, and that, if I wished to distinguish myself by doing something useful, now was the opportunity. Of course nothing could please me better, so, learning the spot, I started out. It was where the Government road crossed the *tonah* on a bridge built on piles. The depth of the pool and the number of alligators in it had become a byword in the place. What attracted the reptiles was the abundance of fish, which for some reason or another collected at this point.

The particular object of my solicitude was cunning, and though I occasionally caught a glimpse, it was always out of sight before I could fire. Day after day F— and I visited this spot in the hope that the longed-for moment would come, but without avail. Sometimes we would be in time to see the big ripples mark the place where the alligator had just slid off a bank, and a passing native would tell us of the big *muthali* he had seen but a moment before. Now and then we would get a glimpse of its snout and a part of its back, but the raising of our guns was the signal for its disappearance.

All sorts of schemes were suggested for enticing the brute out so that we could get a shot at it, such as tying a howling pariah dog to the bank, or a

dead pig, nice and gamy, but we abandoned them all. We felt it was to be a duel; the alligator knew what we were after, and we intended to shoot in all fairness.

One evening we went down to the bridge determined to bag our friend or know the reason why. When we got there we saw some men fishing near the bridge in a canoe. When they saw us with our guns, they paddled up and on into the pool we were watching, feeling confident that no danger menaced them under cover of our shots.

For some time we watched them pulling in fish with a casting-net. We were discussing them and their luck, when all of a sudden the bow of the canoe seemed to leap into the air, and in a moment the men were lying higgledy-piggledy in the bottom, and but for the outrigger the whole outfit would have been in the water! At first we were so astonished that we could only stare at them wondering what had happened, but then we quickly saw the cause of the disaster: they had run the canoe on the top of our fat friend, who had been lying on a mud-bank just beneath the surface of the water, and it had risen and had nearly upset them. Then we saw what an alligator could do with its tail, for whack! it came against the side with a blow which would have smashed to splinters anything but a dugout. There the monster was, and I seized the opportunity and sent a bullet crashing into its skull!

The struggles of the brute were something terrific. At first it dashed round and round in a circle, churning the water into foam; then it beat the air with its short fore-arms; then we got a glimpse of its white belly as it turned over and over; and finally it sank to the bottom of the pool, and that was the last we saw of it for some time.

Three or four days afterward the body of the big *muthali* came to the surface and drifted off, and we found it some distance down-stream in company with several other of our victims, stranded on a shoal. By this time it was swollen to twice its natural size, and was emphatically best viewed from the windward side.

The size of an alligator depends a good deal upon the imagination of the *raconteur*, but I fancy that one measuring fifteen feet in length is pretty big.

The monster I shot was considerably above the average, and I have always regretted that I was unable to substantiate my estimate of its size, for unfortunately these saurians, like most amphibians, sink when shot, and do not rise to the surface until the body is distended by the gases of decomposition.

One day F—and I determined to try our luck in another direction. Some distance away the *tonah* branched off into a number of intricate channels and lakes which, leading to nowhere, were seldom or never traveled by the natives. We had secured a canoe of the usual kind, dug out of a log of some light wood and rendered safe from the possibility of turning over by a balance outrigger extending six or seven feet from the hull.

Our crew consisted of a native named Ramasamy Govalan. F— had selected him from his skill with the paddle, and also from a little adventure he had had with one of our scaly friends, which we thought would interest him in our expedition.

It appeared that on a certain occasion Ramasamy Govalan had taken his rod and basket of bait, and started out to catch a few fish for supper. For some time he sat on the bank without getting a bite. Thinking that he had come to a bad spot, he looked around and decided to move up to a certain sheltered place, and accordingly did so. As he prepared to squat down on his haunches—the position a native assumes on every conceivable occasion—he saw what he thought was a partly submerged log in the reeds, and jumped upon it so as to get a wider cast for his line; but horror! it was the muddy back of an alligator, and the whack that caught him on the thigh and sent him flying to the bank made him realize how narrow an escape he had had. He carried to his grave an ugly-looking scar where the serrated tail struck him.

We started off with our pipes alight and guns lying across our knees, and soon reached an opening in a marsh of high reeds where the channel dwindled down to a passage barely sufficient to allow us to move. After about a hundred yards or so this widened a little, and then we found we had a choice of a dozen different routes.

There were alligators here in scores,

but not many large ones. We went on, determined to explore as far as possible, and presently as we turned a bend we found a fair-sized sheet of water opening ahead of us, of which we had no previous knowledge. We knew well enough that in a canoe rising but a foot or so above the surface of the water we ran a considerable risk of being attacked by the hungry brutes swimming around us, and we consequently kept a sharp lookout to avoid being taken by surprise. Our crew was not as comfortable as he could wish, and several times drew our attention to a big swirl in the water where something had come to the surface close by.

We had plenty of chances for successful shots but we waited for a big fellow, and for long we waited in vain. But at length a sudden exclamation from Ramasamy put us on the *qui vive*, and we were just in time to see by the ripple that we had lost a chance at one that had been lying floating on the surface.

"It had a head big enough to hold a buffalo!" whispered our excited crew. Motioning him to be still, we waited, hoping for another glimpse of it. For some minutes we sat there like statues, without daring to speak, and were just on the point of telling Ramasamy to go on when I saw F—— put his gun up to his shoulder. Following the direction of his aim I saw something of a dusky green below the surface of the water, which was evidently the alligator coming up again. It seemed to pause there as if uncertain whether to show itself or not, and then all of a sudden with a swish of its tail it shot forward several feet with its head clear of the water. The reptile was a whopper! As it lost the impetus of its forward movement F—— fired and hit it over the eye, the bullet glancing off, after scoring a furrow along the top of the skull. For a moment it seemed stunned and dazed, and then turned its head toward us as if to ascertain whence the sound came. Realizing that it was but slightly hurt, F—— gave it the second barrel, striking it fairly on the crown of the head.

Then the struggle commenced that always accompanies the death of an alligator in water. Round and round it spun, and the terrific blows which it struck with its tail threatened to cap-

size our little craft, but as soon as the convulsions began Ramasamy backed out of the way, though we danced like a cork on the waves which they raised. At one time the brute came straight for us and it seemed as if we should have to shoot again to try to stop it, but it turned before reaching us; and finally after a quarter of an hour or so it sank to the bottom and then all was still, only a few bubbles of air coming to the surface.

We went on again, admiring the peculiar beauty of the *tonah* with the effects of light and shade on the water. In places it was as smooth as a mirror, and here the tall reeds were reflected, leaf for leaf, stem for stem. Looking over the side of our canoe we could see shoals of fish of all sizes, from the tiny fry to the huge *lola* and fresh-water mullet, evidently the attraction of the vicinity. There was no want of bird life. Paroquets flew screaming across from the neighboring jungle, and pigeons, gorgeous in green and purple, shot over us as they passed from one feeding-ground to another. Paddling along by the *sarpé* we would, here and there, startle a great, long-legged crane, who would get up and flap across to the other side, uttering its discordant cry. We brought one down as it flew away, and we paddled up to secure it for the sake of its plumes; but just as we got up it silently disappeared, being drawn down from below, a hideous warning to us of the fate that would befall us should we happen to get into the water.

The heat now became intense, and we turned down a branch that appeared to lead homeward. On our way back we had several shots, and contributed to the total of our slain. At one point we saw a dark mass floating in the middle of a lake, and round about it the water seemed to be strangely agitated. It proved to be the carcass of a buffalo, surrounded by half a dozen young alligators engaged in making a meal before the arrival of some of the seniors would drive them off.

Turning a corner suddenly, we came upon a sand-bank with half a dozen great brutes basking in the sun. There was a general rush for the water as soon as we appeared, but not before we had plugged two of them behind the shoulders. This ended the sport for the day.

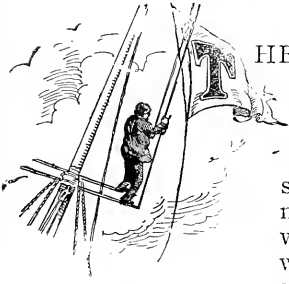


Painted for OUTING by Jas. L. Weston.

"THEN WE SAW WHAT AN ALLIGATOR COULD DO." (p. 265.)

WITH THE CREW OF THE "RESTLESS."

BY GEO. J. LEOVY.



THE yacht *Restless*, eight tons register, was gliding along close under the headlands, on the east shore of San Clemente Island. The sky was clear, the stars were shining, and the coast rose almost sheer

from the water's edge, as the sloop moved with a musical murmur through the darkness of the shadowed water. The cool night wind from off shore stirred the surface into sharp little ripples, each having its silvery miniature crest. The island, a stone's throw away, rose, a sombre silhouette sharply defined against the cloudless sky. The gleam of the wet deck forward and the dripping standing-rigging, as well as the single reef still lazily allowed to remain in the mainsail, testified to a recent sharp tussle and rough work in the open.

On such a night, men who are fond of the ocean for itself, and in sympathy with its varying moods, lie around in luxurious indolence, or pull at their pipes in dreamy contemplation. Long yarns are spun and talk grows reminiscent. Only John Kenyon, on watch and at the helm, had even a nominal occupation; and as he stood there, his cigar made a little red spark, like a danger signal, in the darkness. Occasionally he threw in a remark to some of the others.

"What a difference," he said, breaking a short silence, "between to-night and that night at the Coronado Islands. Good Lord, what a nightmare that was! I never expect to forget it."

"What was that?" asked Chadburne, a new man, who had never heard.

"Tell them about it, Julian—you or Dr. Forrest. I guess you both have got a pretty vivid recollection of it."

"That is about the only cruise I ever made," said Julian, with a long, slow pull at his old "cob," "that I don't like to recall. I have thought of the Coronado Islands with a shiver ever since. It was this way: Rider, here, had a patient, a young tenderfoot from the East, who was convalescing, and wanted a little outing. But he didn't want to rough it. Nothing would do him but he

must have the old *Restless* with a professional Captain and a mate. To our crowd, who had always left luxuries ashore, scorned professional assistance, and had never even taken a cook along, this was luxury indeed; and when Rider explained the facts, and added that he had been requested to make up the party for the 'stranger,' we put it down as a soft snap, and wondered how the boys were going to feel just sitting around spinning yarns all day, and sleeping all night, instead of turning out at all hours, running night watches, reefing down, shaking out, and hauling in sheets.

"Sure enough though, when we got together on the water front at San Diego harbor early the next morning, everything was according to programme. The tenderfoot had hired this old racer (Bell owned her then and used to hire her out), had picked up old Captain Miller on the water front as Captain and Plum Duff as mate. 'Plum' wasn't Duff's first name, of course, but it seemed to go naturally with 'Duff,' so we always called him that. The cockpit was half full of fruit, provisions and drinkables; there were a lot of rugs and pillows and extra blankets in the cabin, and the old crowd just sat around there, looking as lost as a lot of deckhands who had got by accident into the main saloon.

"Well, we reached the islands all right. The breakers weren't rolling in the little cove, and the crowd proposed going ashore. We had a little yawl in tow, that held two men besides the man at the oars, and Duff managed to land the fellows, two at a time, without splitting the yawl on the rocks. Then we concluded to camp ashore that night and sent Duff back to the *Restless*, telling him to return about five in the afternoon with the grub and some blankets.

"About five he came in, but brought nothing with him. He said the Captain had taken the *Restless* around under the lee of the island, about two miles, as it was coming on to blow and a sea was getting up; that he, Duff, had swamped the yawl under the sloop's counter, and that had got the Captain rattled, and now he wanted every man to come aboard.

"Of course, you can see for yourselves

that that was all nonsense. The *Restless*, with her two big anchors, could have ridden out anything that was likely to blow in this part of the Pacific; but there was no use in arguing with Duff. So two of the men were sent off in the yawl, with instructions to call the Captain's attention to the fact that it would be dark at seven, that the breakers were beginning to come in heavy, and it would be impossible for any man to land the yawl after dark, in a mere cleft in the rocks, and take off two men; and to tell him, finally, that he must either send in the camp outfit or bring the yacht around.

"In about an hour Plum Duff came back. He said the Captain said 'he knew his business, and to send along the rest of the men.' Well, it was hard to know just what to do; but it didn't seem very serious then, any of it. So we just picked out and sent the men in pairs, reserving those who were most used to roughing for the last, and before it grew dark we had got them all off except Forrest and me.

"About eight o'clock we heard a hail through the growing darkness and increased noise of the breakers in the little cove. We answered, and Duff sung out to us to show a light in the crack in the rocks. We held a brand in it, and the next moment he actually managed to run the bow of the little yawl into that crack.

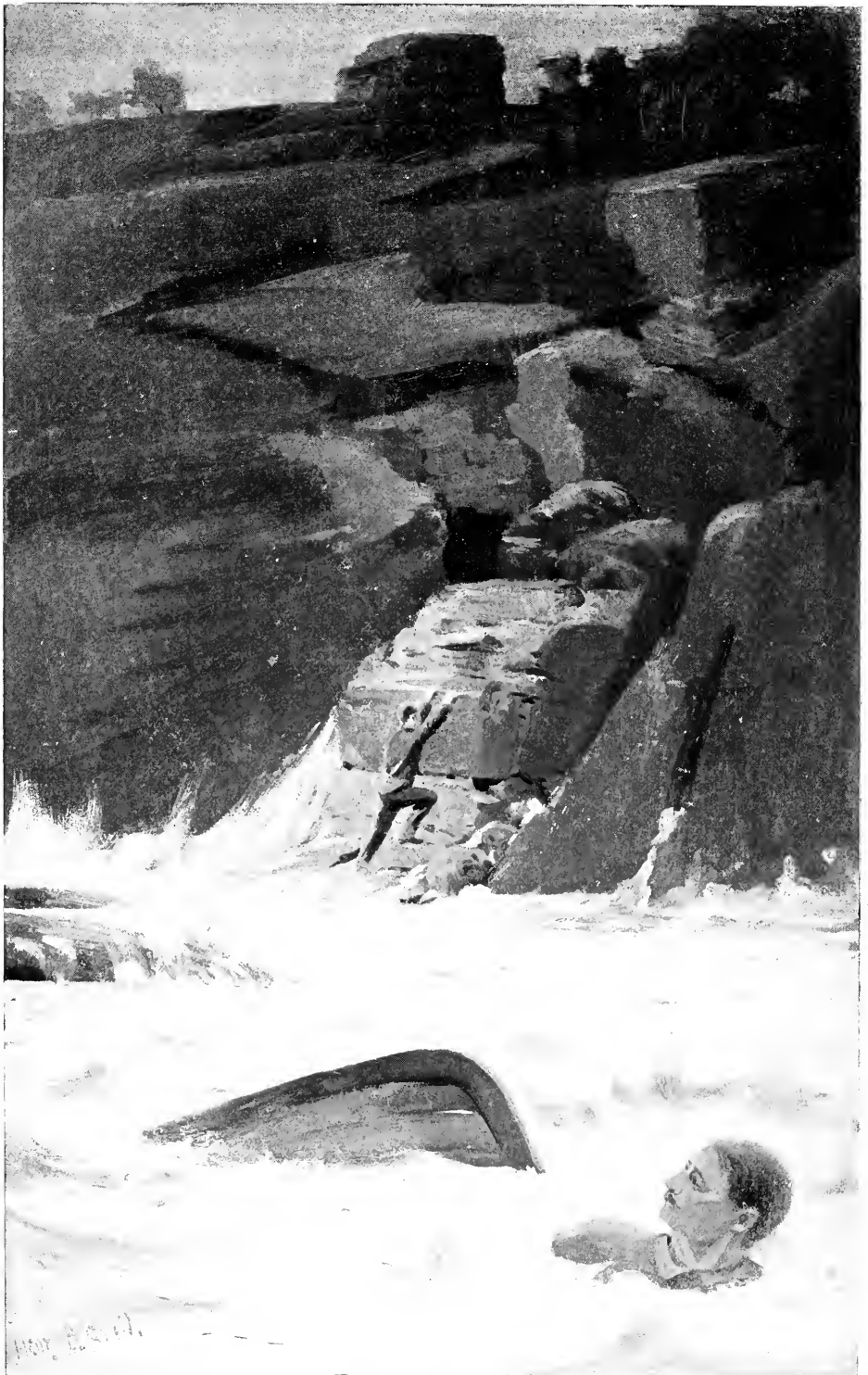
"I jumped in, ran astern past Duff, and called to Forrest to jump into the bow quick, and shove off. But it was no good. The bow of the yawl was hung on a point of rock under water. The swell receded, and dropped her stern down, until she stood on end, and Duff came tumbling down from the rowing seat on top of me. The next moment a great breaker came rolling in, and went about six feet over the yawl. It washed her out, and turned her bottom-up among the breakers. I was washed clear of the boat, and carried out beyond her. Duff disappeared. Forrest escaped by having jumped back on the rocks at the moment the big breaker rolled in.

"After the first cold shock, I made a struggle to get my wits together. I had a faint idea of what it meant to have to stay on that island all night in the winter, almost without fire, and without dry clothes, blankets or water,

and I determined, in desperation, to get that boat in if possible. I found, by feeling, that her painter was all tangled up under the seats, but I got a few feet of it clear, and started swimming in with the yawl upside down. It looked feasible, for the tide was running in, as well as the heavy swell, and I only had to guide her, bow-on; but I don't know that we could ever have righted her. It was just a chance.

"About half-way in, I saw Duff's head bobbing around. I let go the rope, and swam over to him—it was only a few feet—and yelled to him to help me with the boat. Instead of that, he reached out, caught me by the shoulders, and, before you could have said 'Jack Robinson,' he had climbed up, put his knees on each side of the back of my neck and buried his fingers in my hair. Then I knew that Duff couldn't swim, and that what I felt was the death-grip of a drowning man. Of course, I went down like a shot, and instinctively, or otherwise, I wound my hands in the kelp under water, and held on. Duff wasn't too far gone to know what that meant for him, and in a few seconds he let go, and we both came up. We were so close to Forrest on the rocks that he saw us, and threw us an oar; and somehow, with it we got Duff in. Then I went back after that beast of a yawl, which had, meantime, gone out among the breakers again. I finally got her so close to the rocks that Forrest reached down to seize my hand; then an enormous breaker hit us. It washed Forrest about thirty feet up the rocks, rolling him over and over, and when it receded it carried me with the yawl once more out beyond the breaker line. The crash of her planking when she went on the rocks ended all hopes of getting her in, and the last raking up and down the rocks had about used me up, anyhow. I didn't know how badly till I tried to get in; then I found that my strength was gone, both legs were badly cramped, and my heavy clothing was dragging me down.

"I made two or three ineffectual efforts to land on the rocks, but the noise of the breakers, the cold, and the constant smother of foam bewildered me, and I went out beyond the breakers and floated on my back, trying to think it out. Then I heard Forrest's voice calling to me to stay out till he told me to



Painted for OUTING by Henry B. Snell.

"THE CONSTANT SMOTHER OF FOAM BEWILDERED ME." (A. 269.)

come in. Of course, Forrest didn't know where I was, but was just working on the chances. In a few minutes I heard him call, 'Now come, quick,' and you may be sure I did. By the time the next breaker hit me I was kneeling, jammed tight, and with every muscle strained for resistance, in a crack between two rocks. One or two heavy rollers hit me, but they couldn't budge me, and in the next smooth I crawled up still further. Then Forrest found me, and helped me to the little fire of twigs and leaves that he had replenished with the broken pieces of an oar.

"Coronado Island is about as tough a place to be cast away on as can well be imagined, uninhabited, without water, without trees or shelter, and with nothing except a little scattered brush for firewood. When I got up to the fire I was about as badly broken up as I could well be. I could just whisper, and I hadn't any pulse perceptible, and, of course, I couldn't stand with both legs cramped to the hips. But in a half hour or so I had come around all right. We had no whiskey, but I chewed up a piece of 'Menthol pencil' to warm me up. Then we concluded to climb the hill to the mesa and signal the *Restless*. We knew they couldn't help us then, but we thought it would make them less miserable to know we hadn't all gone under.

"We had no matches, but we carried up a piece of a burning oar. Once on the mesa we foraged for wood, but except a few bunches of green greasewood leaves, which made a short-lasting flare, we found almost nothing. It kept us constantly on the move. I never felt cold so bitterly as when the night wind blew on my wet clothes on that open mesa. About midnight Plum Duff tumbled over by the little fire. Forrest examined him as he lay unconscious, and thought it was epilepsy. We threw some of our wet clothes over him to keep him alive, and then lay down in a little bunch together. We were too exhausted to make any more journeys for greasewood leaves and ceased to take much interest in the fire or anything.

"About one o'clock Forrest roused me from a sort of stupor, rather than a sleep, and said if we laid there as we were we wouldn't last out the night, and 'didn't I think something could be done.' I pulled myself together and tried to think.

Indeed, I never tried so hard to think in my life, and at last I got an idea. I knew where there was a deep arroyo with some half-burned brush in it. But we were without matches, and to get to it we would have to climb up almost to the summit of the island and around the head of a deep, precipitous cañon, then descend the steep side of the island again, almost to sea level.

"Down on the rocks at the landing-place we had left a small piece of rope, a big 'split' basket and a deep saucepan. Forrest had a pocket knife. On the possibilities that lay in the use of this material, my plan was based. Very slowly, as you can guess, and with many rests and breathing spells, I worked my way down the trail on my hands and knees. Time under such circumstances is hard to estimate, but I should say it was nearly an hour before I got down that two hundred and odd feet, and climbed again to the top of the mesa with the things. Forrest had about given me up, but was still lying on his face at the edge of the mesa, calling my name, in a random way, over the trail.

"We got back to the fire. There were only a few live coals left. Duff was still lying apparently unconscious, but Forrest said he was alive. Then we began work. We made a little flare of leaves and twigs, and by its light we cut the pine 'splits' of the basket into small pieces; with some of these we made a fire in the saucepan.

"Then we went to work on Duff. At first he only groaned, but we pushed and pummeled and kicked him, and called him names, until finally he struggled to his feet. It seems strange now to recall it, but it seemed perfectly natural then to have made Duff get up that way.

"We tied the middle of the rope around Duff's waist and the ends around ourselves; then, with the little blaze in the saucepan for a torch, I went ahead. Forrest brought up the rear, carrying the rest of the splinters. Every few yards Duff wanted to lie down, and he would cry and moan because we wouldn't let him. It took an awful lot of shoving, pulling and abuse to keep him going. We were all so weak and the declivity was so sharp and broken by washes, that first one and then the other would slip and fall, and the rest would hold back on the rope. Duff was barefoot,

and, in spite of his hardened feet, the rocks hurt him. He rebelled in one place strenuously, against going through a cactus bed, and begged to be left. Of course, it was torture, but there was nothing for it but to drag him along. If we had left him he would have rolled over the cliffs or gone to sleep and never waked. Sometimes the blaze in the saucepan would die to red embers, and then, with the fear of being left staggering along in the dark on the steep hillside strong upon us, we would put our heads together and blow and coax it into flame again.

"At last, by a sort of intuition, we found our way to the head of the big cañon. We turned it and commenced the descent. That was worse than the climbing. First one would slip and then another, and it was impossible for the rest to hold back on the rope. Sometimes we would all three sit down in sheer desperation, and howl out incoherent anathemas on the general and outrageous roughness of the thing. Then we would rouse up and blow the fire, put on more sticks, and start, slipping, falling and sliding again, but still always getting nearer the level of the sea.

"At length there was a break in the wall of the cañon on our left—a little ravine—I remembered. We turned into it, went down a few feet of steep incline and at last were in the arroyo. There was no wind and it was not nearly so cold. We put the saucepan down, piled the rest of the chips on, and over it then a few twigs, then a dead bush we found near, and the whole thing blazed up. Then, by the firelight, we saw that the whole arroyo was full of blackened, dead bushes, chaparral, dwarf mahogany, and the like. We threw ourselves among them in wild excitement and accession of strength, dragged them to the fire, heaped them on, and built a huge bonfire.

"Duff was soon unconscious again, and in a place where he could have as many fits as pleased him, without fear of interruption. Forrest and I threw ourselves down. I remember hearing him say: 'My God, but ain't this happi-

ness,' and then I slept the dreamless sleep of absolute exhaustion.

"The sun was shining on our faces when we moved again. We were tough-looking characters. Our clothes were covered with earth and rubbish, and full of little holes from cinders and coals; our faces were drawn and smoke-begrimed, and our eyes, from cold, wind, smoke and salt water, were like little red beads set far back in our heads. But we had crossed the island from the landing-place, and there lay the *Restless*, half a mile off shore, at anchor. We ran down the rocks and signaled till we were seen. A Chinese junk with some American smugglers had dropped anchor in the night, within a stone's throw of the *Restless*. In a few seconds the junk's crew understood the situation, and their big yawl took us off. They were a kindly lot of fellows.

"You boys think you are mighty comfortable now, but you can never know what a bed of down one of the old *Restless*' berths can be, until you have dropped into one as I did that morning. And you will never know what hot strong tea is as a comforter and tonic until you have had such a night as we three had on the Coronados.

"It didn't take long to recuperate though. I hired the junk's yawl that same morning, and we went after the yawl, but it was all smashed up.

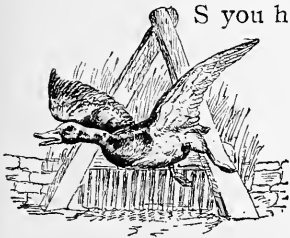
"Duff? Oh, he came round all right, but was drowned later from the sloop *Cyclone*, off the Rock Cod banks. You must remember they found him washed up at Ensenada, poor fellow. As for old Miller, when we got back to San Diego, he disappeared on the run. He had no intention of standing a court martial with that crowd as judges. But they would not have hurt him, of course; he was just old, and got rattled and lost his nerve—that was all."

"It's your watch, Joe Rider," called Kenyon from the helm; "but it's too pretty a night to sleep. Come and take the tiller, and in about ten minutes I'll have a pot of hot coffee for you fellows that will make your heads swim. Great Scott! what a glorious night!"



LINE SHOOTING ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.

BY C. H. CHAPMAN.



If you have journeyed to and fro in the vicinity of the metropolis, you may have noticed on the trains or on the roads certain rough-looking characters in heavy clothes with old-fashioned guns, and you may have wondered where they go and what they find to shoot where humanity seems to swarm like the locusts of the plagues of Egypt. You may smile when you mark them returning at night, empty handed, except, perhaps, for a pair of rabbits or a few ducks.

A glance at the map of Long Island Sound shows that on the Long Island shore a succession of bays and intervening points indent the coast line from the East River at Throggs Neck to Port Jefferson, some fifty miles east, and the main shore is so indented its entire length.

Now, the salt-water ducks, coots, old-wives, sheldrakes, etc., have, in common with their fresh-water brethren, the habit of sleeping in one place and feeding at another. They sleep each night in the unfrequented marshes and streams of eastern Long Island, and each morning wing their way westward to feeding grounds off the more thickly settled shores nearer New York.

Ducks, like many less experienced travelers, hug the shore closely when undisturbed, and fly low. Traveling a fairly straight course, they cross the mouths of the bays and pass the points close inshore. Flying at a speed sometimes estimated at sixty or seventy miles an hour, they seldom see a small boat, setting low in the water with the occupant well out of sight, soon enough to be able to do more than swerve slightly from their course. Often when they do see danger on the water they simply rise higher in the air and pass over the spot without changing direction. Owing to these habits a line of boats, properly anchored at intervals of sixty yards or so, is able to command the path of a great majority of the passing ducks.

Its requirements are more simple than other varieties of duck-shooting. The

gun should be a heavy ten-bore or eight-bore, full choked, and especially made for shooting heavy loads.

As to clothing, take plenty. You will pass much time at anchor with no exercise to warm you, and an extra wrap or blanket is easily stowed away.

The boat must be large enough to shoot from comfortably and safely, and small enough to escape notice at a distance. A yacht's dingey, or small row-boat, will do fairly well, but a gunning boat built for the purpose is better. Those used on the Sound are generally of about twelve feet length and four feet beam, depth nine inches amidships, with a bow rising some two or three inches higher. The keel has a slight spring upwards fore and aft, and this, with some sheer in the deck-line, makes them fairly dry in a small sea-way. They are decked over with a cockpit about six feet by two, just large enough to allow one to lie down at full length, and the row-locks are raised six inches above the deck. There is a sculling notch in the sternboard, and the stem-post rises two inches above the deck, and is deeply notched, to take the anchor line, which passes through and fastens to a cleat at the forward end of the cockpit.

Now that we have briefly described the outfit necessary for the sport, let us suppose ourselves come down, five of us, from the city in a comfortable old oyster sloop, with all our boats and belongings. We have risen at 3 A. M. and partaken of a good hot breakfast, and have met the crack shot of the life-saving men at the station. We have unanimously elected the life-saver captain of the line and drawn lots for places, and carried the boats down to the water.

It is still dark; the water stretches away to the north and east, until it blends with the sky at an indistinguishable line. Above us, on the high bank of the point, the lighthouse still casts its gleam, and far out on the water a white light above a red one shows where a west-bound steamer pursues her course. A faint light streak in the east is the only sign of approaching day.

The ducks are already moving. The rustle of their wings and their calls come to our ears, and every minute a

dark form shoots over us and vanishes in the dusk. There is no shooting yet. "No shooting until anchored," has been the captain's order, and we obey.

We have reached the point, and already the light in the east has widened and the darkness has grown pale. Far away over the water we see the glimmer of the lighthouse on the Point, dim in the first dawn. The captain is already at work. He has anchored Number one some one hundred and sixty yards off shore. Number two he places sixty yards farther out on a line at right angles with the shore. This makes the line face rather more the head of the bay than the opposite point, as the ducks have a tendency to swing inshore in crossing the bays, and come out rather more along shore than directly from point to point. Number three is anchored sixty yards farther out still, and so on with each succeeding gunner to the outside man. You are Number six.

Before Number four has dropped anchor the report of Number one's big eight-bore announces that the sport has commenced. The others quickly find their places, and you, having anchored, prepare for business.

"Here they come!" is the cry, and, far down ahead, you see a string of black dots skimming over the water with the speed of an express train. Nearer still, three hundred yards away; two hundred—you cock your gun; one hundred—up you pop. Like a flash they swerve to the right, and you turn just in time to see Number five rise, as they are almost over him, empty both barrels and bring down a bird with a broken wing that dives instantly on touching the water. Number five crams two new shells in his ducking gun, casts off his line, and sculls rapidly to the place where the duck went down. But "Mark east!" is the cry, and you drop back in the bottom of your boat, leaving Number five to kill or lose his cripple unwatched.

You are in luck again. A string of three is heading for you. Profiting by experience, you wait until they are almost on you. Up you go. They swerve somewhat, but are still in easy range, when you give them both barrels, holding well ahead of the foremost. On they go without a sign of disturbance, except, perhaps, an impudent flirt of the

tail, that says as plainly as words, "Just tell them that you saw me."

What was the matter? Shot behind them? Perhaps. Lead them too much? Perhaps. Missed them, anyway. Well, perhaps again. You may have planted both shots fairly and, not breaking a wing or penetrating a vital spot, have failed to stop one in its flight. Remember that these old coots and oldwives of the salt water are the very toughest of all tough ducks. Protected by the thickest of feathers and down, their tough little bodies will receive unharmed a charge of shot that to a fresh-water duck would be certain death. Unless a wing is broken or the brain struck, the quarry is likely to escape from even the hardest-hitting gun. You drop back and wait.

In the meantime there has been a constant fusillade all around you. Hardly a moment passes that some gun does not belch forth its charge—alas! not always death-dealing. The flight is in full swing and the sport is at its height. Every now and then a boat leaves the line to pick up a dead bird or kill a cripple.

You have fired again and again, and now you gaze ruefully at a pile of sixteen empty shells and not a bird to show. But your time is to come. Mark east! See that pair coming right for you! Keep down! Down yet! Now, they are on you! Aim well forward! Bang! Hurrah! The foremost one, struck dead in mid-air, drops with a splash before you can even shift your finger to the second trigger. The other speeds on westward, heedless of the second barrel; but you have killed your first duck and killed it clean, in first-class style. As you scull out and lift the big white-winged coot into the boat you feel that you would not change places with the President of the United States. You are repaid for all your toil and trouble by this one blissful moment of success and you return to your station with renewed confidence.

There is a little lull in the flight just now, and you can look around you and see what your neighbors are doing. Look at Number five; he is shooting a fine twelve-gauge and shooting it well. Watch him as two oldwives bear down on his boat. Flat in the cockpit he lies, not an inch of him visible, except a morsel of his cap brim, under which his eyes mark the flight. The ducks are

almost over him; will he never fire! Now, when they are their nearest, up comes his head and shoulders like a jack-in-the-box, and, at the same instant, up goes the long weapon, and the discharge, delivered at shortest range, brings down one duck, too badly hit to do any more than flop. That is the secret of shooting a light gun—wait till the birds are closest and then up and shoot at short range. The big gun shooter must move a second or so sooner to bring his heavy piece into position, and seconds count for much with ducks moving at the rate that these fly at.

Now the red in the east has long spread over the sky and turned to gleaming saffron, and the sun thrusts his molten rim above the horizon. In another moment he is all up. And now his light reveals to you the immensity of the waste of water before you, now all changed to the brightest blue from the dull lead color of early morning; and you, lying there at anchor in your little boat, barely large enough to float your weight, feel that you realize how insignificant a creature man is on the face of Nature. But the light that opened such vast seas to your view has also revealed string after string of dark spots on the surface of the water, all coming westward, with that bullet-like motion that you now know so well. "To arms!" is the cry. No time for sentiment when the ducks are on the wing.

Here they come! Ready now! Bang! Bang! No result. Again! Bang! Bang! No result. Once more. Bang! Bang! Nothing—but hold, a duck falters, drops behind and lower, and finally touches water a hundred yards behind your boat, and instantly dives. You have crippled one; now to get him.

You reload, cast off, and scull to the spot where he went down. There he is, up to your left. Bang! The shot peppers the water around the swirl left by his tail as he dived at the flash, but he was under water before a pellet reached him. There are some things quicker than a gunshot, and a sea duck is one of them. Now wait! Will he never come up again? There he is, to the right. Bang! Down again, unharmed. Now he sticks his head out within six feet of the boat, but is under before you can lift your gun. Now follows a long wait, until, at last, you

glance behind you and behold him gayly swimming away at your back. Again you fire, and he dives. He has caught his breath now, and will give you more trouble. Three times more you fire before the sputter of his last dive shows that he remained above water an instant too long for safety. When he reappears he is evidently badly hurt, and another shot stretches him out dead on the water, and you lift him in with mingled feelings of triumph and disgust. Eight cartridges for one poor little crippled oldwife. That is a fine tale to relate to your quail-shooting friends.

Now to get back to the line. You look around and are considerably startled. Instead of being close behind the line, a couple of hundred yards away, you find yourself far down shore, below the lighthouse, a long half-mile from the shooters. The sweep of the rising tide has carried you farther than you thought. You ship the oars and strain and pull. The boat hardly moves against the tide. You grow hot, and discard coat and sweater. You blame the duck, the limp cause of the trouble, and then yourself for a fool in following it; and meanwhile the guns on the line are banging away merrily in your ears, telling of sport that you are missing. At last you reach the buoy, and fling yourself, exhausted, in the bottom of the boat, resolved that nothing will tempt you again from the anchorage.

And now the captain gives an exhibition of his skill. You see two shelldrakes heading for his boat. As they pass high overhead, up comes the long, heavy ten-bore, and the captain's head and shoulders behind it. As the smoke leaves the muzzle the first bird wilts in the air, and is falling dead before the report reaches the shore. The second barrel speaks and the second bird drops fluttering, dead before touching the water. The entire line raises a cheer for the prettiest shot of the day, and the captain, as he picks up the game, feels proud of a shot that, even with his long experience, is seldom made.

Now you hear your left-hand neighbor shoot; something whistles overhead and a howl rises in the air from Number five. He stands up in his boat and reviles Number seven with all the force and volubility of a copious vocabulary, while Number seven sits silent and trembling in his boat. He has com-

mitted the unpardonable sin. Tempted by a low-flying duck crossing well to the side, he fired, aiming a little ahead of the line, forgetful that the swing of his gun, following the flight, would bring the discharge into line with the boats. As a result, his charge has whistled over your head and a portion of it has landed on Number five, stinging him up smartly and scaring him worse, and, consequently, has brought down his righteous wrath on the head of the offender. Number seven will be more careful in future, but it will be long before his neighbors on the line will cease feeling nervous when they see a low-flying duck approaching.

It is a standing rule among line-shooters never to fire at a low-flying bird at the side until it has passed the line, for the gun must be swung so fast in following the swiftly moving bird that one never knows exactly where his charge may land. However, no harm has been done, beyond the ruffled temper of Number five, and the shooting continues. You cripple another so badly that a single shot finishes him after one short dive, and gather him in, and somewhat later you watch another wing-tipped bird drop far away in the rear, but decline to follow him.

Now the flocks begin to thin out and come at longer intervals; the fire slackens and it is evident that the morning flight is nearly over. Two boats are out of ammunition, and soon, by mutual agreement, all hands get up anchor and row for home, some stopping now and then for a shot at a cripple. You get one of these in range and a few shots add another duck to your slender pile; then you beach your boat and the morning's sport is ended.

Now you look at your watch: Nine o'clock only? You had thought it noon at least. You began shooting at half-past five and you have passed three hours and a half so full of excitement, of incident and constant nervous tension, that it seems an age to look back upon. Hardly a moment when game was not in sight, hardly a moment when your mind was not taken up with the enthusiasm of sport. Never before have you shot so repeatedly or so rapidly at game, and never before have you met game so difficult to bring down. Sixty-eight empty shells you count out from your shell-box.

All hands have landed and notes are compared. The captain shows twenty-three ducks and ninety-six empty shells. No one else has half as many. One man shows ten ducks and eighty shells. Another seven and ninety-two. This is your twelve-bore friend, Number five. So the score runs—nine, six, five, and one poor fellow only shows three ducks for fifty-seven shells emptied. So you have not done so badly after all, and when your friends congratulate you upon your skill and luck at your first attempt, you hold up your head and feel that no sport in the world can compare with a good morning at line-shooting.

Distance is a subject of constant dispute among the shooters. The light-gun users want the intervals small, to bring the game within close range of their light charges. The heavy guns, on the contrary, want more distance, that the line may be longer and more ducks forced or tempted to try the gaps between the boats. A good plan is to make the intervals large when the line is small, say eighty yards between each boat; if there are plenty of boats, shorten the distance to sixty yards if necessary, but make it a point to have all boats equally far apart throughout the line. Nothing but unanimous consent of the party should set aside this rule.

For clothing, heavy woolen under-clothing with one or more sweaters, woolen or serge trousers, and a loose canvas shooting coat over all is an excellent rig. The woolens keep the body warm and hamper motion very little, even if very thick; and the coat will keep off wind, shed spray and furnish the necessary pockets for the numerous sundries of a shooter's outfit. Special care should be taken to keep the feet warm, as they are most subject to cold aboard a boat. The heaviest woolen stockings or socks sold by our yachting and sailors' outfitters are excellent for this purpose. It is difficult to get the feet too warm. High rubber boots are very useful in getting on and off shore, especially in a small sea, and protect the feet and legs thoroughly from wind and spray. Rubber has not the warmth of leather, and the footwear must be heavier if these are worn, but an extra pair of socks will make everything right. A pair of warm woolen gloves is a very obvious necessity.

The question of guns is an open one in this branch of sport, as in others, and must be left to individual preference. A hard-shooting twelve-bore pigeon gun is an excellent weapon for the light-gun advocate; but heavy ten-bores and eight-bores are more generally used, and are the more effective weapons in the hands of those who can use them well. As with guns, so with loads—each man must choose for himself, remembering the requisite is close shooting and hard hitting. I knew of one shooter that did excellent work with a load of seven drams of black powder and one ounce of shot in a specially built twelve-pound ten-bore, but this is an extreme to which few shooters care to go.

Size of shot also varies with individual fancy. Large shot gives greater range and penetration and small shot gives close pattern and more likelihood of touching a vital spot. Few old gunners use larger size than No. 4 and many prefer smaller.

The greatest advantage, next to accurate shooting, that the experienced shooter has over the novice, is the immovability with which he awaits the approach of his game and the rapidity with which he gets up and shoots, catching the duck at the nearest range. The novice is apt to move to get ready too soon, and scare the duck higher, or more to the side, and even then he fails to rise and fire with the lightning quickness of the old hand.

The common shooting position is to lie flat on one's back while the game is approaching and rise to a sitting posture before shooting. Some men, however, cannot shoot without rising to their knees. These are apt to be tall men, shooting guns too short or too straight stocked. The kneeling position gives control of a wider shooting arc, but takes longer to assume. It is very hard to shoot well to the right from the sitting posture in the narrow cockpit of a gunning boat. A good plan is to lie regularly on one's back and use the sitting posture for all shots to the front and to the left, and, when a bird passes in range well to the right, to turn over on the breast and shoot from the knees after the bird has passed the line, facing in the direction the bird is going.

The only species of ducks common in Long Island Sound are the coots and oldwives ("old-squaws," as they are

called in New England) and a few sheldrake. There are plenty of great and small loons to shoot at, if one cares to waste powder on them, and rarely a straggling black duck or broadbill may be added to the bag. Last winter a few eider-ducks visited us from the far north.

Flight-shooting can be had in the evening as well as the morning, but the birds straggle back by degrees through the day, and the evening flight eastward is a small affair compared with the great morning exodus to the west.

The great drawback to the sport is bad weather. Stormy weather is prohibitive, as, even if the boats could go out, the ducks would be few, as they like shelter in storm as well as humanity. High wind and sea are also bad for sport. Lying at anchor in a small boat is dangerous work in a high sea, to say nothing of the wet and discomfort. Besides this, shooting is rendered much more difficult by the jump, pitch and roll of the boat, and, even when ducks are killed, they are hard to find in the rough water, and cripple shooting is almost impossible.

The shooting commences October 1st, and good shooting can be had as soon as the birds become fairly plentiful, after the first few cold snaps. The sport improves throughout the winter and can be followed whenever the weather is mild enough to permit. Sometimes, when ducks are very plentiful, they will trade back and forth over a line of boats all day. But the cream of the sport, the paradise of the line shooter, is in latter April, when the ducks flock back from the south in countless thousands and tarry a while on their way north. Then it is that the sky is blackened with the speeding birds and the guns on the line roar in unceasing repetition, until the barrels burn the hand of the shooter and the empty shell-pile swells far up into the hundreds.

The sport has its hardships and sacrifices in the shape of storm, cold and early rising; its rewards are few and disappointments many; but one good morning on the line will thrill the spirit with the mad excitement of the soldier in battle, and even in later days the sight of the black ducks skimming over the blue water, or the roar of the guns on the distant line, will quicken the pulse of the old line-shooter as the blast of the bugle arouses the old war-horse.



(Concluded.)

BY HELEN M. STAFFORD.

PART II.
CHAPTER VI.

In Part I Miss Lesley Lawrence and her aunt are staying at St. Augustine, where they meet Mr. Jack Melvin, somewhat of a woman hater, whose attentions, towards the end of the season, become very noticeable and conflict with those of Mr. Hopkinton. Miss Lawrence had in her school days had an adventure of the heart with Paul Gerry, a cousin of Mr. Melvin's, and, subsequently, offers of marriage from Count von Steinert and others.

THE last dance of the season was in progress when Lesley and her aunt came down that night. They met Mr. Melvin at the foot of the stairs.

The band was playing a waltz.

There was a wonderful radiance about Lesley that night. She seemed moved by some intense emotion, which betrayed itself in her heightened color and the brightness of her eyes.

She wore a simple white tulle gown, which floated around her like a cloud; the deep red roses at her breast burned as if they were blushing.

Mr. Melvin held out his arms to her, and they went circling down the long hall. As the music ceased he guided her to the piazza, then down the walk.

"What a wonderful night," she murmured, sinking down on a bench near the palmetto trees.

The moon shone dim and tender through the silver fleece of clouds, and the heavy palm leaves made deep shad-

ows. Mr. Melvin drew a deep breath as he inhaled the heavy perfumed air, and drew into his heart the charm of the night and the wonderful beauty of the young girl so near him. He gently wound the thin gauze scarf about her.

"Do you remember the first time we danced together?" he softly questioned. "Only that was the first one of the season, and this is the last."

He could not see Lesley's face, for it was turned away. She leaned her cheek on her hand and looked at the fountain flashing in the moonlight. Mr. Melvin unconsciously drew nearer. He could almost feel the rise and fall of her breast as she breathed. Then he suddenly took her in his arms and drew her to him.

"Lesley! Lesley! Dearest!" he whispered. "Speak to me, dear. I love you, 'Bonnie Lesley.'"

She turned her head towards him, and he saw a happy light in her eyes. He drew her closer and kissed the beautiful upturned lips. She lay in his arms a moment without speaking, then tenderly put her arms about his neck and pressed her lips to his cheek.

There was a sound of footsteps on the gravel walk. The band was playing for the lancers, and Lesley had promised that dance to Mr. Hopkinton.

"After the next waltz will you come here with me? I have something to tell



Painted for OUTING by F. Kaufman.

"AT THAT MOMENT SOME ONE CAME TO THE DOOR." (p. 280.)

you," he hurriedly whispered, softly kissing her.

She did not speak, but her eyes said "yes." She looked at her roses when they were once more in the light of the hall, and, laughing shyly, said:

"My pretty flowers are all crushed, poor things—I must take them off;" and she ran up stairs and tenderly laid them in water.

Mr. Melvin looked at her as she passed on out of sight, and the sense of her girlish beauty and freshness lingered in his thoughts like a spell. The soreness that had come to him that afternoon, when he thought she did not love him, was lifted from his heart. He could feel the sweet pressure of her warm lips, and he could see the light in her eyes as they were turned towards him.

"Lesley, my bonnie Lesley!" he murmured, as he walked back and forth that he might see his beloved when she returned. He no longer looked back over a dreary waste of years, but forward to fields elysian. He tossed his head with a boyish laugh—after all, thirty-seven is not so very old.

Light steps sounded on the stairs.

She was coming. How beautiful she looked! There was no fashioning of the gown to spoil the natural charm of her figure. Her rounded throat and white shoulders rose from her fleece-like tulle as unconsciously as a modest flower. There was no color about her now but the gold-brown hair, the soft brown eyes, and the glowing red of her cheeks and lips. Mr. Melvin longed to take her in his arms, and bear her away from them all. He felt like questioning young Hopkinton's right to that dance; then he saw her dreamily moving through the quadrille. He must wait through two dances before he could claim his turn and take her to that seat under the palmetto, and ask her to be his wife. She was so beautiful, so sweet, so girlish.

"O, saw ye bonnie Lesley"—he found himself repeating, and smiled whimsically to himself. He thrilled with joy as he saw her gracefully dancing. But the lights were too bright and the rooms too crowded, and he was so happy he wished to be alone. He would go out on the piazza and wait.

Mr. Hopkinton was inclined to be very pensive that night.

"What a delicious breath of air," Lesley indiscreetly said as they passed an open door.

"Yes," he answered, brightening, "will you go out a few moments?"

Lesley protested that she was engaged for the next dance, but some way, without refusing brusquely, there seemed no reason why she should not walk a few moments in the cooler air.

He began to speak tenderly of her going away, as he put a soft wrap over her shoulders. She quickened her step when he walked too slowly, but he pressed her arm as if to keep her back. They were soon at the further end of the piazza, and though the shadow was deep, Lesley felt as if her white gown shone in the darkness like a moonbeam.

Suddenly Mr. Hopkinton stopped before her, crying:

"Oh, Miss Lawrence—Lesley! You must know that I love you——"

"Hush! Hush!" she interrupted, "*don't* speak of such things to me now!"

The music had stopped, and the violins were being tuned for the next waltz. The house was full of movement, and, though no one happened to be passing, Lesley could hear steps and voices near.

"I am engaged for this waltz; please take me in," she implored.

"You will not go away and leave me without a word?" he said, piteously.

She saw that all the light had gone out of his face and eyes. He looked so young, so boyish, so hurt, she flushed with sudden pity.

"I am so sorry"—she hesitated.

They had approached the door, and he stood looking into her face.

"I must go in," she repeated, stepping forward, but her lace had caught in one of his buttons. She stooped to disengage it, and he drew her head to his breast and, with a quick movement, kissed her.

At that moment some one looking for his partner came to the door, but had turned and was out of sight when Lesley looked up. Her heart gave a bound and she hurried toward the hall.

"Wait, do not go in this way," cried Mr. Hopkinton; "walk up and down a moment."

"No! Take me in—take me to my aunt immediately."

She could feel the hot blood burn in her cheeks, and as she looked at his

soft blond hair and mustache she could feel it yet on her cheek, and she hated them. But when she looked into his eyes her heart softened.

"Have you no word for me?" he pleaded.

"No," she said, harshly and half crying.

He had spoiled her happy evening, and her heart sank with a strange aching.

"I am sorry, very sorry," he said, in a pained voice, "but I always shall love you," and he left her with Aunt Sarah and went from the room.

Lesley looked about for Mr. Melvin,

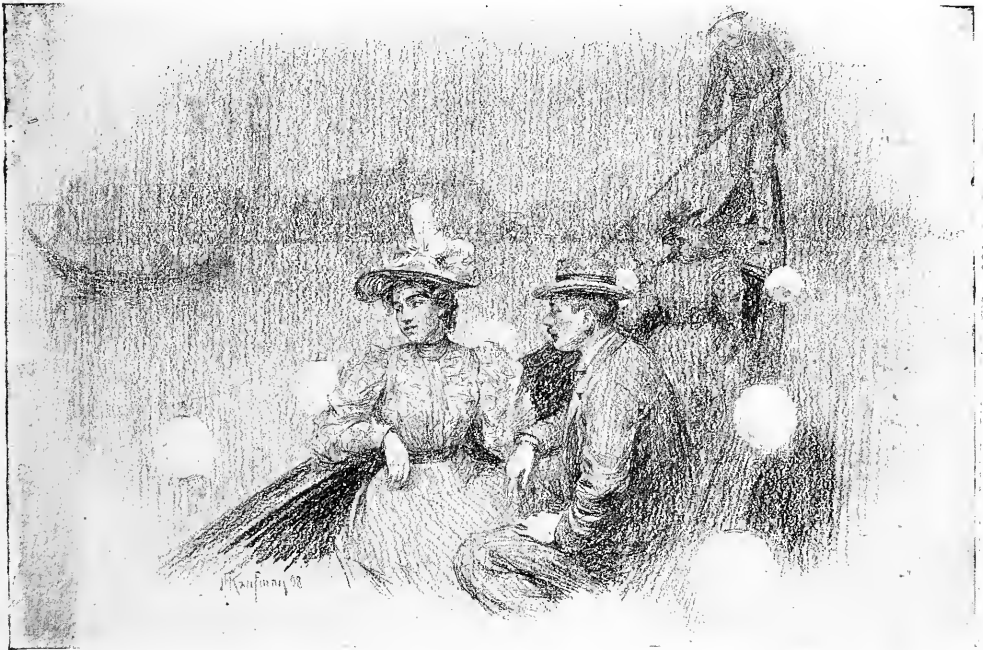
could speak no word of explanation. She could say nothing. Mr. Melvin led her to her aunt and simply said:

"I had friends come on the evening train," and, with a formal "Good night," left her.

"I am tired, Auntie," she said bravely. "I think I will go to my room."

Aunt Sarah looked bewildered. The evening was hardly half over, but she knew they were to leave in the morning, so she said, "Yes, dear," and silently followed.

Lesley rushed blindly through the hall, and came upon a group of three men standing there.



"I AM SO GLAD TO FIND YOU ONCE MORE." (p. 285.)

but he was not to be seen. She shivered at the thought that it must have been he who came to the door, and also that he *must* have seen Hopkinton kiss her.

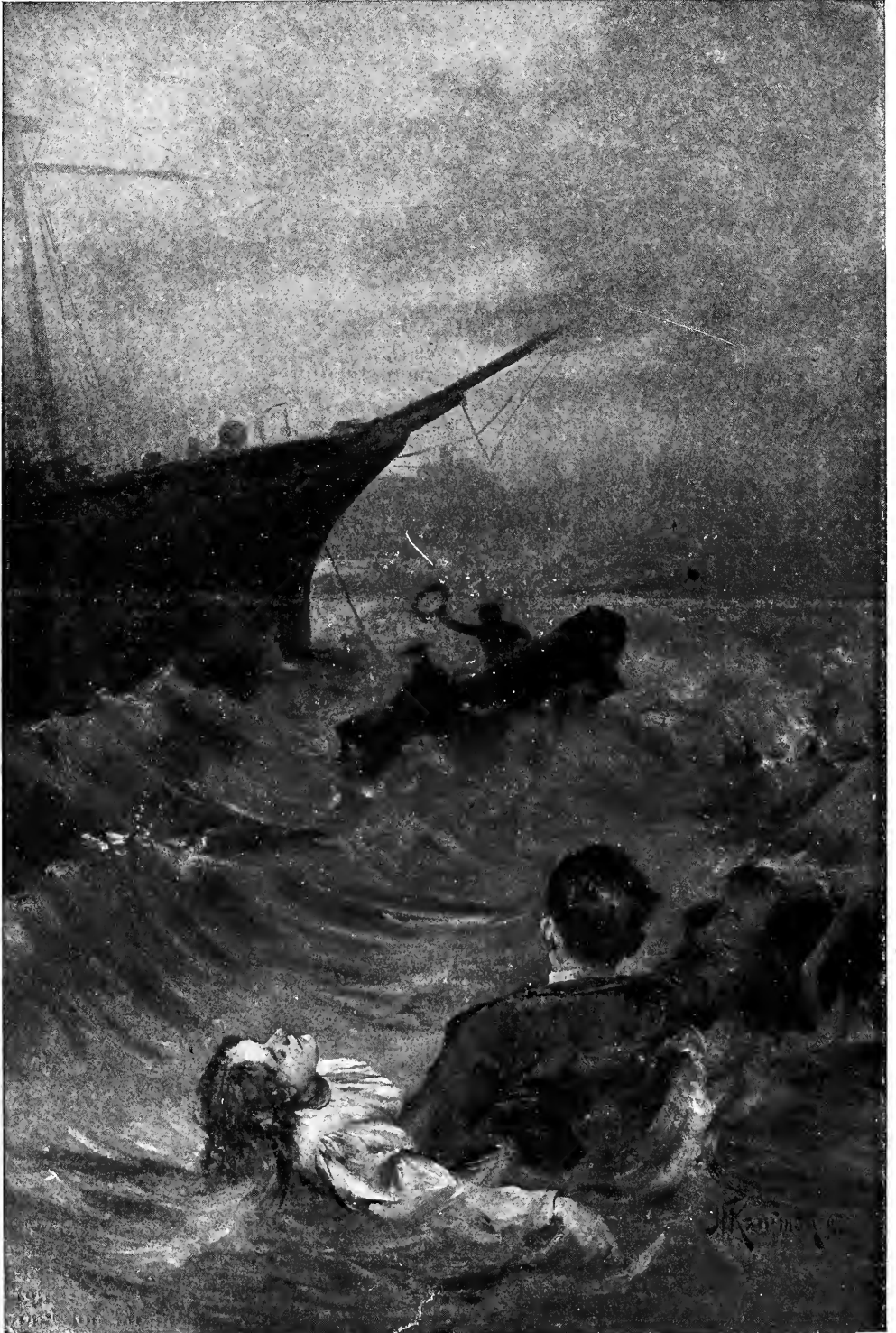
The waltz had begun when Mr. Melvin came toward her.

"This is ours, I believe," he said, formally, and she could not answer a word, but only look into his eyes; they were as cruel as steel.

She thought the dance would never end, and yet when the music stopped it was all too short, for, with it, all was over. The end had come. Lesley

"Well, Steinert! there is that little American!" she heard a coarse voice say, and she knew that Lord Parkhurst was there. She tried not to meet Mr. Melvin's eye. His face softened a little as he saw how pale and stricken she looked.

Count von Steinert started forward to speak to her, but she had passed swiftly to her room. There she knelt by the open window and let the night air cool her cheeks. She did not know what she thought. Perhaps nothing, she was so stunned and her heart ached so. She knew only that she felt



Painted for OUTING by F. Kaufman.

"THE COUNT HELD TO THE OVERTURNED BOAT." (p. 288.)

a deathly loneliness and dread of the morrow, of all the days to come.

She could see a star brightly shining over the eastern tower of the fort. Black clouds were piling and breaking like waves about the silver crescent that sat like a boat in her journey, and the wind brought the faint, far-off echo of the sea.

By and by the dawn came creeping through the blinds, and the east grew crimson; then the sun rose, but the light brought no hope.

She heard movements and walking down stairs; then Rita, her maid, knocked at the door.

"Miss Lesley! Miss Lesley!"

"Yes, Rita—go away—I do not wish breakfast; I will dress alone," she answered, rousing a little.

But Rita soon came back with oranges and coffee, and Lesley slowly went forward to unlock the door.

"Mercy!" cried Rita, as she saw Lesley standing before her in the ball costume she had worn the night before. It was crushed and hung limp about her, the bonnie brown hair was disheveled, the wonderful red was gone from her cheeks and lips, and the glad, bright light from her eyes. Without a word Rita took her and bathed her head, brushed her hair, and dressed her.

It was late then, and she could hear the porters carrying the baggage down stairs. Soon there was a knock at the door, and the carriage was announced. Lesley started. The color came back to her face. She would never go down looking so wan. Her eyes grew bright, and though her heart sank at the thought of meeting people and saying good-bye, yet she held her head erect and proudly went down stairs.

She had hoped that Mr. Melvin would not be there with the others, but he stood in the door. Lord Parkhurst was at his side with a sneer on his face. Lesley looked straight into his eyes, but did not bow. When she came to Mr. Melvin she stood calm and straight, and held out her hand smiling as only a woman can smile when her heart cries, and bade him good-bye as indifferently as if the possibility of never seeing him had not swept over her.

She had hoped he would be considerate enough to avoid her and spare her this, and she felt for a moment as if he

stood there with Lord Parkhurst to make her humiliation more complete. Then she saw the eyes of Mrs. Hammond fastened upon her, but Lesley's face told no story but that of happiness. She saw that Mr. Melvin's eyes looked heavy, and though his mouth was shaded by his long, pointed mustache, she could see that the lines about it were deepened.

There was a large and merry party leaving the hotel that day. The coach was full, and they rode to the station.

Lesley went through the day playing cribbage with her aunt, making a fourth at whist, or jesting carelessly with her fellow travelers.

The train sped on through the barren desolation of the Southern lowlands.

Lesley wondered whether or not Mr. Melvin would go that day to the eastern tower of the old fort, as they together had these last weeks. Then the hateful face of Lord Parkhurst would come before her, and she could hear his coarse laugh. Would he go on with the foolish story of her flirtation with him, or would not Mr. Melvin listen to it? What had seemed only as a bit of American fun after her dreary years in a French convent, loomed up like a black thing full of reproach, which, told and colored by the words of Lord Parkhurst, would not seem so merry a thing, after all.

And Paul Gerry was going to marry Count von Steinert's sister—and Paul Gerry was Mr. Melvin's cousin.

It was bitter! Had she deserved this? The quick tears sprang to her eyes. She longed to bury her face in her hands and cry aloud.

Only once did Aunt Sarah look into Lesley's eyes and say:

"You are tired, child; it is a long journey and you'd better rest."

Rest! as if she wished to be quiet—*rest*, no!

She would do anything to forget! It was bitter to remember!

She had heard of broken hearts, she had read of them—she had been told that she had broken hearts, too—but she had laughed about it afterwards. Someway, broken hearts had not seemed so serious.

Someway, most people's wounds had been healed, but it did not seem now that hope or joy could ever come into her heart again.

She had begun by only wishing to

teach Jack Melvin a lesson for not trusting woman. After all, that did not sound very logical. She was young when she went to St. Augustine—so young only yesterday—and she and love had deceived herself.

There were dances and brass buttons and dress parades at Old Point Comfort, but none of these things amused Lesley. She was glad when the time for leaving had come.

It was a cold, drizzling, rainy day when they reached Boston. The east wind blew harsh from the sea, and bore no tonic from milder shores across the ocean. The rain beat against the glass as they drove through the streets, and the rumble of the heavy carts on the pavements jarred on Lesley's ear. She closed her eyes and wearily leaned back against the cushions, and vaguely wondered if it were warm and if the sun were shining anywhere. The carriage stopped with a sudden jerk, and she saw that they were at the door of her home.

She longed to close the door of her room, there would be such relief in solitude. The next morning she would get up, and no one should ever suspect the desolate heart-ache in her breast, nor, indeed, would she herself ever stop to listen to a heart-beat.

Before Lesley had been at home a week she had arranged to go abroad with Mrs. Tracy Delmaine.

VII.

Mrs. Delmaine had lived so much in diplomatic circles that she had entrance into the best foreign society, as well as that at home.

Lesley was a great success in Europe, and became a belle her first season. Dowagers often looked through their lorgnettes at her, men asked her name. She came near accepting a German banker of great wealth and high position, but she was too young to wreck all hope of happiness. She won the reputation of being utterly worldly and heartless. She grew hard and bitter, and did not try to excuse it to her inmost self. She alone knew the agony hidden deep in her heart.

A year went by, then a visit to India was proposed. There Lesley amused herself with the English Army. She and Mrs. Delmaine went to Constantinople, to Greece, to Russia, and in

another year they found themselves in Italy.

One soft night in late winter Lesley was lingering in St. Mark's square. It was glittering in its night-time beauty, gay life was all about her, and the hum of voices rose above the songs of the gondoliers. Lesley sank down on a seat under the arcades, and gave herself up to ineffable sadness.

Rita, seeing that her mistress was lost in reverie, boldly began to make eyes at handsome Italian Guido, who was lounging opposite them. Suddenly one of the promenaders stopped and looked at Lesley a moment, then hurriedly came to her, saying :

"Miss Lawrence! What happy fortune brought you here?"

It was Mr. Hopkinton. He grew positively radiant. Lesley saw that he was older and manlier in these last years, yet there was the same frank, boyish look in his honest blue eyes, and his close-cropped hair still curled in defiance of scissors.

He was looking at Lesley with a searching glance that seemed to say he missed something and was trying to find it. Her hair had its old trick of curling about her forehead, and the gold still glistened in it; her eyes were the same soft brown, only they had lost some of their light, and he felt an unconscious appeal in them that went straight to his heart.

"You have changed," he said in his blunt man-fashion—he was always a little too genuine to be a thorough man of the world.

The undiscovered change in Lesley seemed to fascinate him, and he silently looked at her to find just what it was. It was not a look of age; there was less color in her cheeks, and they were not so round and brown as they used to be, and her mouth—her mouth—that must be it! Hopkinton had an unpleasant sensation that her mouth looked experienced. The lips were full and curved now, but the curves were not so child-like, and the lines were deeper than they used to be.

Lesley felt his gaze all the time they were going over the usual commonplace remarks two people make who have not seen each other for several years. Then she made the effort to arouse, and smiled brightly at some St. Augustine reminiscence. A little later

the smile was not so bright, and it seemed to Hopkinton that there was a hint of hardness in it.

"It is a beautiful night," he said. "Would you not like to go on the canal?"

Rita was all ears, for Guido opposite was a gondolier.

Lesley stirred and stood up with repressed energy.

"I should love to go on the water to-night; there must be some gondolier near——"

"If mademoiselle will pardon me," eagerly cried Rita, "I see one standing near who has a most reposeful gondola."

Mr. Hopkinton beckoned to Guido, who came over, casting ardent looks from his big brown eyes into Rita's sparkling blue ones.

The four set off and found the gondola at the foot of the steps near by. Lesley rested on the cushions, while Mr. Hopkinton sat near her, leaving Rita and Guido to say soft Italian nothings in the other end of the boat.

They glided towards a lagoon. The outline of St. Mark's stood out clear in the night air; its arch of lights twinkled in the darkness and was reflected in the water.

At first they talked but little and looked at the beauty of Venice. The churches and palaces made shadowy masses; nearer, the masts of ships were outlined against the sky. Faint sounds of music floated over the water; an occasional gondola passed them.

"I am so glad to find you once more," said Mr. Hopkinton, as he drew a little nearer to her.

Lesley looked at him steadily, without the least coquetry in her glance. Her smile was so pathetic that his heart throbbed in compassion. He knew something must be troubling her. A sudden hope sprang into his heart that almost stopped its beating, then sent the swift blood over his face to the very roots of his hair. He clasped his hands together, suddenly stretched them out towards Lesley, then dropped them to his side. A thought came to her. She knew by the tenderness in his manner that he still loved her. She knew that he was honest, and true, and loyal. If she only could! If she only could!

She was looking across the still moonlit path to the little islands, faint and

dark in the distance. A single gondola was drifting toward them, rippling the shining track of water; the gondola came noiselessly on and passed. A gleam of light had shown to her one occupant. It was Jack Melvin!

Lesley started forward, then drew back, shivering. Her momentary dream was interrupted.

Mr. Hopkinton leaned forward to draw her wrap closer about her shoulders.

"Are you cold?" he murmured.

"Yes, it is growing damp."

The desolate feeling came to his heart; his helplessness touched her. They were soon at the foot of the stairs where Lesley was to leave him. She impulsively put out her hand and said good night. She had not guessed how wildly but a few moments before the hope had leaped into his heart that he might win her this time.

"May I come to see you to-morrow?" he asked with an imploring look.

But the next morning Lesley started for Nice, under the impression she was leaving Italy.

VIII.

The summer wore on, and when fall came Lesley found herself in Naples. As she strolled to a quiet corner of the old city, and climbed a grass-grown terrace to look out over the bay, the yellow sunshine, the wonderful blue of the sky, the long, undulating lines of the country, the soft sea air, turned her thoughts to St. Augustine, and she felt an irresistible longing to go back to the old place.

It was more than three years since she left home; it would be four years this coming Christmas that Dr. Kittridge told her to go to the South.

Yes; she had decided to go home, and, if the winter were harsh and cold, perhaps she would go to Florida once more.

One bright February day she was again in St. Augustine.

Could it be but four years ago that she came there with youth and joy and hope in her heart—but four years ago that she went from here with youth and joy and hope wrecked, and only that dull, bitter sorrow in her breast! Worldliness had not healed her heartache. For her there was no compensation for the feeling that the sweetest secret of

happiness had half revealed itself, and then escaped her.

How could she grow more gentle and beautiful? She looked into the glass and remembered the bright face that used to smile back at her that winter, and felt sorry for the poor girl who had been so unhappy.

* * * * *

The old city had blossomed like a Spanish rose. The beautiful group of buildings had risen like palaces in an Arabian night's dream. Everything was so changed that it was not till Lesley went to old Fort Marion that the full tide of memories came rushing over her.

It was late in the afternoon that she came walking listlessly back toward the Alcazar. The air was heavy with the perfume of orange blossoms and the evening sun made long, slanting shadows. There was a golden track of sifting dust that seemed to lead far into the west. She watched the carriages as they passed through this until she saw one a little more shining than the others, drawn by a pair of horses which had been groomed until they glistened like bronze. The low sunlight touched the silver mountings till they gleamed and brightened; the driver and the footman sat like ebony figures, looking straight before them.

Against the rich linings leaned a woman—one of the most beautiful Lesley had ever seen. She was as dark as an Eastern houri, with lips and cheeks as deeply red as pomegranate. A broad hat with nodding flowers shaded her low brow, and there was soft black lace about her shoulders, held in place at the throat by a dagger whose jeweled hilt flashed in Lesley's eyes.

She was talking gayly and smiling radiantly into the face of a man sitting beside her, but she saw him start a little; then a white, set look came about his mouth. She followed the direction of his eyes and looked full into Lesley's face. She swept her from hat to her shoes in that instant's look, and the carriage was past. Lesley had never felt such a swift, yet bold stare. She walked slowly on in a dazed sort of way, wondering what had brought Mr. Melvin again to Mrs. Patterson.

It was late that night when Lesley came in from dinner. The grand room of the Ponce de Léon was dazzling with the blaze of lights and jewels; the exquisite toilets, the rich uniforms, the

flowers and decorations, made the mass of color more bewildering. Under the chandeliers stood a magnificent creature, while in close attendance upon her was Mr. Melvin. She gave Lesley another look as swift and searching as that in the afternoon.

At that moment she heard her name spoken, and she stood face to face with Paul Gerry. By his side was a fair-haired German girl, whom he introduced as Mrs. Gerry.

Paul looked kindly into Lesley's eyes, yet with a searching glance that told her that he missed something, and when he inadvertently exclaimed, "You are changed," the quick tears sprang to her eyes, and she answered quietly, "I know it!"

Paul felt his blunder, and began to say that a party of them had just come from Dakota—he, his wife and her brother, Count von Steinert, and Jack Melvin, his cousin.

Then the Count came up to speak to Lesley, and they stood talking together.

Once she met Mr. Melvin's eyes, but he looked without a sign of recognition. There was the same haughty curve of the lips, the same mocking smile, the same proud poise of the head—but deep in his eyes were smoldering fires that hinted of the tragedy of passion that had seared and sorrowed his life. The color had come back into Lesley's cheeks and lips; her eyes were so bright he could not guess how near the tears were. The cynical look on his face deepened, and he thought:

"Ah! what can she feel! She is cased in steel! Her heart—she has no heart. She is worse than I dreamed!"

The evening wore on. The hope that Mr. Melvin would come to her died in her heart. She saw him leave the woman by his side, after a few brief words. Mrs. Patterson tried to smile, but she only pressed her lips nervously together. There was a great sparkle of diamonds about her, but her face had lost its light and was pale. Her eyes were cruel, and the burnished silver girdle about her waist seemed to coil and writhe in and out the folds of her drapery like a snake.

The music, the hum of voices jarred upon Lesley's ear, and she was glad when she could escape to the courtyard. The fountain plashed, and the gentle evening breeze against her cheek

seemed the same that stirred the palm leaves four years ago, when she sat under the palmetto with Mr. Melvin at her side.

IX.

Wherever Leslie was, these following days, Count von Steinert was not far off. He brought her flowers and books, or if she sat in a breeze drew a wrap closer about her shoulders; if in the sun, he held a parasol or brought a fan. He was by her side when a party set out for a horseback ride; and though he far preferred land excursions to those on sea, yet if Lesley wished to go sailing or rowing, a boat was at her disposal in a wonderfully short space of time.

The days went on, until only one was left before Lieutenant Gerry must go back to the garrison. He had not seen much of his cousin, Jack Melvin, and thought, naturally enough, that when he saw him moodily walking off to smoke his cigar, it was because he wished to escape the toils of the fascinating Mrs. Patterson, who, now that her husband was dead, seemed bent on recapturing her former lover.

Paul once suggested introducing Jack to Miss Lawrence—"an old friend of mine"—and he blushed a little conscientiously.

Mr. Melvin only said:

"I have seen Miss Lawrence before. I have no wish to meet her."

Poor Paul blushed again, thinking Jack was referring to the affair at Madame Jackson's boarding-school.

"She was not to blame for that," he said confusedly; "we were too young to marry."

A look of bewilderment came over Mr. Melvin's face.

"It is all right now," Paul stammered.

But Mr. Melvin turned impatiently away. There was no look of misunderstanding now. It was perfectly clear to him, and he thought he loathed the girl more than ever. Yes; she *was* worse than he dreamed. He walked away, leaving Paul staring after him with a discomforted look in his frank eyes.

Paul remembered that in years gone by he had opened his heart to Jack, and shown the woe there, but he had never blamed Lesley, never. Yet it was evident that Jack had the impression that she was a capricious, heartless girl. He

knew that many thought her that now, but to him there was often a look in her eyes that went straight to his heart, and he longed to ask her the trouble. Then again she would be so free of care and look so radiant, that he almost doubted that she was ever anything but light-hearted.

Most people thought that she would marry Von Steinert, but it was hard to know what Lesley would do.

Paul walked slowly back to the court, where Mrs. Gerry, the Count and Lesley were waiting for him. They were to go sailing that afternoon. There was a fresh breeze, and the harbor was flecked with white caps.

"Just the day for a sail," exclaimed Lesley, who loved to feel the wind against her face. "Let us go to the North River; we can easily get back for dinner." And she sat down, dipping her fingers in the water.

The boat sped over the little waves, and Lesley laughed as sometimes the spray struck her face. She looked toward the fort, and saw a man leaning on the parapet by the eastern tower. She turned quickly and began talking to the Count.

The afternoon wore on. The North River was gained. The Count had hardly left Lesley's side. When it was time to go back he tenderly handed her into the boat, and sat down beside her.

The wind was rising, and the skipper looked anxiously back at the black clouds gathering in the north. The water was tossed to foam.

Mrs. Gerry saw the look with concern, and whispered to Paul, but he reassured her. The spray flew in large quantities into the boat. Lesley shivered with the wet and cold. The Count wrapped his light ulster about her, murmuring:

"*Mein liebbling!*"

But Lesley looked away from him.

"Do not turn from me this time," he entreated.

"Hush! Hush!" she whispered imploringly.

"This evening I will tell you again how much you are to me, and you will make me happy. I have waited so long."

Lesley shook her head, but did not answer. She could not listen to his love words.

"I can never love you," she said

hurriedly. "I beg you to say no more!" It grieved her to pain him.

Something in Lesley's voice made him ask:

"Ach, poor child—do you love, too?"

She did not answer. Was her secret that she guarded all these years to be revealed? She was so tired she longed to lay her head on the boat-side and weep like a broken-hearted child.

"Is your heart given to some one else, that I may have no hope?" he asked sorrowfully.

"I have no heart!" she cried bitterly.

"I will no longer speak of my great love for you," he said bravely. A wave struck the boat, and Lesley clung to his arm. "But, my child, *mein lieblich*, tell me, that I may cause you to grieve less, and bring you joy."

Lesley looked at him piteously. He was so true, so honest, so loyal, so noble. She looked at him with wide-staring eyes and quivering lips. If she could only ask him about that night four years ago—about Lord Parkhurst. If she could only ask him to simply tell Mr. Melvin not to so cruelly misjudge her.

"I have been so foolish," she wailed. "But it was only to forget—my heart ached so."

There were tears in the Count's eyes. Who could ever know when a woman's heart was hurt!

He put his hand on her arm and began stroking her, as he would soothe some sorrow-stricken child. He was silent in surprise. This beautiful, brilliant girl bearing a grief. Surely she could not love anyone who did not love in return.

How fast night was coming on! How soon it had grown dark! It was because the clouds were piling so heavily in the west, Lesley thought. Yet they were almost home. If they sailed as swiftly as this they would be at the wharf in half an hour, and now it was only a little past six.

Already she could see a black mass which she distinguished as the fort. How the wind struck the sail—how the mast creaked! Lesley looked anxiously at the skipper. He sprang to his feet.

"Sit still!" he commanded, instead of which Paul also sprang to his feet. In danger he had been used to action.

"Sit down!" shouted the skipper.

"A squall will strike us in a moment, and I must reef the sail. I thought we should be in before this!" he muttered.

The little boat fairly flew over the water. Now they were so near the wharf they could plainly see the boats about it.

A gust of wind strained the sail to its utmost. The skipper quickly drew a knife from his pocket and cut the rope just as the fury of the gale reached them.

A sigh of relief escaped the little party. There was no danger now, for they could steer safely in; fortunately the wind was not driving seaward, but straight to the shore. The boat rocked and plunged while the waves broke heavily over its sides. They were almost in. Another five minutes and they would be at the wharf.

The wind shifted and drove them straight towards a big black yacht anchored in the bay.

"Hold this rope," cried the skipper to the Count, who sat nearest the rudder, while he seized the oars.

Lesley grew white, but shut her lips firmly together as she watched the boat as it was tossed nearer and nearer the hull of the yacht. Then it struck with a crash and she felt the water closing over her. The Count seized her by her waist and held to the overturned boat, but it was wrenched away from him, and he felt they were drifting from the yacht. The boat was nearer Paul, who managed to grasp it and drag Mrs. Gerry to it and hold her until help came.

The Count loosened his hold of Lesley for a moment that he might better take her and struggle towards the boat, but she had fainted and disappeared under the waves.

The seamen from the yacht were coming to their rescue, and when Lesley rose they rowed rapidly towards her and took her into the boat. Paul and his wife and the skipper were picked up cold and wet and frightened, but thankful to be saved.

Lesley was still unconscious. They carried her up the steps to the wharf and tried long to bring her back to consciousness, but she lay white and still. Then a physician came.

"She is not drowned," he said, but something in his tone startled those anxiously bending over her. He applied restoratives. At last he looked up, say-

ing, "I do not understand such a lack of vitality—the heart is weak."

A few people at the hotel who knew that a party had gone out sailing, watched the clouds and walked uneasily up and down the loggia, waiting for the return of the absent ones. Mr. Melvin was coming from the smoking-room to the back entrance when he met two men carrying a wet, limp figure up the stairs. The face was turned from him, but he caught a glimpse of brown curls and saw a fair white hand hanging from the shawl, which was draped like a winding sheet. He leaned heavily against the wall, then rushed blindly to his room. He sat there stunned and dumb with his face in his hands. It might have been one hour, it might have been three hours, when a knock at his door aroused him and Paul Gerry, white and worn, came in.

"We had an accident," he began, but he stopped aghast at Melvin's haggard eyes.

"I suppose she was drowned," Mr. Melvin said, mechanically.

"We don't know what to do," said Paul. "She just lies there, but the doctor says there is a slight pulse."

Mr. Melvin pushed him aside and strode out past him, and with swift steps found the room to which Lesley had been borne. Without a word he waved Mrs. Gerry and another weeping woman away, but the Count stayed behind. He looked at his friend's white face, and a quick pain cut him like a knife. In a moment everything was clear to him. Memories, like a sudden revelation, came rushing into his brain.

"Do you wish to see her? She loved you," he said, un pityingly, "but for some reason your cruelty——"

"For God's sake, spare me," Mr. Melvin whispered imploringly, and the Count's heart softened a little and he went out.

Mr. Melvin was alone with his beloved. He took her hand, murmuring over and over again :

"Lesley, dearest Lesley—bonnie, bonnie Lesley."

He fancied that the eyelids quivered.

The fair hair clustered in moist rings around her brow, as pure as a child's. The ivory lids seemed weighted down by the long, curling lashes, and the light of her eyes seemed forever veiled from him. The red was gone from her cheeks and lips, and there was a calm about the exquisite mouth that made him long to cry out with overwhelming grief.

"Lesley, Lesley!" he implored.

The eyelids quivered a little, or did he fancy it?

"Lesley!" he spoke.

She looked into his eyes.

"Lesley! Lesley, you, you are going to live—for me."

She smiled gently.

"I think I really did die," she whispered, "for this is heaven."

When Mr. Melvin came outside the heavy wind had died away, and a low, sweet breeze gently stirred the leaves. Through a rift in the fleecy clouds a solitary, beautiful star shone over the eastern tower.

[THE END.]



THE YARN OF THE "YAMPA."

PART V. MOSCOW AND RETURN.

BY E. L. H. M'GINNIS.



ing two hundred tons ; it is over twenty-six feet high, and is sixty-eight feet in circumference. During a fire in 1737, a falling timber broke a large piece from its side. The gap gives one a better idea of its thickness.

At the Treasury we saw a most superb collection of ancient armor, firearms, jewelry, and silver. Here, too, we saw the court robes, dresses, uniforms, etc., used at the last coronation, under the canopy, each standard of which had been carried by a Russian General, as the Tzar walked beneath ; and all so marvelously beautiful that it seems beyond the power of man to convey even a little idea of them. In this building are also the crowns and sceptres of former Tzars, as well as those of the conquered Polish, Astrakhan, Georgian, Kazan, and Siberian monarchs, each a study in itself.

From the Treasury we went to the Cathedral of the Assumption (Upén-sky), beneath the golden domes of

BECHMANN was clad in a very long black frock coat, gray checked trousers (turned up very high), white socks, tan ties of an ancient vintage, and a hat of straw that, judging from its looks, must have had a record. As he was under five feet tall, you can imagine his appearance in this remarkable rig.

He sent our passports off to the police for stamping, etc., and, after starting a mild riot with the drivers, he made his selection and away we flew to the Kremlin by way of the Spass (Saviour's) Gate. Over this is an ikon of special veneration, which is said to have been exhibited at the defeat of the Tartar tribes early in the sixteenth century, and the Tzars of olden times passed under it when going to war. One's hat must *always* be removed when going through the gate.

It is one of five in the walls surrounding the collection of buildings known as the Kremlin. While driving to see the palace, we passed the enormous Bell of Moscow, the largest in the world, weigh-



THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, MOSCOW.



MOSCOW FROM THE RIVER.

which superb structure the Tzars have been crowned since 1326 A. D. The ikons, including that of the Holy Virgin and that of Vladimir, which is said to have been painted by St. Luke, were the finest I had yet seen. The jewels alone in the latter are valued at \$225,000. We were shown, too, a nail of the true cross contained in a large one of gold, the heads of St. Gregory and St. John Chrysostom, and a piece of the Saviour's robe.

From thence we went to the Church of the Annunciation, where the Tzars are baptized and married. The floors are of the finest jasper and agate. Thence to the Church of Michael the Archangel, where many of the ancient Tzars are buried, including Ivan the Terrible, whose remains lie back of the altar, and whose tomb is draped in black, denoting that he died a monk.

So much of barbaric splendor and gorgeousness had we seen by this time that we went back to the hotel, completely used up by the heat. I was awakened early next morning by the prolonged crash! bang! of the bells in a church, the green, blue, purple and golden domes of which were just outside

my window. Any further sleep was out of the question.

After breakfast, little Bechmann and his temper were found in the lobby, and we were driven through the "Chinese quarter" (it has just occurred to me that we are not so *very* far from China), though it is inhabited by other foreigners as well as the Chinese. On we went to the Kremlin again, to see the cannon and balls decorating (and profusely, too) the outside of the Arsenal. Most of them were left by Napoleon and the French, though there are a number captured from other nations.

We hurried then to the Cathedral of St. Basil (Vassili Blajenny), that most picturesque of all buildings, the eleven different domes of which, each varying in size and design from the others and all painted in the most gorgeous colors, form an effect in the sunlight never to be forgotten. My earliest recollections of Muscovite pictures included one in my "Peter Parley's History," a woodcut of this remarkable building, and I recognized it at once. But no one can give an adequate description of its brilliant coloring, barbaric as it is, in most vivid of reds, greens, blues, etc. It was

built by command of Ivan the Terrible, in 1555, in commemoration of the defeat of the Tartars, and contains nine chapels. When finished, it was inspected by Ivan, who sent for the architect to congratulate him, after which he commanded him to be seized and his eyes burned out, that he might never build a finer one!

Around it is an inclosed space called "*Lobnoy miesta*," formerly used as a place where criminals were tortured to death, while Ivan looked on.

We were then driven to the Cathedral of St. Saviour, the most expensive building in Moscow, and to my mind by far the most beautiful. It is said to have cost a million and a half pounds sterling,

a little restaurant, and, going out upon the back piazza, Moscow the Golden, Moscow the Superb, Moscow "the Cradle of the Tzars," lay there below us, shimmering in the sun.

Finding a table well removed from the scorching rays, we sat there with iced drinks, gazing upon a scene I shall never forget as long as memory lasts, while Bechmann regaled himself in another corner with his beloved Russian tea, served by waiters clad in pure white, with long Magenta sashes around their waists. And should you, my friend, some lucky day find yourself in this ancient city, whose history would fill volumes were it ever truthfully written, and with a couple of hours to spare, he



THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

and was built to commemorate the French defeat in 1812, by Russian workmen and entirely of Russian materials; even the frescoes and mural paintings are done by Russian artists, and are exquisitely beautiful. We lingered within its cool walls, absorbing the beauties of its many superb features, until urged by George to drive on to Sparrow Hills for a view of the city from the site of Napoleon's first glimpse, where he was so impressed by the myriads of huge golden domes that he turned to his army, and, pointing to the city, shouted: "All *that* is yours!"

The heat was exhausting and the ride out was not particularly interesting, but we finally drew up in front of

you to that little restaurant, and, going out on that back piazza, feast, aye, *banquet* your eyes upon dear old historic Moscow, as we did that day. Only (confidentially) select a cooler day than *we* did.

On our way back to town, and just outside the walls of the Kremlin, on the bridge which spans the sullen Moskva, we noticed a splendid equipage drawn by three superb Orloff stallions; and little Bechmann nearly fell off his perch with the driver in his efforts to tell us that Stephanie, the Austrian Archduchess and widow of the ill-fated Crown Prince Rudolph, was just stepping out.

We were driven to a large establish-

ment in the Petrovsky Park for dinner. The grounds of this place are quite extensive, and on them are built several cottages which are used by entertainers, so each party is quite independent of others. Here, also, are large dancing pavilions, where the music is furnished by a band of gypsies, with a choir who sing words to the waltzes, mazurkas, etc.

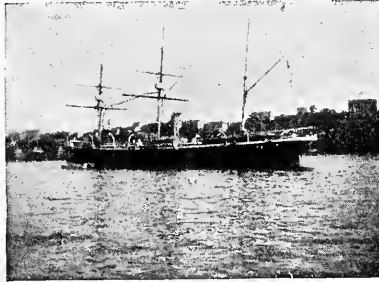
Among other delicacies for dinner, we were served with very young turkeys not larger than partridges, one to each portion, which were very tender and delicious. They understand the full value of food at that place, as we learned when the bill was brought, and I advise you to take your letter of credit with you, my friend, should you ever dine at the "Mavritania." On the way home we stopped at a Russian café-chantant, where we saw and heard some good Russian dancing and singing, and drove back to the hotel by moonlight.

Our last day was another fearfully hot one, the thermometer

possible to enjoy. Nothing could exceed the kindness and courtesy with which we were treated by every one, and the work of the officials was done generally with a smile and a kindly word. Our feeling was that we were watched every moment; if we *were*, our behavior must have pleased them. We certainly enjoyed our visit among the Russians, and left their country with deepest regret and pleasantest memories.

A light breeze was gently wafting down the Gulf of Finland, and along toward night the fog shut down thick and heavy around us. That fog continued for three days, and a calm on the fourth held us till evening, when we picked up the light of Kiel. Delays seemed to be the order of the day, and through the canal we had to be satisfied with a slow local tug in front, and to drag astern a small yacht of the Kiel Yacht Club.

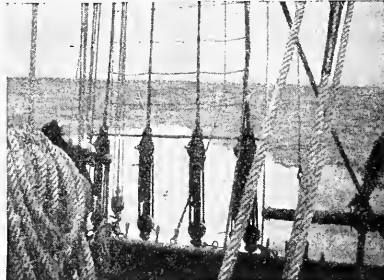
Another tug to Cuxhaven brought us to the mouth of the



GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR'S YACHT
AT STOCKHOLM.



THE LAST OF KRONSTADT.



SMOOTH WATER AND FAIR WINDS.

standing at 103° at half after eight in the morning, in the shade; and at eight o'clock in the evening we took the train back to St. Petersburg, the faithful Bechmann having a lively row with the guard *pour passer le temps*.

We arrived at St. Petersburg at ten o'clock in the morning, and Schmitz was awaiting us. We went back on board, and as we passed out to sea by the office on the quay, all the officers stopped work long enough to wave to us and wish us God-speed on our long sail.

They say that Russia is a country im-

Elbe, but there again we found a very strong head wind and the tide against us. We therefore engaged a powerful sea tug, which towed us out almost to Heligoland. When we cast off, the *Yampa*, running free on her course, with all lower sails and topsails, simply flew, making at times as much as fifteen knots by the hour. By ten o'clock at night the Terschelling lightship was abeam, and we shaped our course for the South Foreland.

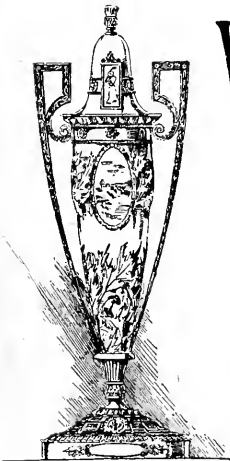
(To be concluded in our next issue.)



MISS UNDERHILL AND MISS BOARDMAN ON THE 18TH GREEN.

GOLF AND THE AMERICAN GIRL.

BY H. L. FITZ PATRICK.



THE COX CUP.
Women's Championship
Trophy.

WITH a swiftness that is truly characteristic of her race, the American golf girl has arrived! Not merely in the thousands who play a fair game on the hundred and one links that dot our broad domain from sea to sea, but in a small army who can, at a moment's notice, equal in the highest skill the product of the lands where golf is a plant of centuries of growth, and a select band who could be pitted against the pick of the golfing women of the rest of the world, and win!

Yet it is but nine years this month since one of your valued contributors ventured to lay before your readers a plea of "Golf for Women" and to fortify his plea with hope—for there was not then a link in the United States.

The next summer heard for the first time the swish of the club and the whir of the golf ball over the hills of Shinne-

cock, and the club was formed which has produced, besides many another, the peerless champion, Beatrix Hoyt.

It is a great achievement in these scant years of preliminary play, but the end is not yet; for, as clever in skill and sound in golfing tactics as the Ardsley players proved themselves, there was in the watchful "gallery" each day some little maids hardly out of the nursery, with hair in braids and simple frocks, who already are noted as players in junior matches on their home links and who may be relied on to show strong and capable golf whenever they enter for national honors. The appearance of these embryo golf girls from Wee Burn or Westbrook, Tuxedo or Morristown, under convoy of parents or big brothers, was a most interesting aspect of the competition and a most cheering one to those who would see golf "do well and prosper" under our flag.

The taking up of golf has a deep significance. There is nothing of the craze about it, as time will prove, for, while now, with the exception of Van Cortlandt Park, New York, Franklin Park, Boston, and similar public links at Cincinnati, Philadelphia and Providence, it is a sport restricted to the richer classes

in this country, the next progress of the game will be the general establishment of village links, virtually free, throughout the length and breadth of the land; and, once the pastime broadens from a class pursuit, on these lines, it will never die out. "We Scots do not call golf a sport," said Willie Parks, Jr., to me once; "we regard it as an institution like the auld kirk."

One thing is certain, frills and finery will never smother golf, for in this sport women insist on thick boots, stout and untearable frocks, and the comfortable shirt-waists, jerseys and hats. In the name of golf, too, often they brave the weather bare-headed and bare-armed, careless of tan, freckles or sun-striped hair; but this does not mar the effectiveness of a state toilet, as all men who attended the golf balls at Ardsley or Morris County will swear with hand on heart. Beauty lies in the beholder, and it may be that the young women of our day are playing to the masculine "gallery," formed of the athletic youth of their "set." Golf will not tolerate the fripperies. No sight more odd may be conceived than the women at a certain seaside links last summer who wrapped bandages of veiling about their chin,

nose and cheeks for the complexion's sake, while leaving the eyes and the rest of the face to be protected only by the hat. One thought of the veiled women of the harem in the Cairo market place, or, if of frivolous mind, of the half-masks of a fancy-dress ball.

It must not be supposed, however, that the golf woman makes no distinction in what she wears. She has an array of colors on which to base her costumes—the reds and greens and blues of golfing clubs—which, with the whites of summer and the tweeds of colder seasons, give an ample opportunity for changes and rearrangements of the feminine golfing garb. An appearance of the careless and unstudied is the way it seems to a man amazed to see for once comfort and fashion united in the attire of the sex.

Our men had been yearning for championship honors at golf for nearly two years before the golfers feminine aspired to such laurels. The first links to be graced by the women on such a mission were Meadowbrook, where, on a misty, drizzling morning in the late fall of 1895, a baker's dozen met to compete for the title and a cup presented by R. D. Winthrop and W. H. Sands.



Photo by T. C. Turner.

MISS HOYT DRIVING FROM THE 2D TEE.

The favorites, who had all been winning cups on their home links, were Miss Nina Sargent, of the Essex County Club, Manchester-by-the-Sea; Miss Anna Sands, Newport; Miss Anna Howland Ford, Morris County; Mrs. W. Fellowes Morgan, Baltimore, and

faced the tee the previous year, when the meeting was held at the Essex County Club, Manchester-by-the-Sea, and thirty-six less than the sixty-one who started at Ardsley last October.

So much for statistics, except that it is interesting to note the four best medal-



MISS HOYT PLAYS ROUND THE ALPS.

Mrs. Arthur W. Turnure, Shinnecock Hills. The course is one of the longest of nine holes in the country, and was quite unsuited to test the skill, at least in an eighteen-hole medal play round, of the competitors, who had learned on much easier links. The winner proved to be Mrs. Charles S. Brown, Shinnecock Hills, while Miss Sargent, who had luck on one or two holes, was second.

By the time the next meeting came due, the United States Golf Association had formally assumed charge of the fixture, an action undoubtedly stimulated by the gift from Robert Cox, a Member of Parliament from Edinburgh, of a very valuable trophy to be the perpetual emblem of the championship. It was one of the generous acts in the cause of golf that Scots have a way of perpetrating the world over. The only condition of the donor was that the first contest, at least, should be played at the Morris County links, where he had played during the summer of 1895.

This second meeting was national from every point of view, and since then the championship has maintained the high standard then established. There were twenty-five starters, seven less than

play scores in each of the contests to date :

Meadowbrook, 1895—Mrs. Charles S. Brown, Shinnecock Hills, 132; Miss Nina C. Sargent, Essex County, 134; Mrs. W. B. Thomas, Essex County, 141; Mrs. William Shippen, Morris County, 145.

Morris County, 1896—Miss Beatrix Hoyt, Shinnecock Hills, 95; Miss F. C. Griscom, Philadelphia, 102; Mrs. William Shippen, Morris County, 102; Miss Anna Sands, Newport, 103.

Essex County, 1897 (stormy day)—Miss Beatrix Hoyt, Shinnecock Hills, 108; Miss Nina C. Sargent, Essex County, 114; Mrs. R. C. Hooper, Essex County, 121; Miss Margaret Curtis, Essex County, 122.

Ardsley Club, 1898—Miss Beatrix Hoyt, Shinnecock Hills, 92; Miss Edith B. Burt, Philadelphia, 100; Miss Madeline Boardman, Essex, 102; Miss Grace B. Keyes, Concord, 102.

At Meadowbrook, in 1895, the medal play settled the issue, but in the next two contests the first eight, and in this year the first sixteen, had to fight it out at match play. With these details in mind some comparisons and deductions may be made on the play of the past and present.

Miss Hoyt who has held the center of the stage for three seasons must be mentioned first of all. The high position she has gained is the reward

of intelligent practice backed by an aptitude for golf and a genuine fondness for the links. Her friends whom she has beaten have practiced as much, and, no doubt, love the game as well, but it has been Miss Hoyt's good fortune, as well as good play, to reach the winning line first, and to retain the lead for three meetings, as Lady Margaret Scott did at the start of the Ladies' Golf Union of Great Britain.

Miss Hoyt owes her series of triumphs primarily to her natural aptitude for golf and in the second place to the spur of success which changed a natural gift to a finished game. Her first golfing was under the coaching of Willie Dunn, the Shinnecock Hills professional, in 1895;

County Club those who saw her play noticed that her aim was to obtain a full, clean swing with driver and brassy and to follow through with the ball until, at the end of the stroke, she would often move on a step with the force of her finish. It was an exaggeration in style, but it gave to her both distance and greater accuracy in the tee shots and with the brassy.

After her second victory, Miss Hoyt labored to tone down what had been shown to be extravagant in her swing and follow-through, and, when she stepped on the tee at Ardsley this year, her style would have been pronounced most finished and effective by the most captious critic of old St. Andrew's.



MISS KEYES DRIVING ACROSS THE POND.

and, prior to the woman's championship in 1896, the next professional there, R. B. Wilson, one of the best players with the iron clubs ever seen in this country, had a hand in framing Miss Hoyt's style. Her 95 was good golf, for the times, and it can be ascribed only to good coaching and the zest with which she played. Her best playing then was with the iron clubs. In driving, nearly all of those who qualified could surpass her, but in the short game Miss Hoyt was quite unsurpassed.

This championship marked the turning point in Miss Hoyt's style. Throughout that autumn and in the following season until the '97 meeting at the Essex

Miss Hoyt in driving has a low, round swing, and the most beautiful follow-through to be imagined. In four days of eighteen-hole matches she made but one bad drive, a topped ball from the ninth tee in the finals with Miss Wetmore, which, as luck would have it, carried the brook on the bound and reached a safe lie, from which she carried to the green with a cleek. In short mashie approach shots, or in playing out of a difficult lie, Miss Hoyt is absolutely deadly; and, as this effectiveness is shown not only in the use of the other clubs, but also in judgment of the time and place to use each club, one can see that it is hard to beat her.

Miss Hoyt's nerve is simply superb. At the tenth hole in the finals she and Miss Wetmore were square. No Park nor Vardon could have shown more serenity in the trying situation, yet, for the next four holes, Miss Hoyt ceased to chat with her brother, who was her caddie, and to exchange smiles with the girls she knew in the "gallery;" she trudged along as if the game alone was the thing. She won out in 4, 3, 5, 4—all good holes—and won the title by 5 up and 3 to play, neither player holing out on the fifteenth green.

A knowledge of the technique of the game, of the uses for all the clubs as well as how to use them, would seem to be the only advice worth imparting to the girls and wives whom Miss Hoyt defeated at Ardsley. Both in the first sixteen and in the unqualified fifty were girls and matrons who played certain holes as well as Miss Hoyt could have done, and who had certain shots down very fine, but there was not one who possessed her all-around style.

Practice and a competent coach are all that is needed in most cases to conquer the existing faults.

The American girl is seductive, but King Golf can neither be coaxed nor scolded, for he is a master to be served submissively before the jewel chests will be opened. A daily lesson on the

links would soon bring the monarch to terms.

Unexampled was the widespread interest in the championship. There were competitors on the links who had journeyed one thousand five hundred miles or more to play, some of the travelers still schoolgirls under charge of their parents. Chicago, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Cincinnati, St. Paul and Scranton each sent starters, not to speak of the numerous clubs represented from the Boston, Newport, Philadelphia and New York groups.

In its lighter side the whole meeting was one grand success. The "gallery," walking at times in a solid line along the rope that extended clear across the fair green, in which the red of golfing coats added color to the panorama of gown and bonnets, made a brilliant picture; and, in the lulls of the game, there were whispers, tenderly or jestingly, that contained no golfing lore. In the grandeur of Nature's part, the glory of the turning leaves, the drifting clouds, the gloomy ravines that divide the sun-kissed putting greens on the Hudson's bank, true fairy rings, the magnificent sweep of wooded hills backed by the gray Palisades and distant mountains, viewed from the highland greens and tees, those were joyous days indeed. May our ladies who golf have always such blissful weather!



THE HALF-WAY HOUSE AND QUARRY.

OUTING'S MONTHLY REVIEW

OF AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

ROD AND GUN.

AN INTERESTING HYBRID.



THE accompanying picture of a bird which apparently is a hybrid between the Mongolian pheasant and the "blue grouse" of Oregon, which rightly is the dusky grouse (*Dendragapus obscurus*), will be of interest to my sportsmen readers.

The photo from which the cut was made was sent me by Thomas B. Foster, Esq., of the

First National Bank, Portland, Ore. Mr. Foster shot the bird near Turner, Ore., September 9, 1898. While, of course, a photograph is bound to be more or less unreliable, I fancy I can detect in this one sufficient proof to demonstrate that the "freak" actually is the product of a cross between the pheasant and the grouse.

Mr. Foster says: "The head is distinctly that of the blue grouse, excepting the eyes, which have red around them, as in the Mongolian pheasant. The back is marked as in the blue grouse, while the breast is faintly tinged with the brilliant coloring of the Mongolian. The tail is too long for a grouse, yet favors that bird more than the other. The legs are long, as in a Mongolian, but without spurs, and show indications of feathering. The bird when killed was in company with a fully developed Mongolian cock, and both were young birds."

The hybrid in question appears to have caused considerable discussion among sportsmen of the Pacific coast, some of whom maintain that the grouse-pheasant cross is an impossibility. With this view I cannot agree. The pheasant and the grouse, both being gallinaceous birds, are, to avoid scientific talk, related—cousins, as it were. Hence, there is no impossibility about their crossing, although the hybrid product of the two probably would lack the power to reproduce.

I have seen—in fact, if my memory is reliable, there now are in the Museum of Natural His-



THE HYBRID.

tory, this city—stuffed skins of hybrids between the pinnated grouse (*Tympanuchus americanus*) and the prairie sharp-tailed grouse (*Pediocetes phasianellus campestris*). This might be termed one step short of the pheasant cross, yet it illustrates the possibilities. I have also seen hybrids between the golden and silver pheasants and the black-red game fowl. The yearling birds of this cross were larger than either of their parents, and entirely unlike them in coloration. With these facts in view, I can see no logical reason for objecting to the hybrid under discussion, which in all probability is what my contributor claims it to be—a hybrid between the Mongolian pheasant and the "blue," or dusky, grouse.

THE WILD TURKEY (*Meleagris sylvestris*).

This grand bird is the king of American feathered game, and, with the possible exception of the wild peacock, is the handsomest and best of the feathered game of the world. Much larger than all the pheasants, and to my mind fully as handsome in his plumage of metallic luster, this bird possesses game qualities which endear him to every keen devotee of the gun. To my mind the successful stalking of an old gobbler is one of the most thorough tests of

woodcraft—by which I mean that the man who can successfully still-hunt the turkey in, say, one hundred acres of primeval forest, actually accomplishes more than the man who will, within the same bounds, trail and kill a white-tailed buck.

Keen of ear, sharp of sight, ever wary, standing tall enough to command a good view of the back trail, and ever suspicious of what may occur upon that trail, the wild turkey is about as difficult a quarry as an experienced sportsman may tackle. Those who have followed the trail of an old gobbler through the snow will appreciate the truth of my statement.

The range of this variety of turkey formerly extended from Western Ontario southward to the Gulf States, except Florida, and westward to Wisconsin, and thence southward to Texas, wherever proper cover was abundant. Perhaps a few specimens may still be found in the old haunts of Pennsylvania, Michigan and Ontario, but it is unlikely that enough birds remain to render their pursuit profitable.



THE WILD TURKEY.

In the old days we used to wait for the first "tracking-snow" and then trail the turkeys, as one trails deer, and shoot them with the rifle. This was capital sport, and the man who secured his gobbler was entitled to as much glory as the man who killed his deer. The marshes adjacent to the small towns of Bothwell, Thamesville and Essex Center, in Ontario, used to contain their quota of the big birds, and many a time and oft have I followed turkey tracks through those covers, sometimes with success, but many times to a laborious failure. Now all the old fun has passed away, and few, if any, turkeys inhabit the once well-stocked covers.

The best of legislation will not protect this bird, as it is an inhabitant of extensive woodlands, and to it the sound of the lumberman's axe means extermination. Fine specimens, too, have always commanded a high price in the markets, which made the turkey a favorite

quarry of the pot-hunter. In the past, when turkeys traveled in large flocks, they were very easily trapped in log pens, to which they were lured by trails of grain, and the ease with which they could be secured has had much to do with their present scarcity.

Among sportsmen the popular methods of pursuit of the turkey were three: tracking upon early snow, as in still-hunting deer; "calling," or "yelping," from ambush after the flock had been scattered (in this a wingbone of a turkey or a pipe-stem served as caller), and shooting at night or early dawn upon the roost. Needless to say the tracking was the highest esteemed method, as it was the most difficult and the fairest. In the Southwest I believe some keen sportsmen "course" turkeys, using good greyhounds and swift ponies for the work. This, of course, demands an open country with but little cover. The dogs flush and follow the turkeys, chasing them by sight. The heavy birds become exhausted after a few short flights and are then pinned by the dogs, the horsemen, meanwhile, keeping up as best they can. It has never been my privilege to enjoy this form of the sport, but I should judge that it was manly fun and rare fun, too—as exciting as the dashing, old-time hawking.

Scientists have recognized four varieties of the wild turkey in America, among which are the bird discussed, the Florida wild turkey (*Meleagris sylvestris osceola*), Elliot's Rio Grande turkey (*M. S. ellioti*), and the Mexican turkey (*Meleagris gallopavo*). The last-mentioned is the ancestor of the domestic turkey, and it is found in the highlands of Mexico, southwestern Texas, New Mexico and Arizona.

The male wild turkey is polygamous, and during the breeding season he struts and gobbles as does the domestic bird. The hen conceals her nest in some suitable cover upon the ground and lays from seven to a dozen eggs. Sometimes, like the quail, two hens will lay in the same nest.

The accompanying drawing I made from a fine specimen which I was fortunate enough to kill near Thamesville, Ontario, some years ago.

QUAIL SHOOTING IN ONTARIO.

My regular annual holiday, unfortunately, is over. Once again I have tried the old Ontario quail grounds, and only to find them better than for years past. Last season golden plover were unusually plentiful; this season there were comparatively few of those fine birds, but the quail were there in force. The wise protective policy, the no-sale law and the shortened season have done much for Ontario covers, and any ordinary walker with a brace of good dogs could flush from five to a dozen bevies of quail in a day. I got my share of birds—how many does not matter—but the old gun seemed to come up of herself, and she had a persuasive kind of talk which made some birds stop to listen.

I had not intended going to Ontario this season, but reasons good compelled me to recover old ground. Frank Risteen, of New Brunswick, had a big bull moose branded with my initials, and that son-of-a-gun went and killed that moose about twenty-four hours from town. Genial "Tom" Johnson, of Winnipeg, had

some elk corraled, and grouse and waterfowl galore, and he had the black dogs, too! Yet the trip was too far. So I went to the old grounds. I had fun, too, mind you, about which I shall tell anon. One evening, when the shadows had piled thickly in the woodland, something got up with a thin, trembling whistle. One could not see very well, but I hit that thing with the right and centered it with the left, and then yelled for dogs. We searched for ten minutes, and had about given up when I found it—a huge old cock—eight ounces, sure—and he rode home on top of a coatful of quail. They are very scarce now, and that one was worth a dozen quail. May every one of my readers have enjoyed as royal sport!

THE SPORTSMEN'S SHOW.

The fifth annual Sportsmen's Show will be held at Madison Square Garden, March 2d to 11th, 1899. It is the intention of the manage-

ment to give a genuine sportmen's show—something illustrative of life in the woods and worthy of being classified with the last year's show, which was so admirably put on at Boston.

Among the most interesting features are the following: an artificial lake, 75 feet long, 40 feet wide and 8 feet deep, where the swimming contests and other aquatic events will be decided. Log cabins and tents will be presided over by trained guides who know the wild free atmosphere of the woods. Sportsmen's and Indian camps will be in evidence, and visiting sportsmen will be cordially welcomed. Revolver and rifle ranges will be under competent management and aspirants in these lines will be given a fair chance to prove their merits. The arrangements promise a show well worth the seeing, both by those who know out-door sports, and by those who have yet to learn the reasons why city men annually take to the grand old woods.

ED. W. SANDYS.

KENNEL.

DOGS OF TO-DAY—THE PUG.

THIS famous toy-dog, he of the "nigger" head and the tail curled so tightly that I cannot help thinking it must almost lift the hind feet from the ground, belongs to a very old breed. The British breed is said to have existed from the earliest times. The Dutch, too, have an old strain, but as comparatively little trouble has been taken to preserve its purity, it cannot compare with its British cousin.

The pug is preëminently a house dog, and his cute appearance, affectionate disposition, sweet skin, and short, soft coat, make him the natural favorite of the ladies. There are some brains within that round head of his, but their quality is mediocre, to say the least, and their possessor naturally is not noted for intelligence. Still, he is a jolly fellow, if a bit of a fool, and he dearly loves to play about the house, in which he will stand confinement better than almost any other breed. He is as mischievous as a kitten, and he asks no better fun than to chase a soft ball over a rich carpet. A pair at play will strike so many pretty attitudes and cut so many comical capers that the amusement they afford amply pays for their keep. The pug is a clean, well-mannered small chap, if well cared for, and he may be taught a number of easily mastered tricks.

A truly fine specimen of this kind, of proper color and well marked, is very pretty, but it is not so frequently seen. The body, if as it should be, is of elegant outline, and the shape of the neck is very striking. The possessor of a choice pug should carefully guard against overfeeding with sweets, or too rich food, as the dog will probably, if allowed, eat much more than is good for him, while he seems to have a natural tendency toward fatness with advancing years. The pig-like, wheezy little wretches too frequently seen have been spoiled by carelessness in regard to their diet.

The pug standard is as follows:

Head, large, round, not apple-headed, with no indentation of skull; muzzle, short, square, blunt, but not upturned; eyes, dark, very large, bold and prominent, soft and solicitous in ex-

pression, lustrous, and, when excited, full of fire; ears, thin, soft and small, the button ear being preferable; mask, black, the more defined the better; wrinkles, deep and large; tail, curled as tightly as possible over hip—the double curl is perfection; coat, fine, smooth, soft, short, glossy, neither hard nor woolly.

Color, silver or apricot fawn—each should be very decided, so as to make a contrast between color and trace; markings, clearly defined; the muzzle or mask, ears, moles on



THE PUG.

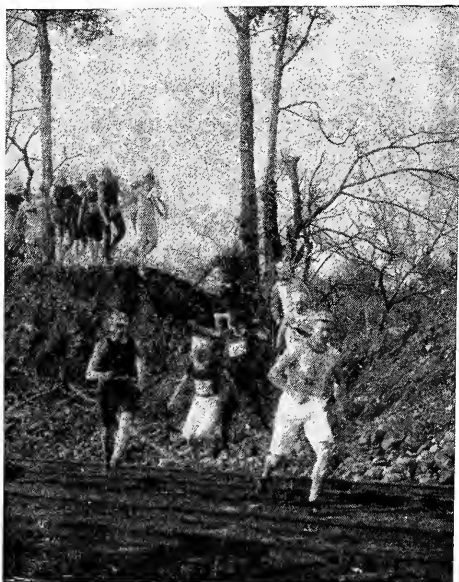
cheeks, thumb-marks or diamond on forehead, and black trace should be as black as possible.

Defects, long-legged or short-legged.

The general appearance is that of a square and cobby dog, weighing about thirteen pounds; the chest is wide, ribs well sprung; legs strong, straight, of moderate length, and well under the body; the feet should be between the style of cat and hare foot, well split-up toes, and black nails.

The points are: symmetry, 10; size and condition (5), 10; body, 10; legs and feet, 10; head, muzzle and ears (5), 15; eyes, 10; mask, wrinkles and tail (5), 15; trace, coat and color (5), 15; carriage, 5; total, 100. NOMAD.

ATHLETICS.



THE universities and colleges are fast recognizing the great benefit to be gained by encouraging cross-country running, as a pleasant method of keeping the members of their track teams in condition between track seasons. No matter what a man's special distance, or particular event, on the track or field may be, he can receive nothing but good from cross-country runs of from four to six miles, during the winter months.

It is not pleasant for a man to go to the track in the off season, strip and plod round the cinder-path, with no immediate object in view; but he does derive some pleasure from his country trip with twenty or more companions, and when the spring comes, and he settles down to earnest training for his specialty, he is found in the right condition to go straight to work. There is no need for any preliminary limbering up. The cross-country runs have done that for him.

Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania have for some years adopted cross-country runs and have held dual meetings alternately at Ithaca and Philadelphia. The latest enrollment among the universities in this sport is Princeton. The track management, acting on the advice of Trainer Christie, has decided to hold a series of runs, commencing November 16th, and twice a week thereafter until Christmas. Two handsome cups have been offered as prizes—one to the winner of the greatest number of points and one to the man averaging the best actual time. The course is to be between four and five miles. Pace-makers will be selected from the University track team, who will show the course, but will not be entered for the prize competition. The prizes will be awarded on the following point basis: Winner of a run, six points; second man, four; third man, three; fourth man, two, and the fifth to tenth men inclusive, one point each.

The annual fall handicap games of the Princeton University Track Athletic Association were held October 15th, on the Brokaw Field. The track was heavy and there was a high wind. No special performances were done. Two new events were on the programme—the 150-yard dash and 600-yard run. The best work of the afternoon was done by J. F. Cregan in the 600-yard run.

The summary follows:

150-yard run—Won by F. T. Woolridge, '99, scratch; L. E. Johnson, 1902, 2yds., 2; A. D. Gantz, 5yds., 3. Time, 16s.

600-yard run—Won by J. F. Cregan, '99, scratch; M. K. Anderson, Seminary, 2; A. D. Gantz, Seminary, 3. Time, 1m. 20 r. 5s.

Pole vault—Won by P. A. Moore, 1902, the only contestant. Height, 9ft.

Broad jump—Won by A. K. von Krug, 1901, 8in., actual jump, 19ft. 4in.; P. A. Moore, 1902, 12in., actual jump, 17ft. 4in., 2; G. W. Curtiss, 1902, 5in., actual jump, 17ft., 3.

Running high jump—Won by P. A. Moore, 1902, 7in., actual jump, 5ft. 3in.; L. E. Johnson, 1902, 7in., actual jump, 5ft. 1½in., 2; G. W. Curtiss, 1902, 4in., actual jump, 5ft. 3in., 3.

440-yard run (for Freshmen)—Won by Batchelder, 1902; G. A. Chamberlain, 2. Time, 56 r. 5s.

The fall meet of the Cornell University athletes was held October 22d. The track was heavy and the times poor. The best performances were by H. E. Hastings in the 440, R. H. Ripley in the high hurdles, and J. Richardson, who made a very good finish in the two-mile run. H. Odell, one of the new men, vaulted in good form.

The summaries follow:

100-yard dash—C. L. Monroe, 1; V. N. Delemater, 2; E. N. Joseph, 3. Time, 10 r. 4-5s.

120-yard hurdle—R. H. Ripley, 1; D. C. Alexander, 2. Time, 16 r. 4-5s.

440-yard dash—H. E. Hastings, 1; L. S. Henkins, 2; R. V. Alexander, 3. Time, 55s.

One-mile run—J. Richardson, 1; A. O. Berry, 2; R. Trautshold, 3. Time, 5m. 27 r. 3-5s.

220-yard hurdle—M. W. Buchanan, 1; J. T. Kelly, 2; H. H. Lyon, 3. Time, 30 r. 1-5s.

220-yard dash—C. L. Monroe, 1; V. N. Delemater, 2; A. F. Brinkerhoff, 3. Time, 22 r. 2-5s.

Half-mile run—M. A. Schultz, 1; J. S. Gay, 2; J. T. Fitzpatrick, 3. Time, 2m. 17 r. 4-5s.

Two-mile run—J. Richardson, 1; A. J. Sweet, 2; H. T. Coates, 3. Time, 11m. 27s.

Putting shot—G. H. Cleghorn, 1; F. C. Perkins, 2; H. C. Crouch, 3. Distance, 34ft. 9in.

Pole vault—H. Odell, 1; R. H. Hazen, 2. Height, 9ft. 9½in.

High jump—O. D. Warner, 1; G. O. Beauck, 2. Height, 5ft. 4in.

Throwing hammer—F. D. Parker, 1; L. U. Boynton, 2; F. C. Perkins, 3. Distance, 94ft. 9in.

Running broad jump—R. H. Ripley, 1; L. M. Northrup, 2; R. H. Dearborn, 3. Distance, 19ft. 6in.

The fall handicap games of the Harvard Track Athletic Association were held on October 24th. In place of the regular Freshmen meet of former years, a 100-yard dash and an 880-yard run, both scratch events, were open only to Freshmen. The Freshmen did fairly well in the handicap events, their most notable achievement being the capture of the first three places in the 150-yard dash. A. M. Butler's performance was good in this race. H. J. Brown, another Freshman, did well in the shot-putting and hammer-throwing.

The summaries follow:

120-yard hurdle race—Won by R. A. Ferguson, 1900, owed 6yds.; F. B. Fox, 3 Law School, owed 12yds., 2. Time, 18s.

100-yard run, scratch, Freshmen only—Won by A. M. Butler; J. A. L. Blake, 2; C. W. Faxon, 3. Time, 10 r. 3-5s.

440-yard run—Won by G. J. Holliday, 2 Law, 40yds.; W. G. Clerk, 1901, 30yds., 2; P. L. Fish, 1901, 18yds., 3. Time, 48 1-55.

880-yard run, scratch, Freshmen only—Won by E. B. Boynton; C. F. Schweppe, 2. Time, 2m. 7 2-58.

One-mile run—Won by H. W. Foote, 1 Graduate, 50yds.; G. W. Matthews, 1 Law, 75yds., 2; F. Watson, 1902, 100yds., 3. Time, 4m. 51 2-58.

880-yard run—Won by C. T. Swan, 1901, 70yds.; C. I. Parker, 1902, 50yds., 2; H. B. Clark, 1901, 40yds., 3. Time, 1m. 56 1-55.

150-yard run—Won by A. M. Butler, 1902, 5yds.; J. R. Wyckoff, 1902, 15yds., 2; S. Lehmann, 1902, 10yds., 3. Time, 15 1-58.

220-yard hurdle race—Won by W. G. Morse, 1899, scratch; F. B. Fox, 3 Law, 4yds., 2; J. Foster, Jr., 1902, 13yds., 3. Time, 26 1-58.

Throwing 16-lb. hammer—Won by H. J. Brown, 1902, 10ft., actual throw, 116ft.; W. D. Hennen, M. S., scratch, 125ft., 2.

Running broad jump—Won by J. A. L. Blake, 1902, 1ft. 6in., actual jump, 10ft. 10½in.; L. O. Gifford, 1899, 2ft., actual jump, 18ft. 10½in., 2; R. Garland, 1899, 8in., actual jump, 20ft 1½in., 3.

Running high jump—Won by R. A. Ferguson, 1900, 5in., actual jump, 5ft. 7¾in.; W. L. Burton, 1899, 5in., actual jump, 5ft. 7¾in., 2; F. L. Ware, 1901, 6in., actual jump, 5ft. 4¾in., 3. Ferguson and Burton jumped-off the tie for first place, the former winning with a jump of 6ft. ¾in.

Putting 16-lb. shot—Won by R. Garland, 1899, 3ft., actual put, 35ft. 6¼in.; H. H. Fox, 1900, 4ft., actual put, 33ft. 10½in., 2; H. J. Brown, 1902, 1ft., actual put, 36ft. 8in., 3.

Pole vault—Won by H. A. Carleton, 1902, 6in.; H. W. Keene, 1901, 8in., 2; A. P. Young, 1901, 12in., 3. Height, 9ft. 5½in.

The nineteenth annual fall handicap games of the University of Pennsylvania Athletic Association were held on the Franklin Field, October 29th. The track events were decided on turf over a course of ten laps to the mile, consequently the times were somewhat slow. J. W. B. Tewksbury and A. C. Kraenzlein both did their usual good work. The best performances given by the new men were by G. W. Johnson, 1902, in the 120-yard dash; A. M. Sparks, 1900, in the two-mile run, and M. B. Colket, 1901, in the pole vault.

Summaries follow:

120-yard dash—Won by J. W. B. Tewksbury; J. S. Francis, 2. G. W. Johnson and T. B. McClain tied for 3. Time, 11 4-58.

880-yard run—Won by W. H. Parry, '99, 30yds.; Alex. Grant, 1900, scratch, 2; E. A. Mechling, '99, scratch, 3. Time, 2m. 5 3-58.

120-yard hurdle race—Won by A. C. Kraenzlein, 1900, scratch; W. P. Remington, 1900, 8yds., 2. Time, 16 2 58.

Two-mile run—Won by W. H. Parry, '99, 150yds.; W. V. Little, 1901, 200yds., 2; A. M. Sparks, 1900, 250yds., 3.

Running high jump—Won by W. P. Remington, 1900, 3in., actual jump, 5ft. 6in.; M. B. Colket, 1901, 6in., actual jump, 5ft. 2¾in., 2; A. C. Kraenzlein, 1900, scratch, jump, 5ft. 6in., 3.

Running broad jump—Won by W. P. Remington, 1900, 1ft. 6in., actual jump, 20ft. 11in.; J. S. Barnes, 1902, 2ft. 6in., actual jump, 18ft. 7½in., 2; A. C. Kraenzlein, 1900, scratch, distance, 20ft. 9in., 3.

Pole vault—Won by M. B. Colket, 1901, 4in., actual vault, 10ft. 1in.; E. W. Deakin, 1900, scratch, 10ft. 4 in., 2.

440-yard run—Won by J. W. B. Tewksbury, 1901, scratch; W. V. Little, 1901, 12yds., 2; E. A. Mechling, 1899, 12yds., 3. Time, 57 1-58.

The annual fall handicap games of the Yale Athletic Association were held October 29th. The weather was raw and cold. The new men did not show up particularly well, with the exception of D. Boardman, in the quarter and relay race, and C. B. Spitzer in the half-mile. These two men are worthy of special mention. The relay race proved the most exciting contest on the programme.

A summary follows:

100-yard dash—C. W. Cady, 1901, 7yds., 1; W. B. Seabury, 1900, 6yds., 2; F. H. Warren, '99 S., 1yd., 3. Time, 10 1-58.

220-yard dash—W. B. Seabury, 1900, 10yds., 1; F. H. Warren, '99 S., 4yds., 2; F. S. Warmouth, 1901 S., 8yds., 3. Time, 22 4-58.

Quarter-mile dash—C. J. Gleason, 1900, 20yds., 1; E. Hausberg, 1901, 25yds., 2; D. Boardman, 1902, scratch, 3. Time, 51 3-58.

Half-mile run—C. B. Spitzer, '99, scratch, 1; J. P. Adams, 1900, 10yds., 2; J. W. Falls, 1900 S., 3. Time, 2m. 2 1-58.

1-mile run—H. P. Smith, 1900, 25yds., 1; M. Scudder, '99, 20yds., 2; R. V. Van Vredenberg, 1900 S., 20yds., 3. Time, 4m. 458.

120-yard hurdle—J. J. Peter, 1900 S., owe 10yds., 1; Bascom Johnson, 1900, scratch, 2; W. K. Barnard, 1901 S., 1yd., 3. Time, 17 4-58.

220-yard hurdle—J. J. Peter, 1900 S., 3yds., 1; C. W. Cady, 1901, scratch, 2; C. W. Davis, 1902, 10yds., 3. Time, 27 1-58.

Pole vault—Bascom Johnson, 1900, scratch, 1, 10ft. 6in.; W. V. Adriance, 1900, 12in., 2, actual vault of 9 ft.; C. B. Waterman, 1901, 18in., 3, actual vault of 8ft. 6in.

High jump—H. B. Colton, 1901, 3in., 1, actual jump of 5ft. 4in.; R. Wilbur, Spec., 7in., 2, actual jump of 5ft.; G. M. Smith, 1901, scratch, 3, 5ft. 6in.

Broad jump—T. Watson, 1900, 2 1-2ft., 1, actual jump of 17ft. 7 1-2in.; J. P. Adams, 1900, 2 1-2in., 2, actual jump of 17ft. 7in.; J. B. Hunter, 1902, scratch, 18ft. 9 1-2in.

Relay race—Won by Freshman team; second, Junior team; third, Sophomore team. Time by quarters, 45 55, 59 3-5, 55; total, 3m. 34 3-58.

At the gymnasiums of Yale and some of the other colleges measurements and training have already begun for the "intercollegiate strength tests." The tests which are to be used this year in making up the total strength of any student for comparison are: Strength of back, legs, right forearm, left forearm, lungs, upper arm (biceps) and chest, and upper arm (biceps) and back.

By May 1, 1899, each institution will publish the records of the fifty strongest men examined this year, in the order of their superiority. From these men the best ten will again compete, and the student who makes the best record in this test will represent his institution against those of other colleges. In this contest the individual having the highest record will be deemed "intercollegiate champion." The institution having the fifty strongest men, as decided by the largest total score, shall hold the trophy for the next year. VIGILANT.

PACIFIC COAST.

At the recent annual convention of the Pacific Association of the Amateur Athletic Union, held in the rooms of the Reliance Club, Oakland, Cal., President Berry was re-elected, J. R. Bockman was elected Vice-President, and H. A. Keeler, Secretary and Treasurer. Five clubs having been dropped, five new ones were admitted. The association consists of seventeen clubs. The following were elected to serve as a Board of Managers for the coming year: W. C. Espy, Pioneer Rowing Club; S. J. Pembroke, Alameda Boat Club; H. A. Keeler, Academic Athletic League; A. P. Rothkopf, Dolphin Swimming and Boating Club; George James, Olympic Athletic Club; C. L. Neumiller, Stockton Athletic Association; J. R. Bockman, Ariel Rowing Club; J. W. Morton, Olympic Boat Club; J. D. Mahoney, South End Rowing Club; H. A. Widemann, Lurline Swimming Club; James Hopper, University of California; C. S. Dole, Stanford University; Herbert Hauser, Grammar School Athletic Club; A. H. Schimpf, Triton Swimming and Boating Club. James Hopper was appointed football commissioner, and A. P. Rothkopf, J. R. Bockman, J. D. Mahoney, S. J. Pembroke, W. C. Espy, J. W. Morton and A. H. Schimpf

were appointed on the regatta committee. It was decided to hold the championship regatta of 1898 at Long Bridge, San Francisco, on November 6th.

ACADEMIC LEAGUE.

The ninth semi-annual field day of the Academic Athletic League was held on the Olympic Club ground, San Francisco, on Saturday, October 1st. The championship banner was won by Oakland High School with 46 points, the Polytechnic School was second with 27 points, and Ukiah High School third with 17 points. After winning the high jump with a leap of 5 feet 9½ inches, A. S. Henley, of the Ukiah High School, jumped against the record, and cleared 6 feet 1 inch.

The results were as follows:

100-yard dash—Final heat, Abadie, Polytechnic, 1; Stanley, Petaluma High, 2; Saunders, Lowell, 3. Time, 10 3-5s.

120-yard hurdle race—Final heat, Sumner, Oakland, 1; Hendrickson, Central, 2; Woods, Berkeley, 3. Time, 18 4-5s.

880-yard run—Harris, Oakland, 1; Monell, Polytechnic, 2; Girvin, Berkeley, 3. Time, 2m. 17 4-5s.

One mile walk—Wills, Oakland, 1; Gleason, Lowell, 2; Parks, Petaluma, 3. Time, 8m. 25s.

220-yard dash—Final heat, Cadogan, Oakland, 1; Jacobs, Polytechnic, 2; Ricconi, Polytechnic, 3. Time, 24s.

220-yard hurdle race—Final heat, Harris, Oakland, 1; Maulder, Polytechnic, 2; Symmes, Lowell, 3. Time, 28 2-5s.

One-mile run—McLean, Petaluma, 1; Woods, Berkeley, 2; McMahon, Polytechnic, 3. Time, 5m. 8s.

One-mile bicycle race—Final heat, Deakin, Boone's University Academy, 1; Chaplin, Berkeley High, 2; Orth, Polytechnic, 3. Time, 2m. 53 4-5s.

440-yard run—Cadogan, Oakland, 1; Holman, Ukiah, 2; Hartley, Berkeley High, 3. Time, 53s.

One-mile relay race—Polytechnic High School, 1; Lowell High School, 2; Oakland High School, 3. Time, 3m. 27 3-5s.

Pole vault—Woodrum, Oakland, 8ft. 6in., 1; Barr, Mount Tamalpais Military Academy, 8ft. 6in., 2; Bel-den, Lowell, 8ft., 3.

High jump—Henley, Ukiah, 5ft. 9½in., 1; Cooley, Oakland, 5ft. 5in., 2; Thomas, Ukiah, 5ft. 4in., 3.

12-pound hammer throw—Estes, State Normal School, 166ft. 7in., 1; Nuckolls, Ukiah, 136ft., 2; Bunger, Polytechnic, 111ft. 1in., 3.

Broad jump—Henley, Ukiah, 20ft. 3in., 1; Cadogan, Oakland, 19ft. 8in., 2; Abadie, Polytechnic, 19ft. 4½in., 3.

12-pound shot put—Volz, Berkeley, 44ft. 10in., 1; Woodrum, Oakland, 44ft. 8in., 2; Bunger, Polytechnic, 42ft. 10½in., 3. ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

ROWING.

ALTHOUGH the aquatic racing season is a long way in advance, the universities are already busy getting together their rowing men. A great deal of trial racing, and weeding, will be gone through, before the regular crews and their substitutes can be put into their final training for the great races of next year.

Cornell has lost heavily by graduation; four of her regular crew and one substitute have gone. Harvard loses three regular men and one substitute from last year. At Yale the losses are light, Captain Whitney being the only man to leave; and there are plenty of men with rowing experience, in addition to last year's Freshmen crew, from which to fill the vacancies.

During the fall very little work will be done by the Yale oarsmen. Captain Allen is playing on the football squad, and the management of the candidates, of whom there are close on thirty, is left to J. C. Greenleaf, who rowed No. 7 on last year's eight. The new men will have short work, each candidate going out twice a week in a pair-oared gig for the remainder of the term. The members of last season's crew will do practically no work until the end of February.

At Cornell Mr. Courtney will undoubtedly form a strong crew. It may not be up to the standard of the '97 and '98 victorious eights, but he has a strong Freshmen crew of last year from which to draft good material.

Harvard men have been hard at work for several weeks. At first the men were got ready for a four-oar race, which took place on October 25th. From the twenty men who rowed in this race, sixteen were selected for the trial eights, to be rowed over the class-crew course the last week in November.

On November the 7th, the two selected eights went into strict training, and since that time have been under the eye of Mr. E. C. Storrow, Harvard '89, who is acting as head coach. Mr. Storrow is an oarsman and coach

of considerable experience. He was in the boat in '87, '88, and '89; was captain of the '88 crew. He acted as assistant to Mr. Lehman, and has made a careful study of that gentleman's methods. For the past two years Mr. Storrow has had charge of the Freshmen, and if he is as successful with next season's eight as he was with last season's Freshmen, Harvard should have a good boat.

The great difficulty with which Mr. Storrow has had to contend, so far, is the lack of powerful and enduring men. The men have been skillful oarsmen, but that is not all that is necessary. When a really fast eight is to be produced a large proportion of strength is wanted. When powerful men can be found good coaching will in most cases do the rest, and this Harvard most surely has.

Columbia is, as usual, busy in preparing men for seats in the boat. On October 29th the annual fall regatta was held, with races between eights from the Freshmen classes of the College, and the School of Applied Science, crews from class eights 1901, 1900, and a combination crew of '99. Columbia is fortunate in having a large number of rowing men this year and some very promising oars.

To prevent the possibility of Pennsylvania having a captain who was not in the boat, Lester Kinsing, 1900, has been elected temporary captain of the crew. The permanent captain will be elected after the membership of the crew has been determined.

There is every promise that the University of Pennsylvania will again put out strong crews. Coach Ward, who was so successful with last season's eight, has been retained. The call for candidates for the class crews brought out an unusual number of men. Since the middle of October there have been eleven crews hard at work, and, in addition to these, plenty of men anxious for seats in the different boats. Such an abundant supply indicates a vigorous interest among the Pennsylvania rowing men.

VIGILANT.

THE YACHT RACING UNION.

THE Yacht Racing Union of North America at its annual meeting decided to adopt the linear rating rule, with girth as an important factor, which now obtains in Great Britain, with a modification of the Y. R. A. rule, which practically bars the centerboard.

That such an important question should have been decided at one sitting of three hours may seem surprising, but the Council of the Union had given the subject much thought, and the need for speedy legislation was pressing.

At the meeting of the Union the following delegates were present: Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, 33 clubs, Louis M. Clark; Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, 22 clubs, Chas. P. Tower, E. Burton Hart, Jr., W. P. Stephens, F. Bowne Jones, Charles T. Pierce, Walter C. Kerr and Oscar E. Chellborg; Pacific Interclub Racing Association, 9 clubs, and Lake Michigan Yachting Association, 7 clubs, Æmilius Jarvis; Inland Lake Yacht Racing Association, 5 clubs, F. B. Jones; New York Yacht Association, 17 clubs, A. J. Prime; Atlantic Yacht Club, N. D. Lawton; Philadelphia Corinthian Yacht Club, A. F. Bancroft; Penataquit Corinthian Yacht Club, H. S. Jewell; Rhode Island Yacht Club, Dr. A. M. Potter. The Larchmont Yacht Club and the Marine and Field Club sent no delegates. After some routine business the report of the Council was read. Its gist follows:

"The Council, in compliance with the duties imposed upon them by the articles of association, respectfully make the following report: That they have held numerous meetings with a view to framing such racing rules for submission to the Union as relate to subjects not already provided for by the racing rules heretofore adopted. That upon a careful consideration of all the rules now in force the conclusion was arrived at that the only additional rules needed by the Union would be those relating to measurement, classification, time allowance and crews.

"Of these the most important by far seemed to be the one relating to measurement. With respect to what has been done by the Council in arriving at the determination to recommend the adoption of the rule submitted herewith, we would state that there has been submitted to us for our consideration almost every known formula. We have carefully investigated the merits of all the different systems of measurement in use, as well as all those submitted for our consideration or that have been brought to our notice.

"The sub-committee of our Council has visited England and thoroughly investigated the effects on design of the rule now in force there. Without entering into an extended argument, we will state that we have found objections to the adoption of every one of the formulas considered.

"Many of the rules suggested have good points, but also objectionable features, which would preclude favorable recommendation. After prolonged discussion and careful study of the whole subject, the determination has been arrived at that the length and sail area rule now in force must without further delay be abrogated and something else substituted in its place. Of all the formulas considered the only one that has had a fair trial with satisfactory results is the girth rule, which, after very great deliberation and careful study on the part of some of the ablest yachting experts in England, has been tried with the most satisfactory results. The influence that the use of this rule has had on the design of such boats as have been built under it would seem to be all the argument that is needed in favor of its adoption here. The uniform sentiment in its favor wherever it has been tried would seem to be a perfect answer to all objections to its use. The designers who build boats under it, the racing men, as well as all who have had practical experience with it in operation, commend it and speak favorably of the conditions induced by its adoption.

"It has proved to be a just measure of speed; it penalizes no boat; it taxes size, power, propelling force, only to the extent of equalizing the chances of winning of boats of different types properly brought together in their legitimate classes. Of all the rules submitted it presents fewer objections than any that have been considered. The adoption of this rule would promote international uniformity, the benefits of which to this Union would be incalculable. It would be quite unlikely that any change would be made in the rule anywhere without an international conference, in which our Union would then have a prominent part. The strong position that this would give to our association would make its influence felt everywhere. Even were the rule suggested no better than others, these considerations should influence us to select it in preference to others equally good. The classification under the formula follows closely the one in use under our present rule, and the slight changes recommended will not affect existing boats. The rule relating to crews has been made to conform as far as practicable to existing regulations."

The report here gives in full the Y. R. A. rule now in operation, with the details of the methods of measurement. Two changes were recommended, the American system of measuring sails being retained, and the British penalty on centerboards being avoided by the following method: "To the girth of centerboard yachts must be added twice the distance between the lower side of the keel to the center of the area of the centerboard when lowered to its fullest extent. Centerboards, when ballasted, except to overcome flotation, or fitted with bulbs or otherwise, to be measured as fixed keels."

The following classes were proposed:

Schooners.—First class, all over 100 feet; 100 ft. class, not over 100 ft. and over 80 ft.; 80 ft. class, not over 80 ft. and over 65 ft.; 65 ft. class, not over 65 ft.

Sloops, Cutters, and Yawls.—First class, all over 65 ft.; 65 ft. class, not over 65 ft. and over 52 ft.; 52 ft. class, not over 52 ft. and over 42 ft.; 42 ft. class, not over 42 ft. and over 36 ft.; 36 ft. class, not over 36 ft. and over 30 ft.; 30 ft. class, not over 30 ft.

The report was accepted and the rule adopted without a dissentient vote, and after a brief discussion. It was then decided that "The ballast must not exceed more than 60 per cent. of the displacement of the yacht."

Lack of space prevents me from any comment on the new rule and its probable effect on American yachting. I hope, however, to be allowed the privilege of a few remarks in the next number of *OUTING*.

Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan at the last meeting of the New York Yacht Club surprised all hands by a munificent gift. Nearly a year ago the club, realizing that its quarters at No. 67 Madison avenue, which it has occupied since May 1, 1884, were too cramped for its vast and rapidly increasing membership, appointed a committee to choose a site and plan a financial scheme for the erection of a commodious club-house thereon. The committee, which consists of Messrs. E. M. Brown, Lewis Cass Ledyard, J. V. S. Oddie, F. W. J. Hurst and Arthur Ingraham, were not in any hurry to finish their task, as the Madison avenue lease has more than three years to run. Consequently they were able to devote plenty of time to their search for an eligible spot. This committee reported on October 27th that two sites had been selected out of a number offered, one being a plot 75x100.5 feet, Nos. 37, 39 and 41

West Forty-fourth street, 475 feet west of Fifth avenue, which, in the judgment of the committee, would be in every respect suitable for a club-house.

Commodore Morgan at this point interposed, and said that if the club were agreeable it would afford him pleasure to present this site to the club, provided that the members would agree to an increase of the annual dues from \$25 to \$50 a year.

The section in the by-laws was consequently amended to read as follows: "Each member on his election shall pay the sum of \$100 as entrance fee and \$50 for the current year. If said sums are not paid within thirty days from the date of his election the treasurer shall notify the secretary of the fact, and such election shall be null and void. Each subsequent annual payment shall be \$50, and shall become due at the first general meeting in each year. Foreigners, members of yacht clubs in their own country and not residing in the United States, shall be exempt from all payments except entrance fee. Members who are absent from the United States for the whole fiscal year commencing on the second Thursday in February shall be exempt from their dues for such year, provided they give notice of their absence to the secretary."

Mr. Oswald Sanderson moved to allow representation in the club to all owners of boats 30 feet on the load water-line if rigged as a sloop and fit to accompany the squadron on the annual cruise. He explained that, in the opinion of the progressive yachtsmen, the owners of the smaller craft ought to be encouraged, and that "taxation without representation" was scarcely fair. He pointed out that the 30-foot class, which had been raced for three seasons with rare sportsmanlike zeal and persistence, was barred from representation by an old rule of the club, which gave the privilege of a vote to the owners of craft of 15 tons and upward.

The amendment was discussed and adopted unanimously. It is certainly a step in the right direction, and ought to result in the acquisition by the non-voting element in the club, of vessels of sufficient size to give them the right of franchise.

The Nominating Committee for the election of officers at the next meeting in February were elected, as follows: C. Oliver Iselin, Percy Chubb, Seymour L. Husted, Jr., Henry F. Lippitt, Harrison B. Moore, Philip Schuyler, Edward M. Brown, Arthur Ingraham, Oswald Sanderson and Francis H. Davies.

A handsome model of *Defender* in full rig, the work of Mr. Gustave Grahn, was presented to the club by Messrs. Vanderbilt, Morgan and Iselin, the original *Defender* syndicate.

On October 28th Commodore Morgan, through Vice-Commodore Ledyard, purchased the property in Forty-fourth street, the price paid being \$145,000. The building will cost about \$200,000, and work will be commenced on it early in January. It is interesting at this moment to recall the fact that the New York Yacht Club was organized in 1844 in the cabin of Commodore Stevens's schooner *Gimcrack*. Immediately afterward a club-house was built in the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, N. J. In 1871 the club rented rooms in the American Jockey Club building, Madison square and Twenty-seventh

street, and also kept up a house and anchorage at Stapleton, Staten Island. In 1884 they entered into the Madison avenue house.

The *Defender* left her moorings in Neptune Bay, New Rochelle, on November 2d, her destination being Bristol, R. I., and the object of her voyage a general overhauling and repair at the Herreshoff yard. Captain Charles Barr was in charge, with Hansen, who was skipper of *Vigilant* when she beat *Valkyrie II.*, acting as mate. Mr. and Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin were aboard also, and the yellow mascot dog Sandy, who has been Mrs. Iselin's perpetual pet ever since he trotted down the gang-plank and boarded *Defender* in the Erie Basin. The yacht hadn't been under way ten minutes when she grounded on Le Count Rock, a dangerous obstruction in the narrow channel between Davids Island and Davenport's Neck. Her tug, with a stout hawser made fast to *Defender's* mast, strained herself in frantic but futile efforts to haul the yacht off the reef. The trysail was set, in the hope that it would heel the yacht over and diminish her draught, but no good resulted. Finally the tug *Flushing* happened along, and, adding her power to that of the *Theresa Verdon*, *Defender* was eventually dragged off into deep water and was piloted safely through the narrow channel into the Sound by Captain Tom Webber, who came on the scene in his launch. The yacht anchored off Premium Point, opposite Mr. Iselin's mansion, and Mr. and Mrs. Iselin went ashore. Two hours later *Defender* made a start, Messrs. Iselin, Newberry Thorne and J. G. Beresford accompanying her. The yacht was under trysail, jib and foresail, and, with a nice southwest wind blowing, made fast time to the eastward. Her racing spars and sails are housed at Piepgrass's wharf, City Island.

Divers partially cleaned *Defender's* bottom while she lay in Neptune Bay, but found very little marine growth on it. Her underbody is of manganese bronze, which exfoliates almost as quickly as copper. It is where the manganese bronze meets the aluminum topsides that the vessel will need much repairing, there being no insulation whatever between the two metals, and electrolysis having consequently wrought considerable havoc.

Captain Charles Barr is recognized as one of the very smartest yacht skippers in America. He will sail *Defender* in all her races against the new boat, but as he is a native of Scotland he may not skipper the new craft if she proves faster than *Defender* and is chosen to meet *Shamrock*. Mr. Iselin is reported to have determined that the *Shamrock's* opponent shall be sailed by a man born in the United States and not by a naturalized American. Charles Barr took out his final papers long ago, and has learned to vote "early and often, like a true American," but according to Mr. Iselin's ideas does not quite fill the bill. He does not want the challenger to be able to say: "Well, you had to go to Scotland for a skipper, anyway!"

I hear on excellent authority that the chief cost of the new boat will be defrayed by Commodore Morgan. The expense of building and running her will make a big hole in \$150,000, so Mr. Morgan's devotion to the Yacht Club and the sport will cost him a small fortune. The Herreshoffs maintain their usual secrecy, and

nothing is known as yet about the shape of the new craft or the metal she is to be built of. The company which controls the output of aluminum, however, is said to have produced an alloy of that metal which is proof against the corrosive action of salt water and combines the lightness and tensile strength of pure aluminum. The latest rumor current is that the new yacht will be constructed throughout of this metal. I do not vouch for the truth of this, but simply print it as being likely to have some foundation in fact.

Work has been begun on the *Shamrock* in the Harland & Wolff shipyards, in Belfast. She will be the first yacht built there since 1876, when the 85-ton schooner *Gladys*, now owned by W. W. Collins, Jr., was launched. *Gladys* is a yacht of exceptionally sound construction, but she was designed only for cruising purposes.

Mr. John Hyslop, the measurer of the New York Yacht Club and an old contributor to *OUTING*, had a narrow escape from drowning on the wreck of the *Mohegan* off the Lizard, on October 14th. He revisited England, his birthplace, after an absence of twenty-seven years. He took a prolonged bicycle tour, and embarked on the *Mohegan* at London, bound to New York. The steamship in some unaccountable manner ran ashore in a part of the English Channel well known to navigators. Mr. Hyslop sought refuge in the mizzen rigging, to which he clung with difficulty, the seas continually washing over him for seven hours, when a lifeboat came to the rescue. His friends at the New York Yacht Club were very anxious about him, a report having reached them that he was among the lost. One hundred and fifty

persons out of two hundred perished. Mr. Hyslop says every man in the ship's company did his duty after the vessel struck.

The Chicago Yacht Club has challenged the Royal Canadian Yacht Club for the *Canada's* Cup. Thus, with the Seawanhaka Corinthian Challenge Cup and the *America's* Cup, there will be three international matches in 1899, and the sport of yachting will have a much-needed boom.

The United States Government has retaliated in kind against Great Britain, which recently passed a law imposing an annual charge of one shilling a ton as light dues on American pleasure yachts in the ports of Great Britain.

Commissioner E. T. Chamberlain, of the Bureau of Navigation, has sent out a circular to Collectors of Ports, in which is the following passage :

"As the British Government has declined to extend to American yachts in British ports the privilege now extended to British yachts in American ports, you are instructed, on and after April 1, 1899, to require British yachts visiting your port to enter and clear at the Custom House and to pay tonnage tax, as imposed by law on merchant vessels."

Both taxes become operative together. Neither tax will net the respective Governments \$250 a year, but will cause much annoyance to yachtsmen. The British Government has in the past extended many courtesies to visiting American yachts, and the impost referred to above is simply the work of some extra-officious official, with a soul handicapped and bound by departmental red tape. Any Member of Parliament interested in yachting could have the objectionable impost abolished in ten minutes.

A. J. KENEALY.

CRICKET.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.



THE cricket season in northern California closed with the tour of the Placer County Citrus Colony team to Lake County and San Francisco. On October 18th the Placer County team, one man short, played against Burns Valley, at Lower Lake. In their first innings, the Placer County men made 47 runs. Burns Valley scored 74. In their second innings, the Placer County men scored 63 runs. The match, however, being decided on the first innings, was won by Burns Valley by 27 runs.

On October 19th the visitors played against the Lakeport team, at Lakeport. Going to the wickets first, the visitors were dismissed for 24 runs. Lakeport scored 51. In their second innings the visitors scored 56. This left Lakeport 30 runs to make to win, which cost the loss of two wickets. Lakeport accordingly won by 8 wickets.

On October 20th the visitors met a Lake County eleven at Lakeport. The latter, going to the wickets first, were all out for 39 runs. The visitors scored only 17, Rose taking 7 of

their wickets for 7 runs. On going to the bat for the second time, the Lake County men scored rapidly, C. M. Hammond making 43 not out, R. W. Beale 42, and H. E. Hudson 40. When time was called the Lake County men had scored 221 runs for 7 wickets. The game, however, being determined on the first innings, was a victory for Lake County by 22 runs.

On October 21st the Placer County men journeyed to San Francisco, and on the 22d met the Alameda eleven at Alameda. Going to the wickets first, Placer County scored 52 runs. The Alameda team compiled a score of 168, to which G. Croll contributed 61, J. J. Moriarity 31, and R. B. Hogue, captain, 24. Alameda thus won by 116 runs.

On October 23d the Placer County team met the Pacific Cricket Club on the ground at Golden Gate. The home team went in first, and, aided by 76 from J. Meyers, compiled a score of 164. The visitors from Placer County could put together only 58.

On October 24th the Placer County team, one man short, played against a team of ten men from San José, on the Alameda ground. The Placer men went in first, and put together a score of 95 runs. Against this total the San José team made only 47 runs. The Placer County men thus concluded their tour with a victory by 48 runs.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

GOLF.

THE Intercollegiate Championship is the third of the trinity that may be said to close the official golf year. After that the flood-gates are open and widespread is the resumption of play on every links in the land.

The Intercollegiate Championships commenced at Ardsley in a pouring rain and a hurricane on the 26th of October, between teams of six each from Yale, Columbia, Harvard and Princeton.

The first step taken was to draw for team competitors, and in the event Yale was drawn to play against Columbia and Harvard against Princeton. The play was then for each player of one team to be matched against another individual of the opposing team. So it came to pass that the play was opened by John Reid, Jr., of Yale, playing against S. F. Morris, of Columbia, over the eighteen-hole course. Reid beat him by 4 holes. W. B. Smith, of Yale, followed against C. Fellowes, Jr., of Columbia, with same result, and so on the match play proceeded until the twenty-four couples had completed the course, with the following results:

<i>Yale.</i>		<i>Columbia.</i>	
J. Reid, Jr.....	4	S. F. Morris.....	0
W. B. Smith.....	4	C. Fellowes, Jr.....	0
T. M. Robertson.....	7	W. H. Dixon.....	0
C. D. Barnes.....	8	L. Rhodes, Jr.....	0
F. C. Havemeyer.....	11	B. W. Smith.....	0
E. F. Hinkle.....	8	B. Darrach, Jr.....	0
Total.....	42	Total.....	0

<i>Harvard.</i>		<i>Princeton.</i>	
J. Choate, Jr.....	3	J. P. Kellogg.....	0
W. B. Cutting, Jr.....	4	H. L. Wilson.....	0
J. F. Curtis.....	4	J. Stuart.....	0
J. G. Averill.....	3	D. Ronner.....	0
G. G. Hubbard.....	7	A. D. Childs.....	0
G. C. Clark, Jr.....	5	C. Griswold, Jr.....	0
Total.....	26	Total.....	0

This left the contest to be continued in the same manner by individual match plays between the representatives of Yale and Harvard on Thursday, when the weather conditions were ameliorated to the extent that the rain had ceased, although the wind was high. The end of the play of the last pair, T. M. Robertson, of Yale, and W. B. Curtis, Jr., of Harvard, was very exciting. Everything depended on the last putt at the eighteenth hole. It was an exciting moment. If T. M. Robertson made the hole, which was less than thirty inches away, the beautiful silver cup given by the Ardsley Club, which had twice been won by the Yale team, would become their absolute property, and with it the Intercollegiate Championship. Too much depended on the result and the ball refused to go down, and the match was left a tie, as follows:

<i>Yale.</i>		<i>Harvard.</i>	
C. D. Barnes.....	3	J. H. Choate, Jr.....	0
John Reid, Jr.....	4	G. C. Clark, Jr.....	0
E. F. Hinkle.....	0	G. G. Hubbard.....	9
F. C. Havemeyer.....	0	J. G. Averill.....	2
W. B. Smith.....	1	J. F. Curtis.....	0
T. M. Robertson.....	3	W. B. Cutting, Jr.....	0
Total.....	11	Total.....	11

The final contest was decided by playing over the eighteen holes again. The final score left Harvard victors and saved the cup for future competitions. The summary follows:

<i>Harvard.</i>		<i>Yale.</i>	
Choate.....	3	Barnes.....	0
Clark.....	0	Reid.....	2
Hubbard.....	5	Hinkle.....	0
Averill.....	0	Havemeyer.....	0
Curtis.....	0	Smith.....	2
Cutting.....	3	Robertson.....	0
Total.....	16	Total.....	4

The Individual Championships followed. The scores by strokes were:

	<i>First Round.</i>	<i>Second Round.</i>	<i>Total.</i>
C. Fellowes, Jr., Columbia.....	47	43	83
J. Stuart, Princeton.....	45	42	87
John Reid, Jr., Yale.....	39	49	88
C. H. Murphy, Princeton.....	45	43	88
W. B. Smith, Yale.....	40	49	89
W. Bayard Cutting, Jr., Harvard.....	45	46	91
J. H. Choate, Jr., Harvard.....	45	46	91
W. H. Dixon, Columbia.....	44	47	91
A. D. Childs, Princeton.....	46	46	92
J. G. Averill, Harvard.....	45	47	92
F. C. Havemeyer, Yale.....	43	49	92
J. F. Curtis, Harvard.....	47	46	93
H. L. Wilson, Princeton.....	46	47	93
T. M. Robertson, Yale.....	45	47	94
C. Griswold, Jr., Princeton.....	47	48	95
G. C. Clark, Jr., Harvard.....	47	48	95
S. F. Morris, Columbia.....	51	48	99
L. Cogswell, Jr., Yale.....	47	52	99
B. Darrach, Jr., Columbia.....	46	53	99

On October 28th, the result of the morning play was that John Reid, Jr., Yale, beat J. Stuart, Princeton, by 2 up and 1 to play; W. B. Smith, Yale, beat Cornelius Fellowes, Jr., Columbia, by 5 up and 3 to play; W. Bayard Cutting, Jr., Harvard, beat C. H. Murphy, Princeton, by 3 up and 1 to play, and J. H. Choate, Jr., Harvard, beat W. H. Dixon, Columbia, by 6 up and 5 to play. In the afternoon Reid beat Choate by 6 up and 4 to play; Smith beat Cutting by 3 up and 1 to play.

This left the fight to John Reid, Jr., and Walter B. Smith. Reid won with something in hand, 6 up and 5 to play.

With the winter, golf begins to change its venue and the rugged North is succeeded by the sunny South. The Florida East Coast Golf Club is fortunate in being able to enjoy the royal game when snow and ice have laid their grip on the links of the North. This club is really a federation of five links in Florida and Nassau, and membership entitles the player to the privileges of the St. Augustine Country Club Links, the Ormond Links, the Palm Beach Links, the Miami Links, and the Nassau Links at Nassau in the Bahamas. The course on each links is nine holes, and a lively season on all of them has already begun and will continue until May 1st. Tournaments will take place on each course weekly, and handsome trophies are offered as prizes. There will be championship contests on each links, and then championship games for the whole club. That there may be nothing lacking in the quality of the instruction offered, the club has engaged, as professional instructors, A. H. Findlay, D. H. M. Findlay, A. H. Fenn, George Merritt, Lancelot Servos and John Harland. An attractive prospectus has been issued, giving diagrams of the different courses, and this or any information desired about the Florida East Coast Club can be secured by writing to its President, Mr. C. B. Knott, 3 Park Place, N. Y. Winter golf in such a climate as Florida or the Bahamas is a prospect to quicken the pulse of all lovers of the game. ALBION.

LAWN TENNIS.

THE RANKING IN DOUBLES.



IN the ranking of the lawn tennis experts in last month's OUTING, no attempt was made to consider their skill in doubles, a point from which skill in singles widely differs. Some of the best single players fail utterly when they play in doubles, while some of the lower experts in the single-honor list deserve much higher ranking as double players. The relative skill of the experts in the double game is difficult to decide.

In a general way, it may be safe to say that Ware is the best double player of the year,

but either Davis, Bond or Sheldon should be placed next on the list. Below these four men, and perhaps Ward, it would be impossible to rank the men singly.

The only logical method is to consider each combination of two players as a unit and rank it according to the skill the pair showed in public tournament matches. In following out this plan, I have listed seventeen teams which appeared prominently in tournament play this season, but I have had to omit from the classification Hardy and Hardy, the champions of the Pacific Coast, for they played against none of the other teams whose skill is known, and it is impossible to rank them intelligently.

Here is the honor list for the year, according to a careful analysis of the double events of the season. The handicaps assigned are intended as an estimate of the difference between the teams:

DOUBLES.

1. Ware and Sheldon,	} owe 2-6.	11. Fischer and Forbes,	} 4-6	
2. Davis and Ward,		12. Hackett and Allen,		
3. Bond and Collins,	} Scratch.	13. Whitman and Carleton,	} 15.	
4. Bond and Fischer,		14. Paret and Davidson,		
5. Ware and Whitman,		15. Carleton and Wright,		
6. Bond and Belden,	} 2-6	16. Little and Hawes,	} 15.	
7. Whitman and Wrenn,		17. Hackett and Hooker,		
8. Whitman and Fischer,		} of		
9. Fischer and Budlong,				
10. Ware and Forbes,				

It is necessary and just, of course, to place the champion pair, Ware and Sheldon, first on the list, although their record outside of the championship meeting was far from satisfactory. Really, Davis and Ward did better work during the year than the champions, and had it not been for their defeat in the Intercollegiate Championship I should be tempted to disre-

gard all precedent and place them ahead of the champions. They were three times within a single stroke of beating Ware and Sheldon for their championship, and only lost in the exciting fifth set.

Although Bond and Collins, the crack pair of the Middle West, lost in straight sets to Davis and Ward in the Western championships, they afterward beat the latter pair in another Western tournament, while Bond and Belden also won from Davis and Ward later in the season in the East. These two matches added a good deal to Bond's reputation as a double player. By many he is considered almost, if not quite, the equal of Ware in doubles. He is a very clever volleyer, a good lobber, and makes his ground strokes from the top of the bound and without getting too far from the net.

Champion Whitman is undoubtedly a poor double player, just as Sheldon is much better at doubles than singles. Perhaps his best combination is with Ware, although they do not play any too well together. Fischer had his greatest success with Bond, but he also played well with Whitman, Forbes and Budlong, but in partnership with Millett and Thurber he did not meet enough other good teams to define the skill of these combinations. It is rather a difficult undertaking to assign odds for handicapping double teams, since they are so inconsistent in their play, but I have grouped these ranked teams in classes, and added approximate handicaps as a rough estimate of their relative skill.

Among the women players the season was more interesting than any of the last three or four. In the West competition among women is still very popular. Unquestionably, Miss Atkinson is the queen of the year, and her clean sweep of every honor in sight shows her to be in a distinct class. Her only close match was against Miss Jones, of California, who was absolutely unknown to fame before the championship tournament at Philadelphia. Miss Jones came within a stroke of winning.

Miss Louise Pound, also from the far West, was considered last year stronger than Miss Atkinson, but the little champion turned the tables on her this season and resumed her old place at the top rung of the ladder. The relative skill of Miss Jones and Miss Pound is purely problematical, and in this case, as in one or two others, I have had to judge largely from their comparative scores against Miss Atkinson.

I should place the leading women players of the year as follows:

1. Miss Juliette Atkinson, of Brooklyn.
2. Miss Marion Jones, of California.
3. Miss Louise Pound, of Nevada.
4. Miss Helen Crump, of Philadelphia.
5. Miss Carrie Neely, of Chicago.
6. Miss Marie Wimer, of Washington.
7. Mrs. Stagg, of Chicago.
8. Miss Jennie Craven, of Chicago.
9. Miss Maud Banks, of Philadelphia.
10. Miss Kathleen Atkinson, of Brooklyn.

As usual, there must be an exception, and this time it is Mrs. Eustace Smith, of Canada, who beat Miss Wimer in one of the Canadian tournaments. Too little is known of Mrs. Smith's play to classify her accurately.

J. PARMLY PARET.

ICE HOCKEY.



TWO seasons of ice hockey have come and gone, and the sport has certainly gained a firm foothold in the United States. Its third season is about to open, and the enthusiasts have planned for a busy winter. The Amateur Hockey League, which embraces the principal clubs in the metropolitan district, is considering a new plan to condense its schedule into two months, and keep the interest up to a higher pitch by holding the matches closer together. One club will probably drop out of the League, and there are two or three new applicants for places in the schedule.

There was some talk last season of organizing a National Hockey Association, but the plan fell through, while the Intercollegiate Association is very young yet and not very influential. The duty of making the rules for the matches and of regulating their abuses at present, therefore, devolves on the Amateur Hockey League.

Last season's matches demonstrated only too plainly, even painfully, the incapacity of both rules and referees. First, the rules were too lax, and secondly, the officials interpreting them were too lax. With the right kind of men, perhaps, the wide discretion allowed to the referee would be an excellent provision, but most of those who took the position last winter lacked the moral courage to enforce what they knew to be the spirit, if not the letter, of the rules. The power to disqualify a player for roughness, and a general definition of what "roughness" is, were given to him, but almost invariably he preferred to overlook all but the worst offences.

This form of official encouragement soon permitted the roughest players to grow bolder, and before the end of the year hissing was frequently heard at the big matches, and matters grew worse rather than better at the end of the season.

What ice hockey needs this winter, and needs

badly, too, is a man to do for that game what Dashiell has done for football. It is not so many years ago that slugging was common in the football scrimmages. But since Dashiell has been umpiring, with an iron determination to purify the play, roughness in the line has steadily decreased. Dashiell has done such good work for football that he is asked to umpire almost all of the big games, and the penalty of disqualification is so costly, and the chances of detection so strong under his watchful eye, that it does not pay to slug one's opponent any more.

Instead of simply setting a penalty for roughness and then leaving its infliction to the discretion of the referee, the rules should be made much stronger and the instructions to the referee put into mandatory rather than optional form. Since penalties of distance, as in football, are of little value, the free try for goal, as in basketball, without permitting interference with the puck from the opponents, or the surrender of the puck to the undisputed possession of the injured side, should be allowed as a penalty for the minor offences, while the strictest possible rules should be adopted for deliberate fouling and roughness. A case of intentional roughness should meet with instant disqualification for the rest of the game, without the privilege of a substitute, while a foul that originates in carelessness should receive a minor penalty at first and disqualification for its repetition.

There is another distinct weak spot in the hockey laws as in use last winter. The off-side play borrowed from football is woefully unsatisfactory and offers too many loopholes for deliberate transgression without penalty—in fact, with benefit. Under some conditions it would be a distinct advantage to break the off-side rule under the present penalty. It is now possible for a player to prevent the puck from falling into the hands of the enemy when "lofted" far ahead of him by touching it while off-side. It is then "faced" again, with equal chances for its possession. To give the undisputed possession of the puck to the injured team as a penalty for off-side play would surely make this infraction of the rules much less frequent and more costly.

There was some agitation last winter in favor of goal "cages," as used in roller polo and ice polo, but it is very doubtful if they will be used. Such cages would interfere materially with the work of the goal-keepers as the game is played now, and unless a "crease" was laid out, as in lacrosse, from inside of which a goal could not be thrown, the scrimmage in hockey is sure to be often so close that goal "cages" would interfere with the goal-keeper. Undoubtedly the goal umpires should be selected with greater care, and no one allowed to officiate in this capacity who has any interests in the success of one side or the other, for some of last year's goal-umpiring was notoriously bad, and it was this that created the demand for goal cages. A careless or dishonest goal umpire might give the victory to the losing team with little difficulty, as his decision on a throw for goal is final, and the referee is powerless to reverse it.

J. PARMLY PARET.

EQUESTRIANISM.

AS OUTING went to press for this issue the fourteenth annual equine congress was in session, and his Majesty, Equus Rex, was enthroned in the arena of Madison Square Garden to receive the obeisance of his admirers. That they accorded him the full measure of praise and that the function was as popular as any of its predecessors can safely be accepted as fact, notwithstanding that there were, prior to the opening of the doors, indications of a waning interest on the part of the ultra fashionables.

The show, however, has long passed through the probationary period of its existence. Nowadays the multitude believes in its mission, and has accepted it as the authority on all that pertains to the horse as part and parcel of contemporary life.

Like many of its predecessors, this year's show had its peculiarities. While the number of horses entered about equaled those of last year, there were three hundred exhibitors as against two hundred and sixty-seven in the preceding show, and of these a goodly proportion were novices, whose horses were, for the most part, untried. The element of uncertainty attaching to their chances, of course, lent a peculiar piquancy to the contests, and therefore the classes, especially in the harness department, were the more interesting.

The maintenance of the balance of power 'twixt the private and professional owner was another agreeable feature of this year's show that went far toward securing its success, as well as demonstrating the Horse Show Association's comprehension of the fitness of things in this important particular.

OUTDOOR HORSE SHOWS.

In reviewing the circuit of outdoor horse shows for the summer season of 1898, a few points of general interest suggest themselves as worthy of note.

Opening under unfavorable conditions, such as wet weather and the uneasiness incident to the preparations for the war, the outlook for a prosperous year was not particularly promising, nor did matters improve much until the season was well advanced, and the Long Branch Association achieved success with the exhibition they gave at the famous seaside resort (August 11th-13th). Then it took on a new lease of life and a series of felicitous events followed, viz., those at Saratoga, N. Y., August 29th-30th; Newport, R. I., September 5th-7th; Belle Haven, Conn., September 10th; White Plains, N. Y., September 27th-October 1st; Goshen, N. Y., October 1st, and Morristown, N. J., October 6th-8th.

While not prolific of new shows, the season has proved rich in developments indicative of the growing influence of amateurism in this field of sport and recreation. In the first place, it can fairly be claimed that a good share of the success which attended the more important suburban shows this year was owing to the support given them by horsemen of the amateur class. In the second place, there was a noticeable tendency on the part of horse-show authorities to cater to the wishes of amateurs. The phrases, "professionals barred," "owners

to drive," have been more frequently appended to class conditions than formerly, and local classes reserved for horses owned in the immediate vicinity of the show grounds have been incorporated in the catalogues of several events. The principal innovation in favor of the amateur, however, was the general adoption of a clause in the conditions of entry to open classes, excluding therefrom horses which had taken first prizes at previous shows, and the relegation of such animals to one contest in which only champions could meet. All these changes have increased the amateur entry and brought unknown horses into the show-ring, and so the open events have been more interesting than they were last year, if not quite so brilliant as when large entries were made by the professional element.

Indifferent weather attended the opening of the fifth annual horse show at Long Branch this year, but, as briefly noted in OUTING for September, the skies cleared on the last two days, and as a result the capacity of the grand stands and promenade were taxed to the utmost. Amateurs' horses made a good showing, and one of the best animals seen out this season was Miss Amelia Kussner's chestnut gelding Ivanhoe, that won first prize in a novice class. Master Widener's gray mare Queen and an unnamed mare of the same color, shown by R. F. Carman, were also worthy of the honors bestowed upon them. Others shown in this class were Philip Leyman's Grace, J. E. Widener's brown mare, John Wallace's Virginia, Irving Brokaw's Mab, Jacob Ruppert's Puritan, M. A. Frank's mare Love, W. Shettel's Lady Cora, and Theodore Offerman's Rumson.

R. F. Carman's entry, which won the special prize offered for the best gig horse, was protested against, a gelding being shown instead of the mare Newcomer, and so the prize was handed to Miss Kussner, her gelding Ivanhoe having taken second place. There was further trouble with R. F. Carman's entries, Walsingham and Stranger, after they won two classes for pairs and a tandem competition, their apparent lameness being the ground on which protests were lodged. There did not appear to be any official veterinarian in the ring, but the committee in charge of awards did not uphold the protest, so Mr. Carman carried away his ribbons. The New York Horse and Cob Company were, as usual, well to the fore in the tandem, pair, park and road team contests, also in that for best high stepper. Other noticeable exhibits in this department were G. B. Hulme's Lieutenant Wilkes, Charles Protor's Sweet Briar, and T. M. Hilliard's Delight. The best pony in harness was Miss Edith Colford's Cottage Prince. The best pony under saddle was James T. Hyde's Diavolessa, a remarkably good one being Hartley Thomas' gray mare Dickey Bird. Of jumping ponies Sidney Holloway showed the winner in George S. Gagnon's Baroness, and W. Stanton Elliott's Glencoe was the first prize winner among the cobs under 15.1 hands. Of saddle hacks, Mrs. Jacques Ballin's chestnut mare Fayette McCord was considered the best, Miss Holloway's King Cotton being placed second in two open classes, Fayette

McCord also winning the championship. Of the hunters shown over the regulation jumps, Grand and Elliott's thoroughbred Red Oak was easily first, George J. Gould showing the black mare Shamrock for second prize, and General Healy the well-known chestnut Kensington for the yellow rosette. In another open class J. Holloway's Greylock and Chappie got the awards.

Newport held its second annual horse show on the Casino grounds this year, and it was a phenomenal success.

The gifts of plate and silver cups by members of the Newport colony were quite numerous, among those who offered them being Hamilton McK. Twombly, Calvin S. Brice, Prescott Lawrence, Harry Payne Whitney, Robert Goelet, William Cutting, George Peabody Wetmore, Edward Morrell, T. Morgan Stewart, Potter Palmer, O. H. P. Belmont, De Forest Danielson, John R. Drexel and Brewster, Messrs. Frederic Bronson, H. K. Bloodgood, Foxhall Keene, George Work and E. V. Thayer were among those who acted as judges.

A unique competition was that in which several Irish jaunting-cars appeared. These side-seated vehicles have been much affected in America's premier summer resort of late, and the exhibit was hailed with delight. Mr. Harry Payne Whitney won the contest with a fine cart drawn by his high stepper Ambition, Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., getting second prize, George P. Eustis, third, and C. Vanderbilt, Jr., fourth.

In a class for pairs of horses driven by ladies, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney took the blue ribbon with Aladdin and mate, and in an open class for hunters the same lady's great fencer, Hurricane, secured the judges' favor, after negotiating six successive jumps five feet high. In a later contest over regular hunting obstacles, all of which were not so high, Hurricane was just beaten by Grand and Elliott's Red Oak.

A highly amusing as well as instructive class was that calling for light and heavy weight delivery horses, shown to vans and trucks loaded with ordinary merchandise. Grand pianos, stacks of hay, baskets of wine, tons of coal, bread, milk, beef, ice cream, etc., were all paraded for the edification of the fashionables, and the horses shown were of a class well calculated to haul their loads up the long hills of the town. In the heavy brigade, a toppy black horse shown by George Bowen, the coal dealer, won. In passing upon the light horses, the judges allowed ice cream to play a strong card, a chestnut mare called Neva, and a capital sort, too, owned by Muenchinger & Sons, being picked for the winner.

The younger members of the Vanderbilt family were seen in the show-ring for the first time at this show, their entries appearing to good advantage in a class calling for best private omnibus turnout, in the jaunting-car class, among the large pairs of harness horses, in the runabout class, and a pony competition.

Speaking of ponies, the best shown in harness was deemed Eben D. Jordan's Eccles Wonder. Miss Edith Colford won the prize for best horse and turnout suitable for a lady to drive. In the novice class for horses shown in harness, Thomas W. Lawson's Glorious won the first prize, and the same owner's Gorgeous was

deemed the best combination ride and drive horse, and had a walkover for the saddle championship.

Of children's ponies Mrs. Foxhall Keene's Quickstep took the blue ribbon in one class and E. D. Jordan's Princess Rose in another. Mr. Frederick H. Allen showed the best polo pony, called Moonlight, R. L. Gerry's Spaniard taking second and Albert C. Bostwick's K. T. third prize. Of hackney mares shown, the best, by long odds, was E. D. Jordan's Countess, which the Cheney Brothers imported. The New York Horse and Cob Company made a very large entry of its old-time prize winners, and won in the following events: Runabout class, single harness and high-stepper under 15 hands, single harness and high-stepper over 15 hands, pairs and high-steppers over 15 hands, pairs and tandem over 15.2 hands, tandem under 15.2 hands, road and park teams, and championship for single horses, pairs, and hunters.

The White Plains show, held under the auspices of the Westchester County Association, proved to be equal in many respects to any of the six annual events that had preceded it. A liberal premium list was afforded, the prizes footing up to about \$5,000, and the entries were therefore quite large, local rather than metropolitan exhibits being in the majority. The rule excluding former champions from competition in the open classes was adopted, and professionals were barred from many events in which stylish appointments were considered. A driving competition, which really became a race between tandem teams, was an enjoyable feature, and the more so because amateur drivers alone were allowed to compete.

Favored with brilliant sunshine from start to finish, this combination of primitive and modern forms of recreation attracted not only the masses, but also the social élite of the countryside, the cottage colonies of Larchmont, Westchester, Rye, Mamaroneck, Port Chester, Belle Haven and New Rochelle being well represented, and their coaches, "parked" on the green, added much to the picturesque scene.

The judging was most satisfactory, the decisions being rendered by such experienced horsemen as Messrs. Davis Bonner, Edward F. Beale, Prescott Lawrence, Reginald Rives, Jason Waters and Morton Smith.

This year's show, the seventh in the history of the organization, brought out several new horses, and reversed some past decisions. In the high-stepping section of the show, Dickman Brown's Early Bird, Howard Willett's Misfit and Missing Link R. F. Carman's Newcomer, and Strauss and Hexter's Lookaway distinguished themselves, and of local horses suitable for gigs and heavier vehicles, Charles Gould's Yanko and Spanko, Howard Willett's Gladwys, Princess, and Gentleman Joe; George R. Read's white gelding Old Times, and Dickman Brown's remarkable four, called Hello, All Right, Meadowbrook, and Sunshine, all showed excellent character and style such as should put them at the top of stiff classes in Madison Square Garden.

In the saddle classes, Hartman Thomas' Dickey Bird and Marion Story's Skeesics were remarkable, as was also Stanton Elliott's cob Suzanne, Eugene Reynal's weight-carrying

hunter Quorn, Hart Bros' welter-weight Richmond, Holloway's Elsie, and maiden hunter Beverly, while Grand and Elliott's timber-topper, Red Oak, won hosts of friends. Of saddle hacks there were several excellent specimens, Mrs. John Gerken's Vinco, Miss Holloway's Ar, and Harvey Ladew's Lady of Quality being the pick of the basket.

Of the horsewomen Miss Holloway was easily first in the affections of the spectators, as she certainly was in the estimation of the judges, and her daring young brother, Sidney, notwithstanding two bad falls at the perilously narrow "in-and-outer," showed the plucky material he was made of by riding a long string of qualified and green hunters. And this clever boy won the sporting tandem competition, too, against his older competitor, Louis Haight, although it must be said that the youngster was rather too light to unharness and saddle his own horse, he requiring assistance, while his competitor went through the motions all alone.

One of the best exhibitions of amateur coaching given in a long time was that put up by Albert C. Bostwick, who has been often favorably mentioned in our polo reports. A light-weight on the box, this young man put into the ring a very useful-looking four, and dropping his hands to them kept them at the gallop, and then changed them to all the gaits, and turned them on the narrow corners without apparent effort. In this four-in-hand contest Dickman Brown won with a breezy, high-spirited team.

Richard F. Carman had a typical town team, such as one would pick for the first change out of the city on a coaching trip, and they were remarkable for their extreme handiness, although they had more action than required. Rare old Fred Ashenden gave a remarkably finished performance on the box with galloping a team underneath him. The light body brake fairly rocked, and pretty nearly toppled over as it rounded the turns, but the old fellow, who has taught generations of amateurs to drive, seemed as imperturbable as if seated in a cozy arm-chair.

For the tandem race there were four entries, the traps weighing with occupants not less than 650 pounds each. The horses had to trot a half-mile in less than two minutes. Edwin Weatherbee put in Lady Hilda and Lady Grace, Charles A. Gould showed Yanko and Spanko, Richard Carman entered Newcomer and Lady Sapphire, and Dickman Brown pinned his faith on Meadowbrook and Sunshine. The turnouts lined up on the race track, and Prescott Lawrence was master of ceremonies, giving the word as the teams driven by Carman and Brown passed the judges' stand. It was a poor start, as the teams were pretty badly strung out. At the quarter Carman's outfit was in the lead and trotting squarely, and they were never headed, but his leader broke persistently the remainder of the distance and until approaching the half-mile post, the team winning, however, in 1m. and 40s., Dickman Brown's turnout reaching the finish five seconds later.

The Morristown Field Club's show was more like a garden party than a horse show. It was particularly pleasing, and the grounds so laid out that easy access could be had to and from

the infield by the box-holders and those occupying reserved chairs on the grand stand.

The show catered largely to horse owners of Morris, Essex, Somerset and Union counties, New Jersey, special classes being reserved for their exhibits. The best of these was a tandem exhibit, in which Mr. Charles Hathaway's gray leader Princess and chestnut wheeler Stanton easily took first prize, notwithstanding the horses were poorly driven by a person named Fulscher, who let them down at the gate, then fiddled with his ribbons and kept the leader bothered so that the traces were tight the whole time. Mr. J. S. Frelinghuysen showed a steady and honest, but coarse pair for second prize, and a substantial team, well driven for William Salomon, was put third. A light and leggy leader and plain wheeler were shown by L. Hallock, Jr., and Charles Pfizer had a particularly showy lead horse and a very handy wheeler, which he put along in real old-fashioned style. A team shown by Leslie Ward was plain throughout, and Augustus Smith had too much power in his shafts and quite substance enough in the traces.

When Messrs. W. H. Catlin, Jason Waters and Thomas Maitland judged the four-in-hand teams, they caused a little excitement by ordering Richard Carman to send his quartet along at a fast gallop, round and round the half-mile track. This brought the spectators to their feet and watches were pulled out to catch the time. The turnout, with eight passengers on top, made quite a picture, and when the guard set the horn a-blowing, and the passengers took a fresh grip on the roof-seats, the outfit looked not unlike what our grandfathers were used to on a ten-mile galloping stage.

One of the best bits of polo pony judging that we have seen at any show took place on the infield at Morristown, when Morton Smith rode several exhibits, and, with the assistance of Jason Waters, picked Rudolph Flinsch's grand pony Essex. The pony was of the typical stamp, quick on the ball and clever at turning through obstacles. The interest shown by the public in this exhibit demonstrated clearly how the game of polo appeals to the masses nowadays. The field became so crowded that the judges had to request room to be given for the ponies to be tried at speed. The authorities at outdoor shows might to advantage include an exhibit of polo ponies in one period of a game.

The last day at the Morristown show was cloudy, yet a large crowd gathered in mackintosh coats. One of the prettiest spectacles was the exhibit of six tandem teams driven by ladies. Miss Catlin, of Rye, Miss Lulu Pfizer, Mrs. Charles M. Chapin, Mrs. Robert L. Stevens, Mrs. Cornelius B. Mitchell, and Miss Edith Catlin, of Morristown, were the competitors. Mrs. Stevens' team with the hackney mare Miss Minch in the lead, won, and Miss Catlin, of Rye, took second prize with Mrs. Shaw's horses. Miss Pfizer showed herself a finished horsewoman, and was rightly given third place for her turnout.

A special prize, offered by Mr. J. W. Ogden, brought out the most brilliant goer in the show, Miss Kussner's Ivanhoe, which had already won in a pair competition. In the championship this horse was also chosen as the winner.

A. H. GODFREY.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

WINTER WORK.

WINTER work, to the enthusiastic picture-maker by photography, means the trying to reproduce his impressions of snow-clad and ice-bound nature, and this he does regardless of the discomforts and difficulties incident to it, while the photographer, to whom photography is but a pastime, lays aside his camera with the first frost and either turns his attention to some other amusement or change of occupation, or finds, in the application of various printing methods to his summer-produced negatives, pleasant employment for the winter.

To the latter, rather than to the former, the following suggestions are offered, in the hope that they may help him to pleasant employment for leisure hours:

MAGIC.

Much amusement may be derived from the old and almost forgotten "Magic" photograph. In a party of young folk he may don the mantle of the fortune-teller, and, if his imagination is sufficiently vivid and his negatives sufficiently varied, show them each in turn the locality where they are to meet their "fate," the portrait of "he or she that is to be," or get from the book of fate pictorial or oracle-like answers to any question that may be asked.

The *modus operandi* may be something like the following: Slips are distributed or drawn from a handful of apparently blank pieces of paper like a pack of cards, and, after such a prelude as his fancy may suggest, each in turn is asked to place the slip between the equally blank leaves of the book of fate. One hand of each is then laid on the book while an incantation is delivered, and on opening it the answer is found in the shape of a suggestive picture on the slip.

The Magic photograph is very simple. Prints are made on any ordinary silver paper, albumen, gelatine or collodion, fixed in plain solution of hypo, but not toned, and washed. They are then immersed in a saturated solution of bichloride of mercury, *corrosive sublimate*, till the image entirely disappears, and washed and dried. The leaves of the book of fate are of blotting paper moistened with a solution of hypo, and still moist when employed.

LANTERN SLIDES.

It goes without saying that lantern slides will form a part of the winter's work, but whether they will be worth the time and material expended on them is not so certain. A part of my duty is to see and consider a very large number of slides throughout the year, and I regret to have to say that at least seventy-five per cent. of them are not nearly what they should or might easily be.

Picture-makers by photography are inclined to belittle technique, and in at least large paper pictures it is not perhaps of supreme importance, but in a three-inch slide to be enlarged to something like ten feet its absence is fatal. The negative from which slides are to be made must be sharp and full of delicate detail, even in the shadows, and every degree of gradation must appear in the slide. The old teaching

that the higher lights should be represented by bare glass cannot longer be tolerated. Only the highest of high lights should so appear, and in a good picture they are, like angels' visits, few and far between. Slides in which sky or water is represented by bare glass, or which on the screen represent a sunny summer landscape as if covered by winter's snow—and at least seventy-five per cent. of all that I see are such—are only fit for the ash barrel.

The securing of a sufficient degree of gradation in a lantern slide is simply a question of the relation between exposure and development, and is most easily obtained by considering the latter a fixed quantity and discovering by experiment what the former should be; in other words, reversing the order as applied in the production of a negative, *i. e.*, modifying the development to suit the exposure and modifying the exposure to suit the development.

The following developing solution, recommended by Mr. Bothamley, leaves nothing to be desired, and gives the generally admired fine warm black:

Ortol.....	12 grains
Potassium metabisulphite.....	6 grains
Potassium bromide.....	2 grains
Sodium sulphite (cryst.).....	90 grains
Sodium carbonate (cryst.).....	90 grains
Water.....	8 ounces

A few experiments will show just what exposure is required to produce in this solution every possible degree of gradation or true tonality, and after a very little experience the photographer will know just how far to carry development; or he may adopt the excellent method recommended by Mr. Stieglitz, continue development till the image, both by reflected and transmitted light, is lost, buried in the deposit, and then in daylight reduce it both all over and locally by Farmer's solution. A notice of this method, and also suggestions as to how to make slides in various colors, will be found in the November, 1897, number of the *American Amateur Photographer*, and is well worth careful study. But whatever method may be employed, it may be taken as a rule to which there is no exception, that a lantern slide must have no bare glass unless in the very highest of high lights, and of them only just enough to give the desired sparkle.

Farmer's reducing solution is most conveniently made by keeping on hand a 1 to 8 solution of hypo and a saturated solution of potassium ferricyanide, pouring into a tray sufficient of the former to cover the plate and adding sufficient of the latter to give it a deep straw color. The deeper the color the more active the solution, but too much ferricyanide is apt to produce a yellowish stain. This for general reduction; for local application, to sky, water, etc., the solution may be stronger and applied with a brush or tuft of cotton.

In making slides by contact printing, and with artificial light, it is well known that for the best results the weaker the negative the lower should be the intensity of the light, *i. e.*, the farther should the printing frame be from the lamp. The following distances and relative intensities will be helpful if marked on the work table:

Distance from light in inches, 12, 17, 21, 24, 27, 29, 32, 34, 36, 38.
Relative intensities, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

A distance of twelve inches from the source of light is taken as the unit, and whatever the required exposure at that distance may be, the figures below the various distances from 17 to 38 inches show the number of times that unit should be given.

CLOUD NEGATIVES.

Another and useful phase of winter work is the making of cloud negatives. White paper skies are no longer tolerated, and as suitable skies are rarely got with the exposure required for the landscape, printing from a separate

negative is generally necessary. Hand camera exposures, more frequently than not, while too short for the landscape are just right for the sky, and there are many such negatives, useless for landscape printing but with well-indicated clouds. It is easy by any of the well-known methods to make from those cloud negatives copies that will give a crown of glory to an otherwise valueless picture.

The possessor of a lantern may, from the small cloud negative, make, by contact printing on a lantern slide plate, a positive or transparency, and by means of the lantern make a negative on an ordinary plate and enlarged to any desired size.

DR. JOHN NICOL.

CYCLING.

PRICE ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR 1899.

BY degrees the annual announcements of the makers have been moved forward in point of time from early spring to late autumn, a majority of those for 1899 having been published on or about November 1st, at which time new models were on exhibition and sale in all parts of the country. The new figures—\$75 for the chainless, \$50 as a maximum for regular stock chain-driven bicycles, with graduated lists running as low as \$20, and even \$15—occasioned no general surprise, as the public had come to expect, without contrary intimation from the trade, that these prices would hereafter prevail. Racing and special chain-driven machines will, however, continue to be listed by a few concerns at \$60, \$65, \$75, \$85, and even \$100.

The list prices of European bicycles have fallen, within the past year, almost as much as those of this country, due in a great measure to the strong competition of American products. The English cycle trade market is especially depressed, which condition is attributed to the disproportionate increase of manufacturers over the number of new buyers. A marked reduction in list prices is certain for 1899. For high-grade machines, prices will range from \$55 to \$75, and reliable wheels will be offered at from \$30 to \$45. But one type of the chainless—the Acatene—has met with fair success on the Continent, and none has made marked headway yet in conservative Great Britain. The list price of the Acatene has heretofore ranged from \$125 to \$130, with consequent limited sales, but it is thought that the prices for 1899 will not exceed \$80, or \$90 at the utmost. Thus the popularization of bicycle prices is being effected the world over.

NEW ENGLAND AMATEUR CIRCUIT.

The most distinctively amateur racing circuit carried through in the United States for 1893 was concluded on October 15th with the meet at Hills' Grove, Providence, R. I., under the auspices of the Rhode Island Wheelmen. The several preceding meetings were held during September and the first two weeks in October, in different cities in Eastern Massachusetts, and were attended by the best amateurs of New England. J. F. Ingraham, of Lynnfield, Mass., the leader at all times in

the contest for the circuit championship, won both open events at the final tourney, and made good his claim to the championship. Following is the final standing of the first ten competitors:

Name.	Residence.	Points.*
J. F. Ingraham.....	Lynnfield, Mass.....	78
Claude Hamilton.....	Lowell, Mass.....	56
Harry Edwards.....	Dorchester, Mass.....	49
W. P. Arnold.....	Alton, R. I.....	45
B. A. Ingraham.....	W. Peabody, Mass.....	43
J. F. Moran.....	Chelsea, Mass.....	29
C. H. Drury.....	Winchendon, Mass.....	24
A. L. Barber.....	Taunton, Mass.....	23
D. C. Hanchett.....	S. Natick, Mass.....	10
J. P. Clark.....	Dorchester, Mass.....	10

The winner of the championship received the Orient trophy, the finest of its kind ever offered in New England for amateur competition.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH.

At Montreal, Que., on October 29th, James Drury lowered the Canadian amateur flying-start track record from 1:53 to 1:52 1-5, and the standing-start track record from 2:03 to 2:01.

The New York-Boston road record was broken on October 17th-18th, by A. M. Curtis, a Meriden, Conn., amateur, who made the trip, paced by singles and tandems, in 18:32:00, cutting off an even five hours from the best previous time.**

Late in October, Louis R. Smith, of Washington, D. C., established a new Washington-New York record of 27:32:00, cutting down the previous time by five minutes.**

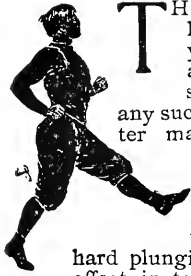
On October 31st, Frank Ourish, of Dorchester, Mass., made the following new records over the Norwood (Mass.) course: One mile, paced, flying start, 1:41 1-5; one mile, paced, standing start, 1:45 3-5; one mile, unpaced, standing start, 2:11 1-5; one mile, paced, tandem, standing start, with J. S. Wold, 1:54 3-5.

The fifth annual ten-mile road race of the California Associated Cycling Clubs was run on the Haywards Course, San Francisco, on October 19th, with ninety-nine starters. Good time was made despite unfavorable weather and road conditions. The event was won by Clay Holmes, from the 3m. 15s. mark, in 29m. 40s.

THE PROWLER.

*Points were scored the same as on the "National Circuit," i. e., 6 for a first place, 4 for a second, 3 for a third, 2 for a fourth, and 1 for a fifth.
**Made on chainless machines.

FOOTBALL.



THIS season's football games have proven one point beyond question—a good punter and two good ends are necessary in the composition of any successful eleven. A good center may be valueless, good half-backs hopeless, and fine tacklers useless, if the ends are weak or there is no one who can punt well. All the distance gained in ten minutes' hard plunging against the line can be offset in ten seconds by a good punt and good ends to keep the ball from being run back.

Many experts who saw the Princeton-Yale games both this year and last are confident that the lack of fast-running and sure-tackling ends caused Princeton's defeat last year and victory this. Even Hall and Hazen could hardly be considered equal to Poe and Palmer, and the absence of those brilliant runs of De Saules' and the other Yale backs, which made the 1897 game so brilliant, were more due to Princeton's defence than to the poor play of the Yale backs. One other point is also proved by this season's games, and that is the fatality of fumbling. The Harvard-Pennsylvania game was practically lost by a fumble on the first play, and another fumble turned the victory to Princeton over Yale.

The defensive work in football grows stronger and stronger with each year, and between evenly matched teams it seems almost impossible to gain much distance by running plays. Even the famous guards-back formation of Pennsylvania was stopped by Harvard.

When the backs, with the best interference, have succeeded in breaking through the opposing line, the gains have been so small that they were worn out by their efforts before they were close enough to the opposite goal to score. Exhausted backs and linemen constantly used for good team interference are generally easily stopped after they have carried the ball forty or fifty yards in short gains.

Hudson's continued success at goal-kicking seems to me to point the finger of prophecy in the right direction. With defence constantly improving, I think the scoring play of the future will be goal-kicking from the field. In the two big games played to date—Yale-Princeton and Harvard-Pennsylvania—not a single touchdown has been scored by rushing tactics. A place goal from the field and two touchdowns directly attributable to fumbles completed all the scoring done.

It would seem the game of the future is that in which good ends, good kickers and a strong defence in the line will be the chief features; and that our crack teams of next year will kick the ball up and down the field until a fumble, a blocked kick, or the superiority of one of the punters gives either side enough advantage to get within reasonable distance for a try for goal. If they can force the opponents so far down as to get a fair catch within the forty-yard line, place-kicking for goal will be possible.

And, after all, would not this be more like football? Have we not neglected the first principle of the game in carrying the ball so much instead of kicking it more? Should we not score through kicking rather than rushing?

There is no prettier play in football than a drop-kick for goal, and none which ought to be equal with it in the score. If the touchdown counted but three points, and the goal from it but one more, the five which a field-goal now earns would be more in keeping with its relative value, and also lessen the present probability of tie games. Add to such an alteration in the rules one that requires the ball to be put in play at the goal-line instead of twenty-five yards out, after a kick has crossed the goal-line, and you put a premium at once on the best play of the game, and offer a few more opportunities to make it.

Such changes would open up the play very much more and do away with much of the mass play that now hampers football. Let us hope that the next committee appointed for a revision of the rules will adopt some such changes.

HARVARD, 28; U. S. MILITARY CADETS, 0.

Harvard played her first really encouraging game of the season at West Point, October 15th, when she beat the U. S. Military Cadets by 28 to 0, in a game of forty-five minutes' play. The crimson defence was unexpectedly strong, and the Cadets could make little headway against their rush-line. In the first half the West Pointers held Harvard pretty well, and when the visitors carried the ball down to within two feet of their goal they managed to get it on downs and kick it out of danger. Another series of running attacks failed, and it was some time before Harvard finally landed the ball back of the line for the first touchdown. After a short battle in the middle of the field, West Point got the ball, and Waldron made the longest run of the day, a gain of forty-five yards around Cochrane, Harvard's left end. Dibblee finally stopped the flying Cadet, and that was the nearest the home team ever got to the visitors' goal-line.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 40; LEHIGH, 0.

The University of Pennsylvania's crack eleven ran up 40 points against Lehigh in a one-sided game that was rather uninteresting to watch. The visitors were so hopelessly out-classed, in size, weight and skill, that it was utterly impossible for them to stop the charging Quakers, and the guards-back formation ripped great holes in the line that netted touchdowns all too frequently.

PRINCETON, 30; U. S. NAVAL CADETS, 0.

Princeton took the U. S. Naval Cadets into camp, at Annapolis, Md., October 15th, with the score at 30 to 0. The Tigers had matters very much their own way, and in the first half ran up 24 points without much difficulty, while in the second half, which was shortened, they let up considerably. Poe, at right end, played the most brilliant game for Princeton, and one

of his runs netted eighty yards and a touchdown. Several times the Cadets made weak attempts to kick goals from the field, but they did not come anywhere near the posts.

YALE, 6; NEWTON A. A., 0.

Yale played the Newton Athletic Association team October 15th, at Newton, Mass. The home eleven displayed much more strength than had been expected, and had it not been for a long run of sixty yards by Townsend, in the second half, it is probable that the visitors would not have scored at all. In the first half of the game, the Newton men held the collegians repeatedly for four downs and got possession of the ball, but they could not advance it much themselves, so the scoring was bound to be small. Never once did Yale get nearer than twenty-five yards from Newton's goal, until in the second half, when Townsend made his brilliant run. They pushed the ball over then and kicked the goal, but not again could they get near that line. The playing time was forty minutes.

CARLISLE INDIANS, 17; WILLIAMS, 6.

The Carlisle Indians beat Williams, at Albany, N. Y., by 17 to 6, on October 15th. During the first half, the two teams were very evenly matched. Each got the ball to within a few yards of the opponent's goal, and then lost it on downs. Finally, O'Neil, Williams's right end, got the ball right under his own goal on a fumble by one of the Indian backs, and ran the whole length of the field for a touchdown and goal. In the second half, the better condition of the Indians began to tell in their favor, and three times in succession they forced the Williams team all the way down the field from the center, scoring a touchdown each time.

CORNELL, 27; UNIVERSITY OF BUFFALO, 0.

Cornell beat the University of Buffalo, a newcomer in the field of intercollegiate football, by 27 to 0, at Ithaca, N. Y., October 15th. During the first half, the visitors held Cornell down to one touchdown, but in the second, the Cornellians piled up the points rapidly. Twice Cross tried for field-goals from place-kicks, and one of his attempts was successful. Captain Whiting's punting was also a feature of the game.

YALE, 22; BROWN, 6.

Brown went to New Haven October 19th determined to beat Yale this year, but went back home with the score 22 to 6 against her. The Providence men thought they had a good chance to win, and from the start to the finish her players fought hard for every inch of the ground. The Yale eleven rose to the occasion, however, and Brown was unable to hold them at all. In the first half, Yale had the ball most of the time, and her line-plays directed at the center and tackles almost invariably yielded good gains. Only two or three times did the visitors make their distance, and then they were soon stopped. In the second half, Yale continued her aggressive style. Just five minutes before the game ended, Benjamin fumbled the ball down close under the Brown goal, and Washburn, Brown's left end, picked

it up and ran the whole length of the field, surrounded by good interference, for a touchdown, from which a goal was kicked. The play was exceptionally rough all through, and no less than seven players had to be taken out of the game from exhaustion and one for slugging. The time of actual play was forty minutes.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 17; WESLEYAN, 0.

Pennsylvania was treated to a surprise at Philadelphia, October 19th, by the unexpected strength of the Wesleyan team, who put up a very clever defensive game, and held the score of her opponents down to 17 points. In the second half Wesleyan also made over fifty yards in one long series of gains, but far down in Pennsylvania's territory they lost the ball on downs, and with it their only chance to score. The chief fault of the home players was the fumbling of their backs, and several times they had the ball down close to Wesleyan's goal, only to lose it on some wretched fumble. Captain Outland's work was the feature of the game, and his line-bucking was productive of most of Pennsylvania's best gains.

HARVARD, 22; NEWTOWNE A. C., 0.

Harvard defeated the Newtowne Athletic Club team at Cambridge, October 19th, by 22 to 0, despite the driving rainstorm that made the play poor as well as uninteresting to watch. The Newtowne A. C., by the way, should not be confused with the Newton A. A., which Yale played a few days before, for they are very different teams, the Newtowne eleven being made up largely of Harvard graduates. The collegians, however, had everything their own way, and, but for the slippery ball and poor footing, the score would have been much larger.

PRINCETON, 6; CORNELL, 0.

The first big game of the season was that between Princeton and Cornell at Princeton, October 22d, and the Tigers were the victors by 6 to 0, but not without a fierce struggle, in which the Cornell team developed more strength than they were suspected of, and fairly earned their place among the crack teams of the season.

In the first half there was much punting, and Ayres fully held his own with the Cornell backs. The visitors tried two or three end-runs, and one of their new tricks, when the whole team was massed on one side of the Princeton line, and the ball snapped back by one of the ends. But neither of them was profitable, for Princeton's defence was exceptionally strong, and the runners were stopped without perceptible gains. Soon after the game had been started, Cornell got the ball down to Princeton's 35-yard line, after a clever 15-yard run by Starbuck and short plunges by Whiting and Starbuck. Here a field-goal from a place-kick was tried by Cross, but the ball flew low and out of bounds.

Hillebrand shortly after blocked a quarterback kick tried by Young, and Princeton then began an assault on the visitors' line that finally yielded a touchdown. Black, Reiter and Ayres alternated with the ball, plunging into the Cornell line for good gains, and they were aided

by the off-side plays of the opposing guards. Steadily down the field the visitors were pushed, and Reiter was finally shoved over the Cornell line for a touchdown, from which Mills kicked a difficult goal. This touchdown took over fifteen minutes to make, and it was the first, last and only score of the game.

In the second half, Crowdis and Caldwell were put in as guards in the places of Mills and Lueder, who had been ruled off the field by Umpire Dashiell for slugging; while Cornell's other star guard, Reed, had been hurt, and G. Young, Jr., took his place. Again, Cornell resorted to new plays, and the guards-back formation, as well as the play in which the end snapped the ball back. Both gained considerable distance. Fumbling prevented her from scoring, however, when she had worked the ball well down the field. There were several punting duels between Ayres and Whiting, and then Princeton made the best running plays of the day. From her own 35-yard line, Princeton steadily rushed the ball all the way to Cornell's three-yard line, and, within one minute of the end of the game, tried twice unsuccessfully to get it over. Just before the whistle announced that time was up, Cornell got the ball on downs, and the game was over. There were only forty minutes of actual play.

YALE, 18 ; CARLISLE INDIANS, 5.

Little Hudson, the wonderful quarter-back of the Carlisle Indian team, made one of the most sensational plays of the season, against Yale at New Haven, October 22d. The Indians were beaten by 18 to 5, but the glory was with the visitors because of the wonderful goal from the field kicked by Hudson from Yale's 45-yard line. Hudson and Captain Bemis Pierce were the stars of the game, and the latter's duel with Captain Chamberlain, of Yale, at tackle, resulted with honors about even. This part of the line was made the chief point of attack by Yale, and many gains were made through Pierce, but Chamberlain was pretty well used up before the game was over, and had to retire. Much of Hudson's success is due to the confidence of his captain and the rest of the Indian team in his goal-kicking ability. Twice he tried and missed a field-goal before he finally made one, and the third time the kick was almost blocked. Yale blocked the first try and the second fell short. Although Carlisle's defence was strong, Yale's interference was too much for them, and her running plays finally carried the day, her backs crossing the Indians' goal-line four times.

HARVARD, 39 ; CHICAGO A. A., 0.

Harvard outclassed the Chicago Athletic Association's crack Western eleven, in their game at Cambridge, October 22d, and won by the wide margin of 39 to 0, on a wet and slippery field. Captain Diblee was the star of the game, and the Westerners seemed utterly unable to prevent his long runs. He shook off their tackles and frequently gained many valuable yards after any ordinary back would have been stopped. Chicago soon found the Harvard ends impregnable, and confined her attempts to gain ground through the center. Even this

held well, despite the inferiority in weight, and then the Westerners resorted to kicking with almost as bad results. Reid outpunted Wellington, and the crimson backs ran the kicks back better than did their antagonists.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 32 ; LAFAYETTE, 0.

Despite the absence of Overfield and McCracken, and the miserably poor play of the rest of the Pennsylvania team, the Lafayette eleven was beaten at Philadelphia, October 22d, 32 to 0, in the easiest kind of fashion. Two years ago, Lafayette beat Pennsylvania and played Princeton a tie. This year, however, they have been beaten each time they have met a strong team. The nearest the visitors ever got to the Quakers' goal-line was when the referee gave the ball to Lafayette for holding on the Pennsylvania's 35-yard line. Full-back Bray then tried for a goal from the field, but he missed the posts by a few feet. Only 12 points were made in the first half, but in the second half the home team braced up noticeably and ran up the score rapidly.

WESLEYAN, 22 ; WILLIAMS, 0.

Wesleyan's team is fast looming up as a rival to the bigger colleges, and on October 22d, she added considerably to her reputation by beating Williams, 22 to 0, on the latter's own field. Raymond and Inglis are a pair of backs which accomplished excellent work for Wesleyan in every game; and against Williams they were materially assisted by Lane and Townsend. The latter, a big guard, like Hare, of Pennsylvania, carries the ball with frequent success. Williams was utterly unable to stop the visiting backs from ploughing up her line, and many times the home eleven were stopped and the ball taken from them on downs. Both of Williams's ends did good work for the home team, but the center of the line was weak, and the backs did not get enough interference from each other to get past the opposing tacklers.

PRINCETON, 5 ; PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE, 0.

Princeton surprised her friends by her poor showing against the Pennsylvania State College eleven at Princeton, October 26th, when she won by the small margin of only 5 to 0. The strength of the visitors was a surprise, and Princeton's usually strong defence seemed woefully weak. In the first half the Tigers earned a touchdown by good line-plunging behind close formations, but after the goal had been missed the home team was never within hailing distance again of scoring. On the other hand, State's team forced the play all through the second half, and had it not been for the fumbling of her backs, she might have scored against the crack wearers of the orange-and-black. Curie tried for a goal from the field that would have tied the score if it had succeeded, but the ball missed the goal-posts by a few feet. The game was very short, there being only thirty minutes of actual play.

WESLEYAN, 28 ; AMHERST, 0.

Wesleyan added one more victory to her rapidly-growing list at Amherst, Mass., October

26th, when she beat the Amherst eleven by 28 to 0. The home team was minus the services of its captain, Kendall, and its best quarter-back, DeWitt, but made a plucky defence against their powerful antagonists. Wesleyan forced the play throughout, and the kicking of Inglis and the running of Raymond were both responsible for a goodly share of her 28 points. It rained hard throughout the game, and the playing time was cut short somewhat on this account, so, taking all the conditions into consideration, Wesleyan's score was very creditable.

YALE, 10 ; U. S. MILITARY CADETS, 0.

The Military Cadets were far from outclassed by Yale at West Point, October 29th, for Yale was minus De Saullles, her star quarter-back, and also her two regular halves, Marvin Gilmore and Wear, playing in the places of Dudley and Corwin, and Sullivan taking De Saullles' place. In the early part of the game West Point got possession of the ball, after a bad muff by McBride, and forced it down to within 18 yards of Yale's goal, where Kromer tried for a goal from the field. The ball was blown only a few yards out of the right direction, and Yale had a narrow escape. Again West Point got the ball well down into the enemy's territory, but the Yale defence was too strong and they could not score. Just before the first half ended, McBride made a 40-yard run from a punt that he had caught, and carried the ball to within 15 yards of the West Point goal. A few quick plunges carried it over for a touchdown, but Brown failed to kick the goal. Early in the second half Waldron made a clever run of 50 yards around Hubbell's end, and then the West Point backs worked the ball down close to Yale's goal, only to have the blue line hold well and get the ball on downs and kick it out of danger. The ball seesawed back and forth for a while, and then Yale's backs began a splendid attack that finally landed it behind the goal-line for the second touchdown. There were only forty minutes of actual play.

HARVARD, 11 ; CARLISLE INDIANS, 5.

The Carlisle Indians played a clever game against Harvard at Cambridge, October 29th, when the Crimson won by only 11 to 5. The Indians proved to be much stronger than Harvard in the center. Again Hundson's wonderful goal-kicking ability came into play. He tried the first time from the 25-yard line, but missed by falling short ; then he tried again not long after from about 35 yards out, and made a goal from the field. The first touchdown for Harvard, and that which practically won the game, was scored through a mistake on the part of the Indian backs. They let a punt roll down the field, thinking it would go back of the line for a touchback, but it rolled only to the 3-yard line. Reid rushed down the field, and putting the Harvard ends on side, they fell on the ball only three yards away from the goal. A few quick rushes carried it over for a touchdown. In the second half Harvard reached the Indians' 5-yard line, and in return Carlisle reached their 10-yard line, but neither side could score. Finally, Dibblee got the ball over on a series of short rushes, and the game was won.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 23 ; UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, 11.

The University of Chicago eleven, trained by the former Yale end rush, A. A. Stagg, made an Eastern trip and played the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, October 29th. The score was 23 to 11 in favor of the Eastern team, but it took the finest kind of football to beat the Western men. The game had hardly opened before Herschberger, the wonderful kicker of the Chicago team, tried for a goal from a place kick and came within a few feet of making it. After two or three kicks, Chicago carried the ball down the field on a series of long runs that finally landed it five yards away from the goal. One short plunge and they had scored. Just after the ball had traveled up and down the field for a while, Pennsylvania got it on her 35-yard line and Outland made a brilliant run of 73 yards for a touchdown, on a "fake" pass trick that completely fooled the visitors. The goal was missed, however, and the first half closed with the score at 6 to 5 in favor of Chicago. In the second half, the Quakers scored in five minutes, after a series of guards-back plays that carried the ball over 80 yards for a touchdown. Then another "fake" pass scored again, and a little later Carnett made 20 yards through the visitors' right wing, and a minute later scored again. Not long before the half ended, Herschberger dropped a goal from the 35-yard line, and the final score was 23 to 11. The full-length halves of 35 minutes were played.

PRINCETON, 23 ; BROWN, 0.

Princeton beat Brown at Princeton, October 29th, by 23 to 0, in a game that was well played on both sides. The time of play was 40 minutes, but the Brown backs seemed pretty well used up before it was over, and the Tigers added to their score rapidly near the end. Princeton got only one touchdown in the first half. In the second half, however, she forced the play to better purpose, and twice crossed the visitors' goal. Just before the game ended, a Brown back fumbled the ball, and Poe picked it up and ran 40 yards for another touchdown.

WESLEYAN, 23 ; DARTMOUTH, 5.

Wesleyan beat Dartmouth at Hanover, October 29th, in a game that illustrated the cleverness of the Wesleyan backs. Dartmouth took everybody by surprise by scoring very soon after the game opened. After that, however, Dartmouth never scored again. Raymond, Townsend, and Lane did the best work for Wesleyan, while Boyl and Jennings were the stars of the Dartmouth team.

PRINCETON, 12 ; UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, 0.

In two short halves of fifteen minutes each, Princeton beat the University of Virginia, at Princeton, November 2d, by 12 to 0. Although the playing time was short, Princeton ought to have run up a larger score, for the Virginia eleven was far from strong, and only twice during the whole game could they gain the necessary five yards by carrying the ball. Princeton's line played a very strong defensive game, but her backs seemed weak, and added bad fumbling to their weak running.

YALE, 10; CHICAGO A. A., 0.

With a line made up largely of substitutes and several of the second team men behind the line, Yale beat the Chicago Athletic Association by 10 to 0, at New Haven, November 5th. The strength of the Western visitors was a big surprise to the New Haven eleven, who had counted on an easy victory, since Harvard had beaten the visitors by 39 to 0. It was nearly the end of the first half before the collegians scored at all, and then it was on a disputed goal from the field by Stillman. Chicago claimed that it was the fourth down, but the referee declared it to be the third, and Yale kicked a goal from the field, from the visitors' 15-yard line. In the second half, Chicago forced the play in the first part and pushed the Yale line down the field steadily for big gains. Finally the blues woke up and stopped the fierce onslaught. Then they got the ball, and steadily pushed it back up the field and over the line for a touchdown on center plays, the backs plunging into the line for gains almost every time. The playing time was just 45 minutes.

CORNELL, 12; WILLIAMS, 0.

Cornell played Williams at Buffalo, November 5th, in a hard rainstorm, and won by only 12 to 0. Williams fumbled a punt two minutes after play had started, and Sweetland picked up the ball and scored a touchdown. Cornell was unable to score again in the first half, but in the second Young made a long run on a double pass that finally landed the ball only one yard from Williams' goal. It was an easy matter to push it over from here, and a second touchdown was scored, the game finally ending with the score at 12 to 0.

PRINCETON, 5; U. S. MILITARY CADETS, 5.

The West Point Cadets tied Princeton, November 5th, 5 to 5. As the Tigers were the only ones of the big four to have preserved a clean record for the season, the game was a double disappointment to them. After the first touchdown had been made by good interference and line-bucking that netted many good runs, Geer missed a very easy goal and lost the single point that would afterward have won the game for the Tigers. In the second half, Hutchinson caught a punt close to his own goal, and, although he had good interference and an almost free field to run the ball back, he made the blunder of kicking it out, and Kromer made a free catch, from which Romeyn kicked a goal. After that Princeton twice rushed the ball up to within ten yards of the Cadets' goal, only to lose it each time for holding or off-side play. So the game ended in a draw, although everyone agreed that Princeton had outplayed West Point.

HARVARD, 10; UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 0.

The first of the games between the "big four" was played at Cambridge, November 5th, when Harvard beat the University of Pennsylvania by 10 to 0. Over 20,000 people saw the game, and the victory was wonderfully popular, since it took place at Cambridge. Many declared that the turning-point of Harvard's athletics had been reached, and that hereafter she

would be found more often on the winning than the losing side. They were trained by "Jack" McMasters, who trained so many of Princeton's strong teams, but who left Princeton last year after their failure in the Yale game.

The teams lined up as follows:

<i>Harvard.</i>	<i>Positions.</i>	<i>Pennsylvania.</i>
Cochrane.....	left—end—right.....	Hedges
Donald.....	left—tackle—right.....	Carnett
Boal.....	left—guard—right.....	McCracken
Jaffray.....	center.....	Overfield
Burden.....	right—guard—left.....	Hare
Haughton.....	right—tackle—left.....	Goodman
Hallowell.....	right—end—left.....	Folwell
Daly.....	quarter-back.....	Gardiner
Dibblee.....	left—half-back—right.....	Coombs
Warren.....	right—half-back—left.....	Harrison
Reid.....	full-back.....	Outland

Harvard substituted Farley for Cochrane at left end, and Burnett for Jaffray at center. Pennsylvania substituted McMahon for Coombs at right half-back.

The game began with the ball in Harvard's possession. Cochrane kicked to the 5-yard line, and Coombs fumbled the ball. Boal, Harvard's big guard, came rushing down the field, and, picking it up, carried it over the line for the quickest touchdown on record, there having been just six seconds of play when Harvard made her first score. Pennsylvania kicked off, and Daly caught the ball, running it back to the 30-yard line. A minute later Warren fumbled, and the Quakers got the ball again and began their famous guards-back attack. It worked two or three times, and the ball steadily advanced toward Harvard's goal. Then the quarter-back kick was tried, but Dibblee got the ball. A few short gains, and then Haughton punted out to Pennsylvania's 40-yard line, where the visitors commenced a new assault on the Harvard line.

The guards-back formation was worked to good purpose for a series of short runs that steadily pushed the ball back again toward Harvard's goal, but the home players finally stopped its advance, and the quarter-back kick was tried again. This time it was successful, and Outland caught the ball and made ten yards more before he was brought down. Again the backs were stopped, and again the side kick was used, this time without effect, for Harvard got the ball. The Crimson backs plunged into the line with pretty good results, until they had made some headway, and then Haughton made a long punt, but that was returned on the next line-up by Hare. Punts were exchanged again a few minutes later, and then the guards-back tandem began pounding again. But a Quaker back let the ball fall, and before anyone could fall on it McCracken kicked it far down toward the Crimson goal, where Haughton fell on it ten yards away from the goal-line.

After another punt, Pennsylvania once more started her battering ram, and for a while it seemed as if Harvard's center was going to pieces. The Quakers came pounding on down the field until they had reached the 15-yard line, where Harvard held them for three downs, and Outland tried for a goal from a place kick. The wind blew the ball a few feet to one side, and it went into touch. After the kick-out, the visitors again tried their favorite play, but Harvard seemed to have mastered it, and it couldn't gain as it did against them a year ago.

The side kick was once more tried, but Hallowell was watching for it, and the trick failed, as Harvard got the ball.

Another exchange of punts followed and Daly ran the ball back to the center of the field. Then began a splendid series of running plays that steadily advanced the ball in short stages to within 17 yards of Pennsylvania's goal, where a goal from the field was tried by Cochrane. The kick was poor and fell short, but before another play could be made the whistle blew for the end of the first half.

On the kick-off for the second half, Daly caught the ball and returned it at once. Harrison fumbled and Boal fell on the ball in the middle of the field. The Quakers got the ball again for holding after two or three insignificant plays, and began their usual attack. But the guards-back formation failed utterly, for Harvard stopped it almost every time with losses or such small gains that it did not pay. The visitors finally gave up the attempt and kicked again, Dibblee carrying the ball back to the middle of the field once more, where it was immediately punted to "Pennsy's" 25-yard line. Another exchange of punts found the ball five yards further down the field, and then Pennsylvania tried her guards again unsuccessfully and had to kick once more. Again the ball sailed back, and this time to within five yards of the Quakers' goal. This time the running attack paid better, for, after a few short gains, Hare wriggled through the line still on his feet and ran 30 yards before he was stopped.

The next exchange of kicks proved very profitable to Harvard, for Gardiner muffed it clean and Donald fell on it on the visitors' 15-yard line. Here Harvard lost the ball on downs, and, after a few short gains, Hare again kicked it out to the center of the field. Then Harvard fumbled, and Pennsylvania began her attack with the guards again. Two or three tries produced only small gains, and then McCracken, the big guard, got through a hole in the Crimson line and ran for 30 yards before he was stopped by Daly. A few more short plunges and then a successful side kick brought the ball to Harvard's 20-yard line, and then Hare tried to punt, but Boal blocked the kick, and Gardiner fell on it at Harvard's 50-yard line.

There was another exchange of kicks, and Outland muffed badly, Daly falling on the ball. Then Haughton punted again to "Pennsy's" 15-yard line, where the ball sailed back to the middle of the field a few minutes later from Hare's foot. The next exchange of kicks brought the ball to within 15 yards of the visitors' goal, and another soon after found it only 10 yards away from the fateful chalk-line. From this point Hare punted out again and Daly caught the ball on the 45-yard line. Harvard claimed a free kick, and Burnett kicked a very pretty goal, adding five points to the Crimson score.

On the next kick-off Daly returned the ball at once and Gardiner fumbled, but fell on the ball. Hare kicked again and Reid carried the ball back to the Pennsylvania 25-yard line. The Cambridge backs made about 10 yards and then lost the ball on downs. Pennsylvania could not advance the ball, so she tried to kick, but the ball was blocked, Harvard getting the ball on the 10-yard line. Dibblee plunged into the

line for six of the ten yards, and then Reid made three more. Dibblee brought the ball to within a yard of the goal-line, but before it could be carried over the whistle blew and the game was over.

The victory of Harvard was earned by good, fast football, with few weak spots in the play. Pennsylvania's guards-back plays had torn up her line so often before that the Crimson forwards had been specially coached in methods of stopping this play. The utter inability of the Quakers to use any other kind of attack proved their undoing. Harvard stopped their favorite play effectually, but they kept at it when it was hopeless, as they had nothing else to fall back upon.

Harvard's ends were distinctly superior to those of the visitors', while Daly was a mountain of strength in himself. Dibblee earned his right to be classed as the greatest running half-back of the year, and Boal was one of the stars of the game. For Pennsylvania, Outland, McCracken and Hare did the best work.

PRINCETON, 6 ; YALE, 0.

The annual game between Yale and Princeton was held this year at Princeton, November 12th, at the new Brokaw Field, and resulted in a victory for Princeton by 6 to 0, exactly the same score as that of Yale on her home grounds last year. Arthur Poe, the right end of the Tigers, was the bright, particular star of the game, and the only score of the game was due to his quickness and a fumble by one of the Yale backs.

Fifteen thousand people traveled to Princeton to see the great game, and perfect football weather added to the joys of the day. The field was rather slippery on account of the hard rain of two days before, and this made it rather difficult for the backs to hold their footing. Brokaw Field is laid out on rather low ground, and it is very difficult to keep dry.

To Princetonians the game was not altogether satisfactory. Of course, the exultation of winning covered most criticisms of the victors, yet it is a fact that neither team came up to the standard of Yale's victorious team last season. There was a great deal too much fumbling on both sides, and too many poor kicks.

Throughout the game there was little ground covered by rushing tactics. Twice the Tigers got the ball within easy scoring distance of the Yale goal, but each time the Elis braced up enough to get the ball on downs, once when less than ten yards away, and again when it was only a few feet outside the goal-line. Princeton reciprocated by stopping Yale three times when touchdowns seemed possible. Twice she took the ball on downs, and once a fumble gave Poe the chance of his life.

In punting, McBride was a failure and Chamberlain did not come up to last season's standard. Ayres kicked uncertainly for Princeton, his punts sometimes going straight up in the air and a few times making good distance. When Wheeler went in in the second half, he outclassed all three of the other kickers, and not only got every kick safely away, but made good distance on almost every one. Two attempts were made for goals from the field, but both were bad failures. Chamberlain dropped

back and tried for a goal from the 25-yard line, but his kick went very wide of the mark. Ayres made a similar attempt later in the first half from the 35-yard line, but the ball went even further from the posts, falling short, and going out of bounds at Yale's 10-yard line.

Princeton's only point of distinct superiority was in her ends. Both Poe and Palmer out-classed Coy and Eddy, and it was the work of these two little Tigers that really won the game. They were everywhere on the field, and their splendid work under punts prevented any possibility of the long runs that were so disastrous to Princeton last fall. Poe was always at the right spot when there was a fumble, and only once did he miss his tackle badly. The Yale backs never had a chance to get started, even on Wheeler's long punts, but Yale's ends were seldom within five yards of the Tiger backs when they caught McBride's long punts.

Hillebrand and Chamberlain both played star games, the former being all over the field in the interference for his backs and tackling the Yale men when they got through, even on the opposite side of the line. Chamberlain out-played Geer, and almost all of Yale's best gains were made through him. Most of her plays were directed toward this spot in the line, and Chamberlain was wonderfully tricky in opening up the hole for the back to get through. However, Hillebrand's advantage at one side of the line just about offset Chamberlain's at the other. In the center, Princeton had much more weight, but her big men seemed somewhat used up toward the end of the game, and neither side had any distinct advantage at this point.

Taken all in all, the game was very even, Princeton having a slight advantage on account of her clever ends, and near the end because of Wheeler's superior kicking. Fumbling more than offset Yale's advantage in her backs, and luck played a big part in the result.

The teams lined up as follows :

<i>Princeton.</i>	<i>Positions.</i>	<i>Yale.</i>
Poe.....	right—end—left.....	Eddy
Hillebrand.....	right—tackle—left.....	Stillman
Edwards.....	right—guard—left.....	Brown
Booth.....	center.....	Cutten
Crowdis.....	left—guard—right.....	Marshall
Geer.....	left—tackle—right.....	Chamberlain
Palmer.....	left—end—right.....	Coy
Duncan.....	quarter-back.....	De Saullles
Kater.....	right—half-back—left.....	Durston
Beardsley.....	left—half-back—right.....	Benjamin
Ayres.....	full-back.....	McBride

Princeton substituted Mills for Crowdis, Hutchinson for Duncan, Black for Beardsley, and Wheeler for Kafer. Yale substituted Ely for De Saullles, Townsend for Durston, and Corwin for Benjamin.

Referee—Edgar N. Wrightington, Harvard. Umpire—Paul Dashiell, Annapolis.

The game opened with a surprise. Ayres kicked low and Cutten blocked the ball. Yale could not advance the ball by rushing tactics, so punted. Ayres returned the kick poorly, but Duncan fell on it and Ayres kicked again for fifty yards. De Saullles fumbled soon after and Poe fell on the ball. Plunging into the line failed to gain and Ayres kicked. When Chamberlain tried to return the kick a minute later, Booth blocked the ball and Hillebrand dropped on it. A minute later the Princeton captain fumbled and Yale got the ball again. Again she failed to gain, and

when the ball went to Princeton on downs, Ayres kicked it out to the middle of the field. Steadily Yale pushed it down the field again, her attacks being chiefly directed at Geer, who was unable to stop the Eli backs from gaining their distance.

At the 15-yard line Durston fumbled, and Poe, on the edge of the scrimmage, picked up the ball and ran nearly the length of the field (ninety-five yards) for a touchdown. Three Yale men flew after him, but he left them behind with every jump, and was over ten yards from the nearest tackler when he crossed the line. Poe had a bad leg before the game, and it was hurt again in one of the early plays, but when he had the ball and a clear field before him he seemed to forget all about his lameness, and ran like a sprinter. Ayres kicked an easy goal, and the score was 6 to 0 for Princeton, the final figures.

Chamberlain kicked off to Duncan, and Ayres returned the kick out of bounds on the next line-up. A kicking duel followed, in which each side fumbled the ball, but Yale's final muff was the more costly, since the ever-present Poe fell on the ball again. After a few short gains Yale obtained the ball for holding. Then it went back to Princeton on downs. An exchange of punts again was followed by unsuccessful attempts of the Tiger backs to gain, but her defence was equally strong, and the play was reversed immediately after. Ayres kicked, and after two poor attempts at line-bucking Chamberlain made his try for a goal from the field, but the ball went very wide of the mark.

A kicking duel followed, until Yale fumbled again, and Hillebrand picked up the ball in the middle of the field and almost scored a touchdown. He was finally thrown on Yale's 10-yard line. But Yale's line held fast three times and she got the ball. De Saullles made fifteen yards, the longest run of the day, on a double pass. He was hurt, and Ely took his place. McBride kicked out of bounds at the right for little gain, and after two short gains Ayres tried for a goal from the field from Yale's 30-yard line. The ball went off to the right, and Yale got it on her 10-yard line. McBride punted it out, and then time was called for the first half.

The second half was much like the first, a great deal of kicking being done and much fumbling. A few punts, and then Yale started an assault that nearly scored. Benjamin, Durston, and McBride plunged through the Princeton line for big gains, until they had carried the ball to her 20-yard line, where Poe suddenly emerged from the mass again with the ball in his arms and three protecting Tigers behind him. He ran the whole length of the field, and planted the ball behind Yale's goal, but the referee declared that McBride had called "Down!" before the ball was fumbled, and would not allow the play.

On her 10-yard line, Princeton held Yale for downs, and kicked the ball out of danger. Yale kicked poorly, and Wheeler returned the ball. McBride returned the ball, and then Wheeler made a long punt, and the Yale full-back was thrown right under his goal. The three exchanges of punts had taken the ball almost the whole length of the field.

On McBride's kick to get the ball out of danger, Wheeler rushed back to her 15-yard line, where the ball was lost on downs. Another kicking exchange took it to the 10-yard line. Yale punted out again, and Duncan fumbled, losing the ball. Then began another line attack by Yale, which advanced the ball thirty yards before another kick was necessary. Another exchange helped Princeton for ten yards, and then the Yale backs began hammering again. They steadily pushed the ball down to Princeton's 10-yard line, where the Tigers held hard, and got it on downs. The longest running advance of the game, sixty-five yards, had been made, but then the backs were worn out, and it was an easy matter for the strong Princeton defence to stop them.

Wheeler kicked to the middle of the field, and Ely fumbled it. Poe picked up the ball, and started a third time toward Yale's goal. He was caught from behind, however, and when he passed it to Palmer, Ely also caught the latter. Then Princeton hustled the Yale line down the field to their 10-yard line, and lost the ball there on downs. An exchange of punts followed, and then big Edwards blocked McBride's next punt, and Palmer fell on the ball only five yards from Yale's goal-line. The Elis put up a wonderful defence just here, when another touchdown seemed sure, and the ball went back to Yale, who kicked it out of danger. Two more kicks from each side, and the game was over.

HARVARD, 17; BROWN, 6.

Harvard beat Brown at Cambridge, November 17 to 6, in a game that was very disappointing for the supporters of the Crimson. After their glorious victory over Pennsylvania, the Harvard men thought Brown would be easy for them, and saved their best players for the Yale game the following week. Daly, the star quarter-back, was away at the Yale-Princeton game getting a line on Yale, and Dibblee, Reid and Houghton were also out of the game. Harvard scored easily in the first few minutes of play. Soon after the second kick-off, Brown forced the ball down to within a few feet of the Harvard goal-line, but here the Crimson line held for three downs. On the fourth, the ball was in the middle of the mass of men when the referee blew his whistle. The ball was finally given to Harvard six inches from her goal, and then kicked out of danger. Referee Waters came in for much adverse criticism for this decision. Harvard used the guards-back formation to good effect and soon scored again. Then Brown blocked a kick and fell on the ball as it rolled over Harvard's goal-line. Once again a double pass by Brown brought Harvard's goal into danger, but Boal caught Richardson from behind before he could score. Harvard kept on plunging away in the second half until she had run up 17 points.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 35; CARLISLE INDIANS, 5.

The Carlisle Indians got in their usual goal from the field against the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, November 12th, but they were beaten by 35 to 5. The Quakers were in great form, and their guards-back plays went crashing through the Indian line like so much paper. Outland, too, made several long runs that were rather sensational. On the other hand, the Carlisle team forced big holes in the Quaker line when they did get the ball, but Reugenberg, at Folwell's place at left tackle, was largely responsible for this. Twice Wheelock tried place kicks for goal, but once the ball flew wide. The other time he drove it straight between the posts, and so prevented the Indians once more from being shut out.

CORNELL, 47; LAFAYETTE, 0.

Cornell chopped the Lafayette line all to pieces at Ithaca, November 12th, and ran up 47 points without much difficulty. Only four times did the visitors have the ball in the first half, and each time they quickly lost it again. Twice during the game they were within striking distance of Cornell's goal, and each time they tried a place kick for goal. Both times the ball sailed wide of the posts.

FOOTBALL RECORDS.

- Oct. 14—Princeton, 24; Maryland A. C., 0; at Baltimore, Md.
- Oct. 15—Harvard, 28; U. S. Military Cadets, 0; at West Point, N. Y.
- “ University of Pennsylvania, 40; Lehigh, 0; at Philadelphia, Pa.
- “ Princeton, 30; U. S. Naval Cadets, 0; at Annapolis, Md.
- “ Yale, 6; Newton A. A., 0; at Newton, Mass.
- “ Cornell, 27; University of Buffalo, 0; at Ithaca, N. Y.



CAPTAIN HILLEBRAND, PRINCETON.

- Oct. 15—Carlisle Indians, 17; Williams, 6; at Albany, N. Y.
 " Dickinson, 12; Lafayette, 0; at Easton, Pa.
 " Wesleyan, 33; Amherst, 0; at Middletown, Conn.
 " Duquesne A. C., 45; Knickerbocker A. C., 0; at New York.
 " Brown, 41; Colby, 5; at Providence, R. I.
 Oct. 19—Yale, 22; Brown, 6; at New Haven, Conn.
 " University of Pennsylvania, 17; Wesleyan, 0; at Philadelphia, Pa.
 " Harvard, 22; Newton A. C., 0; at Cambridge, Mass.
 " Williams, 5; Colgate, 0; at Williamstown, Mass.
 Oct. 22—Princeton, 6; Cornell, 0; at Princeton, N. J.
 " Yale, 18; Carlisle Indians, 5; at New Haven, Conn.
 " Harvard, 39; Chicago A. A., 0; at Cambridge, Mass.
 " University of Pennsylvania, 32; Lafayette, 0; at Philadelphia, Pa.
 " Wesleyan, 22; Williams, 0; at Williamstown, Mass.
 " U. S. Military Cadets, 18; Lehigh, 0; at West Point, N. Y.
 " Amherst, 12; Trinity, 0; at Amherst, Mass.
 " Knickerbocker A. C., 27; Riverside A. C., 0; at New York.
 " Chicago University, 34; Northwestern University, 5; at Chicago, Ill.
 " Maryland University, 5; Columbian University, 0; at Washington, D. C.
 " Michigan University, 23; Notre Dame University, 0; at Ann Arbor, Mich.
 " U. S. Naval Cadets, 16; Pennsylvania State College, 11; at Annapolis, Md.
 " Oberlin, 5; University of Cincinnati, 0; at Cincinnati, O.
 Oct. 26—Princeton, 5; Pennsylvania State College, 0; at Princeton, N. J.
 " Wesleyan, 28; Amherst, 0; at Amherst, Mass.
 Oct. 30—Yale, 10; U. S. Military Cadets, 0; at West Point, N. Y.
 " Harvard, 11; Carlisle Indians, 5; at Cambridge, Mass.
 " University of Pennsylvania, 23; University of Chicago, 11; at Philadelphia, Pa.
 " Princeton, 23; Brown, 0; at Providence, R. I.
 " Cornell, 6; Oberlin, 0; at Ithaca, N. Y.
 " Williams, 24; Trinity, 0; at Williamstown, Mass.
 " Wesleyan, 23; Dartmouth, 5; at Hanover, N. H.
 " Chicago A. A., 8; Newtowne A. C., 0; at Cambridge, Mass.
 " U. S. Naval Cadets, 18; Lafayette, 0; at Annapolis, Md.
 Oct. 30—Union, 17; Rutgers, 0; at Schenectady, N. Y.
 " University of Wisconsin, 20; University of Minnesota, 0; at Madison, Wis.
 " Northwestern University, 27; Lake Forest, 0; at Evanston, Ill.
 Nov. 2—Princeton, 12; University of Virginia, 0; at Princeton, N. J.
 " Knickerbocker A. C., 11; Chicago A. A., 10; at New York.
 Nov. 5—Harvard, 10; University of Pennsylvania, 0; at Cambridge, Mass.
 " Harvard Freshmen, 33; University of Pennsylvania Freshmen, 0; at Philadelphia, Pa.
 " Brown, 16; Newtowne A. A., 0; at Providence, R. I.
 " Princeton, 6; U. S. Military Cadets, 6; at West Point, N. Y.
 " Yale, 10; Chicago A. A., 0; at New Haven, Conn.
 " Cornell, 12; Williams, 0; at Buffalo, N. Y.
 " Lehigh, 23; Lafayette, 0; at South Bethlehem, Pa.
 " Wesleyan, 17; Trinity, 0; at Middletown, Conn.
 " Michigan University, 6; Northwestern University, 5; at Chicago, Ill.
 " Syracuse University, 17; New York University, 0; at Syracuse, N. Y.
 " Pennsylvania State College, 16; Bucknell, 0; at Williamsport, Pa.
 " U. S. Naval Academy, 52; Columbian University, 5; at Annapolis, Md.
 " Hamilton, 17; Union, 10; at Utica, N. Y.
 " Carlisle Indians, 46; Dickinson, 0; at Carlisle, Pa.
 Nov. 8—Knickerbocker A. C., 0; Orange A. C., 0; at Orange, N. J.
 " University of Virginia, 12; Georgetown, 0; at Washington, D. C.
 " Riverside A. C., 6; Newark A. C., 0; at Newark, N. J.
 Nov. 12—Princeton, 6; Yale, 0; at Princeton, N. J.
 " Harvard, 17; Brown, 6; at Cambridge, Mass.
 " University of Pennsylvania, 35; Carlisle Indians, 5; at Philadelphia, Pa.
 " Cornell, 47; Lafayette, 0; at Ithaca, N. Y.
 " Dartmouth, 10; Williams, 6; at Hanover, N. H.
 " Andover, 0; Exeter, 0; at Andover, Mass.
 " University of Chicago, 6; University of Wisconsin, 0; at Chicago, Ill.
 " Wesleyan, 59; Rutgers, 0; at Middletown, Conn.
 " University of Cincinnati, 57; Ohio Wesleyan University, 0; at Cincinnati, O.
 " Lehigh, 6; U. S. Naval Cadets, 6; at Annapolis, Md.
 " University of Michigan, 12; University of Illinois, 5; at Detroit, Mich.

J. PARMLY PARET.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Cyclist II.—The following are the foreign bodies affiliated with the L. A. W. in the International Cyclists' Association: The Canadian Wheelmen's Association; National Cyclists' Union, (England); Irish Cyclist Association; Scottish Cyclists' Union; Union Velocipédique de France; Deutscher Radfahrer Bund (Germany); Algemeine Nederlausche Sbond (Holland); Ligue Velocipédique Belge (Belgium); Union Velocipedistica Italiana (Italy); Cape Colony Amateur Athletic and Cycling Union (South Africa); and Unión Ciclista Mexicana (Mexico).

Historicus.—The play by strokes was:

Miss Hoyt.....	4	6	5	3	6	5	6	6	5-46
Miss Keyes.....	5	6	5	3	6	7	5	8	5-50
Miss Hoyt.....	5	5	6	5	4	4	*		-29-75
Miss Keyes.....	5	6	5	5	5	†	*		-34-84
† Approximated. * Byes not played.									
Miss Underhill.....	5	6	5	4	7	7	7	6	7-54
Miss Boardman.....	4	7	4	3	6	7	6	6	8-51
Miss Underhill.....	6	6	4	6	4	6	7	6	6-51-105
Miss Boardman.....	7	5	4	5	4	7	*8	*8	7-55-106

The cards in the match between Miss Curtis and Mrs. Morgan were:

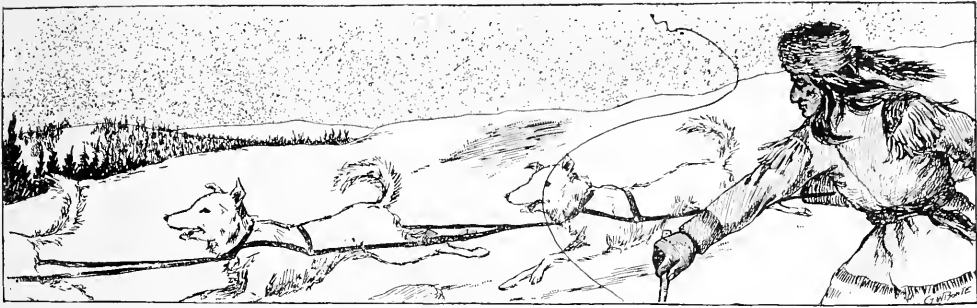
Mrs. Morgan.....	6	6	5	2	8	6	5	8	5-51
Miss Curtis.....	5	6	6	5	6	7	4	9	6-54
Mrs. Morgan.....	6	6	3	5	4	*			-24-75
Miss Curtis.....	6	†8	4	†6	4	*			-28-82

† Approximated. * Byes not played.

S. S. B.—Following is a table of the first ten riders to finish, with their handicaps and times:

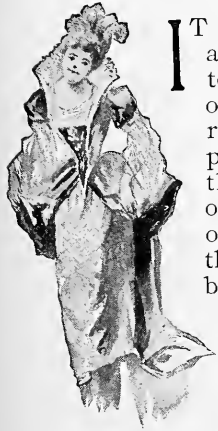
Name.	Handicap.	Net Time.
Clay Holmes.....	3:15	29:40
Frank Volmer.....	3:15	29:43
Julius Smith.....	1:15	27:49 1-5
A. T. Smith.....	1:15	27:49 2-5
A. McDonald.....	3:00	29:35
I. W. Letcher.....	2:15	26:50 2-5
E. M. Barnes.....	2:15	28:51
V. A. Curlin.....	3:00	29:36 2-5
L. A. Ruscac.....	2:00	28:37
W. W. Thompson.....	2:00	28:42

"S."—A few drops of oil applied at the proper time are much better than an occasional flooding of the bearings, and the best results are obtained by oiling very moderately about every hundred miles.



NEW YEAR'S DAY AT A HUDSON'S BAY FUR POST.

BY WILLIAM BLEASDELL CAMERON.



MISS MAGGIE.

IT was New Year's morning at daybreak when the Doctor and myself were roused out of dreamless sleep by a round of thundering reports. It seemed as though the frost, with a refinement of diablerie, was touching off one of its mines beneath the house. We had, the day before, had a cold, forty-mile drive and felt deliciously lazy and comfortable, with an almost overpowering desire to lie late a bed. Yet bed with such a racket was out of the question, so, hurrying on some essential part of our wardrobe and snatching up our guns, we rushed to the front door. Here we came upon Uncle Joe and the source of our demoralization. He and his son were emptying their breechloaders into the air as quickly as the attendant interpreter could remove the exploded shells and replace them with full ones. Of course we joined in the fun and helped to swell the din, which continued until the barrels grew so hot that we could hardly hold them. It was the signal to the Indians that the "master" at the fort was ready to receive them, as Hudson's Bay Company officers had, for two hundred New Year mornings before this one, made it their custom to do in each of the isolated posts of the company scattered over all British North America.

Uncle Joe was simply one of those blessed, whole-souled old boys who put

so much into all that they do that ordinary terms fail entirely to convey an adequate idea of the energy with which they do it. Thus, when the salute had ended and he caught our hands in a grip that made us wince, as he wished us the happiness of the day, his face expanded into such an exotic glow of heartiness that he might only be said to have grinned.

"And now, my boys," said he, at length releasing our crying fingers, "let's get back into the house. Mrs. Mac will have finished overlooking the breakfast and we'll be none of us the worse for a bite. The air is nipping and favors strong appetites. And we'll have to dispose of the greetings first."

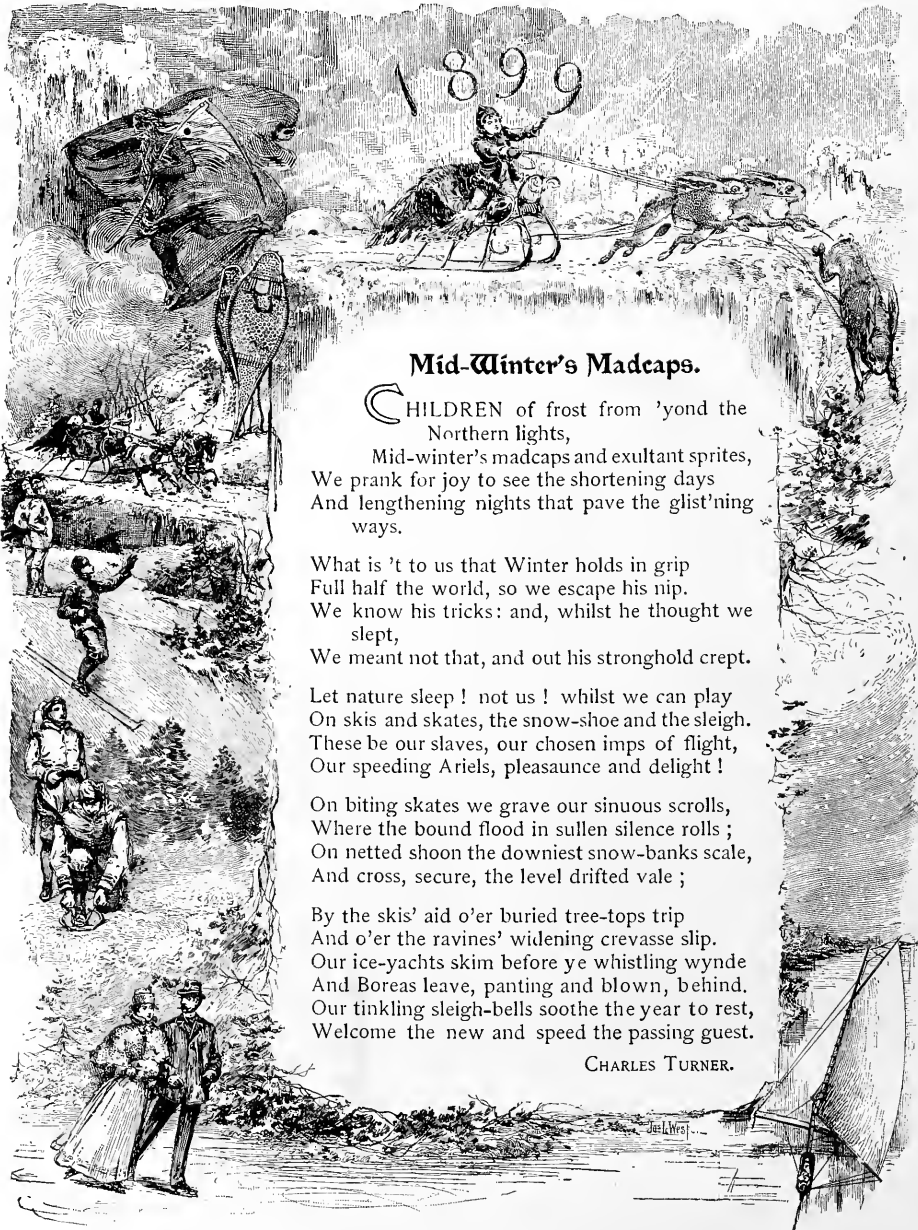
Answering reports began to reach us through the skirt of bare, snow-footed poplars before the post as we went inside. When we had made ourselves something more presentable and came again into the hall, Miss Maggie, a vision of loveliness in a gallant costume, a veritable fascinating Queen of Scots, with here and there a dash of bright color, stood at the foot of the stair, and with her the principal ceremony of the day in the North began. It was very simple, and one into which the Doctor and myself entered with spirit and celerity. Miss Maggie was unquestionably a pretty girl. Later, we kissed Mrs. Mac and her younger daughters, the half-breed domestic, and all the Indian women in the settlement; but, without meaning disrespect to anybody, I think it may be safely stated that neither the Doctor nor myself would

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Mid-Winter's Madcaps.

CHILDREN of frost from 'yond the Northern lights,
Mid-winter's madcaps and exultant sprites,
We prank for joy to see the shortening days
And lengthening nights that pave the glist'ning ways.

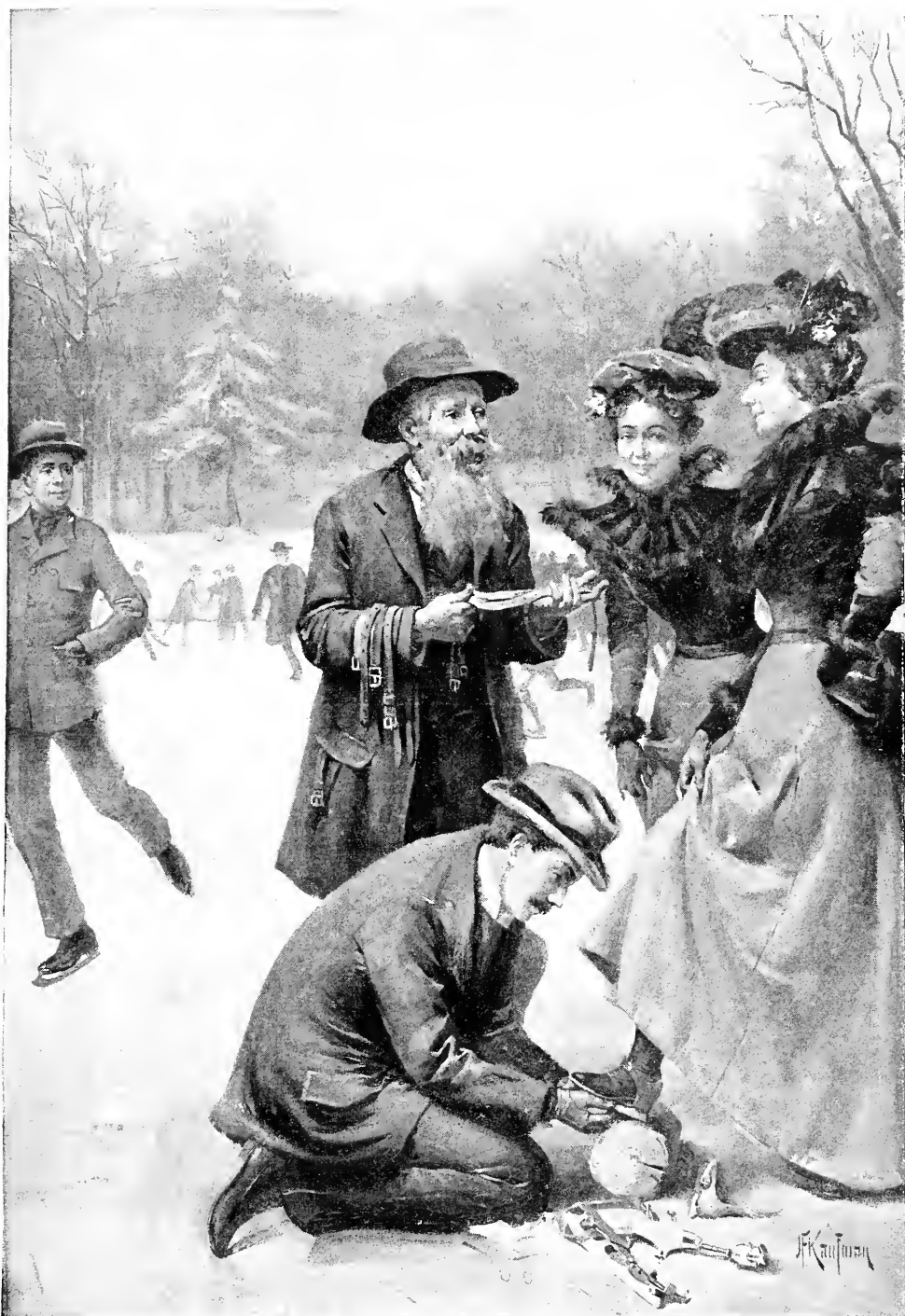
What is 't to us that Winter holds in grip
Full half the world, so we escape his nip.
We know his tricks: and, whilst he thought we slept,
We meant not that, and out his stronghold crept.

Let nature sleep! not us! whilst we can play
On skis and skates, the snow-shoe and the sleigh.
These be our slaves, our chosen imps of flight,
Our speeding Ariels, pleasance and delight!

On biting skates we grave our sinuous scrolls,
Where the bound flood in sullen silence rolls;
On netted shoon the downiest snow-banks scale,
And cross, secure, the level drifted vale;

By the skis' aid o'er buried tree-tops trip
And o'er the ravines' widening crevasse slip.
Our ice-yachts skim before ye whistling wynde
And Boreas leave, panting and blown, behind.
Our tinkling sleigh-bells soothe the year to rest,
Welcome the new and speed the passing guest.

CHARLES TURNER.



Painted for OUTING by J. F. Kaufman.

(See *Mid-Winter Madcaps*, p. 327.)

"ON BITING SKATES WE GRAVE OUR SINUOUS SCROLLS."



have murmured had each of the names upon our kissing list that day been Miss Maggie.

We had barely disposed of the broiled venison and partridges and returned to the hall, when the Indians, headed by their chief, came into view on the trail through the poplars. Lining up before the fort, they fired a round salute. Many of them had their faces painted.

Chief Atimoosis (Little Dog), when later he was robed in his vestments of state and abundant dignity, was a character. He had by that time put on a long scarlet cloth coat, resplendent with gold lace and brass buttons; trousers of blue broadcloth, with wide yellow stripes

which in his younger days had been keen and bright, were dimmed by time and his face was seared and wrinkled.

"*How! How! Wachee! Wachee!*" (What cheer! What cheer!) he exclaimed pleasantly, as he passed through the hall, shaking hands with Uncle Joe and the other men and solemnly kissing the ladies. When he came to Miss Maggie, either the Doctor or myself would have been glad to relieve the old man of his engagement, but he seemed nowise loath to finish it for himself. And who had a better title to kiss Miss Maggie than the aged chief? He had called upon Uncle Joe on every New Year



THE POST.

down the side; a big white felt hat with a gilt band, topped by two jet-tipped eagle plumes, and beaded moccasins. Upon his ample breast rested the great silver medal given him in token of the compact made at "The Treaty" with the Great Mother, with a picture of the Great Mother, Queen Victoria, herself, on the one side, and on the other one of his own race in a hand-clasp of friendship with a man who, like himself, wore a red coat and who was the representative of the law of the Great Mother in the land—a Northwest mounted policeman. Chief Little Dog's long, plaited hair, where it had once been all a raven black, was streaked with white, for many snows had fallen upon it. His eyes,

since she was a wee chit, and had religiously kissed the young lady each time, as she grew step by step to womanhood with the years that passed.

The dining table was piled high with cake, pie, cold meats and bread, and large kettles of tea steamed upon the damper of the stove. Chief Atimoosis began the day, which is one of continued feasting with the Indians, by hiding away under his brass buttons liberal helpings of almost everything provided. After him came the others of the band—the minor chiefs, the bucks, and the squaws and children. They passed in at the front door and out at the back. For four hours the procession kept up, and many of the guests who had



assembled from various parts of the country to spend the day with hospitable Uncle Joe and his family, including the Doctor and I, probably did more kissing than we had done during a whole decade before.

There were old Indian women with faces which resembled nothing so much as smoked parchment, but we had to close our eyes and go through the form or be forever regarded by the "Four Hundred" of Shell River settlement with haughty disdain, as ignorant of the first law of etiquette and politeness. All were decked in holiday attire. They wore no caps, but simply shawls, which were drawn about their heads like hoods. Some had fine tartan dresses and others were clothed in velvet and like expensive goods, mostly of bright colors, as blue, maroon, purple,

pink, lilac and orange, but with a predominance of red. Some of the girls were really pretty, with their olive, oval faces and handsome black hair and eyes. They wore soft mooseskin moccasins of a rich, golden smoketant, beautifully embro-

broided with silk of many shades in gay floral designs, broad sashes of brave ribbon about their waists, and narrower bows of the same composing their plaited, shining tresses.

By the time dinner was announced, all the Indians had paid their respects at the fort. From here they would go to visit one another, the missionaries, the school teacher, and at each place they would drink tea and eat cake and pie, moose tongue, beaver tail, bear steak and other delicacies.

After dinner Uncle Joe had the interpreter harness his horses, and he and I started to pay the return calls upon the Indians, as befitted good manners. At the chief's were two fiddles at work and a brisk dance was in movement. The Indians of this band, as a matter of

fact, were but half-breeds who had learned something of the white man's arts, including a facility for drawing the bow over the catgut and tripping to its lively measures. I think Uncle Joe must have forgotten that he had already seen the women in the morning, for he kissed all the pretty ones over again, while everybody looked on and laughed.

Upon our homeward road we lit on a covey of white ptarmigan in a bunch of willows along the trail and succeeded in bringing down a half dozen with our guns. These beautiful birds, which are not unlike a pigeon, though larger, are usually to be found only in the extreme north and seldom come so far south even as the Saskatchewan River, except in the severest winters and then only during the most snapping cold. During the summer they frequent the Barren Grounds of the north with the caribou, or reindeer, and the musk ox, and are then said to be brown in color. After our arrival at the house, I understood why the Doctor had pleaded laziness as an excuse for not accompanying Uncle Joe and myself on our outing. He and Miss Maggie appeared to have been improving their acquaintance of the morning, and were now very good friends indeed.

During the morning a half-breed trader, accompanied by a Chippewyan Indian, had arrived at the fort from Isle à la Crosse with two dog trains. His cap was a whole foxskin, looped round like a cuff, with the top open and the bushy tail hanging down his back. In place of a coat he wore a beaded and fringed buckskin shirt, caught at the waist with a *L'Assomption* belt, leggings of blue stroud, and moccasins. The Chippewyan was as great a stranger to the Shell River Indians as were the Doctor and I, the languages of the two tribes being entirely different, and he was certainly much more shy than either of us. The trader had a violin and could play it as well, so that we were all provided with the requisities to make of the inevitable dance to follow at the fort in the evening a memorable success.

The train dogs greatly engaged the



attention of the guests. They were huge, sneaking creatures of the "Huskie" or Esquimaux breed, with small, pointed ears and eyes and a general wolfish appearance. They snarled and fought savagely over the delicate whitefish thrown to them as food—such whitefish as one might wish in vain to have served up to one at Delmonico's—fresh, firm and fat, from the cold, untainted waters of northland lakes. They were pitched frozen to the dogs, torn apart by them with their teeth as they held the fish under their fore paws, and devoured ravenously. The stronger dogs finished their meal first and were only prevented from robbing their weaker brothers by the lash of the Chippewayan Indian.

As dusk drew on, preparations were making for the great event of the day, or rather the night—the annual feast and dance at the fort. By six o'clock the guests began to arrive; the young half-breed and Indian women in their finest dresses and the young men in black, with fancy silk handkerchiefs about their throats and *L'Assomption* belts. These so-called French belts are really scarfs, wrought of the finest wool in mixed bright colors and are truly very pretty. They cost the Indians at least five dollars each and are the envy of all those who have not the means to purchase them, for the French belt is the *ne plus ultra* of fashionable Indian dress; there are imitations, but they "do not count."

At seven o'clock we all filed into the long dining-room, the table of which was fairly freighted with a burden of good things to eat and drink. There were two great roasts of moose meat, baked young beaver and salted wild goose, broiled hare, partridges and ptarmigan, boiled beaver tail, caribou tongues, cold moose muffle, mashed potatoes, vegetables, plum puddings, mince pies, cranberry and strawberry tarts, black tea, coffee, chocolate, raspberry vinegar and lime juice, with reindeer-berry pemmican asking homage of everyone as the chief and rare titbit upon the board.

And what a feast was there, my countrymen, when Uncle Joe had said grace and looked down the long table with one

of the broadest of his comprehensive, all-embracing grins, and the knives began to flash and the forks to play! And the chat and the laughter, in a strange babel of tongues—French, English, Cree and Salteaux! It was bewildering altogether, and it was amazing a half-hour later to look upon the wreck that had been made of that wondrous spread of eatables.

And then came the ball. Clear the hall, fling wide all the doors, tuck the seats into the corners, and all who are not nimble on their pins pack themselves into the nooks and crannies out of the way, for the night and the place belong to the devotees of Terpsichore, and they have no patience for laggard feet! The fiddles squeak and ring and cry, the wooden walls are attuned to the strains and vibrate with sound, while moccasined soles thump time on the polished boards in jig, reel and *cotillon*, whilst the French half-breed interpreter sings out the changes in his broken English drawl. Truly, it is a dance the like of which may be seen only in the Northland and which *must* be seen to be appreciated—especially the Red River jig. Let me try to give an idea of it:

A young Indian led out a coy, dark-skinned little native to the centre of the floor. The music screeched, he bowed, and still, with joined hands, they danced up the middle and back again. Then he dropped her hand and away they went jiggling separately up and down the room again, opposite one another, she with her eyes watching his feet—I was going to say invisible feet, for they moved so fast they could hardly be seen—wheeling and circling round one another, here and there, and scarce seeming to touch the floor, in a "one - two - three" time, like a horse at a full gallop or the click of a passenger car over steel rails. In a



few moments a second pair took the place of the first, "cutting them out" with a neat courtesy. And after a time the fiddler stopped from sheer exhaustion and the delighted onlookers yelled: "*Apeeta! Apeeta! (Half! Half!)*" and the jig struck up again, as fast and furious as ever, and lasted as long as the first "half."

The dancing was something into which the Doctor and I threw ourselves with enthusiasm. In the "*Reel de huit*" we were among the first to take partners. This is an exceedingly informal procedure amongst the natives in the Northland. It consists in making a more or less indefinite motion with one's hand in the direction of the lady

whom one has chosen for one's partner. One does not go, necessarily, near her; he does not say: "May I have the pleasure of this dance?" or anything else, nor does he write her name on a card. After a hurried consultation with her nearest neighbors, to determine that it was really she and not one of them who had been honored, she follows him to the position he has taken up on the floor and takes her place beside him.

The Doctor was wearing slippers, and as we were wheeling through the eight-hand reel in "*Elbow swing as you go,*" he had the luck to step out of one of them. The crowd around the walls instantly broke into a howl of ecstasy, but this failed at all to ruffle the genial Doctor. He kept right on around the circle,

and when he came to the recumbent shoe smilingly stepped into it again, amid the cheers of the natives and cries of "Bravo! Bravo!" from the whites, and so preserved the harmony of the reel.

It was destined, however, to come incontinently to a close, for Uncle Joe just then tossed a pound of candies into the air, and a moment later all the dancers were



EN ROUTE.

scrambling for them on the floor.

Later in the evening the Doctor and Miss Maggie bewitched the Indians by dancing "the beautiful English dance"—a schottische—while Uncle Joe (who had no *real* nephews) played the violin. I think, too, that it must have been during our visit to Shell River Post that Miss Maggie lost her heart to the Doctor, because, not many months later, she married another man.



Painted for OUTING by Albert Hencke.

THE TWO-HUNDREDTH NEW-YEAR'S RECEPTION.

A HOCKEY MATCH.

BY M. GERTRUDE CUNDILL.



HE snow was deep and young Curwin stood at the street corner kicking it impatiently and waiting for an up-town car. From start to finish the day had been a failure—so much so, that he had shut the office early, imagining that a quiet read would do much to straighten out

the tangles.

An acquaintance on the platform hailed him cheerily as he swung himself on board the dilatory car, but, with a surly nod, Curwin strode past and settled himself in the farthest corner. He felt totally incapable of being pleasant to anyone, and his expression was not one to encourage overtures.

An influx of people at the next crossing gave him a fresh pretext for feeling aggrieved. All the men were engrossed in conversation or newspapers, and inherent courtesy would not permit of his keeping his seat while a lady stood. The aggressor quietly thanked him, and he leaned against the door, reveling in his self-imposed martyrdom. But the pleasantly modulated voice sang in his ears, and he slowly lifted his eyes to the direction whence it had come. A musical voice is in itself a most enviable possession, and fortunate is the possessor, be her features plain or perfect; for it adds a charm in the first case, and, in the second, enhances it.

Curwin suffered no disappointment. Looking, he wished he had looked sooner. It was a most attractive face. The eyes, though not wonderfully large, were prettily set and of a dusky brown, the hair soft and wavy, and the mouth singularly sweet. She was dressed in a fashion admired by most men. Everything was dark, neat, and of the best, from her smart toque to her heavy dog-skin gloves, and she sat with an air of unconscious dignity, which is born, not acquired.

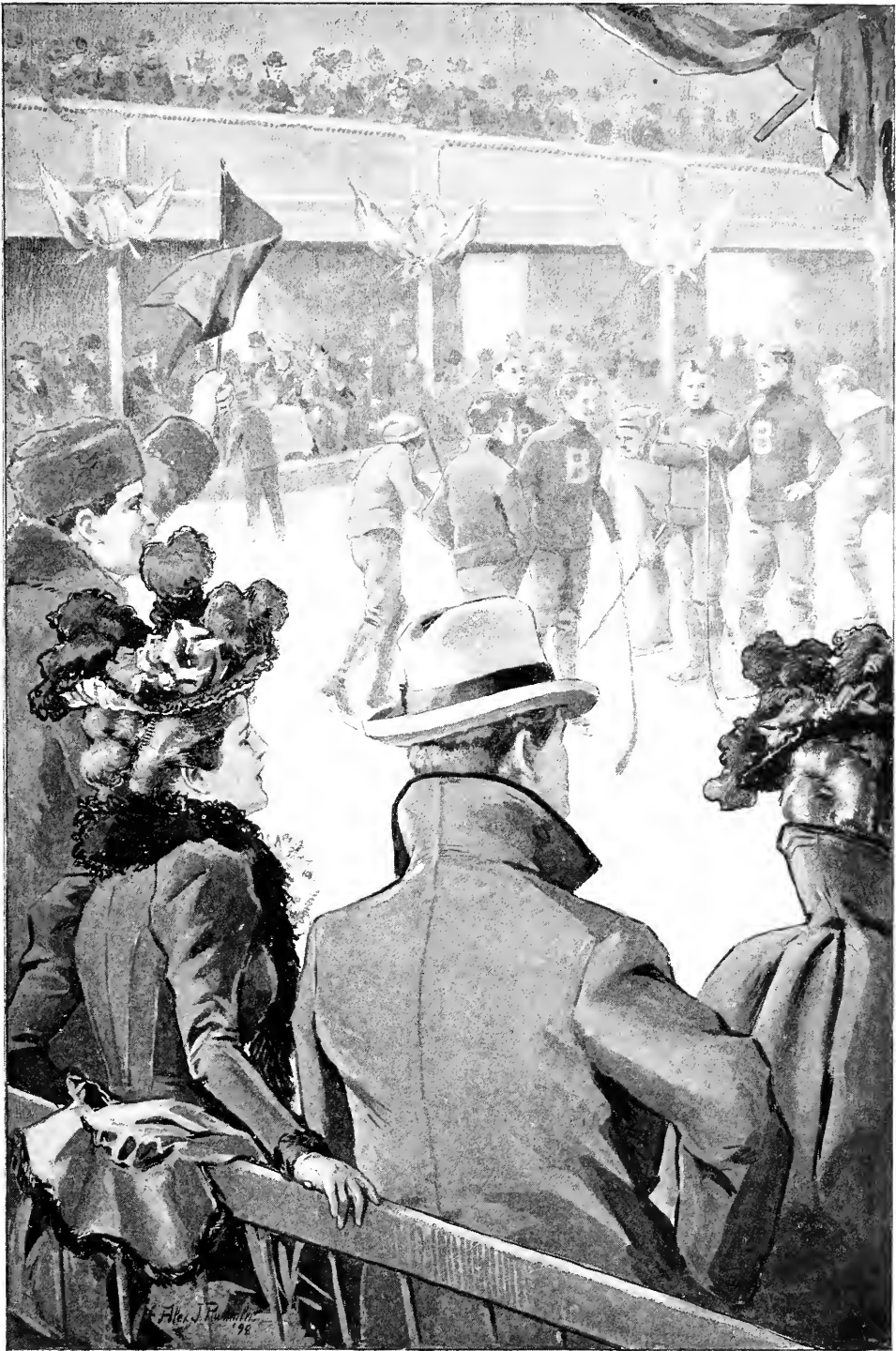
Lost in contemplation, Curwin passed his street, and was brought to his senses by the conductor naming one a quarter of a mile past his destination. He pulled the bell savagely, and nearly

stumbled over the cause of his abstraction. She, too, was disembarking. Curwin followed her out. Whether it was correct or not, curiosity prompted him to see where she lived, and he sauntered slowly behind her. In a few moments the door of a small but pleasant-looking house closed behind her.

"Jove!" said Curwin, as he quickened his pace; "one hears a voice like that once in a lifetime. I believe I am going a little silly, but I certainly intend to know her before the winter is over;" and he raised his hat, as though registering a vow.

Probably his friends would have assented as to his foolishness, could they have heard him, for he was generally believed to be a woman-hater, not that he ever actually professed anything of the kind, being a young man who believed his own feelings or ideas of very little interest to outsiders. He had only been in this hospitable Canadian city a little over a year, and being a fair all-round athlete had soon made a number of friends among the members of the various clubs. But having had no sisters of his own, he was accustomed to very little of women's society, and did not seek invitations after the usual manner of a stranger in a strange land. He dined with men at the club or entertained them there. Occasionally he dined at some house where he met girls who would have liked to know him better, but never received any encouragement to do so. After office hours, which were not lengthy, he wanted to be out and about, not drinking tea, he said, in somebody's drawing-room. So he took long rides, played tennis or golf, and spent his evenings at home with pipe and book. The pretty sisters of his various acquaintances presently gave up the thankless office of endeavoring to "bring him out," and admired him from afar.

This particular winter he had been elected captain of the most popular hockey team, by no means a position of obscurity in these days, and he had proved himself worthy of it. Never had the "Beavers" been so well coached, and never had they received more unstinted admiration. Though the num-



Painted for *OUTING* by A. J. Rummler.

"THE TWO TEAMS GLIDED OUT ON THE ICE." (p. 338.)

ber of matches to be yet played was not small, it was firmly believed the championship of Canada already lay within their grasp.

Yet with so much of a sporting nature to occupy his mind, as Curwin sat by his fire this evening the Beavers and their interests were forgotten. He was so distraught that even Peter, the terrier, noticed it, and whined to attract attention. His master patted the wiry back which rubbed against his knee.

"Perhaps if you and I were more sociable, Peter, we'd enjoy life more. The atmosphere of sport we live in is apt to pall upon one sometimes, eh, old man?" But Peter yawned. He was bored.

As a general rule, Curwin was a late riser, and found the time which he left for breakfast and a walk to the office none too long. But with his new ideas on sociability came an evident desire for breakfasting with the other four boarders, for he was down first and before the time, which annoyed his landlady as much as his former dilatory habit. An early breakfast naturally conduced to an early start, so that with half an hour to spare what need of short cuts. Consequently he went exactly a quarter of a mile out of his way and down a street he had hitherto considered rather disagreeable than otherwise. For two weeks he went unrewarded. The gray stone house with the pretty curtains never once opened its door to emit anyone, and its windows appeared useless, inasmuch as nobody ever seemed to look out of them. Of course, from the middle of a room one can see without being easily seen, but Curwin could not turn his eyes long enough in that most interesting direction. As the fates seemed against his seeing her, he must find out something about her. Even the directory refused information. "Pierre Lanclot, Professor of Music," and a few inquiries sufficed to discover that Monsieur Lanclot was traveling on the Continent, and had let his house till spring. To whom? Curwin's informant neither knew nor cared. Probably, if his interest had not been so keen, it would have simplified matters vastly; for it is difficult to put pointed, yet seemingly casual, questions when the subject lies dangerously near one's heart. He did once manage to introduce the subject of house-hunting and admire some houses next door to

hers. But this angling only called down the laughing query as to when he meant to be married, and this effectually silenced him. Then evening, in addition to morning, strolls were indulged in. Late for dinner, and in turn late for the almost nightly practice! What was he coming to? For even Peter looked contemptuous when his master took to singing songs of a highly sentimental character as he cleaned his skates or overhauled his golf clubs.

At last came one never-to-be-forgotten morning in January. Most people will remember it as a day when the thermometer registered 28 degrees below zero, with a driving wind. But these minor details are for the imaginative. As usual, he walked down Parker street. A small dog was lifting up his voice, and his paws also, at the door, but only the latter appeared to make any impression. Then suddenly the door opened. He had a fleeting vision of a dark blue dress and white cuffs as the little animal was lifted up, and heard: "Bob, how could you forget to let him in? I'm sure I——" Why had not the little brute run down the street and let him catch and return him, or why did she not wait long enough to let him see her better? And meantime "the little brute" was surveying him while it licked its owner's hands, and a young man seated at the breakfast table was saying: "Come away, Nan. Your interest in him and the weather does not go down with me. You're not a good dissembler."

Good things generally come all together, in order to make the time between seem worse, and so for a week or two Curwin was in luck. He met her three times and saw her once in church. Young Sherbourne, who was with him on the last occasion, noticed her, and asked if Curwin knew who she was. "If you admire her so much, why don't you find out?" was his friend's rejoinder, and Sherbourne was quite huffy. "Because you have no artistic sensibility you need not sneer at me! I can admire something beyond the latest things in skates and the most improved golf club, and I'm not ashamed of it."

Then came the fast after the feast. He was kept busy at the office for a week. Then he went off with his team for two days to play hockey, for the schedule was so arranged that most of

the matches were "home and home." Curwin's play was strong and his spirits appeared excellent, but he felt wofully out of touch with everything. How tired he was of complimentary dinners, and the after-discussions on play as it was, or is, or should have been! He even talked of it as though it were a business, and the girls seemed to be imbued with the one topic only. He longed to be home, though there was little satisfaction to be had out of being there.

Shortly after his return he received a note from a lady who had repeatedly asked him to her house, inviting him to dinner. As a means to an end, he had determined to go anywhere and everywhere. Much to his disgust he found it was the very night he had promised to referee a match between two banks, and the first genuine regrets he had ever had occasion to write were dispatched instead. His disappointment was not without cause. He called soon after and Mrs. Newell greeted him with effusion.

"It was most unfortunate that you were engaged the other evening, Mr. Curwin. I wanted you to meet our friends, the Hamiltons. Charming people, but, I am sorry to say, mere birds of passage. Mr. Hamilton is an artist, just here to get some Canadian winter-scenes. You must know him by sight, short and fair, and his wife is pretty and dark, and they live in Parker street, where that idiotic long-haired French musician lived."

Curwin's heart seemed to stand still.

"I don't think I know him. Pretty and dark, you say," the words came slowly, "his wife is——"

"Yes, and a charming manner. But never mind, we will ask them again. We told them we had hoped to let them meet the popular captain. They were quite interested, I assure you." And Mrs. Newell began a hockey discussion, for she prided herself on a thorough knowledge of everything up to date, from Klondyke to bonnets.

Curwin left the house very much perturbed in mind. It was bad enough to have fallen in love at all with a girl to whom he had never spoken, but the discovery that she was a married woman was the last straw. Troubles which emanate from ourselves are harder to bear than those we can lay to another's

charge. So Curwin felt none the less put out when he recollected that the pit into which he had fallen had been of his own digging. However, thank Heaven! he had enough sense left to shovel back the upturned earth and trample it under foot. Yet he found he needed all the strength of will he could muster to keep himself together during the ensuing few days.

The wind which, however ill, must do somebody good, blew now in favor of the Beavers. The captain threw himself heart and soul into their welfare, and, if they missed his old-time hilarity, they rejoiced in his more vigorous work.

The great game of the year for the championship cup was near at hand. This would finish the season, and for this Curwin devoutly gave thanks. He meant to run down to New York on the day following, for a fortnight, and see what a round of theatres would do for him. And he comforted himself with the thought that the golfing season was not so very far off, and daily trips out to the links would kill much time.

As he walked home, on the day of the match, from the hotel where he had been calling on the visiting captain, he passed the very person whom he wished to keep out of his thoughts, for that evening at least. She was walking with her husband, and he heard her say, "I'm so glad, Bob, that you couldn't get seats up-stairs. One can see the players so much better from the benches," and there was a laughing rejoinder which he did not catch as he hurried on.

A week in New York! Curwin doubted, as he dressed, if a year would do any good. But it was no time for vain imaginings, and, slipping into his 'coon coat, he rushed off to the rink.

The match began at eight o'clock, but by shortly after seven the people were flocking in to procure the best of the cheaper and unreserved seats. It was a bitterly cold night, and every one was so wrapped up that in some cases it was difficult to distinguish men from women. The small boys would have easily been mistaken for rag-bags as they crouched under seats, or sat on the edge with feet upon the ice, had it not been for the shrill voices and flow of chaff which came from the small space between coat-collar and knitted toque. Supporters of one side or the other kept arriving every moment,

filling the rink with their encouraging shouts and the din of tin horns. The policemen at the entrance had their hands full in restraining the surging crowds which pressed upon the unfortunate doorkeeper.

The hands of the old clock pointed to eight. There was a stir in the crowd congregated by the dressing-room doors. Then came a deafening roar, in which the war-cries of either side blended harmoniously and were indistinguishable, and the two teams glided out on the glistening sheet of ice.

Curwin certainly showed to advantage as he stood in the center, giving some instructions. Though not so much above the average height, he was of a graceful build, and his maroon jersey suited him admirably. Taken as a whole, the Beavers were a nice-looking set of men; and if they were only participating in a game of hockey, not a struggle for life or country, they seemed to possess an amount of determination worthy of the "Death or Glory boys" of fame.

As they stood carelessly lifting about the puck, which was to do such service, cheer after cheer rose, and Curwin's name was heard as often as if he already possessed the desired trophy.

"Oh!" exclaimed a girl dressed from head to foot in maroon, with muff ribbons of white, "what a glorious feeling it must be to hear one's name shouted by hundreds," and her eyes sparkled with excitement. "Yes," said the unsympathetic brother at her side, "it is an honor."

The whistle blew! The puck was faced. There was a clash of sticks and the match began. The game opened with a spin from the Beavers, Gorham, a forward, making a run. He was body-checked by the heavy center forward of the Blues, and the puck went skimming back to his own goal, where a sharp scrimmage ensued. But the Beaver goal-keeper kept his ground, and several clean shots straight for his posts were repulsed with good effect. After ten minutes' keen play every wearer of maroon and white jumped up and shouted with undisguised triumph. Sherbourne, the cover-point, had scored the first game by a brilliant shot. The visitors now collected their energies, and did more team play. The forwards were in excellent condition, and their

point let nothing escape him. The second game was short. There was a rush on the Beavers' territory, a clashing of sticks, and a Blue forward with a clean lift scored. And the Blue horns took their turn and made the most of it.

"I tell you what," said a small boy, "Curwin is just as much at home on his skates as off them. See him jump round and go backwards. Whew! And d'ye know why? Because he wears 'Lunns' like mine."

"That all you know? They're—played, sir, played, indeed," and the first small enthusiast did his best to crack his hoarse little voice as the object of his admiration made a pretty pass.

Play stopped for a few minutes, as one of the Blues smashed his skate. Curwin leaned against a post, heedless of the greetings of anxious friends. Whereabouts could *s/he* be, for he had scanned the benches, and even the gallery, with a rapid glance. There, in the very place he had been looking for some moments, he saw her, on the bench close beside his own goal. She was talking excitedly to her husband, who once looked in his direction, as though she was speaking of him. Never mind if it was only in his capacity of captain that she mentioned him. To be noticed at all was something.

Then play recommenced. Curwin, foolish as it may appear, was unnerved, and muffed several times. Half-time came, and the rink trembled with agitation as the noisy occupants lifted up their voices. But it was the Blues who went off the ice, raising their caps in acknowledgment. The score stood 3—2 in their favor. Most people kept their seats, fearful of losing good places, but several men congregated by the time-keeper's screen. "What's up with Curwin? He is off his play. Lost them two games, I consider," said one, with a displeased frown. "Nonsense! Campbell, in goal, should have been able to stop better. At any rate, you'll see he will pick up before the end. He always does the right thing eventually."

The teams came on a moment later, and the men looked wonderfully fresh. The sixth game began as if the Blues meant to carry on their good fortune. With a clever succession of passes they carried the fight into the enemy's quarters, and made a try. But Campbell was ready, and no score resulted. And

plucky little Sherbourne, as though on wings, drove the puck before him and straight through the Blue posts, left for a moment unguarded. For nearly fifteen minutes the games stood even, and neither side scored. The play got rougher. The ice was becoming very much cut up, and spills were numerous.

The spectators were getting more and more unmanageable, and pressed forward almost onto the ice. Curwin and his men were working hard, but with no effect, and the puck, again and again, returned dangerously near their own goals. Indeed, it was only Campbell's steady stopping that saved them. Hoarse voices might have been heard on all sides, tendering the good advice that on such occasions is never heard. The referee, as is usual, seemed to give satisfaction to neither side, although he understood his business thoroughly and was most impartial. Probably he envied the most frenzied onlooker as he dodged the flying puck or uplifted sticks, and heard his name accompanied by most unflattering epithets.

The girl in maroon declared she could look no longer. A Beaver had been sent to swell the ranks at the side, for mistaking an opponent for the puck, in a moment of abstraction. Consequently, they were playing one short, to add to their troubles.

Should it end in a tie, it meant a long journey, and playing in a strange rink, with most probably fatal consequences. Men who had flourished maroon banners earlier in the evening relegated them to their pockets, and their faces wore a dejected expression.

"Only three more minutes to win," shouted a man, jumping onto the ice. "Buck up, Curwin, and play the game. Don't let the cup slip!"

And the person to whom this was addressed, though probably not hearing this entreaty, seemed to act upon the suggestion. His teeth were set, and he gripped his stick tighter as the teams, in a body, made a rush for the maroon goals.

Then there was a short run by the redoubtable Sherbourne with the Blues in hot pursuit. Curwin was following up rapidly. With a forward spurt, he was upon it. A sharp lift, which shivered the faithful stick in atoms, did the needful work. A small spinning black object whizzed through the Blue goals with but two seconds to spare.

Immediately the ice was thronged with howling demons, and Curwin and his team were borne off, amid such a din as no pen has power to describe. The championship cup would still retain its maroon and white ribbons, and to the captain was its thanks due.

It was late when Curwin breakfasted next morning, for he had gone to bed not so many hours before his usual time for rising. He walked to the corner, meaning to hail a sleigh, for he knew too well that his way would be somewhat impeded by sundry friends anxious to exchange congratulations. But as the sleigh drove up, Sherbourne leaped over the huge snowpile.

"Well, old man, how are you feeling? Are you off to inquire for your victim?"

"If that little plesantry is intended to mean the Blue captain, no, I'm not." Sherbourne stared.

"Do you mean to say you don't know what you did?"

"For Heaven's sake come to the point, Sherbourne. I'm awfully late."

"Well, then, in plain words, you did your best to kill one of the spectators. But don't let me keep you!"

"Don't be a fool, Sherry. How, when and where?"

"I only heard about it ten minutes ago myself, so I can't tell you much. It seems when your hockey stick broke, the larger half flew over and struck a lady sitting near the goal. It would not have done much harm, but in trying to avoid it she struck her head with terrific force against the post. She was stunned, and there was terrible confusion for a moment. Gorham says it was a girl with Hamilton, the artist—not that I know anything about the chap, but Gorham seemed to. He said it was probably his wife."

Curwin threw himself into the sleigh.

"The best thing I can do is to go and inquire at once," he said, marveling inwardly at his self-control; "150 Park Street, and be quick."

Sherbourne looked after him with astonishment. "How on earth did he know where to go!" And, not having much to think about, it bothered him all day.

In the meantime, Curwin had rung the doorbell, and waited impatiently. "Heavens, she may be dead!"

"How is Mrs. Ham—the lady who was hurt last night, I mean?"

"Doing as well as could be expected, thank you, sir."

"Is it very serious?"

"Oh, no, sir. Leastways, the doctor says quiet is all she needs. But she has a large lump on the back of her head, and her face is scratched something terrible. Who shall I say called, sir?"

"Her face scratched something terrible," and a lump on the back of her head. And all due to him. It was a novel way of making himself known.

He drove direct to the florist, and gave an order which made a good many people do without "American Beauties" that day. Being a man who disliked mysteries, he inclosed his card with a word of regret.

Then he went home. Oh, what a day he spent! Curwin never forgot the misery of it; for, at last, he fully realized the utter hopelessness of his situation. It was not even as cheerful as that of a rejected suitor. It was a page that must be not only turned down, but sealed forever.

He spent the evening packing, or rather stuffing, his belongings into his portmanteau. He meant to be busy at the office all day and leave that night.

But he could not leave town without inquiring again, and about four o'clock the next afternoon he was again questioning the neat maid.

To his surprise she asked if it was Mr. Curwin.

"Then, sir, would you please come in." And, wondering, he followed her into the pretty entrance hall. She pulled aside the heavy curtain and announced him.

There on the sofa she lay, and Curwin was too dazzled by the sight to notice the lady who rose from the tea-table to shake hands.

"As I am Mrs. Hamilton, I should have appropriated the lovely flowers, Mr. Curwin, but as it is my sister-in-law who was hurt, I generously waived my claim."

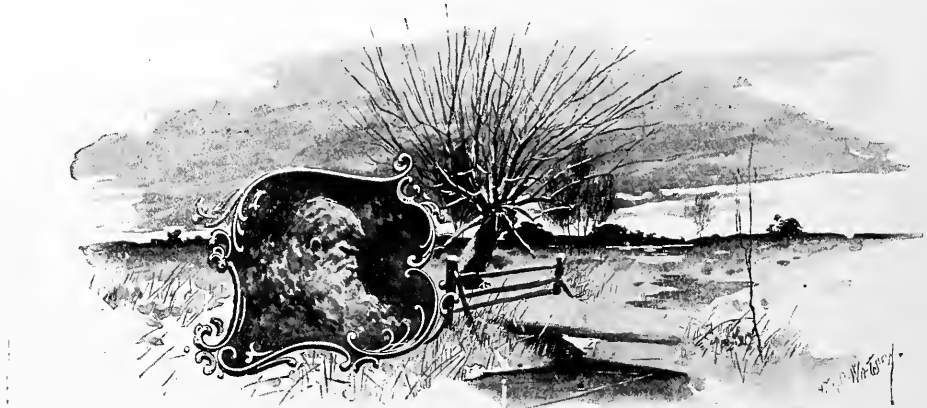
The girl on the sofa laughed.

"They were quite worth a far worse blow, I think, and, Bob said, I didn't deserve them, for I should not have sat down-stairs at all. Didn't you, Bob?"

The artist appeared, brushes in hand, and with his jovial greeting brought Curwin back to earth again.

And they talked, and had tea, and talked again, and Curwin, for the first time, missed a valet as he endeavored to smooth out the crumpled clothes his portmanteau disgorged.

Needless to say, he did not go to New York. Eventually he did, but it was not alone. And the Beavers' day by then was on the wane. To them it was a fatal hockey match.



WINTER.

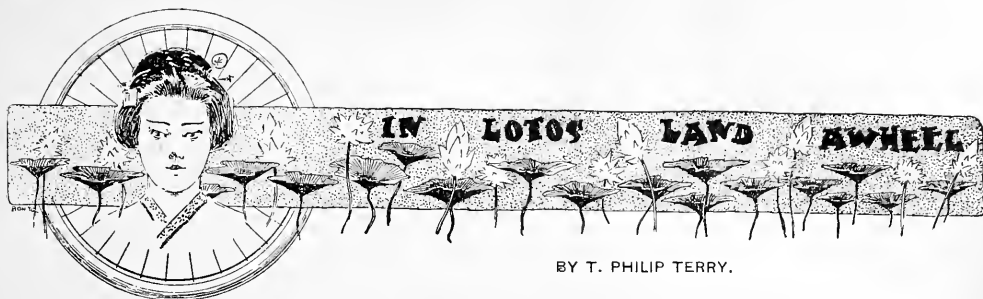
FROM out his distant caves of snow and frost,
Comes Winter, blustering down the mountain
side :

Upon his furrowed brow dwells ancient pride,
Whose scowl denotes a purpose seldom crossed :
His whited locks hang loose, with rime embossed,
Wherein the slumbering tempest loves to hide ;
Within his breath quick germs of health abide,

Yet 'neath his feet Earth mourns her beauties lost.
Meantime the engines of the North-land mills
Grind out their powder, like the wheels of Fate :
Hoarse Boreas lifts his voice and shouts com-
mand,

Which rings throughout the length of arctic hills :
Down come the noiseless cars of snowy freight,
Which viewless hands unload on sea and land.

CLARENCE H. URNER.



BY T. PHILIP TERRY.

IT is yet early as I wheel briskly away from the ample *porte-cochère* of the hotel at Yokohama; and the avant-couriers of the sun, climbing nimbly above the serrated tips of the mountainous range banding the southern border of Yeddo Bay, presage one of those exquisite days familiar to the people of this climate-favored land. As becomes nature's children, the Japs are up with the light; and already a crowding, creaking line of square-sailed junks swarm from the Yato-Bashi mouth, spread their picturesque wings to the morning breeze, and tack dexterously away toward the fishing banks which lie along the Seven Isles of Ise's shores. The mellow notes of the morning reveille float musically shoreward from the foreign war-ships swinging lazily at anchor in the friendly circle of the inner bay. Here and there along the almost deserted thoroughfares of the foreign settlement a solitary jinriksha, drawn by a sleepy, yawning *kurumaya*, wanders aimlessly about in search of an early fare. The plaintive, piping notes of the blind shampooer's whistle echo faintly before losing themselves in the brightening distance; and sundry industrious shopmen are arranging their matinal displays as I turn into the splendid bund paralleling the main street of Yokohama, and spin swiftly past the United Club, the Yacht Club Landing, and the steamship offices adorning its generous length.

The English *Hatoba* is passed, and the boundary line of the native quarter reached, while the various Legation flags are still clinging in diminutive, shapeless bundles to the topmost peak of their respective flag-poles, awaiting the booming signal that will launch them, jumping and fluttering, to the morning breeze.

The line of demarcation which, in a

Far Eastern treaty port, separates the foreign town from the native is as sharply defined as sun and shade. A broad, macadamized street, flanked on one side by the well-groomed grounds of the American, English and Swiss Legations, and on the other by the hybrid architectural efforts of progressing Japan, marks the jumping-off place of Christianity, cleanliness and commercial integrity in Yokohama; and to no one is this transition more complete than to the cyclist who leaves the smooth, sand-papered streets of the foreign settlement, lined by trim godowns,* well-built banks and counting-houses, and plunges abruptly into the narrow, none-too-cleanly lanes, meandering like objectless vagrants through the Japanese town.

Eternally sloppy from the native mania for incessantly watering them, and constantly filled with a surging crowd of sandal-clad pedestrians, rollicking babies, hostile jinriksha coolies, and grunting, squealing, kicking Chinese ponies, they are ever the bane of the local wheelmen, who avoid them with a studied precision which time and experience but accentuate and define.

Japanese streets seem ever in a state of renovation. No sooner do they begin to attain the smooth, well-trodden appearance, which might easily form a permanent characteristic,

*Storerooms.



than the local *Kencho** orders them repaired. Then an endless line of coolies, each with a basket adroitly balanced on the opposite end of a shoulder-pole, files into view, and tons of small round stones are dumped upon the surface until every inch of ridable space is covered. Such vigilant watch is maintained that the moment a bit of smoothness is detected in an effort to peep through, more stones are raked upon it, until the result is not calculated to appeal to the most ardent admirer of a "pebble-tread."

On the outskirts of the native town,

Scarcely a road leads countryward but is crossed, bounded or intersected by one or more of these junk-encumbered streams, which, as they wind in ever-shifting vistas through the town, resemble nothing so much as multicolored brocade bands from some old Chinese loom.

Through the awakening streets, now thronged with a surging tide of men and women, clattering jinrikshas, matutinal babies and mangy dogs, I pick my way, occasionally skirting the walled-in shore of the grand canal, at times dismounting in a crush to trundle my wheel across



ALONG THE BORDERS OF THE RICE-FIELDS. (p. 343.)

where the unoffending roadways at times escape the baleful eye of the Street Commissioner, they become perceptibly better; but unless well acquainted with the lay of the land about Yokohama, it is something of a geographical feat to reach the country through the maze of streets serving as arteries to the city's population of two hundred thousand souls.

In addition to a labyrinth of byways, which are the despair of the visiting wheelmen, Yokohama boasts a network of canals almost Venetian in their multiplicity.

*A municipal office.

the high-arched, rickety wooden bridges which at frequent intervals span its twists and turns.

As the distance from the foreign settlement increases, the compounds* grow smaller and smaller. The individual Chinese and foreign taste expressing itself in fantastic cupolas, blue and black tiled roofs, modern store windows and trans-oceanic displays, capitulates to straw-thatched, dumpy houses, with raised daïs flooring and paper *shoji*† doors. European faces, costumes and accessories grow rarer and rarer. A

*Office or store.
†Japanese doors.

foreign-looking *hong**, or counting-house, now attracts immediate attention by the incongruity of the surroundings; the streets gradually become less encumbered; the wayside shops scatter, grow thin, cease to be; and as open lots begin to appear between the houses, the city loses character and ambles across the country in a dazed and awkward way.

As I gradually wheel over the crest of an outlying knoll, and cross the invisible line separating the city behind from the country beyond, I find myself soon pedaling in unison with my elongated shadow along the borders of ricefields, with the far-reaching sounds of labor and civilization growing fainter and fainter in the morning air.

The journey from the European settlement to the innermost rim of old Japan has consumed an hour, and while my cyclometer registers but two miles and a tenth, it should mark a thousand and my watch a hundred years, for the

change has been definite and complete. The diminutive, brown-skinned owner of the earthen-floored straw-shack, perched disconsolately by the roadside just ahead, bears no manner of resemblance to the alert, intelligent boniface who has but just bidden me a cheery *bon voyage*

from the hospitable door of the modern hotel in the foreign concession. Yet as I would much prefer a wheeling jaunt through a landscape flecked with modest Japanese homes to one encumbered by nothing but foreign hostleries, I find no fault with the new order of things, but wheel steadily along southward over the broadening highway, reveling in the golden sunshine, the crisp morning air, and the hoarse and fitful serenade from a colony of lusty frogs whose nether leaping-gear is being properly fattened for the epicurean palates of the *colonie Française*.

The local wheelmen of the Japanese ports, content with the well-kept roads environing the foreign settlements, rarely indulge in extensive country jaunts far from the beaten tracks of travel; and many a ridable road of the Island Empire has yet to tremble beneath the fugitive kiss of a swiftly speeding tire,

*An inclosure.

and adjoining rice paddies to reflect the sparkle of a wheel gliding smoothly along the lanes and byways which intersect the land from sea to sea.

The eighteen-mile strip of fairly ridable road between Tokio and Yokohama, the shorter traject to the plum-embowered village of Sugita and to Mississippi Bay, a run to Kodzu or Gotemba, or a somewhat longer spin around the circle of Fuji's base, are the favorite rides of both the native and foreign admirers of the wheel. To a very large proportion of the island natives, therefore, a bicycle is yet as much of a curiosity as the rider thereof; and the bewilderment of the rice or tea pickers as I whirl past them on a gentle gradient or coast swiftly down an inviting stretch of the imperial highway, imparts a never-failing tinge of additional enjoyment to the whole.

With the exception of a few isolated stretches, for ten miles southward from Yokohama the old Tokaido—Eastern Sea Road—proves itself little better than "the rocky road to Dublin," nondescript in character, confused by the intersecting lanes leading cityward, and flanked almost continuously by the trailing line of individual huts and scattered native hamlets clinging to the outskirts of a changing civilization. Unless embowered in blowing plums or flowering cherry trees, the cherished home of some particular shrine or native art, these outer sentinels of the treaty ports offer little of interest to one already acquainted with native life in the latter places; and when a favorable stretch of road will permit I wheel steadily onward, to where I lose all traces of alien influence and breathe the purer country air of a land which will all too soon pass from the picturesque old to the prosaic new, and, as far as native customs are concerned, fill but a blurred and tasteless page in the coming history of nations.

Paralleling the railway tracks, which, after passing through Kodzu, turn inland from the sea to run through the Sakawa-gawa Valley and avoid the higher and more precipitous passes of the Hakone





mountain range, I am obliged to alternately trundle and wheel and trundle again until Yamakita is reached, where wheeling for a time becomes impossible, and the twisting Tokaido, leaving the company of the rails, which disappear through a series of tunnels and picturesque gorges, turns over the hills and rejoins it twelve miles further along at Gotemba, 1,500 feet above the level of the sea, and the highest station on the railway line.

As the Japanese tunnels but grudgingly admit the passage of a narrow-gauge train, considerable risk attends a trial through them, either afoot or awheel, so I prefer to climb with the safer roadway above. The trudge is amply rewarded, however, by a superb panorama of constantly shifting views, in which snow-capped peaks, distant vernal vales, magnificent bits of Fuji scenery, and microscopic beds of faintly flaring lotus form alternate parts.

The climbing approach to Gotemba through the narrow, torrent-carved passes of the Hakone range, forms one of the choicest bits of scenery obtainable in Central Japan. From the moment one engages in the foothills of the range, one is scarcely ever away from the dominating cone of Fuji and the sound of running water. Imparting to the air an imaginary freshness, the streams sing ceaselessly to the cyclist trudging sturdily upward to the passes

above. Here a hurtling, brawling brook, dashing exuberantly along its vertiginous course, calls loudly to a diminutive and whimpering neighbor cut off by a spur of the hills and trickling sullenly along through its restricted bed. There, a more ambitious rivulet, fretful from the restraining walls of its too narrow home, emancipates itself, leaps for liberty from the abruptly sloping sides of a rocky spur and falls

joyously, and with many a tinkling laugh to a cooler pool or less rocky rest below.

At times the road winds perilously near the edge of some yawning chasm, whence one may look far down upon the chafing rills churning their way noisily among the fallen boulders. As the road begins to zigzag and ascend more abruptly, bits of scenery passed at an earlier stage again wheel into view. The vales broaden out into more extensive plains. The foothills grow squat, shunt themselves out of sight, flatten their now dumpy tops against the bosom of the plain, and reveal nestling hamlets, green rice paddies, diminutive lakes and winding highways hitherto excluded from view.

The higher the Tokaido climbs, the more it encroaches upon the sharply sloping mountain-sides for its resting-place. Oftentimes it is but a rough and jagged wound sliced through the shoulder of an overhanging cliff which yet weeps for its dismembered part, for trickling streams of limpid water zigzag across the path, swarm down the wounded face of the earth in glass-like sheets, or tumble in methodical, well-rounded drops from the drooping tips of ferns, bamboo shoots, grasses and shrubs. Then, for the entire distance along the base, the road becomes soggy and almost unwalkable; so, to avoid the bumping and slithering across the rills of water, I shoulder my mount, step as carefully as would a prudent pussy on a highway of heated bricks, and pick my way along to better riding or more stable ground.

And all the time as I ride or trudge ahead, like a glorious vision beckoning upward and onward, rises the matchless cone of Fuji, clean-cut and faultlessly radiant in the azure sky, idealizing the surrounding peaks by the reflected glory of its shimmering light. Like rare old wine, or music to a soldier's feet, the wondrous view animates the muscles as well as the mind, and fatigue finds no place in the keen enjoyment of the manifold beauties revealed at every turn of the road. The surrounding hills, glinting and sparkling in the early light, flash many an envious glance at the ice-cold giant, rising, a celestial apotheosis, above the material beauties of the morn.

One of the greatest charms of the Japanese scenery lies in the fact that





"WHERE I LOSE ALL TRACE OF ALIEN INFLUENCE." (P. 345)



"YOKOHAMA BOASTS A NETWORK OF CANALS." (*p.* 342.)

mountain views are nearly always seconded by entrancing vistas of the encircling sea, and in no district of the chain of islands is this more fittingly exemplified than in the immediate neighborhood of Fuji and the Hakone range.

As I trundle my bespattered cycle through the last gorge separating me from the crest of the hills, and briskly round a jutting shoulder of the cliff for the view which I know must obtain beyond, my remaining breath is fairly taken from me by the transcendental



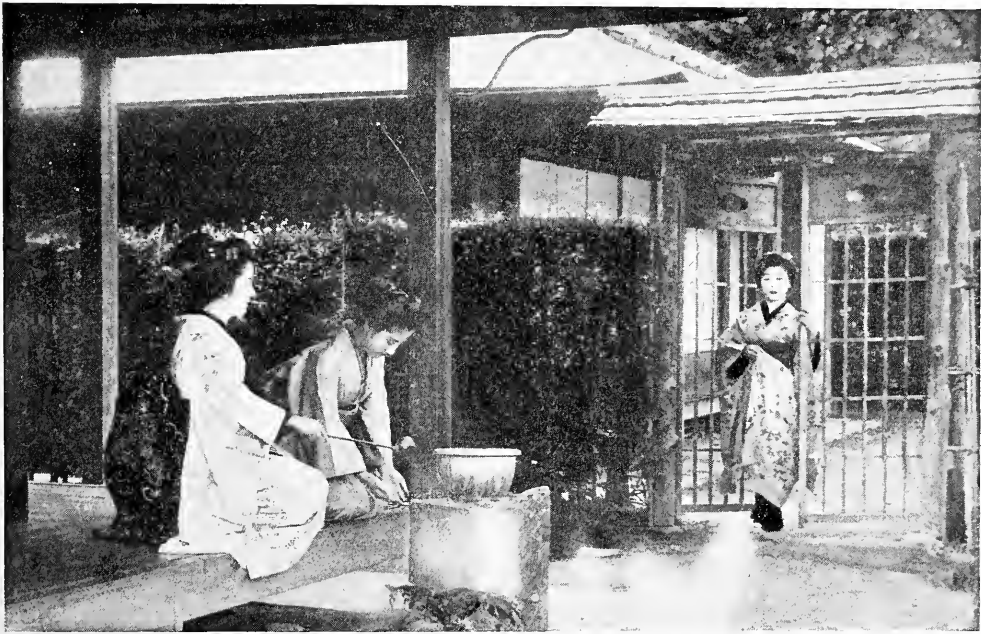
"A LAND WHICH WILL ALL TOO SOON PASS." (*p.* 343.)

beauty of the mountains, plain and sea stretched endlessly before me.

The incomparable freshness of the morn still lingers in the upper reaches of the air, and a keen, cool breeze hums through the crevices of the rocks, makes a temporary balloon of my loosely buttoned coat, and drives out the clouds yet lingering in the vales among the lesser mountain peaks. Full a thousand feet below, winding snakily through the newly-cut gorges of the range, the glinting rails of the new Tokaido flash defiant glances at the deserted highway ambling lonesomely above. Mile upon mile, and curve upon curve, the glisten-

to yonder squad of fishing junks, hovering like fairy nautili against the pale blue curtain of the sky. Nearer, in the vales below, lie myriads of vivid green paddies of growing rice, cut into numberless bizarre and fantastic shapes in line with the caprice of the owners, the trend of the irrigating ditches, or the position and slope of the land.

In a near-by vale, sheltered by the mountain shadows from the warming rays of a too-early setting sun, an intangible wave of opalescent, iris-tinted haze hangs like a spotless bridal veil above the opening flowers, many of which are to-day to be wedded to the



THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL.

ing rails fall gradually away to the level plain below, growing narrower as they go, until they lose themselves with a last faint glimmer in the hazy shadows of the distant hills. For leagues the dusty old Tokaido can be seen trailing tranquilly southward, ever hugging the shores of the blue Pacific, at intervals serving as a strip of sandy, wave-washed beach, now as the main and only street of some lonely fishing village nuzzling cozily against the sunny bosom of a range of hills, forming a metropolis to the scattered homes of the local peasantry and a blessed haven of refuge

light which their tightly closed petals have not yet beheld. Above the haze the air is as clear and sweet as the echoing tones of a mission bell, while rapturously bathing themselves in its transparent depths a myriad iridescent dragon-flies wheel and dart and sail majestically. As the sun climbs higher in a cloudless sky the vapor above the valley trembles timidly beneath the breath of his ardent rays. A golden flush, advancing from the eastern edge, slowly forces outward the faint blue tinge of departed night, and as I turn I catch a reflex of the gilded blush on Fuji's tip.



Painted for OUTING by Albert Hencke.

"ON PEERING THROUGH I BEHELD A BROAD LAGOON." (p. 351.)

A DAY'S SPORT IN THE WEST INDIES.

BY "JINGLEBY THORNE."



THERE is good shooting to be found in most of the West Indian islands, good fishing in all the waters, and unexcelled opportunities for yachting and boating. For some reason the white Creoles do not care to avail themselves of their advantages, and about the only persons who hunt, fish or boat for sport in the West Indies are those newcomers from Great Britain or America who possess the necessary inclinations and qualifications, and they are few and far between.

Nevertheless there are a few, and when they are found in out of the way places, they are the more appreciated; especially if you happen to be, as I was, a stranger in a strange land, with but little knowledge of its capacities for sport.

When I was in Antigua, one of the Windward Isles, I was fortunate enough to become acquainted with two young fellows who were fond of sport and were making the most of their opportunities.

Although my acquaintances were great chums, they were very dissimilar in appearance and disposition. One was a Londoner, merry and light-hearted, and the other a Scotchman of sedate demeanor, with a bright eye and vigorous physique. The Cockney was nicknamed

"Ally Sloper" and the Scot being familiarly known as "Jock," as Jock and Ally, therefore, I will now allude to them.

Being invited one evening by my friends to inspect their collection of trophies we sallied forth and proceeded, illuminated by the glorious moonlight of the tropics, to their "diggings," as they termed their apartments.

I found that during the three years they had lived on the island they had succeeded in obtaining a very creditable collection. There were pelicans, several gulls and ducks, a stilt plover, a *paille-en-queue*, or boatswain bird, a pair of frigate birds, an egret, a cuckoo, humming birds and doves, an iguana and a porcupine fish, all set up by Ally, though mostly shot by Jock.

"You see," said Ally, "every holiday, and that once every week, we go out in our boat."

"Could you accompany us to-morrow?" said Jock. "It will be New Year's Day and we can take the whole day. I think we could show you some fun."

"I should be delighted," I replied, "but the steamer for New York will arrive in the night and leave to-morrow at noon, so it will be impossible."

This was regretfully admitted and we adjourned to the balcony, where we enjoyed a pleasant smoke and chat in the cool evening breeze.

Some sage has said, "It is the unexpected that happens," and the unexpected very obligingly happened to me on this occasion, for on arriving at the hotel I found a note awaiting me from the agent of the steamship line, saying that owing to some breakdown of the machinery the boat would not arrive on time; so I immediately found out the time to be ready for the cruise.

"Seven o'clock," said Jock, "is as soon as we shall have a breeze. Put on your worst clothes, with boots and a waterproof, as you are not acclimated and we may have showers. We will attend to the grub."

I was up betimes and arrayed myself in a suit of white duck. On going down to the dining-room I found my friends had just arrived; and, while waiting for breakfast, I had an opportunity to take stock of their accoutrements. Jock was

lightly dressed in a suit of brown linen, with a cap of the same, and his stockingless feet were encased in an old pair of tennis shoes. His gun was an old muzzle-loader, and he had an enormous powder-flask and shot-bag.

I thought that Ally would have discarded at least a portion of his dudish attire when going shooting. But no! His collar was as high as ever, his shoes as pointed, and his rakish Derby as jauntily on one side. The awkward manner in which he handled an ancient pin-fire breech-loader showed that he was still a novice with a gun. I exhibited with some pride my American hammerless. Ally was delighted with its beauty. Jock, the canny Scot, said he would like to see it tried.

After breakfast we proceeded to the dock off which their boat was moored. Jock jumped into a dingey, sculled out and brought her in. She was an American ship's boat about sixteen feet long, which the boys had bought and rigged themselves. They had built a watertight bulkhead just in front of the stern thwart, and then put on a flush deck. There was a hatchway just abaft the mast fitted with a sliding cover. She carried a three-cornered mainsail and a jib, the halyards, sheets and downhauls of which were all run aft within reach of the steersman. She was named *Cutty Sark*.

Ally and I went to fetch the water keg and the provisions, while Jock bailed some rain-water out of the stern. We stowed the things and our guns under the deck, on the ballast, which consisted of half a ton of old chain cable, over which Ally had spread some bags so as to make a soft seat, for his favorite position at sea was with his head and shoulders out of the hatchway and leaning his back against the combing.

We cast off, and Jock took the tiller and the command, ordering me to hoist the jib. Her head swung off, and I hauled up the mainsail; then we ran down the harbor before the light breeze. We ran past Bat Island, a rock surmounted by a stone fort, now used as a lunatic asylum; and as we opened a cove to the north the breeze freshened, and we bowled along merrily, soon passing Fort James, which in the old days had defended the entrance to the harbor.

We soon rounded Goat Hill, a rocky

promontory crowned with another old fort, now used as a signal station. High hills here shut off the wind, and we tacked slowly into a smaller bay, the water of which, unlike that of the harbor, was clear and blue.

"Now," said Jock, "watch the water and tell me what you see."

I kept a sharp lookout and soon saw two large fins appear for an instant above the surface. "Sharks?" I asked. "Look again," said Jock. Just then one rose not far from the boat, and I saw what it was.

"Tarpon, by George! Will they bite?"

"That is what I should like to know," said Jock. "Nobody catches them here, but I have read of you Americans having great sport with them in Florida, and if I had the right kind of tackle I should like to try for them. What a splendid place this would be for it; the water is deep and one could fish from the shore. They always seem to be here, but I have never seen one in the harbor."

As we drifted back out of the bay, we saw several more of the long dorsal fins, some of great size. How I longed for some fishing tackle! And I there and then promised my friends that when I arrived in New York I would send them some.

Jock had come out of his way to show me the tarpon, and our destination now lay some three miles to the northward.

By this time there was a rattling breeze, and out beyond the point we could see it driving the whitecaps in fine style. Ally rummaged out an oilskin coat and tarpaulin hat, which effected quite a change in his appearance. Taking Jock's advice, I donned my waterproof, but Jock, on the contrary, took off his coat and shoes and passed them to Ally to stow away. Then, when we were all ready, we hauled the wind and drove her into it.

The wind was far from steady, but Jock was careful. He watched every flaw, and steered accordingly. We had capered and kicked about half way across, when Jock, pointing to windward, said: "There comes a squall; don't get nervous."

I looked in the direction indicated and saw what looked like a heavy shower of rain rushing down the hills toward the sea. Soon it reached the water and we could not see the land. On it came like

a hissing cloud of steam. Ally went below; that is, he lay down on the ballast and closed the hatch over him.

Jock gave me the order, "Down wi' the jib. Now take hold of the mainsheet and be ready to let go when I give the word." He kept her going full, until the squall was nearly upon us, and then he luffed right into it, shouting to me to let go the mainsheet. For a few seconds I thought that the sail would be whipped to ribbons and that we should be capsized. Thoughts of the iron ballast and the sharks flashed through my mind, but Jock recalled me to business by shouting, "Haul in a little; we must keep her going." Then I noticed that the rain was pouring down in torrents. We could hardly see the length of the boat. The boisterous sea was knocked flat and we rode quite easily. Then, almost as suddenly as it came upon us, we passed out on the other side into the bright sunshine once more, hoisted our jib and proceeded on our way. Jock was soaked, but he did not appear to mind that. "In a few minutes the sun will dry me," said he. "I passed through five of them once at night all alone."

Thanks to my rubber coat I was not very wet. Ally reappeared, looking warm from his confinement below. "Is it all over?" he asked. "Yes," said Jock; "crawl aft and bail this water out." "I'll do that," said I, going to work with the calabash.

As we approached the land the sea moderated, and we soon glided past a rocky point into a wide bay.

"Cathead your anchor!" roared Jock, and Ally made ready to perform the only nautical feat of which he was capable.

She came up into the wind a few yards from the shore, on which the waves beat heavily. Down came the jib and over went the anchor, and we prepared to land. After attending to his sails, Jock jumped overboard in water about up to his waist, and Ally passed out to him the guns, water, and basket of provisions, also an iron coal-pot and a bag of charcoal. After conveying these ashore he returned, and Ally, taking a seat upon his neck, was safely deposited on the sand. He also insisted on landing me in the same way, notwithstanding my weight.

We conveyed our things to a knoll which was shaded by trees and carpeted with coarse grass.

Jock loaded his gun, and I also made preparations to start out. "Are you not coming with us?" I said to Ally.

"Oh no!" said he. "I'm cook. I'll pot a few ground doves for dinner, and anything else that comes this way. I don't like wading in that confounded water where you are going, but if you get back in time to go after quail, then I'll be with you."

"Now," said Jock, "if you're ready we'll start."

We walked for some distance along the narrow strip of sand between the sea and a thicket of small trees with large, thick leaves, which Jock told me were the sea grapes which Kingsley, in "Westward Ho," describes as trailing vines. Then we entered the bushes and followed a trail for about half a mile. There Jock halted, and, with his characteristic candor, said:

"I didn't bring you here to make a big bag, but to have some shooting in a sportsmanlike manner. Now, my way is not to shoot unless I am reasonably sure of killing, and I never fire into a flock, as I can see no fun in wounding a lot of birds unnecessarily."

I assured him that those were exactly my sentiments.

"Very well! Then," said he, "come with me, and I'll show you a sight." Dropping on his hands and knees he led the way through a gap in the elsewhere impenetrable brush. After going a few yards we came to a small open space, where my guide pointed to the bushes in front of us. On peering through I beheld a broad lagoon, on the waters of which floated hundreds of ducks of many kinds. Several small sandbanks were almost covered with snipe, sandpipers and plover; there were also many cranes, and in the air were many white gulls, screaming as if aware of our presence.

We returned to our guns in silence, and I asked Jock what his plans were. Said he: "We can have the best sport by going to the other side of the pond, about half a mile away. There the bushes, which grow right into the water, form little points and bays in which there are always a few ducks. We will walk along, keeping as close to the trees as possible, and when we round a point they will fly out toward the middle. Then will be our chance, for it is as easy as flapper-shooting."

We hurried along the trail, which led us round the end of the pond to the other side. There we entered the water, which was quite muddy, but my companion said it was nowhere more than knee-deep and the bottom was all hard sand. As I had smokeless powder, it was arranged that I should go ahead and take the first shots.

In the first bay we opened were three ducks. As they flew out I fired both barrels. I killed the first, but failed to stop the second. Bang! bang! went the old muzzle loader and down tumbled the ducks—dead.

"Don't bother to pick them up," said Jock; "keep close to the bushes; we'll get them later."

Round the next point were two, which I got at one shot. Then we found five, out of which we got three. Seldom did we find a bay that was empty. The ducks that escaped flew out to the big flocks, which had gradually gone to the opposite side of the lagoon.

I should think that the pond was a mile long, and by the time we got to the end we had shot fifteen birds.

"Now," said Jock, "you sit here in this bush and I'll go and pick up the ducks and send you some yellow-legs; watch for them over those rushes."

He started up the pond and stirred up the birds. Very soon five big yellow-legged snipe came whistling toward me. I got them all and several others, and some plovers and two more ducks, by the time that Jock returned with his back-load of ducks. I picked up my birds and we started for camp, making a short cut across the pond. As we were approaching the shore, we heard the harsh cries of some large bird, and looking up, we saw it keep flying up in the air a few feet and then apparently pouncing down on something in the water. We stopped, and were considering the advisability of trying to crawl within shot, when we heard a report from the bushes and the big bird flew up no more.

When we picked it out of the water and carried it ashore, Ally pronounced it a horned screamer and a rare bird on the island—just what he wanted to add to his collection.

Our cook said dinner was ready and he was waiting for us when he heard the bird. When we arrived at the camp, Ally gave us each a green cocoanut,

the water of which was most refreshing after our tramp. While we were drinking he dished up the grub, which consisted of biscuit and broiled ground doves, which were delicious, boiled eggs, sardines and hot coffee. For dessert we had an ingenious imitation of strawberries and cream, made up of strawberry jam, ripe bananas and condensed milk.

After our repast we had a smoke, and then my friends proposed to go after quail. They said we had about an hour and a half yet before we needed to start for town. The quail were in a pasture which covered some rising ground a little way from where we were seated. The vegetation was coarse grass, with here and there clumps of prickly pear, quassia and logwood. Ally, who was on my left, found the first covey. He fired at them on the ground and killed two. Then, as the rest flew up, he let go the other barrel and, of course, missed. They came past me and I gave them both barrels, getting three. Then Jock, who was to the right, got two shots and four birds. A little further on I started a covey of about a dozen. I had a splendid chance and got eight with two barrels. By the time we got over the pasture we had bagged thirty-five.

We returned and packed up, and, the sea having moderated, Jock brought the boat in and we got on board and left for town. We had to beat up the harbor, which gave Jock another chance to show off the boat. He explained to me that what made her so lively in stays was a deep fin-keel that he had recently fitted her with.

I remarked that we had quite a respectable bag, after all. "Oh, yes," said Jock, "but it is nothing to what we might have had if we had simply gone in for killing all we could, which is not my way."

"Ally, sort out what game you want to keep, and I'll soon get rid of the rest when we reach the wharf."

He was quite right; he could have given away all the birds we had seen that day if we had had them. There were negroes, Chinese, Hindoos and Portuguese lounging on the Market Wharf, all of whom Jock seemed to know by name, and in a few minutes our surplus was distributed. We carried some of our choicest birds to the hotel, and the next day they appeared on the table.



THE PERILS OF WHALING



BY CAPTAIN R. F. COFFIN

“THE way I came to ship into the *Bald Eagle*, a bark of about 500 tons, belonging to Sag Harbor, I never rightly know’d.

“Jack Ward and I had just come in from Hong Kong, and neither of us didn’t have a cent, and so, of course, we didn’t care for to go ashore; and, arter sweeping down the decks clean, we told yarns till we went into the fore-castle for to eat our suppers.

“We’d got about half through with our grub, when there come into the fore-castle about as swell a chap as you’d wish for to see. He were rigged out with boots that shined so you could see your face into ’em; over these he had a pair of checker-board pants with red and white squares a inch in size; then he had a bright red weskit comin’ low down onto his bread-basket, and over this a bottle-green cutaway coat. Hangin’ from his fob were a gilt chain big enough for the cable of a small-sized sloop, and over all a shiny stove-pipe hat, with the most onarthly wide brim I ever seen.

“Well, sir, he comes in, as I said afore, and, shovin’ out his fist to me, he says: ‘Tom, old fellow, how are you?’

“It weren’t likely, sir, were it, that anybody as had never seed him afore would have known him? And I suppose I looked as if I didn’t know him, ’cause he says: ‘Why, don’t you recollect me? Don’t you remember “Cock-eyed Jimmy,” at Tom Burton’s, in New Orleans?’

“‘No,’ says he; ‘I never boarded with him neither.’

“‘No, of course not,’ says he; ‘I’ll tell you where it was—how stupid of me to make sich a blunder—it were at Bob Darlin’s,’ says he.

“‘Well, that it might have been,’ says I, ‘’cause there’s where I always hang out when in New Orleans, but I don’t mind seein’ you there.’

“‘Well, between you and me, Tom,’ says he, ‘you was so lushy at the time when I know’d you there, that it ain’t much wonder if you do forgit. Well, now, to think of my comin’ onto you here. I never see anythin’ like it afore in all my born days. But how does it happen that you ain’t ashore?’

“‘Well, if you wants to know,’ says Jack, puttin’ in his oar, ‘Tom and me has been blasted fools long enough, and now we jist ain’t agoin’ to be. We’ve got a good pile of money comin’ to us, and we’re goin’ for to stay here till we gits it, and then we’re goin’ to go to some decent boardin’-house where we won’t be robbed.’

“‘Now, do you know,’ says this chap, ‘if all sailors was for to do that, they’d be a deuced sight better off. I know all about it, ’cause I were in the business. Hows’ever,’ says he, ‘I’ve got out of it now, and I’m at present a speckerlator, dealin’ in old junk and sich. ’Tain’t a bad business neither,’ says he, pullin’ out a roll of bills; ‘here’s what I’ve made to-day speckerlatin’.

“Well, sir, when we’d finished our grub, this here chap says: ‘Well, I must be agoin’, and I’ll tell you what I’ll do. If you’ll come over here in Furman street, to a place I knows, I’ll stand treat, ’cause I’ve had sich a good day a speckerlatin’.

“Well, Jack and me, we puts on our jackets, and we goes over to a place kept by a man named Jackson. This here chap know’d him, and we goes into a little room in the rear of the bar-room, and this chap says: ‘Now, Jackson,

here's a old acquaintance of mine what I know'd in New Orleans, and hain't seen afore for years, so jist trot out some of your best whiskey, sich as you drinks yourself.' Well, the landlord he brings out a bottle, and we has a couple of drinks all round. Then this chap, he takes Jackson one side, and says something to him, and then he comes to us, and says he : 'I've fixed it all right for you chaps, if so be as how you wants to stand anythin'. It's all right ; Jackson will chalk it up, and you can square it when you're paid off. You know, I'd jist as leeves stand Sam all night ; there ain't nothin' mean about me. But I knows how it is with you sailor men ; you always likes to take a hand in yourselves, and so I thought I'd fix it for you.'

"Well, sir, neither me nor Jack wouldn't have drunk nothin' more at his expense, but when we know'd that we could stand treat, why, of course, we wanted for to do so, and we had rounds apiece.

"By and by this chap says, ' Jackson, I'll tell you what we'll do ; you leave the missus in charge, and we'll go across the river, and run the rag down a bit.'

"Where we went that night, and where we fetched up, and where I found myself in the mornin', 'taint no use tellin'.

"In the mornin' I found that Jack and my red-weskitted friend had stopped in the same crib. He were as fresh as a lark, whilst me and Jack was 'all in the wind.' 'Now, what you wants,' says he, 'is fust a cocktail, and then a rousin' good breakfast, and Bob Early's, 'round in Roosevelt street, is the place for to git both.'

"Well, we goes 'round, and 'stead of one cocktail we has three or four afore breakfast. Then this Bob Early says to us : 'Now, you two chaps don't feel like turnin' to this mornin', I knows, and the fust thing to be done is to git your dunnage out of that ship afore it's stole. You wants some different riggin', too, from them sailor clothes what you've got on. Now, you are strangers to me, but on account of this gentleman, as is a friend of mine, why, I'm willin' for to let you have a suit of clothes and some tin, and I'll send over for your dunnage ; and when you gits paid off you'll pay me my money back, and then we are quits.'

"Well, sir, of course we wanted

clothes, and was glad enough to go down-stairs into Bob's store and git 'em. Then, in all our fine new toggery, we goes over to call on Mrs. Jackson and to git our dunnage out of the ship.

"Folks wonder that sailors is sich fools, sir, as to be humbugged the way they are ; and of course they are fools, but there's lots of folks that never went to sea who would be as easily humbugged if as much pains was took with 'em. What wonder is it that we sent the wagon on with our dunnage to Bob Early's and that we stayed drinkin' with Mrs. Jackson ?

"What's the use of prosin' ? The same thing happened that used to happen every day. When the day come for us to be paid off we sartainly was not in a condition to take care of our money, and we know'd it. Why shouldn't we trust Bob Early ? He'd trusted us ; and so he went over with us and took our money. As to me, it might be days, it might be weeks ; I kept no count, and I know'd nothin' more till I waked up and found myself in a bunk in the fore-castle of this whalin' bark, *Bald Eagle*.

"And now, see here ; I started out for to spin you a yarn about whalin', and I've never got to sea at all. And there's where it is in yarnin'. A chap gits his jaw-tacks aboard and his gun-sheets aft, and away he goes on a long board, and there ain't no tellin' where he'll fetch up. But here is jist the way it were : We went to sea the day arter I picked myself up aboard of her, and there were I, bound out onto a three years' v'yage, with only jist what dunnage I stood in ; so that I may say I had jist three shifts—take off, put on, and go naked—and me jist gittin' off a hard spree, which left me with the triangles pretty bad. Luckily, in them ships, there is always a slop-chist, which are a parkisite of the old man, and he will sell the chaps whatever they wants and take his pay at the end of the v'yage ; but then, you see, the skipper always likes for to see some ile in the hold fust, 'cause the chap might 'top his boom and sail large' the fust port they went into, and then the old man would be out and injured for whatever he'd let the chap have. Hows'ever, the mate, a man by the name of Dillon, he took a fancy to me from the fust, though what he seen into me, fust off, I don't know, for I were a hard-lookin' object ; but

anyway, that fust day I crawled out of the fore-castle he says to me: 'Well, my man, have you woke up at last? You've had a hard time of it, and I reckon you'd better jist go and turn in agin, and by to-morrow mornin' you'll be all right.'

"Now, aboard a packt ship I'd a' been sent up aloft to put on chafin' gear, or somethin' of that sort; but then, you see, sir, they can't help it, 'cause they don't carry no extra hands, and expects to carry right on as hard as they can as soon as ever they gits out; so they jist has to set everybody to work, and there ain't no sickness allowed. In a whale ship it's different; fust off there's plenty of men, because them ships is manned accordin' to the boats they carries, they havin' to have enough of a crew for to man all the boats and yet leave enough aboard for to work the ship. This here bark, in the freightin' trade, would have had about eight hands afore the mast; but in the whalin' business she had thirty, besides petty officers and sich; so you see the mate could let me lay up as well as not. You see, arter they gits to sea, these ships ain't in much of a hurry, 'cause they're likely for to fall in with whales as soon as they gits out.

"She'd been out about four days afore I turned to, and then were only asked for to take a wheel and look out, 'cause I were very weak, not havin' been able for to eat nothin' 'cept gruel since I come aboard. The mate he spoke a good word for me with the old man, and he let me have a couple of dungaree suits, and, what I valued a good deal more than that, a pound of tobacco; and that'll show you what a outrageous villain that Bob Early were, he not only takin' my clothes and money, but sendin' me off without either grog or tobacco.

"The old man told me he had paid \$75 for me and I were to have a hundredth lay, so you see he might well want to take some ile afore he trusted me for anythin' more.

"The mate, findin' out pretty soon that I were a good sailor-man and that I'd been a-spoutin' afore, made me his boat-steerer, and I were lucky in bein' able for to strike the fust whale. You see the boat-steerer don't steer the boat fust off, as you might think he did from the name, but he pulls the bow oar, and the officer of the boat steers

her till she gits close on to the whale. Then he sings out to the boat-steerer for to stand up, and he peaks his oar and jumps up and fists his iron, which lays in the becket in the bow of the boat. There is another iron, with about fifteen fathom of line onto it, and which is spliced into the main line; and, if he can, the boat-steerer heaves both irons into the whale, but if he don't, then he pitches this second iron overboard. It wants a man to handle himself pretty lively anyhow, and you mustn't be afeard. Some chaps never gits over bein' afeard of a whale, and they're never good for anythin' as boat-steerers, or, in fact, in a boat anyhow. The line leads through a chock on the stem and then passes aft, 'twixt the men as they sit on the thwarts, into a tub that is in the starn sheets, 'twixt the after oarsman and the steerin' oar. So, you see, it has to be coiled down very clear into this tub, 'cause if it ever got foul a-runnin' out it would raise the deuce with the crew. Arter heavin' the irons into the whale the boat-steerer goes aft and takes the steerin' oar, and the officer of the boat he goes for'ard for to kill the whale; 'cause the harpoonin' seldom hurts the whale much, and unless the iron strikes a vital part, he would live for years with a iron in him and be none the worse. The harpoon is jist to hold the boat fast to him, and he has for to be killed with a lance—a long razor-shaped piece of steel—that is sharpened on each side and kept as keen as a razor.

"We was about two weeks out, and somewheres in the longitude of the forties, steerin' away towards the Western Islands, where we was goin' for to stop and get some fresh vegetables, and had all sail onto the bark, with a moderate breeze from west-sou'west and fine weather, when, about four bells in the arternoon watch, the lookout at the masthead sung out, 'Thar she blows!'

"'Where away?' says the mate.

"'Two p'int's on the lee bow,' says the masthead. 'Thar she blows! Thar she breaches! Sparm whale, as sure as I'm a sinner.'

"You hain't never been aboard of a whaler, sir, when they raised their fust whale, have you? And so you ain't got the fust idea of the excitement there are. The old hands are e'enamost wild for to git at him, and the greenhorns,

what 'twixt curiosity and fright, can't hardly tell which eend they stands on.

"There were a chap by the name of Clasby had been chose by the mate for boat-steerer of his boat, and this arternoon he were sick, and the mate, castin' around, fixed on me, and says: 'Tom, can you kill a whale?'

"'Lay me onto one,' says I, 'and if I don't fasten to him I'll eat your head.'

"'Very well,' says he. 'Take the bow oar in my boat, and I'll put you near enough to suit you, I'll warrant.'

"The bark had been kep' off a couple of p'int's and the spouts could now be seen plain from the deck. There was evidently two whales—a bull and a cow—movin'

leisurely along to the east'ard and a-spoutin' reg'lar. As wedrawed up to 'em the excitement grow'd more and more intense, and, impatient as we was, the bark, goin' full six knots, scarcely seemed to move. When we got within a couple of miles the



YARNS! YARNS! YARNS!

old man couldn't stand it no longer, and he giv' the order for to 'stand by to lower.' We run up the mainsail and down helm and let her come to all standin' without touchin' a brace, and as she come to and her way got deadened, the welcome order was heard to 'lower away.' The words wasn't no sooner out of the old man's mouth than the five boats went down by the run, and we swarmed down over the side arter 'em and was off.

"Then the job were, which should be the fust to fasten. I've seen some rowin'-matches in harbors and for prizes, but they ain't to be compared to the chase of a lot of boats' crews arter a whale, 'cause, you see, then all hands

is so excited that they never can't tell whether they're tired or not, and every man lays back onto his oar as if life were dependin' on gettin' fust to the fish.

"For a spell the boats was pretty even, and then the old man's boat and ourn, havin' the most old hands into 'em, draw'd ahead, the skipper's boat leadin' by about a half a length.

"'Now, then,' says the mate, 'giv' it to her! Bend your backs and stretch yourselves; thar she jumps; that's my beauties; that's my loves. Pull, blast you, pull! Are you goin' for to let that boat beat you? You ain't pullin' worth a cent! That's the stroke; that's my darlin'! Oh, only pull! Thar—

she blows; thar—she breaches! Give way like men; only a few strokes more, my loves! Darn you! why don't you pull?' And so, fust coaxin' and then cussin' us, the mate went on, and we pullin' away for dear life, the five oars bendin' nearly double, and the light

cedar boat jumpin' nearly out of water at every stroke. Inch by inch we gained on the old man till we was bow and bow with him, and he a-ravin' and a-cussin' his men like a heathen.

"We was onto the starboard side of the old man, and the spouts which had last been seen right ahead was now seen a little onto the starboard bow. This giv' us the advantage, and as we sheered off to the s'uth'ard we brung the old man onto our quarter. It were really lovely for to hear him as we shot right ahead of him with a clear length. 'Ready there in the bow!' says the mate, and a minute arter, 'Stand up;' and I jammed one handle of my oar in

the becket and jumped up and grabbed my iron. Jist ahead of me about two boats' lengths I seen the wake of the whale as he were comin' to the surface to blow. 'Give way strong,' says I; 'let her go right on top of him.' So the men giv' a last spurt, keepin' up her headway till her bow fetched up agin the back of the fish. When about three feet off, I let him have the fust iron, and as the boat struck him I buried the second one deep into his back and shouted, 'Starn all, sir!' The next minute the line were a-whizzin' out through the chock like wildfire as the whale sounded. Arter a while the mate got a turn round the logger-head, and we snubbed him till we brung the bows of the boat down level with the water, and all of us bundled aft into her. At last, jist as our last shot were a-runnin' out, he stopped goin' down, and we began for to haul in.

"Then I shifts aft, and the mate come for'ard and stood in the bow with his lance. We seen that the old man had fastened to the other fish, which were a-runnin'. When we had got up pretty nigh to our whale, which had come up, the mate standin' ready for to lance him, all of a sudden he started off, runnin' to wind'ard at the rate of fully ten miles an hour. There were nothin' for it but to let him have his run out, and so we took a turn round the logger-head and let him go. He soon got tired of this sport, and arter runnin' perhaps five miles he stopped and lay on the water motionless.

"'Now then, my lads,' says the mate, 'haul me up and I'll soon make him spout blood.' So we done so and the mate soon got a chance for to heave his lance into him. You see, onto the lance-pole there are about twenty fathoms of nine-thread stuff, and the mate holds onto this and pulls his lance out arter heavin' it into the fish, and as it is sharp on both edges it cuts its way out as well as in. Then he watches a chance and gives him another prod, and so he keeps a-throwin' this lance into the whale and a-pullin' of it out agin till by and by he reaches his life, and then the creetur begins for to spout blood. As soon as we sees that we hauls off and lets him alone, 'cause we know'd he'd soon go into his flurry and in it he might stave the boat. We didn't have long for to wait; his flurry was soon over.

"We got our next whale on the Brazil Banks, and we cruised there off and on for a couple of months, waitin' for the summer to open, afore we rounded the Cape. So far as weather is consarned, however, one may as well go round in winter as in summer. It's true you has the daylight in the summer months, and that's a good deal; but you has also them terrible hard sou'westers, which will continue right on for three or four weeks onto a stretch, and jist so long as they last jist so long you can't git round, 'cause there never weren't no ship beat round agin 'em. It ain't



"TOM, OLD FELLOW, HOW ARE YOU?" (P. 353.)

only the wind, but there's a current a-settin' to the east from one to two knots a hour, and that's killin' to any ship under short canvas.

"Still, as we wasn't losin' time while whalin' on the Brazil Banks, it were jist as well that we should wait till December come in afore we stuck her to the s'uth'ard. I've often laughed since, when I've been goin' round the Horn in a clipper ship with all three royal yards across, to think of the preparations we went through with. When we got up with the latitude of the Falkland Islands, we sent down the fore and main

royal and to'gallan' yards, and then the royal and to'gallan' masts came down; she had fidded royal masts, so we could have them sent down, and left the to'gallan' masts on end if we'd liked; but no, down they both had to come, and then we housed the mizzen topmast. Then we turned to and bent new topsails, courses, and jib; then we runs spillin' lines round the foot and leechees of the topsails; and then we was ready for anythin' but a fair wind, and if we'd got that we had no canvas to show to it. We sot out for to go down through the Straits of Le Maire, but we got in the race jist at the northern entrance, and the old man's bottom dropped out, and he kept her away and went round Cape St. John.

"Do you know, we was six weeks afore we got far enough west for to fetch by and go down the coast. Two or three times we got slants of wind for a few hours, and if we could have carried sail onto her them times, we would have got by; but the old man always thought that the wind would be in to the sou'-west agin and blow on, and so he kep' her under short sail, and it always did come in from the sou'-west and blow on, if he waited long enough.

"Well, we wasn't in a hurry; we had all summer afore us, and our old man wasn't like that skipper of the *Flyin' Cloud* what I were with, a-makin' a passage to anywhere, and so it didn't matter, except on account of scurvy.

"We'd been out from home about two years and had done fust rate, havin' about two thousand barrels of ile, when one day, jist arter noon, we raised a school of whales, and lowered and went for 'em. The old man he fastened fust, and his whale run, and the last we seen of him he were goin' off to the north'ard and east'ard flyin'. I struck one of the biggest bulls in the whole school, and he, too, sot out, runnin' about no'th. I'd fastened to him well aft, where there were plenty of muscles and ligaments for the irons to hold onto, but without doin' him any serious damage; and he went off at a great pace, the boat standin' nigh onto her after-eend, and the water risin' away up above her gun-wales with the pressure. In an hour the ship were hull down, and yet the creetur didn't seem a morsel tired, but run as fast as ever. In another hour the ship was entirely out of sight, and we was

alone on the ocean with our whale, and he goin' from ten to twelve miles a hour. Still we hadn't the least idea of cuttin' from him, 'cause that's somethin' that ain't never done except when the whale sounds and you ain't got no more line. Then you has to cut to keep from bein' draw'd under; but so long as he'll keep above water, you always holds on to him, and is sometimes away from the ship for days, every boat carryin' provision and water to last the crew for a day or so.

"I suppose it might have been about four o'clock when this brute begin for to git tired, and he slackened up, and we begin for to haul up to him. He had two or three more spells of runnin', but they didn't last long; he were too tired, and finally we got nigh enough to him for the mate to heave a lance into him. He were a tremendous big fellow, and we calculated he'd make one hundred and twenty barrels of ile at the very least. As he felt the sharp steel piercin' his vitals he started off agin, and we giv' him line. I suppose he run for about a quarter of a mile, and then suddenly stopped, and, turnin', he made for the boat full tilt. It were the fust time we'd ever seen any signs of crossness in a whale, for if they does any damage, generally it's accidental, hittin' a boat with their tail as the boat passes over 'em or comin' up sudden under a boat. But this whale meant mischief, and he were so sudden that afore we could git down to the oars for to pull out of his way, he hit the boat with his head, stavin' her into splinters; then passin' on about an eighth of a mile, he went into his flurry, for the mate had touched his life the first dart of the lance.

"Wherever the rest of 'em went I don't know, but I picked myself up in the water, and alongside of the line tub, which I got hold of. On the other side of it were a Portugee, what we'd shipped in the Western Islands in place of the boat-steerer that died, and he were pullin' the after oar in our boat. I don't know what his name were, but he were called 'Portugee Joe.' There was oars and wreck stuff scattered all around, and away off I thought I seen a man clingin' to a oar, but I weren't sertain, and it's probable that all of 'em was killed by the shock except Joe and me, which were abaft where he struck. The

tub had capsized and the line had gone out of it, and Joe and me we righted it and hung on to its sides, one on each side. There were no gittin' into it, of course, and all we could do were to hang on and trust to the ship findin' us. It soon come on for to be dark, and there we was alone on the ocean, and with mighty little chance of ever seein' any of our friends any more. The night were a fine one, calm and clear, without no moon, and the bright stars looked down the livelong night on me and Joe

hangin' onto opposite sides of that line tub. We didn't talk much through the night, Joe not bein' very good at English speakin', and I not feelin' much like cacklin' anyhow. Once in a while Joe would say, 'Ship come in the mornin', I don't think?' and I'd say, 'I hopeso,' and then for an hour, perhaps, we'd be silent. I don't suppose, sir, that that night was any longer

than any other night, but yet I did think it would never come daylight. It come at last, hows'ever, and by and by the sun got up, and then we almost wished it were dark agin, the terrible heat beatin' down upon our heads were so oppressive. Toward the middle of the day we was parched to death with the thirst.

"As night come on Joe begin to weaken and to kind of lose his reckonin' like, jabberin' away to me in Portuguese, when he know'd I couldn't understand a word he were a-sayin'. I

were also gettin' kind of loony myself, and would sometimes a-sweared I seen boats pullin' towards us, and then, when I'd come to a bit, I'd see that there weren't no sich thing. As the light faded out and the dark come on I pretty well giv' up, 'cause I didn't think I'd be able for to hold on till the mornin'. Somewheres along about the middle of the night I felt the tub giv' a surge and my side come down nearly level with the water, and then I know'd that Joe were gone and that I were

alone. You'd think, sir, that I would have been wonderfully grieved at this; I weren't at all. I were that far gone myself that I were past all carin' for anythin'; and I recollects very little of anythin' through that night, and I 'spects I slept most of the time, and afore the mornin' come I lost all reckonin' and know'd no more.

"How I were picked up I never entirely

know'd. As I found arter I come to that they was cuttin' in a whale, I supposes that they seen our whale a-floatin' and lowered for him, and then come across me hangin' on to this tub. Hows'ever, there I were and all right, and that were all I cared to know. In fact, I didn't come rightly to myself till I'd been aboard this craft about a week; and then I found that we was steerin' away to the no'th'ard and east'ard, and in about a fortnight we anchored outside of the reef at Honolulu."



"HOW I WERE PICKED UP I NEVER ENTIRELY KNOW'D." (p. 359.)

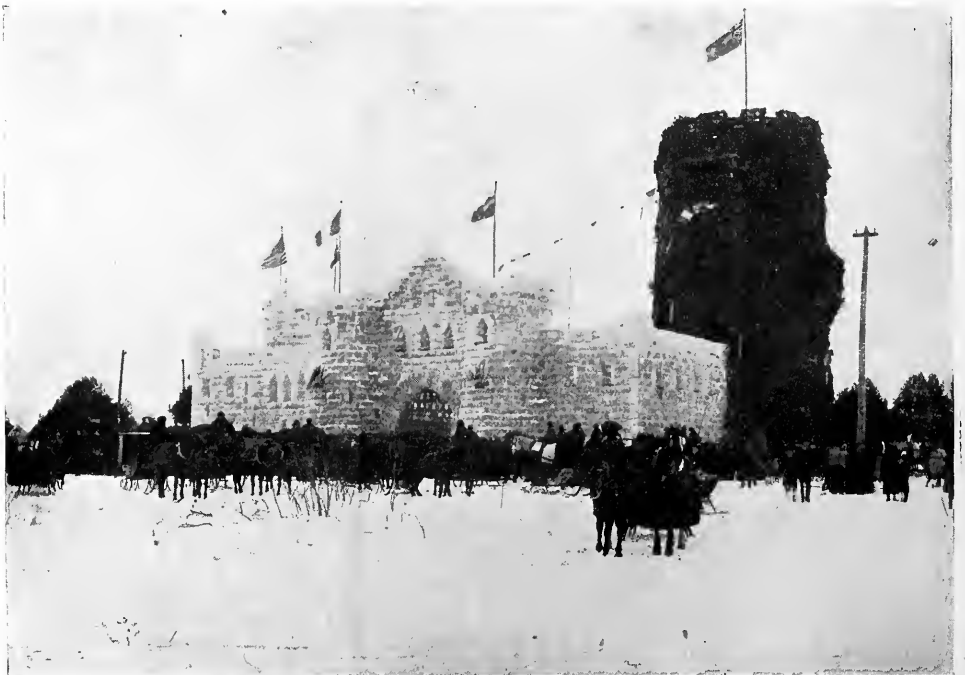


BY EDWIN WILDMAN.

THE Ice Carnival was unique in its inception, distinct in its appointments and brilliant in its passing.

It is like an illumined page in the history of Canadian sport. The carnival was the outgrowth of the Canadian enthusiasm for winter sports, and the result of the ambition of the athletic spirit of the Dominion to express itself in one grand comprehensive and organized dis-

play. Canada has always been distinguished for her sports. Skating, snowshoeing, tobogganing, sleighing, curling and hockey each numbered enthusiastic devotees. To amalgamate these interests was the object of the carnival. The idea was favorably received and for a time engrossed the attention of every loyal Canadian. Commercial, political and social aids were all brought to con-



OTTAWA, 1895.

tribute to the success of the ice carnival.

The first carnival was held at Montreal, in the winter of 1883, and lasted five days. The weather was ideal. The success of the great undertaking was thereby assured, for when Old Prob frowns at midwinter in Canada, even the hardy habitants hover indoors. At that time the Marquis of Lorne was Governor-General, and he and his popular consort, the Princess Louise, encouraged the carnival in every way, thus giving the fête a social glamour that made it doubly alluring. The ice palace was a carnival idea and substantially and brilliantly expressed the possibilities of a Canadian winter, and proved an immense attraction to visitors. The palace was constructed of solid blocks of ice taken from the St. Lawrence River.

The palace of 1893 was typical. It was ninety feet square, with a rectangular tower at each corner, and from the



"TOBOGGANING WAS ONE OF THE CHIEF SPORTS." (p. 362.)

center arose a great tower eighty feet in height. The palaces were solidly built and stood the changes of the temperature long after the carnival had passed. In Montreal they have always been erected upon a large square in the centre of the city. In Ottawa they occupied a site upon a picturesque promontory called Nepean Point, which overlooks the city and the Ottawa River. They were imposing and remarkable edifices and al-

ways stimulated the rivalry of the most famous architects of the Dominion.

At the formal opening of the carnivals the palace was stormed by hosts of snowshoers clad in brilliantly colored blanket costumes of white set off by gay stripes. The procession, armed with flaming torches in Montreal, started at some snowshoe club on Mount Royal, overlooking the city, and dashed down through the streets, resembling a gigantic trail of light. Upon arriving at

the palace, its battlements were stormed with roman candles, sky rockets, and vari-colored fire. Its interior being brilliantly illuminated, the effect was thrilling and brilliant, the translucent walls of the palace having the appearance of a castle in fairyland. The climax was reached when, with ringing shouts and cheers, the snowshoers took final possession and a burst of fireworks and a looming of cannon proclaimed to the assembled thousands of spectators that

victory had been achieved.

The programme of the week of sport was equally brilliant. An afternoon was devoted to the driving parade, in which those magnificent horses for which Canada is famous, pranced through the streets, drawing sumptuous sleighs embellished with great plumes and gay colors, and whose occupants were muffled almost beyond recognition in great fur coats and hoods, giving them the



A MONTREAL ICE PALACE.

appearance of primitive Esquimaux. Those seen not wearing the Canadian hood and fur were set down as "people from the States."

Tobogganing was one of the chief sports of carnival week. The slides were open to the public and were crowded with people. An occasional tip-over varied the programme and created great amusement for all but those who experienced it.

At Montreal, the immense Victoria skating rink was a scene of brilliancy. The Canadian women are particularly expert in skating, and upon the evening of the masquerade the galleries, as well as the rink, were filled with spectators and participants. The costumes were gorgeous and the effect kaleidoscopic, as the skaters went through lancers, quadrilles and waltzes with an ease and grace that seemed almost marvelous. The rink was decorated from arch to ceiling with streamers and flags of all nations, and the scene was one long to be remembered.

Socially, the city was in a constant whirl of gayety. Teas, luncheons, dinners, balls and private toboggan and sleighing parties followed in such rapid succession that there was hardly time left to sleep.

Racing on the ice track on the St. Lawrence was another sport that excited much interest. A great ball was always given by the snowshoers at a club on Mount Royal; and both there and at the Windsor popularity underwent a penalty, for "bouncing" was a favorite amusement during carnival week. The sport consisted of a dozen sturdy fellows throwing some popular visitor or one of their number into the air and catching him in their arms as he fell. The distinction was one that was thrust upon one—not sought. Hockey was also played very extensively on the ice, and has now become the national game of Canada.

The carnival week always closed with a grand ball, at which the Governor-General and his wife occupied a throne at one end of the ball-room, where all paid them homage. It was the occasion for the display of magnificent costumes, and was the most brilliant and elaborate social event of the year.

The ice carnival at Montreal was repeated in 1884, 1885, 1887 and 1889, and, although local interest began to wane, American interest grew and the number of visitors greatly increased. Each year an attempt was made to outshine former events and eclipse in

grandeur previous palaces. The carnivals, though in the main similar, differed in some respects. One year a maze was constructed, entirely of ice, occupying a public square. In the center, the successful explorer was awaited by "something hot."

Another novelty was a "Zoo," the animals of which were carved from ice by clever local sculptors. A pyramid of ice was an attraction during one of the carnivals at Montreal.

A feature of interest, of both a Montreal and an Ottawa carnival, was a "live arch," which consisted of an immense structure like an ancient gateway of a city, covered with evergreens, and here and there and everywhere places for snowshoers to protrude their heads, enveloped in the picturesque hood and blanket costumes.

The last Montreal carnival was in 1889, Ottawa building one subsequently in 1894. Although the elementary accessories of previous carnivals were present, the spirit of the carnival seemed to be wanting. Though distinguished by the presence of thousands of visitors, the home spirit was gone. A reaction had set in, and Canadians began to feel that their cities and country were being looked upon as an abode of ice and snow.

National and local pride were touched, the thermometer was below zero, and the public sentiment was lukewarm.

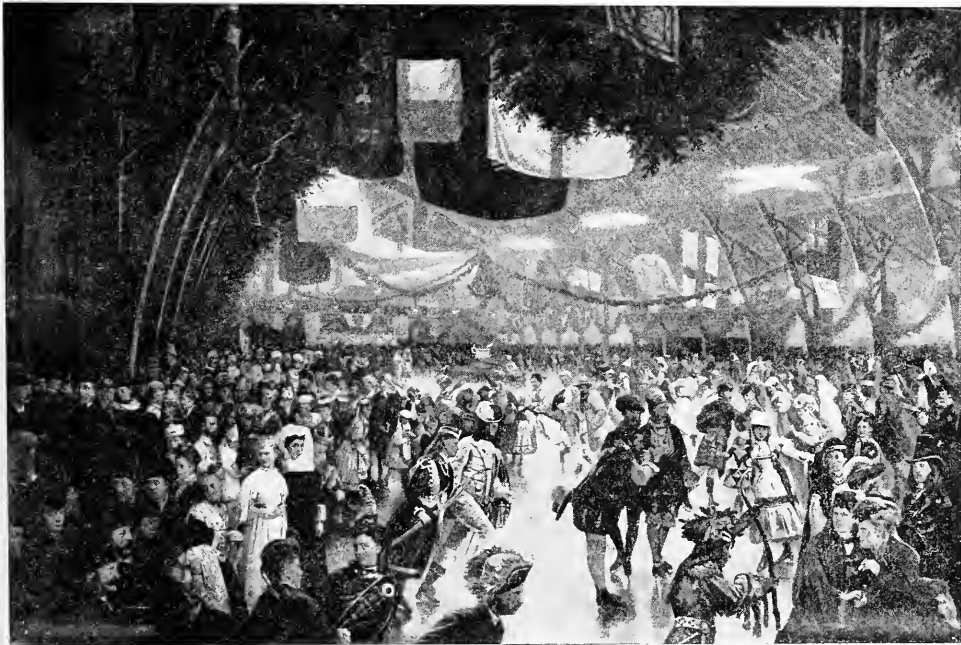
The Canadian ice carnival, though brilliant as a reminiscence, has passed, and any random talk of its restoration is frowned down emphatically throughout Canada.

Quebec has had successful carnivals, and Ottawa, too, but the memory of the ice carnival will linger around Montreal as its erstwhile home and patron.

Because of the passing of the carnival, it must not be inferred that the death knell of Canadian sport has been sounded. On the contrary, it flourishes as never before. Though the popularity of tobogganing and snowshoeing has waned, skating, curling and hockey have leaped into prominence and monopolized the entire field.

The carnivals turned the attention of Americans to the bracing Canadian climate, and the stream of winter visitors has not diminished.

Although the carnival and the ice palace are things of the past, without a possibility of repetition, say Canadians, the memory of their brilliant and meteoric existence will be cherished by the thousands who were permitted to share in their glories.



"THE COSTUMES WERE GORGEOUS." (p. 362.)

A FOX-HUNT ON THE PEDEE.

BY JANE MARLIN.

A SOFT moonlight night in sunny South Carolina, and the fragrance of the jasmine vine, growing and twining in careless profusion about the broad piazza, almost overpowering. At the foot of the lawn, the waters of the Pedee sparkle and scintillate in the soft, pale light; and the fume from a little naphtha launch, that has just landed a gay party from Waverly Mills, curls gracefully skyward.

On the lawn and piazza the women, aglow with excitement, are drawing on their gauntlets or answering the merry sallies of the men, who are adjusting their spurs. The dusky-skinned servants, in picturesque attire, are running hither and thither at the command of the tall, imperious planter; bringing up the horses, finding lost whips, spurs and blankets, doing the hundred and one things incidental to the large fox-hunt, given that night in honor of Miss Rebecca Thorpe, the guest of Miss Belle Heriot, at the grand old plantation, Weymouth.

"It will be the biggest hunt of the season, Belle," calls out Colonel Heriot; "and we will surely get a fox, eh, Nimrod?" the last addressed to his magnificent black thoroughbred, against whose flank he is affectionately leaning while waiting for the signal to mount. He speaks to his sister, but his dark eyes are fastened upon Miss Thorpe's face with a look that betokens more than a passing interest, for, to be perfectly frank, Colonel Heriot lost his heart almost immediately he looked into Rebecca's blue eyes and heard her happy laugh ringing through the halls of his ancestral home. He has made up his mind to tell her so after the hunt, for on the morrow she is to leave for home.

At last Archie brings up the large pack of hounds, headed by "Sallie," "Belle" and "Little Driver," three of the best foxhounds in the State. Captain Skinner, the leader, mounts his faithful mare "Hannah," and, placing the horn to his lips, gives the signal for the mount, the notes ringing out clear and sharp in the still night air. In a moment all are in their saddles. Miss Thorpe takes her place beside Captain Skinner at the head of the line, and down the long avenue of

live oaks, hung with gray moss, they ride, some forty mounted and many others, less venturesome, following in buggies.

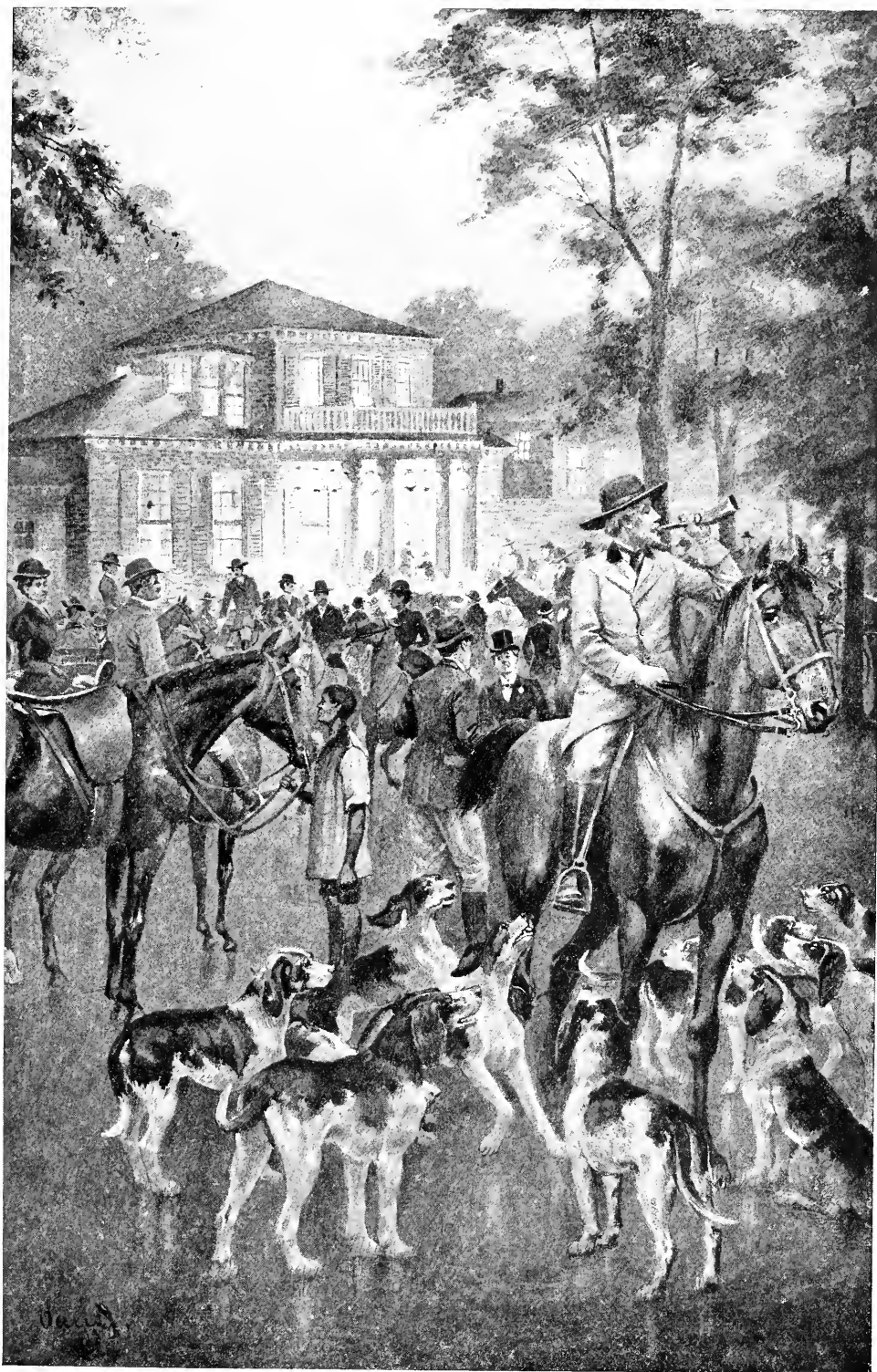
"What a perfect night it is! Truly, I shall sigh for the dear old place when I am shivering up in Boston," says Miss Thorpe; and Captain Skinner, old and pessimistic bachelor that he is, feels his heart beat a little faster.

Finally the main road is reached, and after a short canter up one of the many forks, Captain Skinner, with a crack of the whip, sends the dogs into the woods; and the party gather about in groups listening breathlessly for the first baying of the hounds, the welcome signal that tells they have started a fox. It is a picturesque group gathered there under the tall pines, their faces glowing with excitement.

Suddenly, from the thickest part of the woods, the shrill baying of the hounds breaks upon the stillness of the night; they have trailed a fox. The horses, trained for the chase, prick up their ears and grow more and more restless as the baying of the dogs comes nearer and nearer.

The anxious hunters bend over in their saddles listening attentively. "What is that small, dark object crossing the road?" whispers Miss Thorpe, but before Captain Skinner has time to answer, the hounds are in sight, their noses close to the ground, and with a wild cry of encouragement to them to keep the scent, Captain Skinner is off like the wind. Giving rein to the horses they recklessly ride over stumps, ditches and bars, close to the dogs, the life-blood coursing more and more swiftly through their veins, their eyes gleaming in harmony with the excitement, as again and again they clear what seems in the moonlight some impossible jump, until Captain Skinner brings "Hannah" to a standstill, panting and gavotting in her excitement, and the dogs howl frantically, circled about a tall, straight sapling.

"The hounds have treed him; quick, this way," he shouted, and the men, dismounting, join him. They peer up in the moonlight. Fully twenty feet from the ground, in a crotch sits the fox, looking calmly down and enjoying a well-earned rest. This tree-climbing



Painted for OUTING by A. W. Van Deusen.

ON THE LAWN.

is a trick that the crafty Southern fox resorts to when too closely pursued, as if he understood that it is sacrilege to shoot him. The men, one and all, try to scale the tree, but get only a few feet.

"I will ride back to the quarters for Billie," calls out Colonel Heriot. "He is a veritable monkey in tree-climbing, and for a quarter he will scale that pine in the twinkling of an eye."

"And I will go with you, Colonel," and Rebecca, giving "Wings" the spur, dashes after him. She overtakes him on the edge of the highway, and asks, laughing, "Why didn't you climb that tree? I must confess that I am surprised to see you surrender to a harmless little fox."

"It's too slippery, my dear Miss Rebecca. I don't care to try it. I want to live a little longer," and, hesitating and pulling his horse nearer to hers, he adds, "I want to live to win you."

"Then you must ride back, climb the tree, and throw down the fox," and, quickly turning "Wings'" head, Rebecca gallops back to the waiting group under the tree.

"What, back already?" they cry.

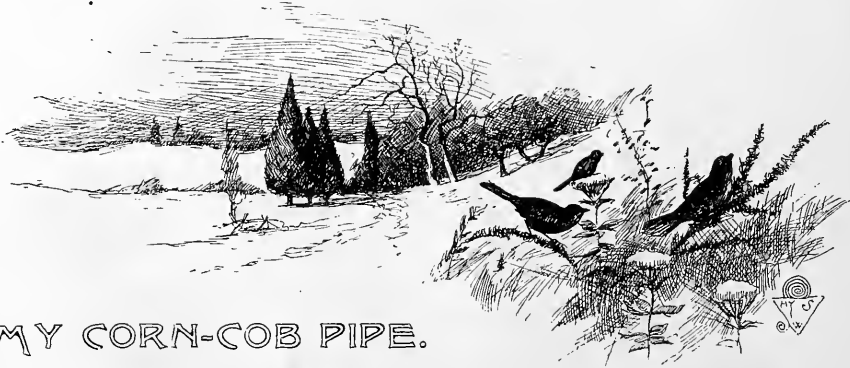
"We didn't go," answers Rebecca; "we don't need Billie." As she speaks the Colonel throws off his coat, grasps the tree, and cautiously draws himself up until he can reach the snarling fox. Grasping the branch firmly with one

hand, Colonel Heriot strikes the fox with the other and quickly dislodges him.

The fox, jumping fully fifteen feet, escapes the hounds, and the excited hunters, Rebecca excepted, dash away in close pursuit, quite forgetful of Colonel Heriot. Sliding down quickly from his perilous position, Colonel Heriot seizes "Nimrod's" bridle, and mounts. As he draws rein beside "Wings," Rebecca reaches out her hand.

"You have fairly won me, Colonel. Now let's after the fox, for unless I am first at the death I am not worthy of you," and, bending low in her saddle, Rebecca is off like the wind. The rest of the party are overtaken and passed, and Rebecca leads now, with the Colonel at her horse's flank. A hurdle! Crack! Colonel Heriot has lost a stirrup, but what matters that? On and on, until the Colonel, springing from his panting horse, beats off the dogs, cuts the brush, and with a low bow hands it to Rebecca, the first woman present at the death. Sticking it through the band of her riding cap, Rebecca again holds out her hand and whispers:

"Take it; you have won it fairly." Then, with the bushy tail nodding in the breeze, she rides back by the Colonel's side, the envied of them all, the winner of the brush in the longest and roughest hunt of the season.



MY CORN-COB PIPE.

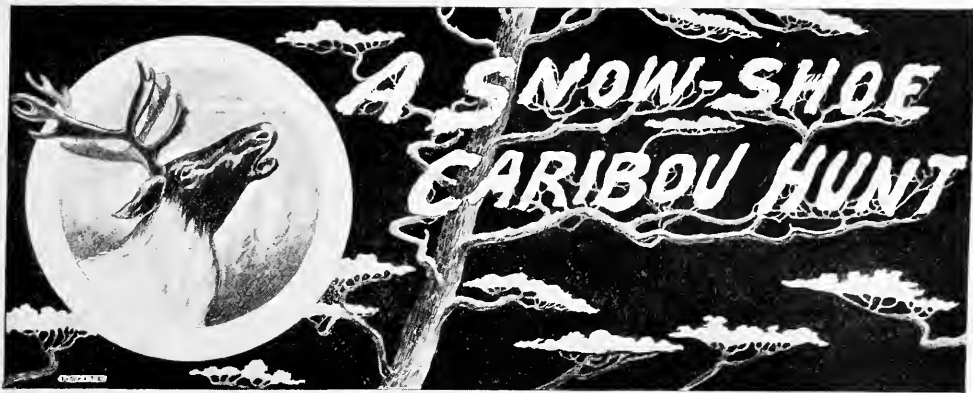
WHEN days are cold
And storm-clouds rife
The sun enfold;
When Winter's strife
And battle bold
Have overcome and chained Earth's life;
Then is the cheer,
The wondrous cheer,

Of
my
old
corn-
cob
pipe.

When days are warm,
When June is here;
When wild-bees swarm
To blossoms near;
When ripples form
O'er stones thrown into brooklets clear;
I feel the charm,
The soothing charm,

Of
my
old
corn-
cob
pipe.

I. D. ASHBAUGH.



BY FRANK H. RISTEEN.



YOU can spend a joyous Christmas time in the woods. There is peace in the whisper of the pine, merriment in the whirling flakes, and music in the north wind's brawling monotone such as no tawdry human pageant can supply. And when evening falls and the sun

has gone, and the wind is hushed and the smoke of the camp-fire goes straight to the sky, what thoughts so tender and so kind as those we send to the absent ones, over the hills and under the stars?

When Colin, the teamster, drove up to the door on Christmas morning with a rattling span of bays hitched to a stout express, it was still an hour before the dawn; and it had need to be, for we had a long drive of forty odd miles to Dorsey's, the nearest house to the barrens of the Gaspereaux and Pleasant Brook.

A light was flickering from the wigwam of the Indian guide, Jim Paul, as we passed through the reservation at St. Mary's, and that worthy soon appeared with toboggan and snow-shoes and silently climbed aboard. By this time the coming dawn had streaked the eastern sky with a leaden gray, that made the wintry world more ghastly than before. The mercury was nearly down to zero, and the bleak north wind moaned over the frozen fields. It would have been a cold and cheerless drive indeed, but for the knowledge that every hoof-beat brought us nearer to

the hunting grounds. The wagon clattered briskly over the ground, and Colin pulled up his smoking team, in good season for dinner, at a wayside house near Little River, twenty-four miles from Fredericton. From this point it was nineteen long miles to Dorsey's. We passed through the coalfields of Newcastle at three o'clock. The sun was throwing long, chill shadows from the crowded ranks of pine and fir that lined the road as we drew up to the farmhouse. Six dogs of highly apocryphal pedigree barked for all, or even more than, they were worth, when we finally halted at the door.

At sunrise on the following morning the guide and I struck out for the forks of Pleasant Brook, twelve miles away, where Jim relied upon finding a camp suitable for our purpose, that had been erected by a hunting party in the previous autumn. Our material effects were carried on a sled hauled by a team of long-haired sorrels. But the real motive power of the vehicle was Dorsey, whose vigorous use of the English language illumined the way with phosphorescent glow. For about four miles our route followed a good hauling road that led to the rear of the Dorsey possessions, then it turned sharply to the right over the hummocks of a big bog and traversed a long chain of barrens that led more or less to the north. The sled, from structural weakness of some kind, often broke down, causing Dorsey to rake the landscape with a withering fire of adjectives. Finally it collapsed altogether about a mile from camp. It

was then late in the afternoon. After a few lurid remarks appropriate to the occasion, Dorsey mounted the "off" sorrel and started on his cold and tedious journey home. Jim strapped a load upon the toboggan that would have taxed the energies of a mule to pull, while I led the way with a modest pack composed of such harmonious ingredients as pickles, tinware and bedding.

We reached the camp at sundown. It was constructed after the Indian fashion entirely out of sapling poles and birch-bark, with the exception of a tier of three logs on each side. The interior ground surface was about fourteen feet square. There was a kind of door made of birch-bark and splints that swung inward from the top, and a liberal smoke-hole at the peak of the roof. A fine spring of water rippled across the path only a rod or two away. Jim slashed around with his axe and in half an hour had plenty of wood for the night. The open fire in the centre of the camp was sufficient to keep us warm in the coldest weather, but at times the smoke pervaded the interior in a manner to make existence synonymous with exasperation. A startling discovery was made when we came to examine our culinary stores, namely, that we had forgotten to bring any plates. The covers of our two tin kettles were pressed into service to supply the defect. Jim complained of a headache and proceeded to concoct some mysterious mixture of herbs in order to drive it away. He said the main thing it contained was calamus root.

"In ole times," said Jim, "Injin die off like leaves in de fall by de cholera, and nobody know how to stop it. One day a great spirit in de form of a man came to a squaw sittin' in de door of her wigwam. She was cryin', for her fader, mudder and tree sons was dead. He tol'im: 'What's de matter?' She tol'im: 'My fader, mudder and tree sons is dead by de cholera.' He tol'im: 'Why don't you try calamus root?' She tol'im: 'How can I tell calamus when I see 'im?' He tol'im: 'I'm Calamus,' and when she looked at him again she saw a plant and flower stan' in front of her, so she 'membered how dat plant looked like, and she went to Ek-pawk (dat's head of tide, you know), and dare she fin' plenty calamus. She bile a big kittle full and all de Injins drink, and den no more Injin die. I

tell you dat calamus root is great ting. In ole times plenty Injin made pizen out of it and tipped deir arrows for to kill de moose. It killed de moose and didn't spile de meat."

When I awoke next morning Jim was preparing the breakfast. He was baking bread in the frying-pan.

"I don't qualify to 'member of myself for cook," he said. "When I was huntin' with gentleman over on de Crooked Deadwater dis fall de bread I cook had a mighty hard name. I tink some of dem sageses [sausages] would go good with de anjovie woosterd," and he thought right.

As we shouldered our rifles and started for the barrens, the sun broke through the purple mist, and its light, increasing momentarily in strength, rolled over wooded hill and level heath like a golden flood. A walk of two miles over a trail marked with occasional blazes on the trees brought us to the main Pleasant Brook barren. This was a larger barren than any I had ever seen, being about three miles in length and averaging a mile or more in width, while many smaller bays, or pockets, as they might be called, extended to the east and west of the main system. A thin coating of newly fallen snow covered the ground, that would have made the conditions almost perfect for still hunting, but for the underlying old crust and shell ice that now and then crunched noisily beneath our weight.

No words can picture the desolate grandeur of the scene that burst upon us as we passed through the last outlying fringe of spruce and tamarack at the foot of the ridge, and the big barren stood revealed. It extended straight before us for miles as level as a floor, save where the surface was broken by those peculiar hummock-like elevations of soil, which are the unfailing characteristics of these barrens wherever found. Before us lay a small frozen lake. Beyond the lake, and scattered like islands in the midst of the wintry waste, were occasional shaggy and storm-swept clumps of trees that lent a somber yet agreeable variety to the great white wilderness. In some cases these straggling groups presented a ghastly imitation of a grove of palms, their withered trunks bare and branchless until near the top, where they blossomed rudely forth into a sort of

canopy of grim and scraggy foliage. Surrounding the whole of this vast area was a solid rampart of barren spruce, surmounted by cheerless, naked knolls, where huge dead trees raised their gray and goitred shafts, as if in hopeless protest, to the skies. The Indian might well be pardoned for believing that Gloscop, or some other deity, in a mood of passion, had here mowed the forest flat in one wide swath of infinite desolation. It was the playground of the prehistoric. It was Chaos caught in the act.

We saw few signs of game, and none that were recent, upon the snow-clad surface of this broad expanse.

"Never mind," said Jim; "I drempt about a horse race las' night. Sartin when I dream about big animals like dat we'll see caribou nex' day."

After crossing the lake we headed straight down the middle of the barren. A few old tracks were seen, but none that were made since the snow fell last night. Soon, however, we noticed a disturbance in the snow ahead, and Jim stooped down to examine a series of saucer-like indentations. So liberal, so lavish in size and number were the signs, so unmistakable in their direction, that they almost seemed to say:

"Now, really, if it's tracks you're after, what is the matter with us?"

It was plainly the fresh trail of four caribou, one of them much smaller than the others, heading, in almost the same direction as we were, for the lower end of the barren. Keeping a sharp lookout for any depressions in the bog that might hide the game from view, we trailed them rapidly. In about half an hour's time what might be called the summit of the hummocks was reached, whence the barren sloped quite abruptly to the level of a peaty brook. At once I caught sight of a dull yellowish object behind a dead tree that stood some two hundred yards down the slope, and within a few paces of the brook. It was motionless and different in color from any caribou I had ever seen, yet when I called Jim's attention to the object he pronounced it to be a caribou feeding on the moss. He dropped on his hands and knees and motioned for me to follow. As we crawled briskly down the slope it seemed to me that the noise made by our passage over the frozen

heather and the low-lying brush would surely alarm the caribou. There was no wind and practically no shelter at all of which we could avail ourselves. A moose or deer would not have stood such nonsense for a moment. I had hunted caribou before, but this was my first experience in actually stalking them on the snow. I had yet to learn that a caribou places little dependence on his sight or hearing, but relies almost wholly upon his wonderful power of scent.

As we crept over the intervening knobs of heather, the form of the caribou became more clearly revealed as he industriously rooted in the snow for his evanescent and ethereal fare of reindeer moss. I could no longer stand the pressure, and, touching Jim on the shoulder, asked him how far the caribou was away. Jim thought about one hundred and fifty yards, which agreed very closely with my own estimate. He advised me not to shoot until we got closer, but I was confident I could hit the caribou at that distance. I had the choice of two rifles, one of them the modern 30-30, the other my old standby, the Martini, known to her intimates by the name of Habeas Corpus. I gave my vote for Habeas, aimed carefully at the living target, allowed what I thought was right for the distance, and fired. Instantly the caribou seemed to squat as though the bullet had grazed his back, then sprang for the cover of second-growth trees along the brookside. The form of a second and smaller caribou appeared for an instant behind a jut of stunted firs, and both of them disappeared like a flash. I had made two mistakes, besides being the victim of a certain amount of hard luck. It is rarely the case that a caribou will jump at the crack of a rifle, giving no opportunity for a second shot, and it is seldom that they are found so close to cover. My mistakes were that I had overestimated the distance, which proved to be little if any above one hundred yards, and had made no allowance for the lift of the bullet in firing down a slope. The next time a muss like this occurs I shall not allow my bump of sagacity to be trifled with.

We trailed the caribou for a mile or more, two more caribou having, in the meantime, mysteriously joined in the flight, but had to give them up. The

ordinary funeral procession is a festive, even hilarious affair, as compared with our return to the camp that afternoon. If Jim did not swear, it was because he knew that the English, French, and Milicete tongues combined could not do justice to the subject. It was snowing freely when all was made snug for the night. After supper Jim smoked his villainous mixture of tobacco and red willow for a long time in silence. Then he asked :

"I s'pose you know de Injin name for caribou?"

"Megah-lip?"

"Au-hauh. Well, de right meanin' of dat word is snow-shoveler, an animal dat plows troo de snow. Jess de same de right meanin' of mose (what you call moose) is traveler. Did you ever see a moose dat was mad?"

"No. I have heard that sometimes a moose when fatally wounded will get 'mad,' and refuse to die, but I don't believe it."

"Well, it's true, jess de same. He won't die till he gits ready. One time I shoot a moose down Gaspro way seven times with my muzzle-load, and after dat he browsed. Every time I fire he jess roared, and stood dare and faced me. Sartin, I tole myself, dat moose is mad, and I went away and lef' 'im. When I come back nex' mornin' he was dead. Dare's good many tings mighty crurous in de woods—what you call colundums; I don't 'stan' 'em 't all. Did you ever see a trout dat had turned into a lizard?"

"I never did."

"Well, it's true jess de same. I caught a trout one time in a brook up Kings-clear. He had de head and fins and gills of a trout, and he had four legs on him. Odder Injins ketch 'em dare, too."

From this Jim drifted into the region of the supernatural. He believed in the Christian religion, and also believed in all the old Indian legends.

"In old times," he said, "de great Injin god was Gloscop. De true meanin' of dat word is a man from nottin'. He was sent on de world to make peace, and destroy all de animals dat took human life. Some of de animals, like de musquash, de red squirrel, and de fox he made small, so dey could do no harm. Dare was a big beaver dam at Grand Falls in dem times, and Gloscop broke it with a red pine tree, and let de

water down. Gloscop chase two big beaver from de Falls clear down St. John's River, and kill 'em at Milkish. You kin see red streaks and puddles jess like blood on de rocks where Gloscop kill dem old beavers. But dare was one beaver kitten (Winne-jon-sis) dat got away all de same, and run up de Tobique River. You kin see two big sea rocks now at de mouth of Tobique dat Gloscop troo at de little beaver to head him off. All de same, dat little beaver got away, and now he lives in de Bay of Fundy. Every day de little beaver raise de water fifty feet high, and every night Gloscop breaks de dam; all de same, he can't kill Winne-jon-sis, coz he's so dam squirly."

About two inches of snow had sifted down the smoke-hole and covered the ashes of the fireplace when we awoke next morning. On being asked what he thought the chances were for caribou, Jim puffed his pipe reflectively, and then replied :

"Well, dat's a colundum. I dremplas' night of fightin' with a big white dog. Sartin, we're goin' to see sometin'."

It was much colder and windier than on the previous day, and the conditions for still hunting could not have been improved. The loose, dry snow that had fallen in the night flowed like a shallow stream over the level bed of the barren before the pressure of the wind. We skirted the eastern side of the big barren this time, in order that, if any caribou were feeding on the plain, they might not catch our scent. The wind booming through the trees so deadened the sound of our steps in the lifting snow that a lone fox, hunting desperately for his breakfast, trotted up within twenty yards before discovering our presence. Then he bounded away like a ball over the hummocks. I took a flying shot at the nebulous mass of red and white as it carromed off a heathy tussock onto the level plain, and by the merest chance in the world rolled him over on the snow.

Jim grinned expansively. "By king," he said, "if you'd only shoot 'bout half dat good yesterday we'd had dem caribou. Dat's de white dog I drempl about. We ain't goin' to see no caribou to-day."

We must have covered twenty miles at least in our wanderings that day. It was too cold to stop even to eat our lunch. Not only did we make an almost

complete circuit of the big barren, but we came upon an old portage road, and followed it fully two miles until we reached the banks of the main Gaspereaux stream. There was not a break anywhere in the mounded snow, save where that rugged citizen of the wintry wilds, the ruffed grouse, had left his aristocratic autograph in the alder hollows, or where the course of a prowling fox was pictured on the path.

"Dare mus' be big storm comin'," said Jim, "or de caribou wouldn't lef' de barrens dis way. Ten times out of one I come on dis barren I alluz see fresh tracks. I don't 'stan' it 't all."

I remarked to Jim that I had heard that caribou would not cross a human track in the snow.

"Well," said Jim, "dat's not true. De only animal dat's 'fraid of a man's track is de otter. He'll go five miles out of his road before he'll cross it."

As we were working our way homeward across a narrow plain that lay to the west of the big barren, Jim remarked :

"One time I see a caribou comin' right down dat path from de big barren straight for us, and I notice dat he walk right agin dose small trees and didn't seem to take no notice of anytin'. Bambye, when he got pretty close, I shoot 'im. Sartin, he was mighty ole caribou, for he was blind, and had no teeth and no horns. Anudder time I hunt dis barren with one dem English ossifer dudes dat fight in de 'Gyptian war. He tole me dat he could hit a 'Gyptian at a tousan' yards. Mos' alluz he walk behin' me and say nottin', and when I turn 'roun' he was doin' de drill, what you call present arms, shoulder arms, right-about-face, wid his gun. By king, I tot sometime he was goin' to war wid me, or mebbe he tot I was a 'Gyptian. Bambye I bring 'im up close to a flock of fourteen caribou. I tol'imsi: 'Kernel, fire!' Sartin, dat ossifer fire 'bout twenty shots, and don't tetch nottin' but one small little caribou dat was standin' way off to one side from de rest. He broke his leg, and we had to chase 'im tree miles before we got 'im. I tol'imsi: 'Kernel, I tink you was more scart of dem caribou dan you was of de 'Gyptians.'"

The camp was reached without further incident except that on a burnt pine knoll Jim picked up the newly shed horn of a bull moose.

"Frank," said Jim, "you take dat home for a curososity."

We had suffered so much from the smoke of the open fire that Jim went to an old lumber camp two miles away with his toboggan, and returned by moonlight with a superannuated sheet-iron stove and three joints of rusty pipe of as many different sizes. This made the camp much more comfortable than before, besides being more economical in the item of fuel. This night was very cold, the little pocket thermometer I had hung on the birch tree at the spring registering at 9 o'clock 18 degrees below zero.

The next day was warm, still and sunny. Every naked twig and pendent bough in the woodland gleamed and sparkled in the sunlight with untold millions of frosty diamonds and sapphires. Nevertheless, as the day wore on, a bank of lead colored clouds pushing up from the northeast admonished us that another fall of snow was at hand. We cruised the eastern pockets of the big barren and the ridges that lay between it and the Gaspereaux. One lonely deer track which we followed until sundown, when we had to make for camp, was the only sign of game we found.

At daybreak next morning there was a liberal deposit of the beautiful on top of the stove. As we opened the door the snow was hurrying down in great feathery flakes that covered wood and barren like a shifting curtain. Jim declared, as he turned the bacon in the pan, that he had dreamed of going to a circus where he had seen so many animals that it must mean caribou, sure.

The wind having shifted to the south, it was decided to give the big barren a rest and work some of the chain of lesser barrens lying along the route by which we had come from the settlement. We circled the edges of several of these barrens without result. There were now about seven inches of snow on the ground, and the going was rather heavy. At ten o'clock the snow had ceased falling. We sat down for a few minutes' rest on a fallen pine and lit our pipes. As I was blowing the snow from the sights of my rifle Jim stood up and stretched himself, took a few pensive steps through the thin border of stunted spruce that flanked the barren, and suddenly came to a full point. "Caribou!

caribou!" he whispered. "See 'em comin' down de barren!"

Glancing ahead and a little to the left, I beheld a picture that will last as long as memory endures. Four caribou, almost in single file, were walking leisurely and silently down the center of the little barren and would soon pass directly across our front. We backed up quickly, yet cautiously, from the rather exposed position in which we stood; scurried on hands and knees through the snow to reach the cover of a bunch of hard-hacks that would bring us as close as possible to the route of the procession, and then I knelt down, with rifle cocked, until the animals should come in open sight. It was one of life's concentrated moments. They approached the ambushade with a jaunty air, entirely unsuspecting of danger. The direction of the wind precluded the possibility of their catching our scent. The leader was a hornless bull, the second a large cow; then came a two-year-old heifer, while a bull with a fair set of horns brought up the rear. I decided to pay my particular respects to him. The range was not over sixty yards. I waited a few tremendous seconds, while three of them passed and the rear-admiral hove in sight. As I fired the fur seemed to fly from his side. The proceedings then became wildly exciting, and I fail to recall with much success the precise sequence of events. I remember that I fired the next shot at the heifer; that the herd seemed to halt in some confusion; that presently the heifer and the admiral were tottering aimlessly about the plain, while the other two were making a hesitating flight for the thick woods to the north; that the big rifle in the hands of Jim went off with a delectable roar within a foot of my ear; that Jim was urging me, in English, French and Milicete, to bring down the fugitives, but that my sole anxiety was lest the wounded animals might escape. I fired at the admiral again and knocked him down, and when I turned to make sure of the heifer the admiral got up again and set sail for the opposite shore of the barren. However, he soon paused irresolutely as Jim, with a wild Indian whoop, mounted the heifer with his knife. Then, with another yell, and brandishing his gory blade, Jim ran toward the admiral, but that individual was not favorably impressed

with Jim, and resumed his struggling flight across the barren. I fired at long range and broke one of his hind legs. Even then he could run as fast as Jim, and finally the latter desisted from the chase and waved his hand for me to come up and finish him. I ran out on the open plain, and just as the buck was clambering over a fallen rampike on the opposite side dropped him in his tracks with a bullet through the heart. As Jim was engaged in the process of organic disintegration, he remarked:

"Frank, dat tirty-tirty 'members me of dat fightin' man, Jim Corbett. He's a great gun to hit, but, by king, he don't kill so hard as dem odder Fitzsimmins gun wid de big bullet."

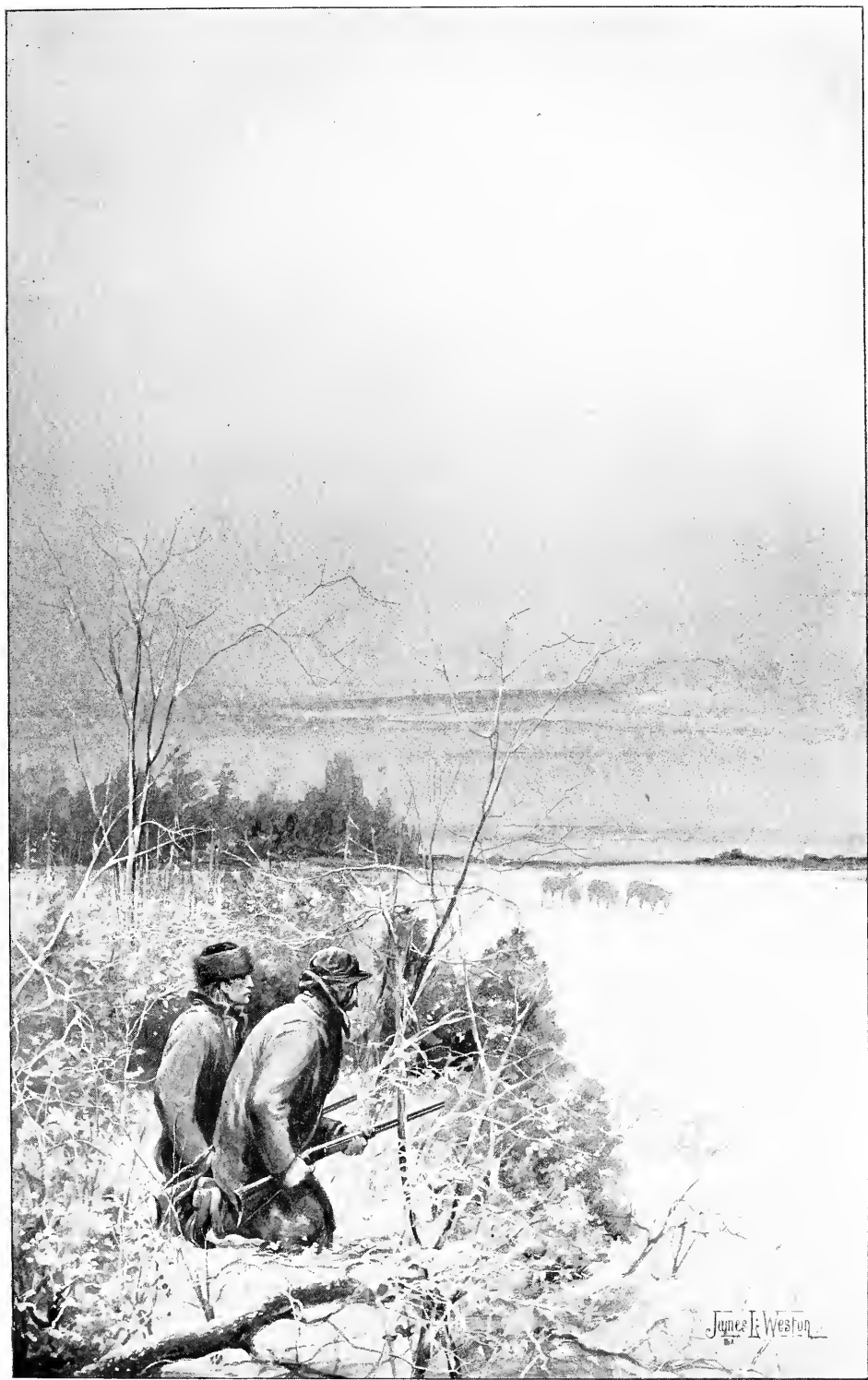
We left the carcasses lying as they fell, for they were only a few rods from where Dorsey, when he came with his team to bring us out, would have to pass. When Jim had shouldered old Habeas, with the admiral's liver strung upon the barrel, he was clearly in a blissful frame of mind. As we struck out for camp he developed a fine stroke of policy, with a view to his future professional prospects.

"Frank," he exclaimed, "dis barren have no name. Dare's de Kernel's barren, Campbell's barren and Hanbury's barren, named by de Injins after dem big gentlemen sports dat hunt here long time ago. By king, I call dis de Risteen barren, and as long as dare's an Injin on de St. John's River dat will be his name."

The following day it snowed heavily from dawn till dark, and I had fears that our exit to the outer world might be indefinitely postponed. New Year's Day, however, though very cold, was quite calm and clear. We lashed our camping effects on the toboggan, donned our snow-shoes, and by dint of hard, persistent toiling through the drifts, reached the scene of the caribou engagement shortly before noon. There we were fortunate enough to meet the venerable Dorsey with his shaggy team ploughing through the snow.

"I'd have come," he said, "if the snow had been up to their ears."

The settlement was reached by the middle of the afternoon, and the following night saw us safely home, after the longest and coldest drive, over the Little River road, that I have ever experienced.



Painted for *OUTING* by James L. Weston.

"DOWN THE CENTER OF THE LITTLE BARREN." (p. 372.)

“BASTIEN.”

A XMAS IN THE GREAT SALT MARSHES OF LOUISIANA.

BY S. RHETT ROMAN.



“SAY, Leveque, where are you going to spend Christmas?” I asked, as we sat smoking together at the club one cold, bleak afternoon.

“Dunno,” said Dick, with lazy discontent. “Hate all this jollification business, these Christmas and New Year celebrations. Having no family fireside, I feel rather out of it.”

“I’ll tell you what we’ll do, then,” I said, having ruminated and evolved an idea. Like Leveque, I was rather out of it this year, my folks being abroad. “We’ll go bird shooting, you and I, out at Barataria. You don’t mind roughing it, I suppose? I rather like that sort of thing myself, once in a while. It acts like a bracer, after too much office work, civilization, truffles and Cliquot.”

“Good,” said Leveque, straightening up with an air of some little interest. “I’m a right good shot at snipe and quail. One of the jolliest summers I ever spent was camping out in north-west Canada.”

“The deuce! Then you know how to paddle a pirogue?” I asked.

“Do I? Like a Nez Percé man,” answered Leveque, with increasing liveliness. “How do you get to Barataria? I thought Barataria was a bay, and one would have to take a fishing smack or schooner to get there.”

“No,” I explained; “we’ll cross at the Jackson street ferry, get boats from the fisher folks on the other side of the river, and paddle our way down the old Company’s Canal. It will take about six hours’ hard, steady work, but we will finally get at the best hunting ground imaginable for duck and snipe.”

“All right,” said Leveque, with animation; “when will we start?”

“To-morrow afternoon at four sharp. I’ll call for you here,” I answered.

And so I did. The evening was cold

and bright, and everything seemed propitious for a few days of glorious sport.

I had warned Leveque not to bring his man or any extensive trappings along, but just a few provisions, as I was doing—cigars and a brandy flask—and trust to old Bastien, the trapper, to whose house I was taking him, to feast us on whatever game we would bring back at nightfall.

Dick had declared himself charmed, so we started off that December afternoon in high spirits, blue flannel shirts, rough clothes and water-proof boots, glad to be rid temporarily of the city, its clanging electric bells and boisterous Christmas pleasures.

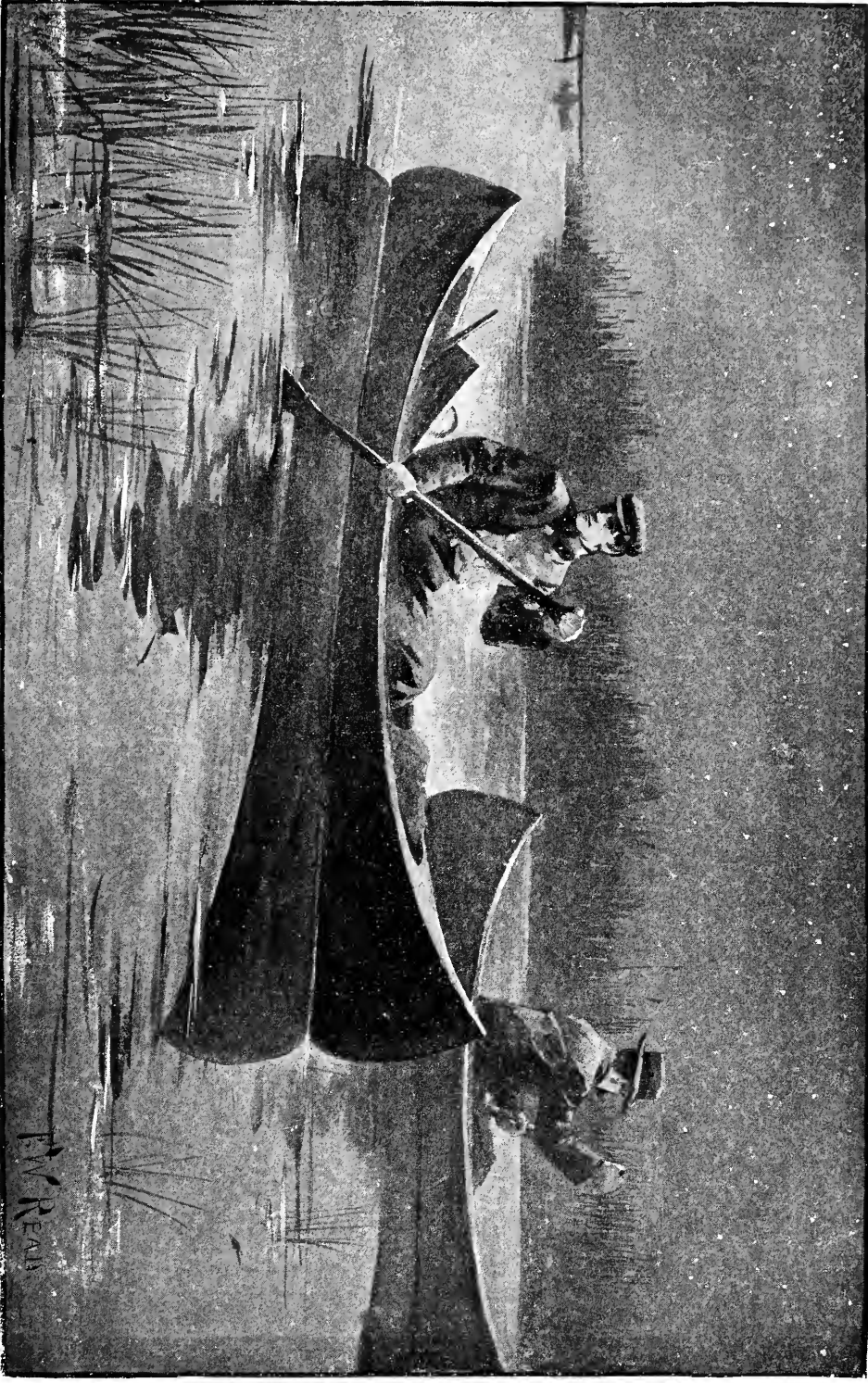
We selected two good canoes; had them scientifically packed with a few necessaries. Our guns lay packed in leather cases and we had ammunition enough along to last us for a month’s sport out in the great prairies and forests of southern Louisiana.

Leveque and I were in for a good time as we shot off down the canal. We sped along past Grandes Coquilles, those curious shell mounds near the old deserted Zeringue sugar plantation; then by Deadman’s Point, so named because of a murder some years ago; past Cabanage Français and through a gloomy swamp, with tall cypress and magnolia trees, swaying moss and hooting owls, until finally we reached the borders of the great salt marshes.

The canal before us cut straight like a knife through the heart of the vast, undulating prairie, gradually dwindling into a thin, black thread between the tall rushes, which grow on either side in one thick, continuous stretch of shaded greens and browns.

On that December afternoon the browns predominated, although the setting sun cast a glow here and a fleck of color there, as it sank behind a mass of flaming clouds.

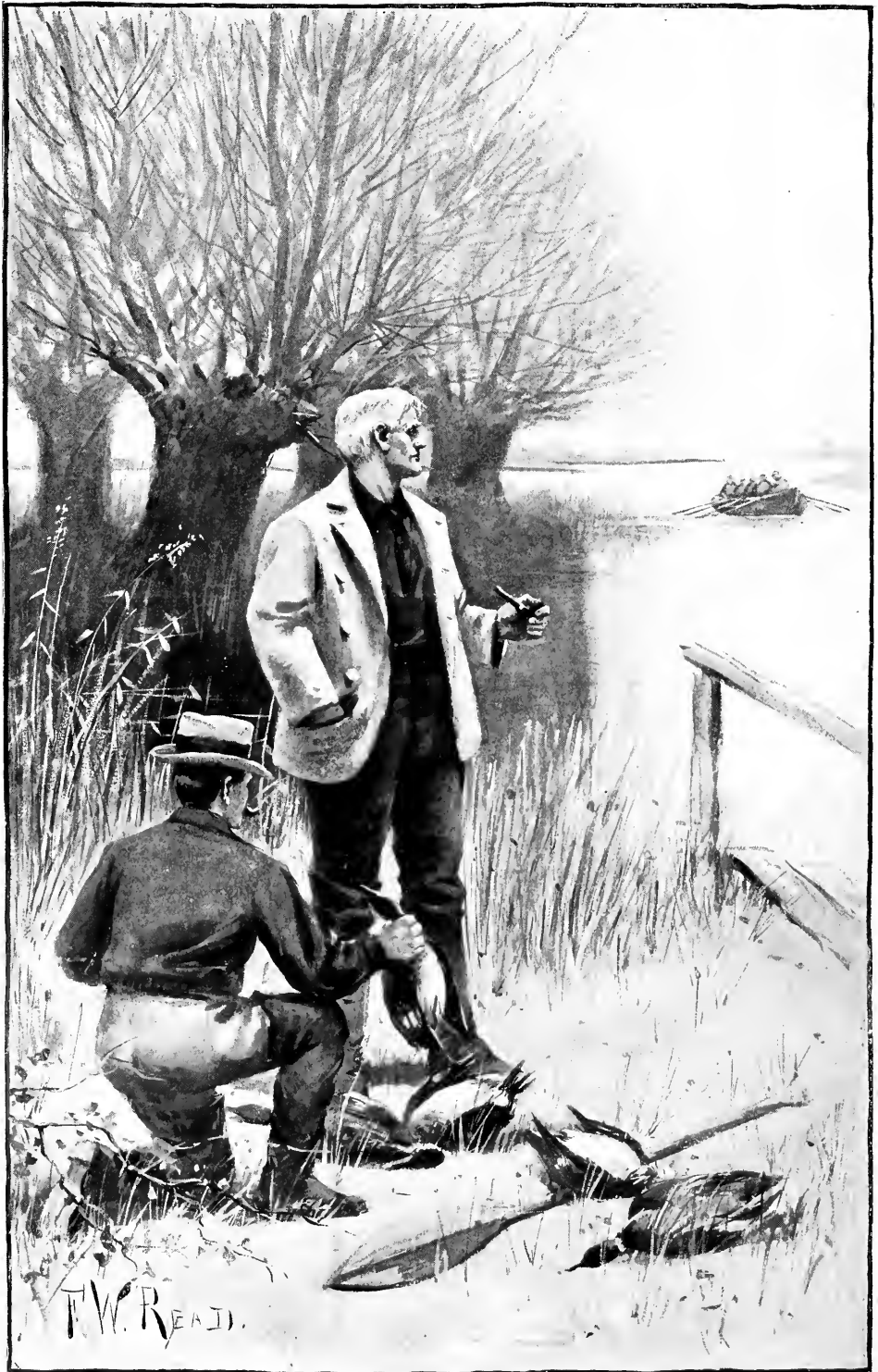
Sweeping across this unbroken expanse, unbroken except for a small clump of trees in the far distance and the crumbling parapets of old Fort Henry, lying near the borders of the lake, a light wind ruffled the dark water



Painted for OUTING by F. W. Read.

"I HEARD THE FAINT BEAT OF HIS PADDLE BEHIND US." (A. 375)

F. W. READ



Painted for OUTING by F. W. Read.

"HELLO! WHO COMES HERE?" (p. 380.)

as our pirogues sped along under the even strokes of our long-handled paddles.

A faint mist was rolling up from the horizon, for the short winter afternoon was drawing rapidly to a close, but a distinct paling in the sky suggested that the moon would soon throw her cold, uncertain smile over the tall swaying reeds and the immensity of the solitudes around.

There was something wonderfully restful, I thought, in the silence which enveloped us as we moved steadily forward, with an occasional remark, a jest, or a snatch of song from Dick, who had a good baritone voice and some knowledge of music, while the sigh of the wind made a monotonous accompaniment to his singing.

The shrill call of a startled blackbird, plover or sandpiper, as it flew upward in alarm at sounds so unusual, was the only interruption to the still, brooding quiet of the night.

"Say, Barton, where do you suppose this canal leads to? My belief is it runs straight out into the Pacific Ocean. See any likelihood of our getting to the end of it before next year, or to our getting to any stopping place before day-break to-morrow morning?" queried Dick, finally, suspending his paddle in mid-air, and mopping his face cautiously and with a due regard to the equilibrium of his unreliable canoe.

The night was clear, frosty and cold, but sixteen miles of continuous paddling is good exercise, and is apt to get a man into a comfortable glow.

"Oh, yes," I said reassuringly, letting my canoe drift also. "Look ahead down yonder at that clump of trees. There's a house among them where an old trapper and hunter lives. We'll halt there, and get supper and a good bed."

"Great Scott, man!" said Dick aghast. "Why, that's about thirty miles away! It's in the very center of the prairie. We won't reach those trees for hours."

"By eleven o'clock," I answered. "I've come out here time and again and know all about it."

We resumed our work, and Leveque began to whistle a Mexican march, in tune to the regular dip and gurgle of our paddles.

"Some other fellow is out for duck and snipe shooting besides ourselves,"

remarked Dick, between the snatches of his tune.

"How do you know that?" I asked in surprise.

"Because while we were resting just now, I heard the faint beat of his paddle behind us," said Dick.

Yes, now that my attention was aroused, I seemed to hear something of the kind, by straining to catch and distinguish the few noises perceptible in the silence of the star-lit night.

"There he comes, just as I said," remarked Dick, looking cautiously backward.

Gliding forward and gradually gaining on us, came a long, slender canoe. It was occupied by a man wearing a felt hat pushed down low over his face, a man young and muscular, apparently, for he outstripped us in the vigor of his strokes, and yet we were skilled paddlers and pretty good athletes.

"Looks as if he was trying to win a race, or, perhaps, somebody is after him," remarked Dick, lighting a cigar, when the slender pirogue had caught up and slid past us, while the man bent determinedly at his work.

For some little time we could discern his boat like a moving shadow glide between the tall salt rushes; then it vanished suddenly, turning, we supposed, into some one of the winding branches which intersect the great prairies in all directions, making of them a splendid hunting ground for game of various kinds.

"Entrez, messieurs, entrez," said Bastien, with hearty hospitality, holding aloft his lantern so that its light could guide us up the rough wooden steps of his queer house, when we finally got there, some hours later.

It shone full on Bastien, so that Dick, who had never seen him, said to me in a surprised undertone, as we entered a small room in which a fire still smoldered on the hearth:

"Why, what a splendid-looking old fellow! Must have been a soldier."

And certainly old Bastien the trapper, with his close-cut gray hair, searching brown eyes (which would blaze with anger or shine with a pleasant mirth, as the occasion arose), broad forehead and firm-set mouth, the grand build of his massive frame and air of strength, in spite of accumulating years, was a most striking-looking individual.

The thought always occurred to me when I was with Bastien that it must be the solitary freedom of those boundless windswept prairies which gave him his large-hearted nature. Perhaps the blue vault of heaven seemed so close and unmarred by man's small obstructions, that pure and honest thoughts and words grew to be natural to one living out here. For who could detract and slander and falsify, burn with envy, scramble and contend for gold, under these great, tranquil skies, before the voiceless majesty of these silent regions?

"La chasse est bonne en ce moment," Bastien continued cheerily, as he lit a lamp, stirred the dying embers of the fire, and put on a kettle to boil, with the quick dexterity of a long habit of housewifery, while a genial smile temporarily effaced some deep lines of care and sorrow which seamed his face.

To bring out lemons, glasses, gin and sugar, then swing up a hammock on two hooks screwed into the woodwork of the room, throw clean blankets on the bed from which our hasty call had evidently just aroused him, was the work of but a few minutes for Bastien.

Nor would he listen to my suggestion that I sleep in his big cane-bottom rocker in front of the fire until day-break.

"You will take my bed, *que diable*," he said with kindly decision, "and I will sleep in the grenier. It will not be the first, neither the last time, that Bastien will bivouac in his blanket. I will call you at daybreak, *messieurs*, when I go to set my traps."

I selected the hammock and Dick took the bed, and, thanks to our long trip down Harvey's Canal, we were soon fast asleep.

Truly, Bastien's rude cabin was a cozy enough nest.

Guns and arms of various descriptions hung over the broad mantel, a number of beautiful skins of the spotted panther, badger, wildcat and wolverine were tacked against the walls like tapcs-try, while deerskins made pretty rugs over the bare floor, and a tall old-fashioned *bahut* of oak gave quite an air to the small room.

I don't know what aroused me some hours later—the low growl of Bastien's big setter, I suppose—but I suddenly awoke, and, looking up, my gaze went

through the unshuttered window, before which my hammock was swung, straight out into the night.

The moon shone bright and clear, and the oak trees, which grew tall and luxuriant on this small oasis in the prairie, were clustered at the back of Bastien's cabin, leaving an unobstructed view of vast marshes stretching out down to the horizon.

Was it imagination, or did I hear a guarded step outside?

"*Couche toi, Fauvette! Couche toi, bonne bête!*" I heard a man's voice whisper softly and persuasively to the Irish setter on the porch, who, from a growl of distrust, now lapsed into a joyous whine, which the owner of the voice seemed to try to soothe and moderate.

Some friend of old Bastien, I thought, who does not wish to disturb him at this late hour of the night.

Just then a face peered in through the window panes. It was surmounted by a felt hat pulled down low over the eyes.

The man in the pirogue, I mentally ejaculated. He must have cut through some winding creek to get here, instead of coming straight down the canal.

By this time the moon was shining with such brilliancy and intensity that I could distinguish his features, as if in broad daylight.

Good heavens! Why, he was the living image of old Bastien, only younger. His hair was brown instead of white, and he had none of those deep furrows which gave a look of suppressed sorrow to Bastien's noble face.

For no one in all the country-side was so much loved and looked up to as Bastien, the old Acadian trapper—a big-hearted, generous, splendid old fellow, always ready to help misfortune, who would walk twenty miles to get a toy for a sick child, or give his last cent to relieve the want of another.

Who so honest and fearless and so true—qualities which always seem to go together—as Bastien? Never had he turned his back on a comrade or friend in all his life, or failed when called on in the hour of need, in any and every conjuncture, however perilous.

His son, I had been told, a wild, joyous, erratic, handsome young fellow, had disappeared some time ago.

It was the anxiety caused by his tur-

bulent career, and final disappearance, which had traced those sad lines on his father's face.

For Bastien's whole heart and soul were wrapped up in Paul; and when the boy's hunting companion was found dead, with a bullet through his heart, the day after they had started out together across the prairies on a hunting expedition, and Paul had never come home, there were reasons why the presumption of foul play should find some credence.

But old Bastien said he knew his boy too well to doubt him. He said that young Duval's death had surely been accidental, and that his son would one day come and vindicate himself.

There had been a warrant out for Paul's arrest, but, although it was believed the lad was in hiding with the fishermen down on Barataria Bay, he had never been traced.

It crossed my mind like a flash that the peering figure whose voice the startled dogs so soon recognized must be Paul, and that it was he who had passed us on the canal. If so, his evident intention was to see his father, for what purpose I could only surmise.

Slipping cautiously and silently out, I motioned silence with my finger.

Paul, for it was he, whispered some assurance to the dog and led the way into the thick black shadows which veiled the back of the house.

He told me the story of his flight, his life among the fishermen, and that he was here to-night to say good-bye to Bastien, before the officers who were on his track would come up with him, he said.

"Not a single witness, you say? You believe that Duval must have tripped and fallen, his gun going off and shooting him? You had had a quarrel down at the station, and had parted in anger, as the men there knew?" I queried, reflectively. "You only heard of it yourself through a fisherman the next day? Where were you all that night?"

The silence around remained deep and unbroken. The melancholy sighing of the wind in the marshes, and Fauvette the setter's deep breathing, as she slept with her head resting confidently on Paul's knee, were the only sounds perceptible.

There was a glister in Paul's brown eyes, but his mouth was firm-set like

his father's, in spite of his troubled look.

A light broke on me.

"She is a very pretty child; I remember her well," I said, slowly lighting a cigar with silent caution. For I had more than once in former years stopped at her father's small fisher hut. He was a blind old fisherman, living on the borders of Lake Katawache, twenty miles away, and I remembered how Nanette's photograph was hung up in Paul's room. I had heard they were soon to be married.

Paul gave a great start at my words, then turned squarely facing me, putting his hand gently but firmly on my knee.

It required a very superficial knowledge of life to have reached the deduction I had drawn, or to further conclude that Nanette was wrapped up in the fine-looking, attractive lad before me.

"Does she know?" I queried.

"She believes it is true," said Paul, slowly and resolutely.

"How's that?" I asked, taken aback.

"It had to be," said Paul steadily, "else she would have come forward to try to help. She sees few people beyond the fisher folks down at the lake, and she knows not much, my poor little Nanette. So I had to deceive her, you understand, monsieur."

Does Dame Nature, I thought, in her strange caprice, preach chivalry with the silent breezes of these solitudes? And from the blue, unclouded vault of heaven, does she pour down tender, heroic devotion into the hearts of her lonely settlers—sentiments which are fogged by the thick smoke of our crowded cities and the restless turmoil of their inhabitants in the ceaseless grind and pursuit after wealth, which absorbs thought, heart, and energy?

"Poor old père!" said Paul, with a half sob. "Would that I could let him know that his son is not red-handed! But, monsieur," he added solemnly, "I have trusted to your honor. No one must know, on account of little Nanette, who is motherless."

I felt certain that, had I the opportunity, I could unravel the mystery; but to obtain this it was clear Paul must not be captured. It was better to avoid a long and expensive defense and the pain and ignominy of imprisonment, at least until I had investigated the evidence at

Lake Katawache. If, after that, I was satisfied Paul was guilty, why, of course, he must take his chance, and in all probability he would be ultimately captured. At present I did not intend he should be if I could compass his escape.

I thought I could, and, with the aid of Leveque, the details were soon arranged. Bastien was to be kept in ignorance, and Leveque and I would start out for one day's sport. When in a place of perfect seclusion Paul could join us, don my clothes and paddle away with Leveque as his companion in the day's sport; meanwhile I would return and entertain the officers, who would, in all probability, so Paul thought, arrive ere midday.

At daybreak, Bastien softly prepared some inimitable black coffee and broiled bacon and eggs; then called us for our day's sport, in blissful ignorance of our interview with his son or our project.

"Down the winding creek toward the lake," he said, while getting ready his own pirogue and tackle, "you will find wild duck thick and plentiful, teal and mallard, and, deeper in the prairie, snipe and woodcock abound. But stay not late; the day is cold and raw. Au revoir, messieurs!"

The change was soon effected. Leveque and Paul disappeared, leaving me to shoot, but the story and the excitement had spoiled my zest for sport. Besides, the solitude of those lagoons and lonely marshes was not cheering. I was glad to paddle back to Bastien's cozy cottage toward noon.

"Tiens! your friend has left you?" said Bastien in surprise, when he joined me.

"Yes," I said nonchalantly; "had to go back on some pressing business he had forgotten. I went half-way back down the canal with him to keep him company, then turned off after duck, as you see. Aren't they beauties?" I tossed some half-dozen teal and other birds on the porch, from the bottom of my canoe.

"Hello! Who comes here?" queried Bastien, leaving his inspection of my game to look curiously down the canal at a four-oared boat which was approaching.

A dark frown settled on his handsome face, and an ominous fire burned in his great brown eyes as the glint of the sun shone on some police uniforms.

The boat swung up to the steps, the oars were shipped, and three officers sprang out.

Bastien never moved.

Neither did I, except to light a cigar, the first I had smoked since morning, for a man cannot paddle a pirogue, shoot duck and smoke, all at the same time.

"I'm sorry, Bastien," said the corporal, "but I must arrest him, you know. Better tell the boy to come along with us quietly. We know he's here."

"My son has never been here," said old Bastien, proudly. "If he had, you may be sure I would have gone with him to the first magistrate, and spared you the trouble of coming after him, corporal. My boy is innocent. Paul n'a jamais été un assassin."

"All right. Men, search the premises," said the officer gruffly, shrugging his shoulders.

Then, turning to me:

"Have you and your friends been here long?" he asked.

"I hardly see how that can interest you," I said. "But I've no objection to answering your question. We came yesterday." Then I gathered up the game, and moved off toward the kitchen, the officer following me. "Your friends went back to the city today?" he said.

"Yes," I answered; "you must have passed them in the canal. Two gentlemen in a skiff, one in a blue hunting suit, the other in gray."

Alas, my extra suit, which I would fain have exchanged for the present moist and muddy apparel I was wearing.

Nor could that astute official guess that Paul's worn and shabby clothes lay wrapped around a brick in twenty feet of water at the foot of Bastien's wooden steps.

Ten minutes was ample time to search the few buildings on Bastien's small inland island.

"Rather a nuisance to take this long row for nothing," I suggested, as the men grouped around the porch and got back discomfited into their boat.

"I envy you not, messieurs," said old Bastien, with stern contempt, leaning against his door-post, with folded arms. "Yours is a sad métier—to hunt men. When you track and hound down a criminal, it is cruel work. But to try

to snare and entrap an innocent lad—bah!"

And he turned scornfully on his heel and went indoors.

As the boat shot off, "Good afternoon," I called politely. "You have a long row of it down Harvey's Canal. Pretty tiresome, isn't it?"

"Bastien," I said, as we sat at supper before a steaming roasted mallard, baked trout, potatoes, and one of the bottles Leveque's man had put in his pirogue,

settlement on the lake shore. "She was to be his wife," he added with a stifled sigh.

Joyous and pathetic was Nanette's cry when she saw old Bastien. Then she fell to sore weeping, plying Bastien with hurried questions as to Paul.

"Where was he? Why came he never any more?" But twice had she seen Paul in the past. Once he was gay and joyous, and had given her the pretty ring she wore.



"THE MAN IN THE PIROGUE, I MENTALLY EJACULATED." (p. 378.)

"take me down early to-morrow to the fishing settlement on Lake Katawache. I'd like to visit it for special reasons."

"Certes," said Bastien, "avec plaisir."

I was glad to get him away from his cabin to soothe some of his silent, gnawing grief, which gave so pathetic a gloom to his strong, fine face, albeit no complaint issued from his lips.

"You will see there little Nanette, a pretty child who was ever fond of Paul, mon fils," he said, as we approached the few scattering houses which formed the

Then, when he came a few days later, he was in deep grief, and said he was accused of killing his friend Duval, and would never see her, Nanette, again.

But Nanette would not believe he had done so evil a thing, and would wait for him ever and ever, to be his wife some day when he would come back.

Nanette had prayed to the Virgin, and knew she would in her goodness help Paul.

"Can you recall the evening when he was so gay and joyous?" I asked.

"Truly," said Nanette, for never since then had her heart been light.

It was on the evening of May the 31st, the chapel being just completed and Monsieur le Curé had service there for the first time. Every one had brought flowers for the Virgin's altar, and it was Paul who had swung the bell for vespers. Then they had had a dance on the beach by the water, and Paul had helped the fishermen with their boats and tackle, and long before daybreak they all had set sail for the Chandeleur Islands.

They told her that Paul had jumped in his pirogue when the fishermen left, and had gone home at daybreak.

"The 31st of May, you say?" I asked slowly.

"Yes," she said with decision, but with a puzzled look, unconscious of the import of the testimony she was giving. "It was the 31st of May, for we crowned the Virgin that evening, and Paul rang the bell, as Monsieur le Curé will tell you."

Old Bastien took Nanette in his arms, and blessed her over and over again, showering words of loving affection on her pretty head.

"Said I not, monsieur, my boy is innocent of the black deed? Paul a murderer! Know I not the lad's heart?"

"A noble boy, Bastien," I said, "and wholly innocent, as we will easily prove, by the testimony of his little fiancée and that of Monsieur le Curé, and the fishermen who went out to the Barataria Bay and the Chandeleur Islands at daybreak on the 31st of May."

"Then," said Bastien, taking my hands in both of his, which trembled with emotion, "you knew, monsieur, but

you could not speak—and you came here——"

"Yes," I nodded, "to make his little sweetheart save him. You will shortly have Paul back with you in your wind-swept prairie, Père Bastien, but first we will celebrate a gay wedding."

But Bastien could only wring my hand in answer and turn aside to wipe away the tears of joy which ran down his furrowed cheeks.

* * * * *

"That's all very well for you," said Leveque, spitefully, and with an injured air, as we shook hands at the club some days later. "You had 'way the best of that expedition. Splendid sport out on those prairies, fine shooting, and lots of game. I had to paddle back to the city to save that handsome fellow Paul from arrest. I missed all the fun and got right into the thick of the Christmas festivities here in town. Found three invitations to Christmas dinner waiting for me, made three enemies by declining them; could get nothing at home, because my cook and butler were naturally out enjoying themselves, and eat a beastly meal all by myself, at a restaurant!"

"The next time we go out snipe shooting together, old boy, if there is any tragedy around loose, you'll do the heroic and I'll do the snipe shooting."

"All right," I said; "we'll take a run up Harvey's Canal early next month. We shall be in time for the wedding, Dick; besides, February's fine for woodcock. I'll undertake to let old Bastien know we're coming."

"Good," said Leveque, approvingly, and we went, but, as Rudyard Kipling says, "that is another story."



A CHRISTMAS MORNING IN CAROLINA



BY F. A. OLDS.

AT the mouth of the Cape Fear River, thirty miles from Wilmington, lies the queerest island in the United States. The late State geologist, Kerr, used to say that it was a bit of South Florida which had gotten adrift, been carried northward by the Gulf Stream, and had become embayed on the North Carolina coast. The island contains some fourteen thousand acres, and on it are many trees and plants entirely sub-tropical, not found upon the mainland, only four miles away, and which will not live there even for a year.

The seaward face of the island is a vast bank of sand, which as it advances carries destruction before it. Its incline seaward is but slight, but on the land face is about forty-five degrees, and there the sand is steadily falling. The "spill" of the grains is incessant, and at the foot of the remorseless drive, half in its embrace, or entirely covered, are noble live-oaks and palmettos. Looking from the crest of the white drive across the island, the tops of the live-oaks seem like a vast umbrella. Here and there rise the delicate and daintily green fronds of the palmettos.

On this island, known as Bald Head, or Smith's Island, are myriads of 'coons and squirrels, but no 'possums, deer or rabbits. There are several waterways through it, with rather wide borders of marsh, the feeding ground of the 'coons, which live entirely upon shell-fish, mainly the palatable little raccoon oysters, while the squirrels find a favorite food in the acorns of the live-oak, which everywhere abounds.

Landing on the island one bright Christmas morning the hunt began. Amos, a faithful ducky, to whom a hunt on Bald Head is a never-failing delight, had charge of the dogs, a sort of spaniel named "Jumbo" and a non-descript cur named "Pete." Amos, when asked what sort of a dog Pete was, said, "Jes one o'dem standard cur dogs, de most reliablest dog a nigger kin have." His faith in Pete was justified by results.

At low tide the 'coons go into the marsh and feed. When the tide comes in they go into the trees, and if there be no cause for alarm lie along the spreading limbs of the live-oaks, and take a sun-bath or a rest. Before we had gone fifty yards from the boat, there was a sharp bark.

"Dere's Jumbo!" yelled Amos, and away we went, parting the immense "fans" of young palmettos, and dodging tangles of vines. The dog had "treed" in a rather open space, where a holly fifty feet high, a red cedar, and a palmetto nodded their heads together. Sharp eyes were on the watch, for a little while in vain. Finally, the 'coon was spied in the cedar. There was no way of getting him save by shooting. A rifle cracked, and he was on the ground, all life gone out of him save a last nip at a dog.

Over a long roll of the ground the dogs make their way. Presently little Pete, with alert eyes and ears, is observed standing upon a fallen log. Jumbo is nowhere visible.

"He's in de log," says Amos. And so he is. There is a sound of growling by

the dog, and a sharper note by a 'coon. For several minutes the worrying by the dog goes on. On his knees, working with fingers which are as claws, Amos is trying to make wider the hollow at the butt of the fallen oak. Presently he leans far in, and then pulls and tugs for dear life. He has hold of Jumbo, and Jumbo has hold of the 'coon. Both the holds are good, and out comes the 'coon.

A battle royal follows. The 'coon is a patriarch, and is an acrobatic fighter. The spectators, laughing at the 'coon's absurd attitudes, and astonished at his tenacity and pluck, laugh and cheer. He is killed, and there is a pause for breath. Jumbo suddenly gives himself a shake, and then, without a sound, fairly dives into the log. Amos yells, "Another 'coon, gentlemen!" The scene just ended is re-enacted. The leaves and twigs fly under the feet of the fighters. A pair of big 'coons lie side by side, and then are dumped into the capacious gunny sack which swings from Amos' shoulders.

"Look into all dem palmetto stumps you passes," says Amos. His warning is timely. Such stumps are plentiful, some rising only a few inches above the ground, some several feet above it, while in other places the stump is marked by a black ring in the earth. In the interior of these stumps the stringy substance of the palmetto forms a soft bed, such as any 'coon would delight in. With a snarl, Pete almost sinks into one of the holes, and in a minute emerges again with a 'coon hanging to him. A not-to-be-forgotten fight follows, with the inevitable result, the death of the 'coon, but he has left his marks on both the dogs. Not fifteen feet away is a palmetto stump, perhaps ten feet in height. One of us pushes it over. From it, as it crumbles in ruins, emerges another 'coon, who has been lying *perdu*, hoping to escape attention. With blood in their eyes, and on their noses, too, the dogs tackle him, and there is a scrimmage in comparison with which a football game would be as tame as croquet.

A noise among the palmettos is heard, their giant leaves part and half a dozen men come up. Picturesque they are, in white suits, sou'wester hats and high boots of rubber. They are from the life-saving station on the isl-

and, and are as great devotees of the sport of 'coon-hunting as even Amos himself, and so, after handshakes and kind words, they join in the hunt.

The next "find" is in a great live-oak with five limbs, if so they can be termed, since they all spring from the ground level. In each limb there are holes. The dogs dash up one limb and then up another, barking furiously and sniffing at such holes as they can reach. Two of the life-savers ascend the broad and slightly sloping limbs.

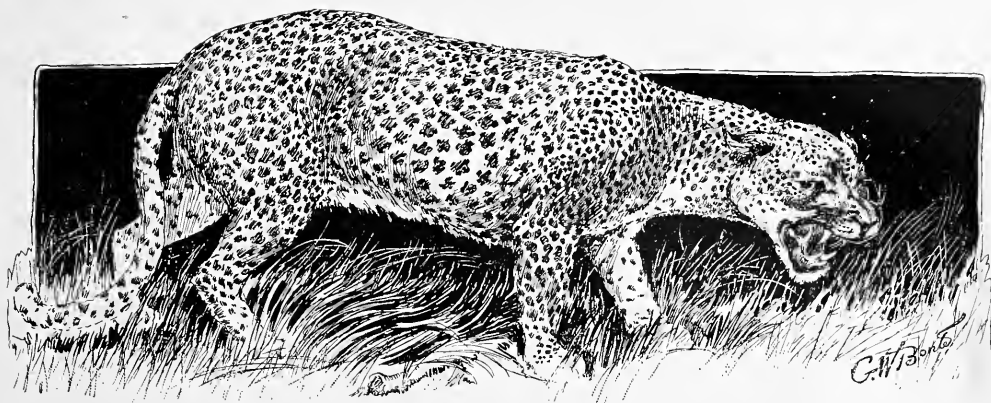
"'Coons," they say; "we'll have to smoke them out." All hands gather the dead "fans" of palmettos, and these are stuffed into lower openings and fired. A white smoke curls out of some of the openings, and out of one or two rise little jets of flame. In two or three limbs there is a crackling sound, but no smoke. In a couple of minutes sounds as of muffled sneezing are heard.

"Dem's de 'coons," yelled Amos. He is right. The hunters form a ring. Suddenly a 'coon runs out of an upper opening and makes for the top of the tree, where a bullet knocks him out.

Another 'coon stands the fire a little longer and then pokes out his head, sees the hunters and draws it back; but something must be done. So he tries to get up the tree, out of the hole, but his feet slip and he falls.

As he strikes the ground he rolls on his back, and has instantly set before him the task of fighting a pair of game and half-crazy dogs. This is a fine specimen of a 'coon. On none were the bands of black on the back and tail so conspicuous and so deep in color. He fought desperately, and, as Amos put it, "never gin in until de dogs cut his throat."

As we passed through these woods a constant watch was kept for squirrels. Wherever nests were noticed the wild grape or the bamboo vines which form a network were always pulled, and numbers of squirrels were thus rudely awakened, and dashed out only to be greeted by a fusillade. Into one very large nest a rifle was fired, and after a second's pause, the bottom of the nest was observed to shake violently. Then a 'coon of large size slowly appeared, sank through the opening his weight was making, grasped at the limbs with his fore feet, and fell like a stone—dead, shot through and through.



A LEOPARD HUNT IN NORTHERN BENGAL.

• BY J. W. PARRY,

Late Executive Engineer, Indian State Railways.

DURING the cold season, one fine Saturday afternoon, in India (where the afternoons are always a great deal too fine), a party of us went out for a shoot in the jhils (marshes) of the Rungpur district of Northern Bengal, to bag snipe, quail, duck or teal. We were all members of the staff engaged on the construction of the Northern Bengal state railway, then being made as a famine line to connect Calcutta with Darjeeling, a sanitarium in the Himalayas, 530 miles distant.

The majority had equipped themselves with guns and cartridges containing Nos. 4, 6, and 8 or 10 shot, but three men, either from foresight or a lucky Providence, took their Martini-Henry rifles, having spherical bullets in their cartridges. For at that time leopards were frequently met with in these parts, while tigers sometimes unexpectedly turned up at inopportune moments or surprised the unwary villager feeding his flock. Curtis, one of the contractors' resident engineers, was a well-built man of medium height, a capital shot, and plucky to boot, who had often restored confidence to the coolies by his personal bravery whenever they left the works on account of a rumor that wild animals were lurking about. The best shot and pluckiest fellow of the group was, however, Ashton, a tall, cadaverous man without an extra ounce of flesh on his bones, who had accounted for at least a

dozen leopards on foot, during a two-years' residence in these parts, and was game to account for any number more if he could only get a chance. Besides his trophies of leopards, the skins and heads of tigers and other animals adorned the floor and walls of his bungalow, as if it were a cave dwelling in Switzerland, of primeval man. Ashton, like Nelson, had once been a middy and did not know what fear was, but, later on, his rashness gave him such a rude awakening that his nerves were upset for a long time afterward.

Those who have ever indulged in big-game shooting, whether in India, Africa, or elsewhere, know that shooting leopards on foot is by no means a wise proceeding for any one; while to be safe from a tiger the best thing is to be on the back of an elephant. In order to kill a leopard with the greatest comfort to yourself, there is nothing like getting on the roof of a house or some safe enclosure; don't trust the shelter of branches to hide you, for a leopard can climb like a cat.

As a rule, it is not necessary to seek for a leopard in the jungles, for he generally comes, an uninvited guest, after your dogs to your bungalow. The dogs are soon aware of his presence, for they utter a low moan or growl and tremble violently all over. To get a tiger you must, of course, search for his footprints, track him to his lair or till you find him; and remember it will fare ill

with you if you happen to wound him while you are supported only on your own legs.

On arriving at the nearest wayside station to one of the jhils which had a local reputation and a name among shikaries, inquiries soon revealed the whereabouts of the looked-for jhil, and the party split up into twos and threes, reconnoitering in different directions. As usual, some had better cover or luck than others. Fortunately the jhil had not been shot over much previously, so, after wading about for a couple of hours and getting well soaked up to the knees, a goodly number of snipe, quail, duck and teal had been contributed by everyone to the common stock, sufficient to give a toothsome morsel as second service for several dinners to come.

Meanwhile, the servants had been preparing the tea at a convenient spot, to which an adjournment was made. In India you do not have to grope about to gather sticks to make the kettle boil, pretending all the time that you are enjoying the "outing" immensely. No, you manage those things in a vastly superior fashion abroad from what they can do either in La belle France or Merrie England. You tell the "boy" that tea is required at a certain place, and hey! presto! if by the sweep of the magician's wand everything is not ready prepared in apple pie order at the appointed time, somebody suffers.

The object of the expedition having been fulfilled by an enjoyable afternoon's sport, the party got into the ballast train to return to headquarters at Saidpur, some fifteen miles distant. The train was approaching the site of the proposed station at Parbatipur when it was suddenly noticed that a group of villagers were standing on the railway bank gesticulating violently for the engine-driver to stop the train. The engineers being in open ballast-trucks Major Braddon gave the signal, and the engine-driver drew up to find out what all the disturbance was about. On the train coming to a standstill there was such a hullabaloo, such weeping, such seizing hold of the knees of the Europeans that it took some minutes to pacify the mob. When quiet was restored one of the village herdmen said:

"Huzur (your excellency), a leopard has just carried off a child, and is eating it on the other side of the village."

"What?" replied Major Braddon. "A child! I thought leopards only came for dogs."

"Your honor is right, but when they cannot get dogs they walk off with children. Will your honor be good enough to help us kill the brute, which is quite close."

"Certainly; just wait for a minute and then take us to the place." Braddon, Ashton and Curtis were the only ones who had brought rifles, so they loaded up and began to follow the village herdman, who had armed himself with a large pitchfork in one hand and a bill-hook in the other. The rest of the engineers kept somewhat in the rear, having first of all loaded up with buckshot in case they might get a chance of peppering the beast. As the villager had said, they had not far to go, for the party had scarcely proceeded three hundred yards the other side of the village when they could hear the brute munching and growling, though they could not see him as dusk was coming on. Ashton and Curtis kept ahead of the guide with their rifles fully cocked, and Ashton could be heard distinctly saying: "Where is he? Where is he?" The guide replied: "Take care, sir; he may spring up at any time—there he is. Look out, sahib."

Now it is a strange thing that, though the grass was not a foot high yet, only the natives who followed could see the brute, so unaccustomed are Europeans to distinguish slight differences in color, for the skin of a tiger or leopard is a dull ochre or yellow resembling straw or grass burnt by the sun.

The guide once more shouted "Look out, sahib; there he is to your left. Come back, come back!" The words were hardly out of his mouth when the brute sprang up, putting one paw right on the face of Curtis, both rolling over together. The sudden action pulled Curtis' trigger, but the bullet sped into the air without touching the animal.

Now here was a predicament. Not a shot could be fired lest it might kill Curtis at the same time as despatching the leopard, or if the latter got wounded he would become so ferocious that there would be no hope for Curtis' life. Everything had to be done in the twinkling of an eye, so Ashton pluckily ran up and planted a bullet into the beast at close quarters. The brute, letting go of Curtis,

sprang for Ashton, who dodged, giving him the second barrel. Now was the chance for Major Braddon, who seeing his opportunity poured in two more barrels. This bowled over the brute, and Ashton, having had time to reload, finally gave him his *quietus*.

Immediately the villagers saw the great brute gasping in his last agonies, they gave way to their feelings; from being extremely quiet they began to shout all manner of imprecations against him for all the foul deeds he had committed against them and their flocks. Cats are proverbially a long time in dying, but though this one probably took only a few minutes to expire, yet as everyone was on tenter-hooks the period seemed very much longer than it really was. No one can be sure that a final spring will not be made at the last moment, so everyone is diffident in approaching the animal just toward the finish. Still before the herdman turned over the huge dead beast with his pitchfork the relations of the child rushed forward. The pitiable cries of the mother, sisters and other relatives were heart-rending.

On running up to help Curtis it was found that he was quite unconscious, being fearfully mauled, the whole of the skin of the upper part of the face being pulled down. He was also bleeding profusely, his clothes were torn in

places, and there were claw-marks on hands, neck, chest and head, but fortunately the brute had not taken a bite at his victim, thus saving the head-bones from being crushed. The doctor of the line who was present could do but little, so we carried Curtis with care to the village, where his wounds were washed and bandaged temporarily as best they could. He was put on a *charpai*, or bed of strings, conveyed to the train and thus transported with the utmost speed to headquarters.

There it was found that the fingers of the right hand were broken, probably in defending his throat; and though the case was not quite hopeless, yet his life was despaired of for some time. Of course fever and other complications set in, but Curtis' excellent constitution and careful nursing by native servants gradually brought him to a state of convalescence. The invalid, however, having led an open-air life for some years could with difficulty be restrained within the house. Some time later he was sent by boat to Calcutta, and shortly afterward was granted by his firm a year's leave of absence, home. Whether he is still alive or not, it is impossible to say, for all the engineers have lost sight of one another, but this much is certain, that he must still carry about the marks of that afternoon's adventure with the leopard in Northern Bengal.

FIGURE SKATING.

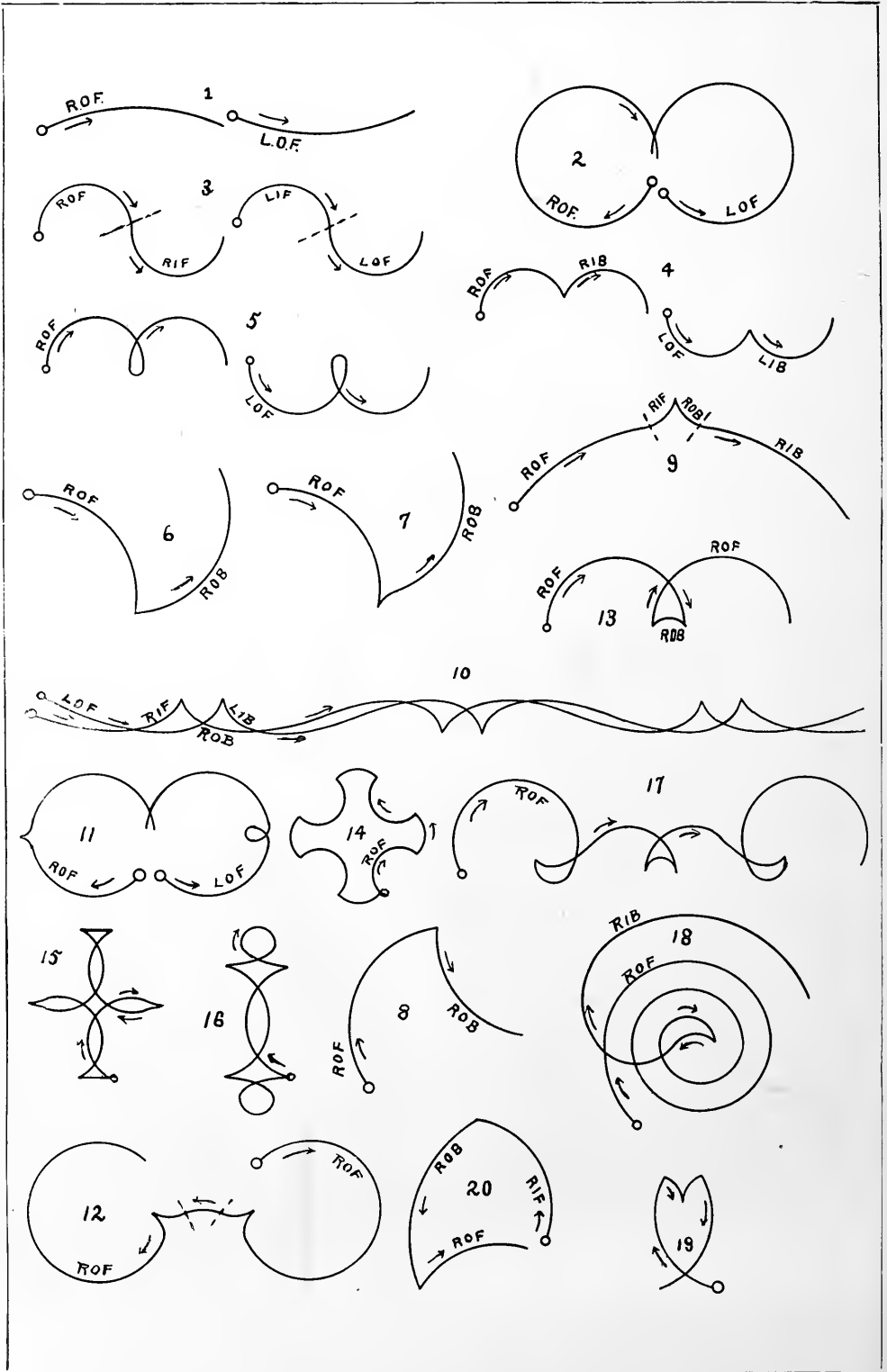
BY JOHN E. NITCHIE, EX-SKATING CHAMPION, CORNELL.

WITH the introduction of the rink and its artificial ice surface in our large cities, hundreds have ventured out on the glassy field; and it is not a rash prediction to state that hundreds of others will be added to their ranks this coming season. Old and young of both sexes will be seen chiseling "3s," "scrolls," "grapevines," and the like; the gentler sex keeping pace in the execution of fancy movements.

Every beginner realizes that the first lessons must aim toward some degree of proficiency in "straight-ahead" skating, which should be followed by acquiring the trick of backward movements. These are the fundamentals of all skating, and must be well developed ere one can become an expert at figure skating.

From the first strokes one falls unconsciously into an original style of carriage when in motion; the arms and lower limbs take these positions at all times and their movements become fixed. This being so, we see that it is essential to form good habits in the beginning.

A good style shows the observer the following especially marked points: The head is held erect and naturally, and the eyes are not kept on the ice at the feet; the body is carried in an easy, natural way; the heels are not tossed up behind; the knees are firm, but not stiff, at the beginning of each stroke, and they are neither bent nor stiff throughout the movement. The arms of the figure-skater are carried at or near the side.



Before taking up the subject of figures, I will say a few words on the important subjects of shoes and skates. Too little attention is paid to the shoe, and few persons, I will not say skaters, see the absolute folly of trying to skate in a buttoned shoe, which does not support the ankle, and necessitates the use of a tightly-drawn strap over the instep, which will sooner or later injure that portion of the foot. Many claim that they wear the straps because of "weak ankles." The ankles may be weak, but why not support them with a closely and firmly fitting shoe, thereby supporting the whole foot as well as the ankle, yet still giving it plenty of play? Have the heel of your skating boot strongly nailed or screwed on the boot, and with a good clamp on your skate the heel should not come off.

Do not get cheap skates, for you will soon discover that they cost more than those for which an extra dollar is paid in the beginning. There is danger on runners where bad steel is liable to chip off at any unexpected moment and throw their wearer. In making your purchase do not get a skate so long that the platform protrudes far beyond the toe of the shoe. The line of gravity should remain the same when on skates.

In figure-skating an easy carriage and an unconstrained position are conducive to gracefulness.

There are two ways or positions of skating figures commonly heard spoken of: the first, "in field," means a wandering at will over the ice surface; the second, "to place," means the skating of a figure repeatedly following the marks of the first cutting of the figure, thus covering a small area.

One of the first movements one learns, after having obtained confidence in simple forward and backward skating, is what is popularly known as the "outer edge," short for "outside edge roll," a movement very difficult to combine with perfect grace.

Fig. 1 will illustrate the movement. Here the right foot takes the lead on a curve made on the outside edge of the skate, and necessarily away from the position of starting. Soon the weight of the body is shifted to the left skate, which duplicates the curve, but in the opposite direction. Try this on the inside edge and then try both, backward as well as forward.

The next movement to study is what is most commonly called the "cross roll." The only difference between this and the "outside edge roll," spoken of already, is that the foot taking the lead is crossed over the other and strikes the ice on its outside edge; from there it continues in the curve as above. The making of these curves more pronounced and "O" like in form before the succeeding stroke is taken produces the figure "8," which may be made either "in field" or "to place."

Figure 2.—This figure is the keynote to many hundreds of combinations which embrace a complete division by themselves in the forms of figure-skating. The simple "8" executed on the inside edge is far more difficult to become graceful in, because of the difficult balance of the body and the naturally awkward position of the unemployed foot.

The next figure of importance is called the "change of edge roll," in which the balance of the body is shifted (at dotted line) as the skate changes into running from the outside to the inside edge.

R. O. F.—Right, outside edge, forward.

L. I. F.—Left, inside edge, forward, etc.

Figure 3.—This movement can with but little difficulty be made extremely graceful, so that when executed alone or with a partner it will make a pretty showing. A pretty yet simple combination can be made by starting the figure with the inside edge roll, and combining with it the crossing of the feet at each stroke.

The next figure, unlike those preceding, combines a forward and backward movement in one stroke and is called a "3." Using Figure 4 as an illustration, we see the start is made on the outside edge forward, then, with a slight twisting motion, is finished on the inside edge backward; the motion being repeated with the left foot, then again exchanged for the right, and so on, executing the figure "in field." Great care should be taken to keep the unemployed foot from kicking, slightly bent and near the side of the leg employed.

Figure 4.—After having gained a good balance in the single movement, try to execute two or more turns with each stroke, thus describing "chain 3's," or a chain of threes.

Figure 3, when continued, making a number of changes of edge on each stroke, cuts in the ice a wavy figure called the "serpentine." This figure may be executed on either foot, or on both feet together, and backward as well as forward. When done on one foot it is most gracefully displayed, where the unemployed foot acts as a gently swinging pendulum.

The figure following in order is the "loop," formed as is shown in Figure 5. Here the momentum should be uniform, except, perhaps, at the top of the loop, where the speed slackens somewhat, but is not arrested; and the completion of the figure brings the skater to the same position as at the end of Figure 1.

Figures 6, 7.—The preceding figures comprise the main essentials toward figure-skating, but advancing further we find following hard on their track a curious figure called the "rocking turn," which I can best illustrate by the two following figures: Figure 6, showing the correct turn, and Figure 7, that which is incorrect, but which is passed off for Figure 6.

Figure 8 illustrates what is termed the "counter rocking turn," or "counter rocker." In both rocking turns it will be noted that the change is made from one edge forward to the same edge backward.

Figure 9 is a movement which starts on a certain edge forward, then changes to the opposite edge backward, or *vice versa*. This is called a "rose-bud turn," or a "bracket turn."

All those figures above comprise the more important units toward fancy-figure-skating, which consists in the combining of two or more of them to form some intricate shape or shapes, as some of the following figures will show.

Figure 10 is what is commonly known

as the "single grapevine," a double foot-movement, and shows in its combination the "3," and the change from inside to outside edge.

Figure 11 is one of the hundreds of combinations of the "8," whether made on one foot or on an exchange of feet. This special figure shows combinations of the outside and inside edges with the "bracket and loop."

Figure 12.—"Spectacles." Single foot-work has become an attraction to many of our best figure skaters, and has been the source of developing a "pet foot," which is to be lamented, as it gets all the work and becomes proficient, while its mate is undeveloped and almost useless in the execution of figures. It is easy to say "Don't cultivate a pet foot," but it is much more difficult to carry it out.

Another division of figures enters into many a combination; this division I have heard spoken of as "Trick Figures." To it belongs the numerous cross-cuts or anvil figures, their combinations, the five-pointed star, the crescent, and jumping figures, beside many others, all of which may be combined in one way or another with the first nine figures mentioned. One of the most difficult points in their execution is the perfect balance required.

For the benefit of many expert fancy-figure skaters, who may not have been interested in the foregoing explanations, I submit for them, to practice, the eight following one-foot figures. Several of them I think will be found to be entirely new.

Figure 13.—Swedish cross-cut. Figure 14.—Greek cross. Figure 15.—Cross of anvils and brackets. Figure 16.—Baluster. Figure 17.—Combinations for single-foot grapevine. Figure 18.—Pig's ear. Figure 19.—Flower-bud. Figure 20.—Helmet.

FLORIDA FISHING SKETCHES.

BY MARY T. TOWNSEND.

THE strident tones of our fisherman guide, sounding through the door of mosquito netting in his rough-board hut, awoke us, announcing "Three o'clock!" He had promised to take us "jacking" for sheephead before sunrise. The sand-spit whereon our kindly friend had reared his castle

from the "flotsam and jetsam" of the broad Atlantic, was bathed in the limpid light of the waning yellow moon, and gently fanned by the languid air from the encircling Gulf Stream.

Our boat was lazily rising and falling in the sedges on the shore side of the sand-bar. It was an ordinary flat-bot-

tomed row-boat, with a tall pole in the bow topped by an oil-lamp with a huge reflector. The spear was simply a three-pronged fork on the end of a tough wooden handle, but when thrown by our fisherman, Neptune himself might have envied him his poise and skill. With our Cyclopean eye flashing its rays twenty feet in advance of the boat, we silently paddled toward a distant lagoon, still light in shadows. From the swaying water reeds came the *honk* of the sheldrake hurrying her downy brood into deeper cover. The "blue-peter" pattered away over the surface of the water until lost in silence. A great white heron, balanced on one leg, his neck curved back in the comfortable folds of sleep, was outlined against the darkness of the tangled rushes. Slowly he stretched his long neck, straightened his yellow legs, and sailed away, a ghostly figure in the gloom. From the decaying cypress stumps glided the deadly water moccasin, with ill-concealed reluctance to retreat.

Suddenly the water seemed alive with silver-scaled mullet, splashing and jumping against the sides of our boat. We pushed through the school into shallow water, near the mangroves, where the reflector showed the still shadowy outlines of fish against the white sand. The sheepshead, with their silvery bodies encircled by rings of black, were sleeping in the shallow water. The fisherman stood upon the forward thwart, and with unerring aim threw the spear, retarding the boat's headway a trifle; then the wriggling fish was taken from the sharp prongs and laid upon the bottom of the boat. A strike to the right, to the left, in front, brought many fish and many varieties, cavelli, red snappers, trout, and mullet.

To be a successful jack-fisherman, requires as much skill as any other branch of sport. The spear must be held and balanced at the proper angle. You must calculate for the double motion of the boat and fish, if he be swimming, must allow for refraction of light rays, and for deceptive distances measured under a broken water surface by means of a flickering jack. If you strike too far forward, your fish will tear out if too far backward he will wrench away by a twist of his body.

We tried our skill. At first we missed them entirely, or struck without force

enough to bring the fish to the surface; again others were pinioned so hard that we lost our balance, and but for helping arms would have followed them to their watery homes. After many failures we succeeded in adding a fair average toward the supply needed for our fisherman's distant market.

The crescent moon slowly dipped below the cypress-fringed horizon. One by one the stars grew dim. A faint gray light pervaded the waters and the air. Our feeble lamp no longer penetrated the hidden homes of fowl or fish. Nature was awake.

One's fishing experience in Florida is incomplete without the unique exhilaration of jack-fishing for sheepshead before daybreak.

To be sure, there is more excitement in waiting for the silver king to swallow his junk of mullet at the end of a number fifteen Cuttyhunk line, or in beguiling a dashing Spanish mackerel or spotted sea-trout with the beauty of some gayly feathered fly, while you sail lazily over the waves; and more grace, maybe, in encircling a school of playful mullet in the meshes of a skillfully thrown cast-net.

* * * * *

"If it's tarpon you're after, you'll find 'em at St. Lucie Inlet. The other day I went through a school of 'em, and was afeard they'd sink my boat knockin' up ag'in it, jumpin' over it. Yes, go there; you'll get 'em."

Of course we went there, but I'll just tell the story, for there are many ups and downs in tarpon fishing.

At Fort Pierce we found a boat, secured Bob Watson, the deputy sheriff, as captain, and started for the fishing grounds, several miles away, expecting to stop at Marshalls' Point overnight, and be ready for the morning tide.

As usual, the wind was dead ahead, but there was plenty of it, and of Florida sunshine. The banks of the inlet were green with palmettos and mangroves growing on their stilt-like roots. Cracker huts tucked into the bank gave life to the scene. In the distance we could see our house of refuge. Men were moving on the dock, and, as night was nearing, we shook out our reef and stood for shore.

Could it be? Did I hear aright? They wouldn't take us in? No place to go; no other house anywhere. We must

turn about and retrace all those long miles. No matter; only fisherman's luck. Besides, the wind was with us and we could easily beat the Indian River steamboat that was just making a landing at the dock. Up with the centerboard, ease off the sheet, and off we skim. The white caps seem playing tag with us. As the short twilight fades, we feel a lingering wish that we hadn't shaken out the reef, for the sky is full of clouds and the wind is growing more and more puffy. Lower the peak and keep a good watch. Darker grows the sky. All the world is blotted out, save one lurid spot on the horizon which reflects a blood-red sail and strange, uncanny faces, and throws into bold relief the inky black trees along the shore.

Suddenly, Watson, with a cool "I'll drop the anchor, you tend the tiller," ran forward. Even while the anchor was cleaving its sparkling path through the waters, the tornado struck us. Down dropped the sail. The anchor held. We are safe. But no. We are in the steamer channel, and the *St. Lucie* with full head of steam is heading directly for us. Our boat carries no lantern. Now for some paper and matches. The paper burns. She sees us, suddenly changes her course and gracefully glides away.

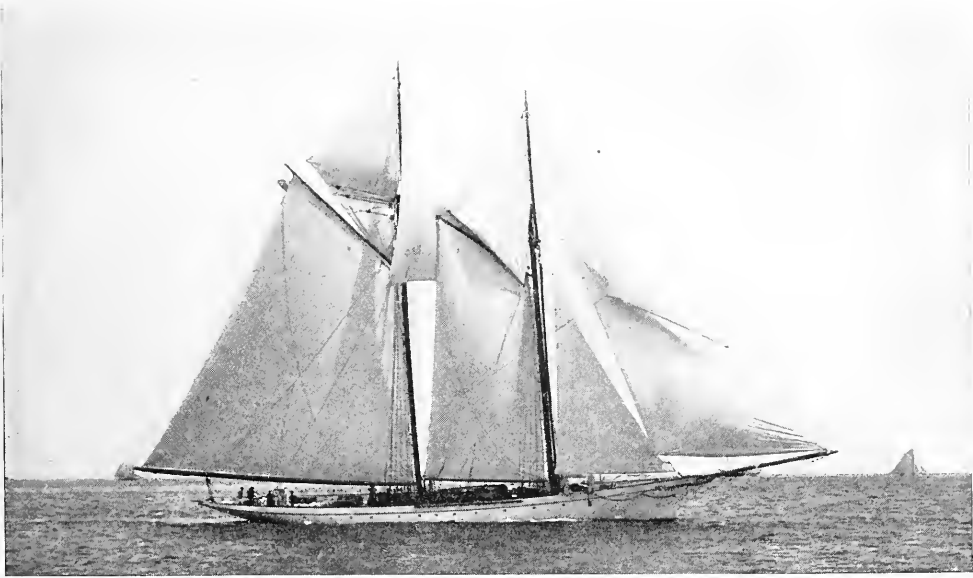
You may ask, where's the tarpon? I can't say. This was one of the times when we didn't find him.

A cloudless sky, intense tropical sunshine, a gentle sailing breeze; truly a typical tarpon day. We'll try 'em. Take your pipe and book, for there may be hours of waiting.

Now, for a good skipper, a sailboat whose mast can be quickly unshipped, a trusty "sou'wester," plenty of mullet for bait, rods, reels, etc. Don't forget the lunch-basket. And off we go, urged by oars as well as sail, for there is need of hurrying now. We skim by the mangroves, whose long roots, reaching out into the salt water, are covered with small oysters; disturbing at his breakfast the great blue heron, who lazily flaps his wings just long enough to carry him out of gunshot, then stretches his long legs in water a foot or two deep and guards against nearer approach. From these banks teeming with wild life, the egrets and ducks fly out, and the water is broken into ripples and splashed with spray from cavelli, pompano and other fish.

As the sun grows more merciless, our chances for tarpon grow better, so we hasten to anchor. Over an oyster reef we stop in water about eight feet deep and wait for the tide to come in. Lower the sail; out with the rod and line, the big hook baited with half a mullet. Now cast it far to leeward. Light your pipe; open your book, and wait. Wait, while the sun fairly blisters your hands and face, for the breeze has entirely died out, and the reflections come as from the surface of a mirror. But what's that? Your line is playing out! Let it run! Now strike quickly! No answering rise from the water. It's a shark! Get rid of him as soon as possible. Let him bite the snood in two, or get him to the surface and shoot him; for, there in the distance is a long black dorsal fin sticking out of the water, and behind it still another. We are indeed on tarpon ground. Another half mullet. The sharp fins are drawing nearer. Breathlessly we wait. Did the line move? So slowly—can it be the tide? One foot gone; two feet; ten feet! The captain tells us to say the multiplication table and then strike. A lightning flash of silver leaps upright from the waves. Up anchor, and off we go. Such a fight; such a struggle! Curving lines of iridescent light in the air, near the boat, a hundred feet away, show that the tarpon is vainly struggling to throw the squid from his mouth. Will he cut the snood with his sharp scissors-like jaws? Can we hold him with that small line and whirling reel? After a long fight, in a pause of exhaustion, we lead the silver king near the boat, gaff him, cut his throat, lift him into the skiff and carefully stow him away under the thwart.

We hoist our sail and lazily float homeward at the sunset hour. Gorgeous streaks of purple, crimson and gold dart from the horizon, mirrored in softer tints in the surrounding waters. Long lines of pelicans and gulls crowd on a neighboring sand-bar, and huddle closer together to make room for the last newcomer, scaling low over the waves. The breeze freshens; the short twilight dies; the bright tropical stars peep out. A glaring white ray flares across the water. Sanibel's light-tower flashes seaward its timely warning against these tangled mangrove islands and oyster-covered reefs, and the day's fishing is done, indeed, all too soon for us.



THE "YAMPA."

THE YARN OF THE YAMPA.

MADEIRA. THE WEST INDIAN ISLANDS, AND HOME.

BY E. L. H. M'GINNIS.

(Concluded)

OUR time in the harbor of Queenstown, from whence our homeward-bound journey may be said to have really begun, was pleasant, and ashore we found much that was picturesque. Indeed from the hill at the back of the harbor of Queenstown looked a perfect picture, especially as several vessels and three large British men-of-war happened to be swinging at anchor.

Here we completed our party by meeting Clarke at the station. The afternoon before we sailed, or rather before we intended to sail, was spent at the "Cor-r-rk" races, as our Jehu called them, after a delightful little luncheon at the Royal Cork Yacht Club. By investing in some bookmakers' tickets, we managed to lose what spare change we had in our clothes, and returned on board in the evening sadder but not much wiser men.

We had intended sailing on the morning's tide of September 29, but as the weather looked very threatening and the barometer was falling, we postponed

our departure until next day, and went again to the races, with no better result to our pockets; after which, we returned to Queenstown and the yacht, where we dined quietly and stowed our luggage for the voyage.

The wind having shifted and the weather being clearer, we got under way early the following day, but anchored again astern of the *Teutonic*, which had just arrived on her outward voyage.

Going aboard her, we met and captured Messrs. Vivian and Rose, who were on their way to New York, bringing them back on board with us. They took leave of us soon, however, and we once more got under way. Finding a fair wind, we passed Daunt Lightship, and ere long we were out of sight of land, carrying all plain sail and topsails.

Little of interest occurred on board during the next four days, and the progress we made was slow.

It seemed as if we were standing still or going backward on the morning of the fifth day; so, instead of our bucket-baths on deck, Clarke thought it would



ST. VINCENT, FROM THE GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE.

be amusing to jump overboard for a swim. *We* had the amusement and *he* the experience, for no sooner had he dived than he realized we were slipping along much faster than he could swim.

Hurriedly ripping off a life-preserver from the rail, Richie threw it as far toward him as possible, and by means of it and the log-line, which was fortunately towing astern near him, he managed to keep afloat until we had lowered a boat and rowed to him, when he was pulled aboard completely exhausted, but safe. The sensation of seeing a friend trying to keep afloat is *not* a pleasant one, I assure you, and, from what Clarke said *his* feelings were, there is little danger of his trying again.

But "all's well that ends well," and he was none the worse for it, while we all had something new to talk about during the next five days of calm, in fact until the breeze freshened and away we flew once more.

It managed to kick up a nasty sea in the early watch, and the main-sheet parted suddenly, but Mr. Burt secured it quickly, and at daybreak we made a very good land-fall, seeing Madeira directly over our bowsprit.

Owing to head-winds and the rough sea, we were obliged to tack twice before rounding Fora, when the rain came down so heavily that it killed the wind before we reached Funchal; so we had

to drift out to sea again, where we lay rolling about all day.

With the rising of the sun, the wind again came, and at 6:30 A. M. we crawled along up toward land, and cast anchor not far from two German war-vessels; but as we had dropped that very useful piece of iron and its cable across that of the larger ship, we were obliged to raise ours again, and, hailing a tug, we were towed to a better mooring. We got our letters and some papers, and soon after breakfast we landed at the pier, a by no means easy job, as there is a continual sea running on the beach here. We then went to the Carmo Hotel; there Richie telephoned to the proprietor, Mr. Reed, who was up at his quinta (farm), where he asked us to go to luncheon. We went up the hill in a bullock-sled on iron runners, which traveled very smoothly over the cobbles with which the lanes are paved. The ascent is very steep in places, but though we went up 1,050 feet, it took us only just over a half hour. On reaching the quinta, we found Mr. Reed and several friends, who welcomed us.

The house is built on the usual semi-tropical plan, and commands a lovely view of the harbor and offing. The gardens and fields, if one may so call them, are really a series of narrow terraces, on which every flower, shrub and plant, both European and tropical, grows

in greatest profusion. We spent some time inspecting the grounds, and soon after had luncheon, at which Dr. Connelly, an old West African, and Mr. Horton, of the Telegraph Company, joined us. After luncheon we further inspected the grounds, and then started down the hill in a novel conveyance, which is something like a bath-chair without wheels. The chair is mounted on runners, and is shoved along down the precipitous lanes by two men who run alongside, and who control the speed by means of drag-ropes. We spent a short time on shore, and then returned to the yacht.

We were up the next morning at six, and landed with Mr. Siemons, as well as saddle-bags filled with provisions, for a ride to the Grand Corral. We found our horses awaiting us, and started about 7:30, riding out to the westward of the town, and up through the various villages to St. Anna, where we stopped to rest. The ascent was most precipitous in places, and the manner in which our horses scrambled up the hill-paths was quite wonderful, our attendant grooms running alongside or holding on by the tails. Every square inch of ground is in a high state of cultivation, and most of the paths are crossed and bordered alternately with water-conduits, which also keep the lanes clean. On the way up, we passed sev-

eral of the villagers bringing down their wine on wooden sleighs. There was also seen a curious old church at St. Anna, much out of repair.

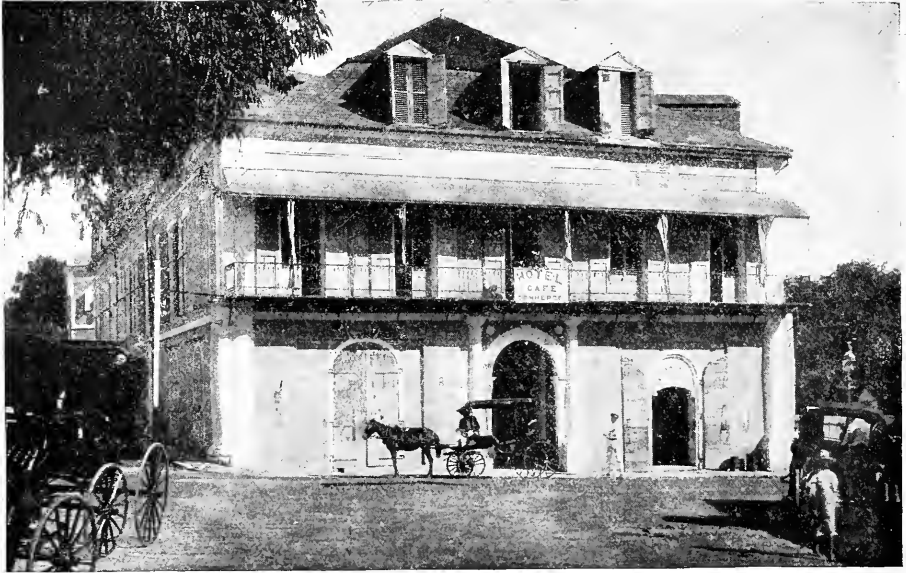
Taking the right-hand road from the wine shop, we gradually ascended into the region of the firs (black pines) and hardwood trees, principally chestnuts and maples. We arrived at the Grand Corral at twelve thirty, having ascended about four thousand five hundred feet. Looking over the precipice, the view of the corral or valley was magnificent. Right below us stretched the valley, surrounded by mountains rising up to six thousand feet, and for the most part absolutely sheer and unexplorable. On the opposite side, a winding path runs along the base of the hills, leading to a village perched up on the side of the mountain. The whole valley appears to be about ten miles long, and to have been formed by a volcanic eruption of some prehistoric time.

Our homeward way lay along the coast, giving us a fine view of Cape Girao, a perpendicular cliff about two thousand feet high. Richie and Bayley tried their respective steeds for a short distance, the former winning easily; but pride received its just reward a few miles further on, as the gallant skipper took a header, luckily without hurting himself. All dined ashore at the Carmo.

The weather had become squally and



HARBOR OF KINGSTOWN, ST VINCENT.



HOTEL COMMERCIAL, CHARLOTTE AMALIE, ST. THOMAS.

wet, with a heavy swell running, so that when we set sail we had to cast off on the starboard tack, and stand out to sea under plain sail.

The wind increased all night, and a very hard sea was running. A double reef was put in the foresail, and the bonnet was taken out of the fore-staysail; the keys of the latter caught and ripped the sail up. Just at this point a terrific gust came, and blew the foresail away. We then stowed the mainsail, and set reefed main- and fore-trysails, and were obliged to heave-to on the port tack. The wind then shifted to northwest suddenly, and blew a full hurricane, so we hove-to on the starboard tack at 8 A. M. The sea was running so high that we used the oil-bags over the starboard bow and the cat-head, after which the sea went down so much that we could reset the mainsail.

The entire next morning was spent in making temporary repairs to the fore-sail and fore-staysail bonnet, both of which were completed by dark, and set. The weather had moderated somewhat, and we had a nice breeze from the northwest.

For several days we went along slowly under our crippled rig. The blow had left a heavy sea running, and the light breeze following it wasn't sufficient to keep our sails full, so we did some rolling that would have put a

boy's top to blush. Then the weather gradually became excessively warm, and the ice chose just that particular time to melt and disappear, which does not speak well for the Madeira brand.

Part of the time the thermometer stood at one hundred and ten degrees on the quarter-deck. Our energy for amusement abated as the mercury rose. It was surprising, however, that we could be so happy with "nothing to do, and no time to do it in." Our pastime was novel, viz., efforts to catch the dolphins and a small species of dorée, many of which constantly surrounded the yacht. The latter had most curious, long-spiked upper and lower fins, which they use horizontally. The water was so clear that we could see to a great depth, and it was amusing to see them turn on their sides and look up at us as we leaned over the rail. Thirty-five miles was one of our day's runs, a big contrast from our three-hundred-and-sixteen-knot spurt going eastward.

The glorious sunsets of these latitudes are something beyond description, and must be seen to be appreciated, but no wind-clouds came in sight, to our regret; so we drifted on and on over the long, rolling ground-swell of "Ocean, the mighty monster."

One morning we sighted a Russian bark bound for Pensacola, and we broke the monotony by signaling her. What

a comfort to be able to exchange thoughts, even with those of another and strange tongue, though far apart!

The monotony was varied on November first, at noon, when a rail-bird landed on board and another fell in the water. The nearest land being Sombrero Light, 480 miles away, we supposed they must have been on their way south and been blown out by a southwesterly gale. It also indicated cold weather on the American coast. The rail appeared to be the *Porzana Carolina*.

We ran well all that night, and at ten o'clock we were struck by a hard rain-squall; the water was eagerly collected by the crew for washing clothes. The heat was still with us, and the jellies and jams in the hold all fermented, while the aerated waters gave out, alas!

At daybreak on the fifth, we made the outer Virgin Islands, which vary much in appearance, Anegada being very low, while Virgin Gorda and Tortola are high. We were not near enough to see what the vegetation was like, but were all delighted to see land. We had just sighted St. Thomas when we were enveloped in a squall, and could not see fifty yards ahead. When the squall abated, we sighted the French Cape and passed Buck Island.

The harbor of Charlotte Amalie, in the island of St. Thomas, is a miniature Queenstown, with a lighthouse on the

eastern end and a fort on the western point. The latter is, however, now used only for picnics. "How are the mighty fallen!" The town of Charlotte Amalie is a pretty little place from a distance, built on the spurs of three small hills, and, the majority of the houses being roofed with red tiles, forms a good bit of color.

We were soon surrounded by boats containing washerwomen, compradors, and every description of "niggers" selling conch-shells and coral. The Royal Mail steamer *Esk* and the cable-boat *Grappler* were in the harbor, the latter being in the floating-dock. There was also an old yacht formerly belonging to the Prince of Wales, now a trading schooner between the islands, hailing from Porto Rico, and rechristened the *Pimento*. Such is fate!

We anchored between the dock and the French coaling station, after which we went ashore, first to a sailmaker's and then to dine at the hotel; and great was our disgust at being fed on canned meats, as if we had not had enough of them lately! Next morning we all drove to Brooke's Bay, on the west end of the island. The vegetation is fairly tropical and the land seems fertile, but the darkies are too lazy to work, and the trade of the place has practically gone to St. Lucia. The next morning we all started out in the cutter to fish, and



ST. THOMAS, FROM BLUEBEARD'S CASTLE.

sailed out to Water Island; but the darky we took with us was like "Elisha, the Tishbite, who couldn't make the fish bite," so we returned to the yacht, after sailing around the bay a while.

The men from the *Grappler* being evidently anxious for a race, we hoisted out the cutter again and just showed them what we were made of. Their boat soon gave up the contest. In returning to their ship they tried to gybe during a squall, with the result that the boat went to bottom, and the hands on her who couldn't swim were picked up by a boat from the *Esk*. We sailed around the bay and then returned on board. The American Consul, Captain Stewart, an old sea captain, dined on board, and kept us amused with many stories and quaint, dry remarks.

The foresail having been returned, we went ashore next morning to pay bills, etc., as we were to sail that day. We got under way at 11:30, sailing out with a strong northeast trade wind. We squared away on our course from Sail Rock at 2 p. m., with a spanking breeze, and by nightfall were out of sight of land, having caught just a glimpse of Porto Rico as the sun went down.

We carried the trade wind all night, and by noon were two hundred and forty miles from Sail Rock. The sea was rather lumpy, but fairly comfortable. This continued for days; then the wind blew stronger from the northwest, causing us to head to the northeast. Later it came on to blow hard, with a big sea running. The wind finally dying out, and a heavy swell setting in, we had an uncomfortable day and night, owing to the continual yank.

Practically we had a dead calm the next morning. The run at noon was only fifty-five miles and due westward, but the breeze sprang up in the early watch, so we made a fair run of 118 miles. We jogged along all the afternoon at a ten-knot gait, and as the night looked nasty, we took in the topsails and close-reefed the mainsail before dark. We were soon enveloped in heavy squalls and rain, and at 8:30 p. m. we double-reefed the foresail. About 2:30 a. m. the wind suddenly changed to the northeast, and we had to heave-to on account of the squalls. At 4 a. m. we stowed the mainsail and set the storm-trysail, coming about on the starboard tack and making just enough headway to steer her. The

sea was very rough and the sky was overcast and angry. At noon we found ourselves in the latitude of the Virginia Capes, so we stood in toward the land. We took a good sight at 3:30, and at sunset took an amplitude, which agreed with the sight. Casts were made with the lead at 8, 9, 10 and 11 o'clock, finding 25, 22, 19 and 14 fathoms respectively; and at midnight we sighted Cape Charles Light, when we put the yacht about and beat up the coast.

We passed quite close to the Five-fathom Bank Lightship, making Absecom Light at dark next day. At 6:30 we took a cross-bearing on Absecom and Tucker's Island Lights, bearing respectively west and north. At 8 p. m. we sighted Barnegat Light, and by 11:30 we were abreast of it, when the breeze died away completely.

The dead calm lasted all the following day, and we were rolling about, with Sandy Hook almost in sight, but we were unable to move.

The fickle breeze was still playing us tricks, but early next morning, November twenty-first, a very gentle air slowly wafted us along to Quarantine about 11, when down went our anchor and the long cruise of the dear old *Yampa* was over!

APPENDIX.

I cannot close this account of our long and happy cruise without a few words of farewell. The news reached me that *Yampa* had been sold and was to refit at once and sail again across the Atlantic to Southampton, where she would be turned over into the charge of the representatives of her purchaser, his Majesty, the German Emperor.

After she had been hauled out on the ways at City Island and thoroughly fitted, as well as passed the Lloyd's inspection, I received word on the evening of December 22d that she would sail the next morning.

Accordingly, at 9:30 a. m., I went to the foot of East Twenty-sixth street and there joined Mr. Eiche (representing Mr. Palmer, who had gone away to avoid the temptation of crossing on the dear old boat), boarded the tug *Offerman* and started up the river toward City Island. We sighted *Yampa's* tall topmasts over the land, and on drawing nearer we saw the sailors had fastened a large Christmas-tree at the top of the

jibboom, from which waved a little American flag. She looked as graceful as she did just seven months before at Larchmont, and I wished I was once more to be a passenger.

Captain Burt welcomed us on board. As the anchor came in sight and the tug started ahead, bang! went the cannon at Hawkins' yard; and slowly we gathered headway as the voyage was begun.

The weather was bitterly cold and the snow was falling fast, along with my spirits.

In the cabin a grate fire was burning, around which we huddled. The passage down the river was one long-continued ovation, and whistles shrieked on all sides in salute, while I resumed my old place at the flag-staff over the stern, for the sake of "auld lang syne," and the memory of our entrance to Stockholm harbor was referred to by Captain Burt. On past the Navy Yard we went, dipping in salute to the *Brooklyn*, which was returned by her as if we were again passing out into the English Channel from Portsmouth, on our way to Dover. Just beyond Governor's Island a Russian flag was dipped to us from a steamer, bringing back the memory of our joyous welcome to St. Petersburg; and, to complete the chain of memory's links, the great, huge liner, *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, dashed by, dipping to the latest purchase of her namesake's imperial grandson!

Faster came the snow, and Captain Burt decided to anchor for the night off

Staten Island, as there was no wind, just as we had done at New London the previous summer.

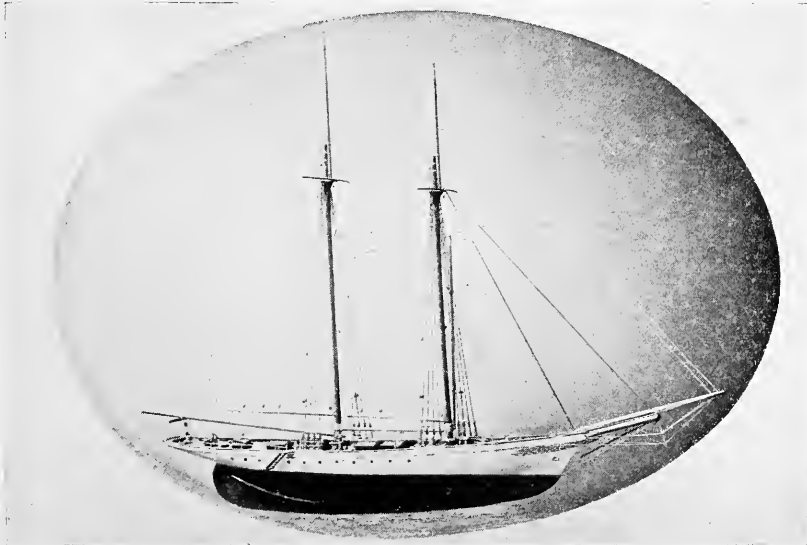
As the anchor was let go we said good-bye, and, climbing back aboard the tug, I made a few last kodaks of *Yampa* while we drew away and headed for the city, watching her to the last as she grew dim in the blinding snow-storm, when I knew that she was gone.

Her voyage over was made in sixteen days ten hours, and the first thirteen days she carried trysails and jib only. She was spoken once, by the *Etruria*, "800 miles out and going like a scared dog," as the report said.

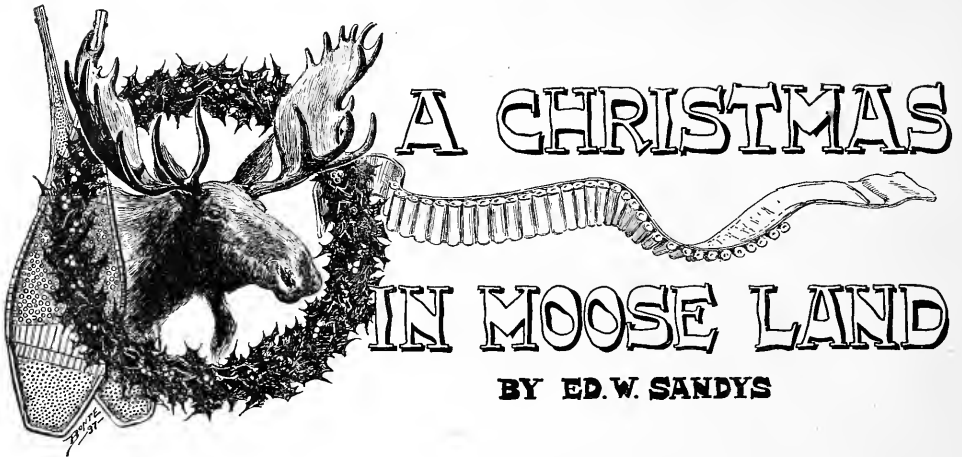
On her arrival in Southampton, her new owner's representatives met her and she was turned over. Mr. Palmer received a personal cablegram from him, expressing his admiration and pride in his new purchase.

It is with a heavy heart that I realize I have had my last cruise on *Yampa*, and that my eyes will probably never see her graceful lines again. But as she had to go, it is some consolation to know that she went to those who will appreciate her, and in time may perhaps grow to love her, as we did. And when her day comes, as come it must, may she drop to pieces with her sails snowy, her glorious decks white, her brass-work polished and her rigging taut, looking then, as now, the empress of the pleasure-fleet, is the earnest and heartfelt wish of

Her faithful friend and devoted admirer,
THE AUTHOR.



THE MODEL OF THE "YAMPA" IN THE COLLECTION OF THE N. Y. Y. C.



THE world was white. Day after day the cold had held, the only changes being from fair to snow and from snow to fair. Such days as the fair ones had been! The sun blazing from flawless blue, the air above and the white world below glittering with the sparkle of diamond dust.

And the nights, when Kabibonokka rested from his snow-building. The stars flashed overhead like pearls frozen to a dome of polished steel, while through them the great moon steered her silent course with only the velvet shadows below to chart her progress.

These were nights for snowshoeing as it should be, and the faithful were busy. Stalwarts, snug in blanket garb, with their beards fresh-powdered by that barber who does more cutting than shaving; maidens, with cheeks tinted to that rich, winy warmth which the resources of the boudoir have never contained, nightly climbed Mount Royal and gathered in the cheery light and comfort of the club-houses to enjoy the frolics of the snowshoers.

Three weeks of almost uninterrupted shoeing over old Royal are an excellent preparation for work in the woods, and as Christmas drew near I anxiously waited for word from a trapper friend who held my pledge to spend the holidays with him in the wilds of the Mattawa country.

The old song says the letter that was longed for never came, but in this case it was different. The letter came at last. The writing greatly resembled an antiquated rail fence. After doing

a trifle of algebra and Euclid, helped out by a few mental handsprings, I guessed that it stood for:

"Mister Sans, deer Sur—Cum up to Matwa soon an ile show sum fun mose yard back bout seven mile an i can fine sum bare never new so mutch game an chances is fustrate sure of bare fur won stol my pig back a peece an i can fine the den i sed how i fine game rite the sekund trip i hev game this trip ef i aint i ly thats all.

"Youres respectfully

"Abe."

It was a characteristic note, but in spite of its literary crudeness it was most welcome, for it whispered of fun ahead. Its writer was one of the best pieces of rough material that ever came out of the woods of Northern Ontario.

Poor old boy! He was indeed a simple child of nature, but his heart was ever warm, light and true, and he knew more than most men of the ways of the wild creatures of his district. He could trail, trap, read a sign or trot a log with the best of them. He was a fairly good shot with a rifle, about the average at the paddle, while he was so full of practical resources for emergencies that he was apt to get the best of rivals who treated him with carelessness. His single fault, one too common among his class, was a weakness for that stuff which makes a man appear erratic in his movements if judged by the tracks he leaves in dry snow.

He made his last camp some years ago, and only the trees and rocks about the lonely Mattawa can tell the true story of the fated "jam," and Abe's awful cruise through the long, white tumult to the black pool below. Those who ride with a groaning, grinding, leaping

squadron of charging logs, which take the rapid with perfect bark and end the dash barkless, white and polished, never tell of their experience. The logs spare nothing softer than themselves—Abe started with them—that is all!

May game be plentiful, all currents logy, and all carries short in his corner of the Happy Hunting Grounds!

My objective point, the village of Mattawa (The Forks), is situated at the confluence of the Mattawa with the Ottawa River. The village is part lumber town, part general outfitting point for those bound for the upper Ottawa and the lakes above. It has some stores, a fair hotel, with a unique Hibernian proprietor, a Hudson Bay post, and a winter climate that can give the shivers to a brass monkey. Beyond the village stretches the grand solitude of forest—leagues of snow-laden, darkly green stillness, broken only by the blows of axes, the thunder of falling timber, the hallos of woodsmen and the occasional crack of a rifle.

It is a far cry to Mattawa. The long, pallid reaches of the Ottawa in December offer no variety, although they are very beautiful during summer and autumn. The snowy trees near the train, the sunlit open of the broad river, and the huge, white mounds marking the hills of Quebec, were about all I saw until the forest closed in upon either side and the train halted at Mattawa.

Stout old Abe was waiting at the station, and my first glance at him detected the fact that he had been waiting somewhere else at least long enough to spoil a reasonable share of the curse of the country.

"Hello, old pard; how's your head?" I queried.

"Shed's or-rite—push stuff inner slay an' we'll get out 'n yer."

A few moments sufficed for the transfer of my outfit to the jumper sleigh, and then we were ready for the long, cold drive to Abe's shanty.

At first the road was excellent, and the rough pony hauled us along at a very creditable pace. Then we reached softer going which required more care in driving. Here Abe performed one of his miracles, *i. e.*, he rose to the occasion, shook off every trace of his spiritual burden, and at once became interesting.

Through the silent woods we went,

up hill, down dale, the sled runners groaning and grinding as runners will when frost is hard. Mile after mile was covered and through it all Abe talked, and through his talk were woven threads of the lore of moose and bear.

At last we reached his lone loghouse, and after making the good pony comfortable in a warm, intensely dark log stable, we toted my traps into the shanty, where we started a rousing fire in a rough stone hearth. Later we had a meal, and after that, for three good hours, I listened to the quaint anecdotes and shrewd remarks of a man who had spent his life in the forest to excellent purpose.

Among other things, I learned that within five miles was a moose-yard, or, more properly, a winter feeding-ground of the great cervidæ, for, owing to the nature of the country, there was no necessity for the moose to "yard," in the proper sense of that term.

Five or six moose had decided to winter in a densely forested valley, and Abe was confident that we could easily get a peep at them the first favorable day. There were also plenty of ruffed grouse, a few deer, and an unknown quantity of "bare." The latter were snugly denned for the winter somewhere in the vicinity—just where, we might discover later.

The morning dawned frigidly cold, and all that day the sun was hidden behind a mask of dull, gray clouds. About nine o'clock we started into the woods and prowled about for hours, closely searching a dim ravine, where Abe "surmised thar wuz bare."

By noon we had entered a series of thickets with small, level openings here and there. Crossing these openings we found tracks in great numbers. Foxes had been busy during the night, and the trim prints of the grouse's feet told whom the business had concerned. Marten and mink had double-dotted to and fro where the triangles of the hare's snowshoes were thickest.

In one place we came upon a murderer and the unmistakable evidence of his crime. The half light of a dull day in such woods evidently suited the guilty party's huge eyes. He noiselessly swept upward before us, his great fans of wings making not the slightest sound—thanks to the marvelously planned downy fringe along the edges of his flight feathers. He, a male great horned owl,

coolly perched upon a broken branch and glared defiance at us.

This unusual action surprised me, nor was my surprise lessened when I distinctly heard the rapid, angry clap-snap of his powerful bill. He, evidently, did not fancy our intrusion during his repast. A glance upon the snow told what the rascal had been doing. A pinkish tinge, many scattered feathers and fragments of flesh, and a goodly portion of what had been a fine grouse, explained matters.

I could cheerfully slay grouse myself, but the bare idea of this feathery-horned, bubble-eyed varlet daring to do likewise was so irritating that I drew fine upon his bristling mustachios and made a good cat-owl out of him before he had time to cease his ridiculous ruffings and bluffings.

Some time later we routed out a number of grouse, a couple of which I killed with the breech-loader. The birds were very tame, and the survivors treed not far away. Abe remarked "That we cudden scar a sleepin' bare nohow, an' the mose wuz too fur away to hear us, so we'd best hev a few partridges whiles they wuz handy."

We took turn-about with his Winchester and trimmed the heads off three birds at short range.

I had left my rifle at the shanty and carried a light twelve-gauge, which, as it was a cylinder, shot small buckshot famously. I had a dozen shells loaded with three and three-fourths drachms black powder and twelve small buckshot—a charge which made the gun roar and kick vigorously, but would kill anything at short range, as most shots are in the woods.

Before we got home that evening Abe declared that the morrow would bring a "snortin' storm," which it did, with a vengeance. All day long the wind howled and the snow drove in fleecy clouds; the great trees groaned and swayed wildly to and fro, and big limbs yielded to the strain and crashed in falling ruins.

It was no day for roving in the woods, and we wisely remained at the shanty.

The next day proved bright, but intensely cold. Not a cloud obscured the steely sky, and the wind blew strongly and steadily from the north. Standing outside the shanty, I could hear the ceaseless, dull, surf-like roar of the wind-

threshed forest, and the creaking and clicking of countless restless branches.

"Abe," I called, "this is the day of days for your moose-yard; wind steady, woods as noisy as a city street. I'd like to see the big fellows, even if we cannot lawfully kill any. Let's try for them anyway—what say you?"

"Guess we'd best make it ter-day," he replied; "it's warm 'nuff in the woods, an' we kin creep rite onto an old mose with wind a-yowlin' thet-away. You ain't figgerin' on doin' enny shutin'?"

"No. What's the sense of it? We can't get out with a head without getting nailed, and, besides, I do not fancy law-breaking."

"Or-rite! But we'd best tote the shutin' irons 'long ennyhow. Thur's partridges, shure, an' we mite fine er bare."

Warmly clad, with heavy woolen mitts on hands, we entered the somber woods. For a time we tramped through trackless aisles of powdery snow, seeing no sign of life, hearing no sound except the groans of resisting trees and the hoarse breathing of the storm as it wrestled the supple pine-tops high overhead.

There was life all about, however. The wild things know the moods of the atmosphere as a student knows his favorite pages. They know, better than man with all his science can guess, what time the storm will arrive, from whence, and how long it will rage. They have retreats, warm and well hidden, where they drowse away the disturbed period in safety, unless they be prematurely forced forth by intruder or unbearable famine.

Abe kept peering from side to side as we traveled.

"What are you looking for, old man?" I asked.

"Bare. Now shet yer head; we're gettin' near the yard and the mose oughter be yonder."

He pointed toward a long, low-lying reach of tangled cover, so dense that it was impossible to see more than a few yards within its bounds. It simply was a snarl of alder, birch and dwarfed firs. It extended over many acres and was surrounded by low hills, forested in every direction except to the west, where an old fire had left only a few ghostly rampikes standing above a luxuriant second growth.

As we neared this lower cover Abe suddenly halted and pointed to the snow. The first glance detected the widespread slots of a big moose. They led into the brush and were so fresh that I involuntarily looked ahead for the maker of the sign. But nothing was in sight except tangled foliage and wan, cold snow.

We turned upon the track and crept slowly, noiselessly, as a lynx creeps on its prey, along the tell-tale traces. Once within the cover, we merely advanced by *inches*, for the growth was so dense that treacherous twigs had to be handled one by one before a step could be safely risked.

The wind maintained its force, occasionally whirling a cloud of loosened snow into our faces. The endless whishwew of the blast and the rustling and chafing of swaying branches muffled what little noise we made. Had it been a still day we could not have advanced twenty yards without betraying our presence.

Presently Abe halted and whispered : "Gosh all hemlocks ; it wuz a cuss left that sign, shure."

Crossing our line was a moose track, so fresh that the snow was still tumbling into the deep impressions, and so large that for a moment I thought two or more animals must have traveled in Indian file, stepping in each other's footprints.

Turning from our previous course we followed the monster's trail. Every instant I expected to hear the crash of brush or to see the animal moving ahead, but for half an hour more we crept in vain.

As we were crossing a fallen log Abe halted and gazed intently at the hill over which the fire had swept. Halfway up the slope, halted motionless, and sharply defined against the white background, was a huge black mass, the mighty bull that had made the track we were following. The young growth, burdened with snow, bent low to earth and barely concealed his knees, and there he stood in all his pride, looking backward. So near was he that we distinctly saw the twin streams of white vapor curling from his nostrils, and I could have planted a ball between the ear or in the breast at will.

Abe slowly turned his head and whispered :

"Mose can't see but durn little ; keep still—he's smellin' fur us."

I had first noticed something else. I did not dare to move a finger, but my eyes burned into Abe's with all the intensity at my command. Mentally I was "rooting" hard to make him understand. He twigged that something else was afoot, for into his eyes flashed a gleam of surprised intelligence. Slowly I rolled my eyes to the right, glanced back at him, then again rolled them to the right.

A quiver of his eyelid told that he understood, and slowly—so slowly that I could hardly detect the motion—his head began to turn. Barely forty feet from us, in the midst of some brush, stood an animal as large as a fair-sized horse. It was a full-grown cow moose, and she was attentively eying us.

I was supporting part of my weight upon my right hand and, after about a minute of mute staring, the snow under my hand yielded with a soft "prut." At once the cow moved a few feet; then from our left and from immediately in front sounded faint rustlings. Apparently half a dozen dark bodies glided through the brush almost as silently as so many shadows.

We enjoyed a sight which comparatively few white men have seen. Favored by the storm, we had crept almost within touch of the herd of moose, and we could easily have killed three or more. Even then they could not wind us. They were merely uneasy, and not at all sure what danger threatened.

The old cow still eyed us, and I could see her broad muffle quivering as her nostrils vainly strove to catch some taint on the baffling wind. Suddenly, as though moved by a common impulse, all the moose drifted ahead, silent, ghost-like shapes of black, gliding soundless through the close-growing scrub, until they seemed but so many wind-blown phantoms.

It was simply past belief that creatures of their enormous bulk and weight could move over such ground without causing no end of a row, yet they did so.

Directly before us one of the last encountered a huge fallen pine. The trunk was more than waist-high above the ground, but the moose merely halted, raised itself for an instant erect upon its hind legs, then leaped the obstruction and alighted almost without a sound. Gliding between the trees,

they vanished as if by magic. After the last had disappeared Abe turned and remarked:

"Wa-al, I'll be durned! We cud a-pasted half on 'em. Be you satisfied?"

I was more than satisfied. I had seen a sight that I shall never forget, and no blood-letting was necessary to complete my triumph. Furthermore, I had learned several most interesting things about moose, and these new facts threw light upon many things which previously had puzzled me. The jump of the one moose, especially, was a fascinating performance. The great beast got upon his hind legs, exactly as a rabbit might have done, and he jumped like nimble bunny. The leap itself evidently was a trifling matter, but there was something about the way in which it was done that spoke volumes for the marvelous power of the animal's hindquarters. He surely could have cleared a jump three times as high, had occasion demanded such an exhibition of his ability.

In this connection I may state that since the jump described I have seen a tame cow moose, about full grown, better illustrate the astonishing agility and strength of this apparently misshapen animal. The cow in question was exhibited by a Frenchman in a tent. Her chief accomplishment lay in leaping, and she appeared to be quite able to clear anything she could lay her chin upon. She wore a headstall, to which was attached a few feet of rope. Her leaps were made over a movable bar, which could be raised or lowered at will.

The highest leap I saw her make was over the bar, without touching, when it was so high that she could just place her chin upon it. For the leap, her owner led her to the bar, passed the rope over, gave a tug or two, and a command in *patois*. She rose upon her hind legs like an immense goat, poised herself a moment, crouched until her

hocks were well bent, then sailed over like a winged thing.

In leaping, she rose straight until her fore legs were well over, then dipped until her head was nearly straight down—of course, landing on her fore feet. While her hindquarters were clearing the bar the hind legs were folded away under her belly in some mysterious manner which occupied the least possible amount of space.

Taken altogether, it was the most astounding piece of cleverness of the kind which I have ever seen, and the last thing one would suspect a moose of being capable of. She disposed her hind legs exactly as though she could see just where they and the bar were, and she seemed always to jump without a mistake, or even touching the bar. This accounts for the masterly way in which her kind can get over heavy fallen timber, and in so doing maintain a fair rate of speed.

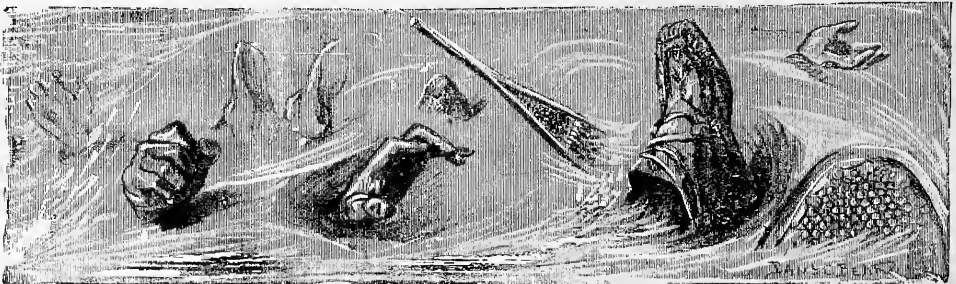
But to return to our moose. The old bull still held his position on the hillside. Up the slope went his family till they reached him, when one and all wheeled and stared in our direction.

Quoth Abe: "Gosh all hemlocks, but my trigger finger jest itched. How wuz youn?"

"Itching hard, Abraham," I replied. "But look! They have all turned."

"Golly! but I cud paste thet thar ole bull," growled Abe; "he's the durndest biggest mose I ever seed. S'pose I plug him for fun?"

My reply was a yell that might have barked a tree at forty rods—a yell from my very soul, which liberated all the raging excitement of the long, cautious stalk and final view. At the outburst the terrified moose whirled to the right-about; every nose was straightened to a line with the back, and away the band went pounding up hill. A moment later all had gone, and gone forever.





FOR the past twenty years annual jack-rabbit hunts and drives have taken place in the arid regions of the West, where there are five species of rabbit, of which the black-tailed jacks are the most numerous. Feeding on shrubs, bark of trees, vegetables, alfalfa, or anything green, and slaking thirst with the juice of the cactus pads, these "narrow-gauge mules," as they are often called, can live on the most unyielding soil.

The devastations in Australia by rabbits are well known. The damage to a single county in California one year reached \$600,000. That a county of Idaho has spent \$30,000 in bounties shows that the Western settlers are alive to the threatening danger. Many devices have been directed against these swift-footed pests. Poison, inoculation, fencing, the use of traps and electricity, have all been tried with varying success. Epidemics of disease among the jacks, and their natural enemies, the coyote, gray wolf, and the large hawks and eagles, have each contributed toward their destruction. But the large hunts and drives in the infested country have brought the greatest benefit to the ranchmen, and afforded much diversion to many enthusiastic hunters.

The sixth annual jack-rabbit hunt at Lamar, Col., last December, proved a great success, both in the number of jacks killed and the sport given the hunters. This yearly hunt has become a fixture in the State, and is anticipated by many enthusiasts. It is led by a gentleman of the "cloth," widely known as the "Parson."

A special train left Denver, carrying over a hundred sportsmen. The number was increased all along the route, until two hundred hunters assembled on the plains about Lamar on the

morning of the first day's hunt. The farmers, ranchmen and cattlemen, had driven to town, and each took care of from three to five hunters. The wagons wheeled slowly in the same general direction, at intervals of about two hundred yards.

Each squad of gunners preceded its wagon, which was used for carrying the game, and often a tired sportsman.

A few inches of snow had whitened the brown prairies, which glistened in the morning sunlight. Occasionally a long-eared jack could be seen dozing in his "form" behind a bunch of sage or chaparral.

Starting suddenly from their warm beds, the rabbits bounded away in long, swift leaps. The flash from a smokeless shell, followed by a dull report, told the same story in all directions. Toppling over, the jacks straightened out and died, without the squall so characteristic of the cotton-tails.

When started from his form, the jack-rabbit has a curious habit of making high, slow bounds from the prairie. He jumps leisurely away, looking back over his shoulder and dragging one hind leg, as if wounded. After a few such tantalizing manœuvres, he realizes his danger, lays his black ears down between his shoulders, stretches out, and skims the ground with twenty-foot bounds. It is a pretty sight to see a knowing jack put distance between himself and danger. Skimming away toward the horizon, he loses his characteristics and looks like a long, white, moving streak. As a graceful, fast runner, the jack's only peer is the lithe greyhound.

Toward evening the wagons began to arrive with various numbers of killed jacks. A huge rack, some five feet high and three hundred feet long, had been erected on the main street of the town. The rabbits were dressed, hung over the

horizontal rails in tiers, and left there to cool. Owing to the cold weather and blowing snow, the total of two thousand or more was small, compared with previous years.

The second day dawned clear and cold. The first streamers of daylight found an increased number of sportsmen, trying to break the previous day's record. The same general plan was pursued, but with a different line of march through some tempting alfalfa fields. The jacks were numerous. Occasionally attention was attracted to the skies, where the approach of a long V made every one crouch for a wing shot. Flocks of geese, the big gray fellows, often suffered the penalty of being more tempting than the jacks.

The noonday lunch added vigor and increased enthusiasm. In many of these lurching squads, dotted over the prairies, various wagers were made, on account of violent discussions regarding which feet of a rabbit made the separate marks of its track. The triangular track of a rabbit, with the fourth imprint trailing behind, was well known to all. So many, even of the patriarchs of these hunts, maintained that the forefeet, naturally and of course, made the front imprints, that a court of inquiry and judges were appointed. Careful inspection was given several jacks on the run. The size of the two different pairs of imprints of each track was compared with the feet of the rabbit. It was found that the hind feet were considerably larger and corresponded with the larger front tracks. It was finally decided and clearly proved that the hind feet made the front tracks, and the forefeet, while landing on the ground first, made the two rear imprints. The decision caused much surprise.

In a broad, open field, the track of a rabbit suddenly came to an abrupt close. There was evidence of a small battle. Fluttering off toward the south a bald eagle, clutching in his talons a struggling jack, disclosed the secret.

Such great numbers of rabbits were added to the large rack that the timbers were almost hidden from view by gray fur. When the last teams had arrived, there were 4,576 rabbits, 117 wild geese, and a wolf to show for the work of the two days' hunt. The game was packed away in a refrigerator car and shipped to Pueblo and Denver to feed

the poor. In the latter city the "Parson" distributed over twelve tons of meat, which provided many a glad Christmas dinner. In order to avoid the "repeaters," who, in previous years, had received more than their share, all wishing a rabbit were corralled behind a fenced inclosure. As each stepped out a six-pound jack was his Christmas portion.

The gratitude of the farmers was clearly shown by their generous hospitality. The benefit they receive from these hunts is unmistakable. Though in previous years as many as five thousand rabbits were killed on a single hunt, each year adds to the list. During the past six years over twenty-eight thousand have been shot about Lamar, while great numbers have fallen to individual hunters.

The drive is the most successful mode of exterminating the rabbits. The custom comes down from the Mission Indians, who used to capture the animals for food, making the skins into clothing. A net made from hemp was kept in a vertical position by sticks set at short intervals. Armed with clubs, the squaws were left to guard the net. The bucks, mounted on wild broncos, tore wildly over the plains, yelling and beating the brush with long sticks. The frightened jacks ran into the net and succumbed to the blows from the clubs. The Utes of Utah and the Moki Indians of Arizona used similar methods in their hunts.

The California drives follow a modification of the aboriginal custom. Wire netting some three feet high is divided into portable sections, and set up in the form of a wide-spreading V. These wings often extend two or three miles in each direction. They converge in a circular corral about one hundred feet in diameter. "Rabbit Day" is celebrated each year in many towns by a mammoth drive. It is a general holiday. Settlers drive in from neighboring towns, the railroads run excursions, and every kind of vehicle joins the procession. The wagons spread out and begin a slow march toward the corral. Great numbers of beaters are on foot, thrashing the bushes with sticks and clubs. Gradually the flanks narrow toward the circular inclosure, where great numbers of frantic animals run into the death-traps. Some run aimlessly about in

utter confusion, while others take the back track, falling before the clubs of the closing lines. Curiously enough, the jacks never attempt to jump the fence, which ordinarily would be an easy matter for their long hind legs. Fear seems to deprive them of this power.

Then comes the merciless slaughter. A blow on the head or just behind the ears brings instantaneous death. The inclosure is covered with dead jacks two or three deep. During the huge drive at Fresno, Cal., the number of killed jacks was estimated at 20,000, some 8,000 people taking part in the drive. Often a public barbecue disposes of much of the meat, while considerable is shipped to the large cities, which afford a fair market. In the counties offering bounties, the scalps are returned as evidence. Little or no use is made of the skins, although the United States import each year many thousands of these pelts to be utilized for fur or made into felt.

The annual hunts in Utah around Thanksgiving have had good results. Dogs are often used to start up the rabbits, which are then picked off by the hunters. Another practice, of selecting two captains, is often employed. Each captain with his following forms an attacking party. The opposing forces proceed from opposite directions, driving the game toward each other. Clubs are the only weapons used. Many jacks escape, but this method of driving affords much amusement, as the friendly rivalry of the opposing sides is a strong incentive for vigorous work.

The various forms of open and inclosed coursing of jack-rabbits with greyhounds has given royal sport in a number of the Western States. In this way not a few jacks are killed each year. With inclosed coursing, the captured jacks are let loose in an inclosure from which there is no escape. It is only a matter of a few moments before they are turned and run down by the swift greyhounds. Open coursing gives the rabbit a greater chance for his life, while the spectators have less opportunity of witnessing the whole chase.

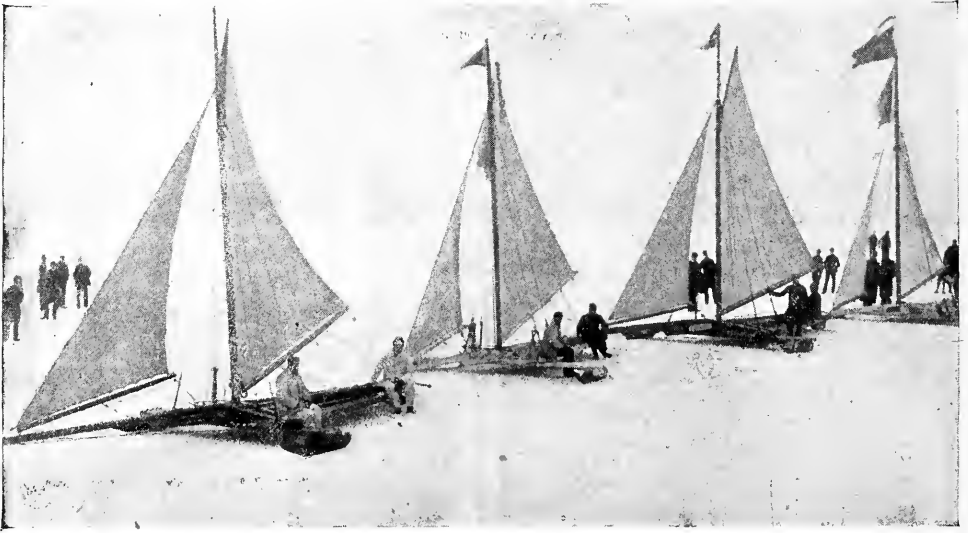
The meetings of the National Coursing Association are anticipated with eager interest in the West. The yearly tests have brought into competition some great runners, made famous by victories in Kansas, Colorado or California.

From a total number of two hundred and thirty large hunts and drives throughout the West, the country has been rid of a half million of rabbits, three-fourths of which were killed in California. The natural agencies

of extermination and this incessant warfare against jack-rabbits have tended to produce diminishing numbers. Concentrated inter-State action in regard to giving bounties and united efforts on the part of settlers would tend to minimize the threatening danger from rabbits. But experience has shown the jack quite capable of holding his own in spite of the march of civilization. In fact he has become a menace to agriculture in Colorado, California and Utah, and the slightest relaxation of the drive would result in devastation there.



THE FIRST ARRIVALS IN THE CORRAL.



THE ORANGE LAKE ICE-YACHT CLUB AND ITS RIVALS.

BY H. PERCY ASHLEY.



DARK, cold and glistening looked Orange Lake as we followed the winding path, and on Pine Point the clubhouse, with its coronet of electric lights, loomed in sight. To the eastward lay the ice-yacht fleet in their brave panoply of gleaming spars and silver-plated iron-work, reflected in the rising moon's rays. Away to the northeastward it is dark, except for the bright lights of the Oak Point Club and an occasional gleam from the watchman's lantern as he makes his rounds of the now deserted summer cottages and hotels. To the northward, outside of the ice-yacht racing course, there is a shining and flickering light on the polished surface of the lake that can be no other than "Monk," the unfreezable, clad in his white flannel suit, making his nightly rounds of his fishing tip-ups.

I am aroused from my reverie by Boxer's genial voice: "Come in, old man. It is the Squire's evening at home, and the ice-yachts will keep until tomorrow morning." How natural and inviting the old place looks: the oak-paneled hall, with the dining-room to the right, shining with spotless damask,

cut glass and electric lights; to the left, the grill-room, with its bright log fire.

The old racing crowd are all there, ready to make a daring and gamy struggle to defend their trophies; and as the hearty hand-shake is extended, and the celebrated Orange punch is served, and the fragrant tobacco smoke curls ceilingward to the strum, strum of Frank Taylor's banjo, I see the tried and true racing ice-yachtsmen, "Esquire" Boxer, "Doc" Woddie, "Steb," "Captain Bob," "Trum," H. S. R. and a score of others.

But I have not come to pass so cozy a night; I want to see the boats. So, clad in a pair of rubber hip-boots, corduroy breeches, a heavy sweater and reefing-jacket, I cross the board-walk to the lake front. Straight to the east by south I follow the path cut on the ice by Luna; and with creepers firmly strapped to my feet, I pass the three-quarters of a mile of patches of black shell-ice and slight snow-reefs to where the fleet lie, closely huddled under Oak Point bluff.

Stark and gaunt is the big *Windward*, the flagship of the fleet. She carries nearly seven hundred square feet of duck, and her scientifically curved backbone of forty-eight feet in one stick substantiates her reputation of being one of the most powerful boats on the ice.

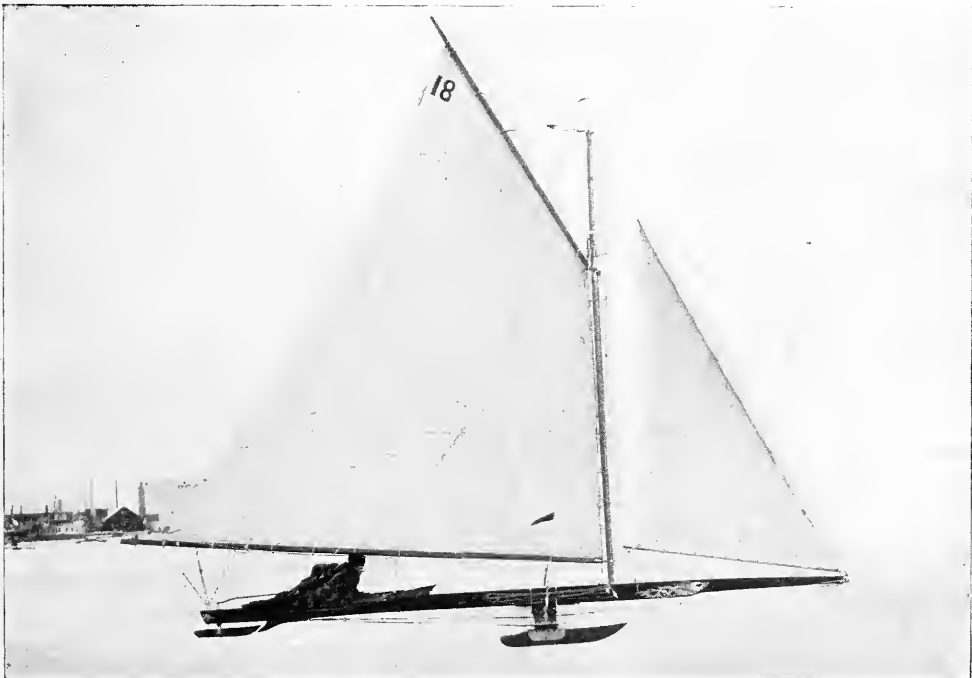


SOME OF THE ORANGE LAKE ICE-YACHT CLUB MEMBERS.

Near her, five runner spans to starboard, is the new *Cold Wave*, rigged as a sloop. Both boats are in the pink of perfection, as their gleaming spars, silvered iron-work, tuned-up shrouds with tightly-laced sail-covers and steering-box awnings show.

Around them are gathered the flower of the fleet in the same perfect condition; and as the big oaks from the bluff cast their shadows over the patch of black ice, I see as clearly as engraved on steel Vice-Commodore Willett Kidd's

pennant-winner *Snowdrift*, four hundred and eighty-six square feet; Frank Woods' smart *Flying Jib*, of three hundred and eighty-five square feet; Capt. Bob Kernahan's (one of the most hardy ice-boat sailors) *Troubler*, carrying five hundred and twenty-three square feet; Charles M. Stebbins' *Ice King*, five hundred and thirty-eight square feet, and the lateen *Graziella*, with her wish-bone saucily raked forward, sitting well up on the horses. Here, too, are two new and yet thoroughly untried boats, one of

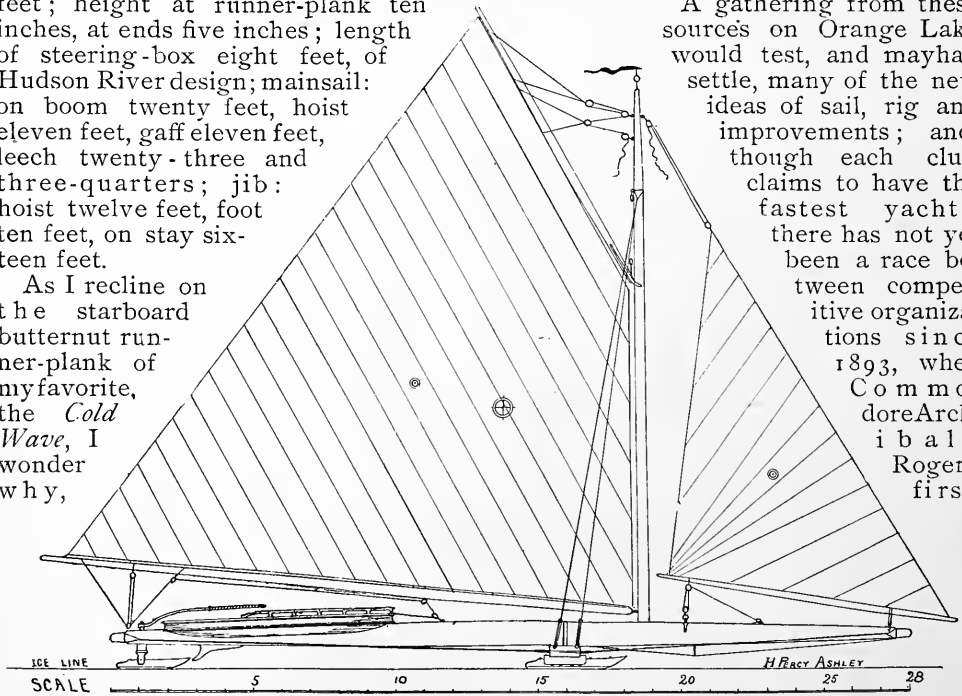


"BREEZE," OF THE KINGSTON, ONTARIO, ICE-YACHT CLUB. (p. 112.)

Buckhout's production, the slick *Æolus*, owned by the thorough sportsman George E. Trimble, carrying three hundred square feet, with her new backbone (shaped like a spar), and by E. Walsh's new boat, the *Arctic*, designed by the owner, with four hundred and eighty square feet of duck to her credit; and closely to port is H. S. Ramsdell's *Esquimaux*, surrounded by a galaxy of lesser stars.

The *Æolus* is a very handsome boat for her size, with selected pine backbone and runner-plank. Her dimensions are, back-bone twenty-eight feet; height at runner-plank ten inches, at ends five inches; length of steering-box eight feet, of Hudson River design; mainsail: on boom twenty feet, hoist eleven feet, gaff eleven feet, leech twenty-three and three-quarters; jib: hoist twelve feet, foot ten feet, on stay sixteen feet.

As I recline on the starboard butternut runner-plank of my favorite, the *Cold Wave*, I wonder why,



"ÆOLUS."

with the poor ice on the Hudson and Shrewsbury in the past few years, the owners of the boats of those districts do not come up to Orange Lake, where they are sure of the ice, and where there are brother sportsmen always ready for a friendly brush for cup or fun.

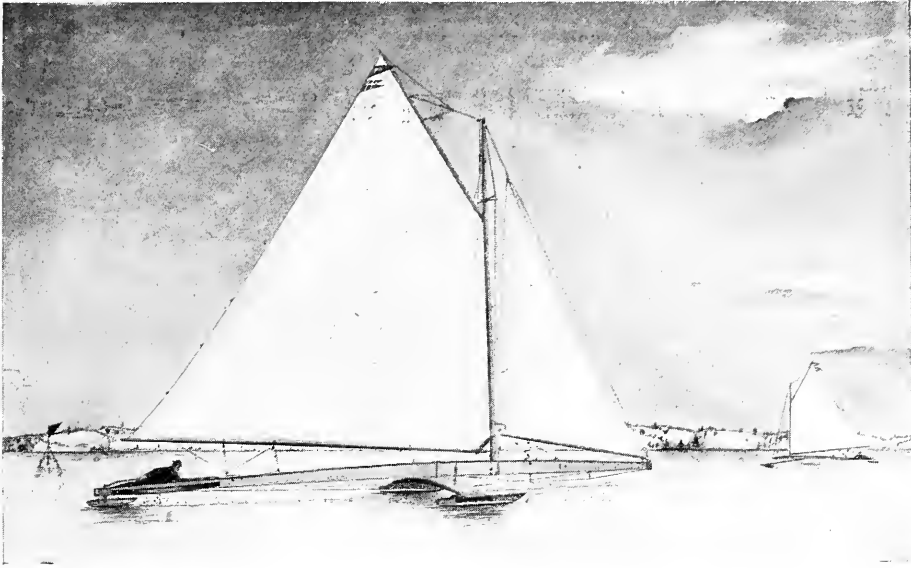
The classes most suited to the lake are the second or third: the second class carrying four hundred and fifty and under six hundred square feet; the third class carrying three hundred and under four hundred and fifty. The Hudson River I. Y. C. alone has twenty-one boats in these two classes, all within

a few miles of Orange Lake. Then there are the New Hamburg Club and Carthage, both on the Hudson, and within short distance. The North Shrewsbury is not far away with her crack fleet of twenty-eight yachts, including the champion lateen *Georgie*. Over in Canada, too, are a score of clubs, the most prominent being the Kingston, Ontario; and in the West is the Lake Pepin, Wis., including Commodore Anderson's crack ice-yachts *Lorna* and *Irene*, which have made the fastest official time over a twenty-mile course for third class and Eastern records.

A gathering from these sources on Orange Lake would test, and mayhap settle, many of the new ideas of sail, rig and improvements; and, though each club claims to have the fastest yachts, there has not yet been a race between competitive organizations since 1893, when Commodore Archibald Rogers' first-

class yacht *Jack Frost*, of Hudson River I. Y. C., on their course, won from the challenger, *Shadow*, of Orange Lake I. Y. C., over the Hudson River course, the ice challenge pennant of America. This boat won the same prize in 1887. In 1888, 1889, 1892 it was won by the *Ice-icle*, with her owner, J. A. Roosevelt, at the stick.

This champion challenge of the world means to ice yachtsmen what the *America's* Cup signifies to salt-water yachtsmen. It is the emblem of supremacy on the ice. Many and sturdy have aforesaid time been the battles for its possession



"WINDWARD." (p. 408.)

between the devotees of the sport on the Hudson, between the Shrewsbury and Orange Lake Clubs and their brethren of the Hudson River I. Y. C. Commodore Rogers has won it three times with the *Jack Frost*, and Mr. Roosevelt three times with *Ice*. (See table of OUTING, January, 1898, page 399.)

The prospect of such a renewal of contest leads me to remark that there are several bad rules governing this pennant. For instance, suppose a boat challenges for a certain class, why in the name of common sense should a dozen or a few less boats sail against her? If the champion pennant is again raced for, the Hudson River Club, I

hope, will select only one boat, provided the challenging club enters one boat. Notice of the selection should be given twelve hours before the time fixed for the start, otherwise the defender will have a chance to select either a light or heavy weather boat against the challenger.

Other questions than actual superiority of one boat over another would be settled by a united meeting, for instance, that of actual speed. The *Jack Frost*, of the Hudson River I. Y. C., owned by Richard Rogers, is champion of the world, and carrying seven hundred and sixteen square feet of canvas, made the twenty miles of Hudson River

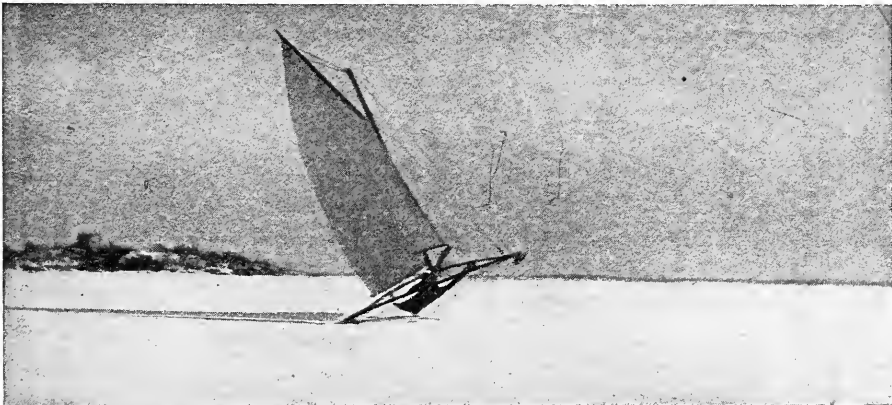


Photo by R. W. Brigstocke.

"WHISTLEWING" SAILING FORTY MILES AN HOUR.

course in 49 minutes 30 seconds, although the actual distance sailed was 31.38 at an apparent rate per mile of 2 minutes 28 seconds, equal to a calculated and actual rate per mile of 1 minute and 34 seconds. Against this time the little *Lorna*, at Lake Pepin, carrying four hundred and four feet of sail, made twenty miles in 39 minutes 7 seconds; actual distance sailed, in light wind, forty-one miles. When this time is applied to such large yachts as *Jack Frost*, *Icele* and *Windward*, it must be remembered that they have never had a course with long enough legs to determine their true speed. For instance, take the *Reindeer*, which carries seven hundred and thirty-nine square feet of sail. When she was taken from the Hudson River to the first-class course at Lake Minnetonka, Minn., her speed was apparently greatly increased; for the simple reason that to make the twenty miles on the Hudson the course has to be sailed over five times, whereas on the Western courses of twenty miles, two or three times around is sufficient, and every time a large boat goes about so much more is added to her time in covering the course. Then, too, the

questions of rigging, back-bone, runner-plank, and sail area would all receive valuable elucidation.

Among the Canadian boats which we would like to see at Orange is Howard Folger's new *Breeze*, an up-to-date Canadian ice-yacht hailing from the Kingston I. Y. C. She has a perfect-fitting suit of sails with Hudson-River runners. Then we should see the champion of the Kingston I. Y. C., ex-Vice-Commodore W. C. Kent's *Whistlewing*, carrying three hundred and ninety-five square feet of sail. Sanford Calvin might send his slick boat the *Blizzard*; she is a fair representative of the up-to-date Canadian racing ice-yacht of bridge up-plank and elliptical cockpit, with Canadian runners.

There are two important trophies of the Orange Lake Club; one is the Walker International Challenge Cup, now held by the *Spook*, of Cape Vincent I. Y. C., and the other is the new trophy yet unraced for, presented to the club by Commodore Calvin and Vice-Commodore Macnee. It is known as the Calvin-Macnee Trophy, and is a handsome and massive silver plate. Others would be quickly forthcoming.

A MEDIAEVAL CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE abbot is dozing alone in his cell,
With a flagon beside him. The abbot feels well;
And he'll empty it too ere the first matin bell.
All's quiet, all's well.

Hist, Brother Meander! A word in thine ear!
I'll show thee a way, if the corridor's clear,
To the abbot's own cellar. The abbot may hear!
Never fear, never fear.

So Brother Meander and bold Brother John,
Creeping bare-foot and scared, reached the cellar anon,
While outside the moon the cold snow-fields on
Shone bitter and wan.

But whether they drank till the first matin bell
And were caught by the abbot, no chronicles tell;
But I know it was Christmas when it befell.
All quiet and well.

ARTHUR WILLIS COLTON.



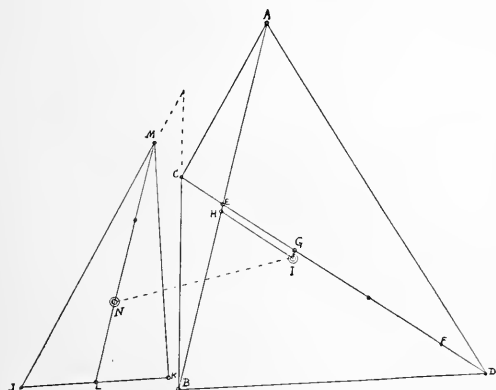
OUTING'S MONTHLY REVIEW

OF

AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

WINTER SPORTS.

ICE YACHTING.



TO FIND CENTER OF SAIL EFFORT.

HOW to find the center of effort? That is the question that bothers beginners. Their boats don't steer and they take the advice of some one who goes by the rule of thumb, the chances are two to one she will run worse than before. I have been all through it and know the disappointment.

Yet the center of effort is not at all difficult. For a rough rule let your center of effort come just a little abaft of the center of runner plank. This will determine the shape of your sails as compared with the backbone.

Examine the diagram herewith printed. Draw a line from A to B and from C to D. Measure the distance from C to E and transfer from D to F. Divide E and F into three equal parts. Take the second one at G, and mark with a large dot. Measure the distance from A to E and transfer upward from B to E, as per mark H. Draw a parallel line from H following down to G, and a parallel line the same as A and B, but starting at G. The meeting of those lines will be at I, which is the center of balance of your mainsail.

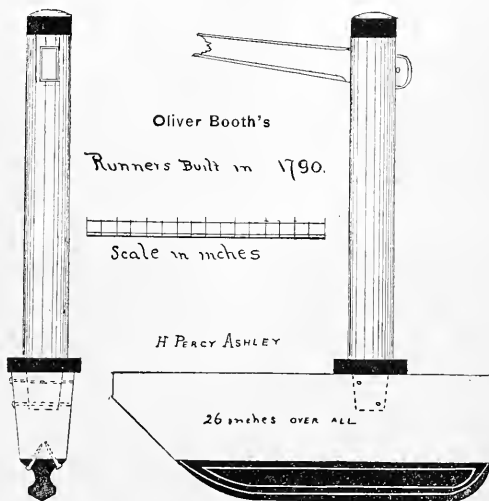
The jib is a comparatively easy matter to obtain the center of effort for. Measure half the distance between J and K and draw a line from L to M; divide this line into three parts,

and the first lowest dot will be the center of effect of the jib marked.

Not to make it too complicated, I have not placed the total center of balance in the two sails, but if you turn to *OUTING*, February, 1898, page 523 will give you how to figure the square feet in each sail.

If you have obtained the square number of feet in each sail, draw a line from N to I. We will take the products of each sail; say, for instance, the jib is one-third of the mainsail, the distance will be one-third of the line from N to G, measuring from G. This point gives the center of sail balance for a sloop ice yacht.

A cat ice yacht is measured as per instructions of mainsail, and the latter the same as the jib, only bringing L at center of leach. To make the calculation still closer, which it is not possible to show on this diagram, divide H and E in three parts and run line between H and I parallel with C and D. The third upper part starts the line. Thus the center of effort of mainsail will be brought nearer G in large working draft.



ON THE DESIGNING OF ICE BOATS.

On the subject of design there will always be a difference of opinion until a man like Hiram Relyea, who designed the *Robt. Scott* in 1879, causes a revolution in building of ice yachts' hulls.

The consideration nowadays is in placing the center of balance of sails to agree with the perfect working of the hull, and the nearer this balance is obtained the easier your boat will handle.

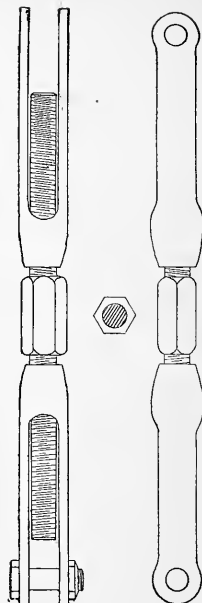
The question of rigging is of next importance. It has been fully tested that all wire rigging must end up in a loop, whether over a spar, backbone, or over a turn-buckle, to stand the sudden wrench or the constant vibration necessitated in the yacht's motion over the ice. This applies to hull as well as aloft. Take, for instance, the backbone, which we will consider one single stick worked out to the proper grade and upper reflux curve fore and aft, and finished on each end for a loop width saddle and iron. The bowsprit shroud and after-runner guy are in one piece, with a grip at runner plank, just under your shroud-fork iron, and leading aft, where a turn-buckle is rove in and a loop passed over the extreme after-point of backbone. This rig enables you to tune up your runner plank to the perfect right angle with the backbone, or to shift the runner plank by loosening and shifting up the backbone strap to a small part of an inch forward or aft.

The question of backbone in one piece of

timber with the heart on top, capped with some fancy wood, has been demonstrated beyond a doubt. The runner plank, also, with the same cut from the log, is correct, but as a question of wood it lies between basswood and butternut. Each has its followers. For rough and practical work, outside of lake racing, the tendency is for butternut, although, for a boat of 400 or 450 square feet of canvas, the board should not be less than $5\frac{3}{4}$ inches thick at center and 14 inches broad, tapering to $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches at extreme ends.

The spread of the cutting surface of the fore-runners is on the increase, and over-canvasing is being entirely discarded for the simple reason that a yacht that is given to skyward flights of its windward runner is sure to be a time loser.

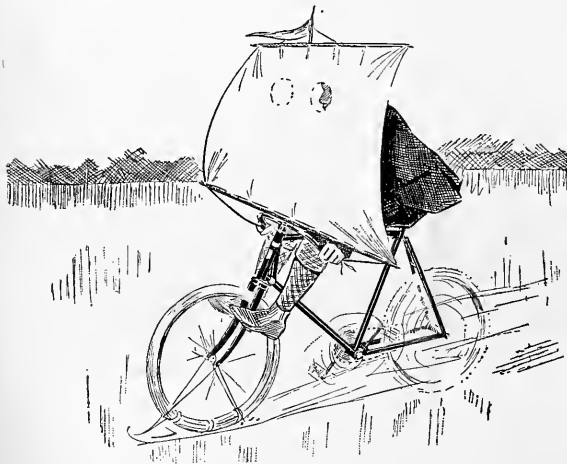
H. PERCY ASHLEY.



THE NEW TURN-BUCKLE DESIGNED FOR THE AUTHOR BY T. C. FERRIS, N. A.

CYCLE ICE YACHTING.

THE innumerable large and small bays, inlets and rivers tributary to the Great Lakes, now covered with immense expanses of glary ice, were put to a new and novel use last winter. In seasons gone by the glassy surface of the congealed fluid was almost wholly devoted to the use of the ice yachtsman, the skater, the fisherman and the ice harvester. Now these four diversified interests are no longer the only ones which lay claim to the right to use the ice for purposes of pleasure and profit.



As in other instances, too numerous to mention, the wheelman, with his steed of steel, has pushed into this heretofore limited field, and he now enjoys spinning over the surface of the frozen lake, bay or river as much as does his brother on skates or on a speedy ice-boat, and he does not forsake his favorite mount to do it.

It was at historic Put-in-Bay Island, near the south shore of Lake Erie, that cycle ice yachting was first brought to the attention of cyclists a year ago, and now there is hardly a lake port on the entire chain of inland seas that does not boast of cycle ice-yacht enthusiasts.

It is indeed an odd spectacle to witness races between half a dozen riders—contests which are not won because of a fortunate possession of brawn and muscle, with a knowledge of cycling manœuvres, but which are won by reason of the rider's expert wheelmanship, together with much-needed experience in the handling of an ice yacht or full-rigged catboat. Besides being exhilarating, the sport is attendant with its share of excitement and danger, especially more of the latter than is consistent with solid comfort, for with air-holes, snow banks, and the slides and slips incident to glary ice, the "navigator" has his hands, as well as his mind, wholly occupied, and even at that the chances are ten to one that he does not see a small ice hummock directly in front of him—then there is a crash, a sprawling battered and bruised cyclist, a badly damaged

wheel, and lastly, a weary, foot-sore, cold and expostulating wheelman leading a no-more fractious cycle homeward over the ice.

For the purpose of yachting the bicycles are fitted up with sails and masts, and a common manner of rigging them is shown in our illustration. The wheels of the machine are left the same as for land use, except that the front wheel is oftentimes made stationary and a skate is attached, which greatly facilitates the steering, and also adds to the craft's efficiency in working to windward or against the wind. A small spar, three to five feet long, is fastened to the head of the bicycle, and at right angles to this, across the top, is a light stick (the upper boom)



reaching out either way, sometimes as much as four feet. The sail is made fast, or, to be more nautical, bent, to the upper boom, or light cross stick above mentioned, and to the lower part of the sail is bent another boom similar to the one to which the upper part of the sail is made fast.

The sail is made of light muslin, and is from three to five feet high and from four to eight feet wide, and in it are cut one or two holes, according to the size of the "canvas," to enable the navigator to keep a sharp lookout ahead.

When the sail is bent to the booms, and the center of the upper boom is made fast to the top of the spar, pieces of small rope, or "sheet lines," are attached to each end of the lower boom, so that the sail can be trimmed to suit the "course" of the "yacht" and the direction of the winds.

The pedals of the wheel are seldom used for propulsion purposes, but come in handy to assist in steering and to be used as a brake by back-pedaling. Wheelmen who do considerable sailing, with a slight previous knowledge of the art of managing a yacht, become such adepts in handling their rubber-shod steel craft that excellent headway can be made "tacking" or "beating" to windward; but it is in running with the wind "aft," or over the "quarter," that the most pleasure is obtained out of the novel sport, for it is on this course that phenomenal speed is attained—even equaling that made by ice boats, when conditions are favorable.

O. K. SCHIMANSKY.

CYCLING.

THIRTY-INCH WHEELS.

BICYCLES equipped with thirty-inch wheels will be offered by several American manufacturers for 1899, in some instances at the regular list price of twenty-eight-inch wheels, in others at a slight advance. The advantages broadly claimed for this type are increased ease of passing over rough road surface, lessened vibration and greater suitability for tall riders. A few years ago bicycles fitted with twenty-eight-inch wheels in front and thirty-inch rear were favored in England, but later abandoned for the uniform twenty-eight-inch wheels used in this country from the beginning of safety construction. In general appearance, these larger models are not improved over standard designs, shorter steering-heads and shorter frames being necessary in case the heights of the completed machines are not to be increased. A trifle additional weight must be allowed to equal the strength of the same models in twenty-eight-inch wheels. Higher gears and longer cranks are usually fitted to thirty-inch machines.

DIVISION ELECTIONS L. A. W.

Late in November elections for general State Division officers of the L. A. W. were held in New York and Massachusetts. The result in New York was the election of Mr. M. M. Belding, Jr., of the Borough of Manhattan, as chief consul and Mr. H. B. Fullerton, of the

Borough of Brooklyn, as vice-consul. For representative of the First District, Dr. L. C. Le Roy polled the heaviest vote, with ex-Chief Consul Isaac B. Potter only one vote behind him. In Massachusetts, Sterling Elliott received 3,222 votes out of 3,956. Dr. A. A. Bryson, of Fall River, was elected vice-consul, and Aaron Wolfson, of Dorchester, secretary-treasurer. The latter had but eight majority, however, over Arthur K. Peck, who ran on an independent nomination, the total vote for secretary-treasurer standing: Wolfson, 1,724; Peck, 1,716.

IMPORTANT LEGAL DECISION.

Judge Braunlein, of Buffalo, N. Y., has rendered a decision to the effect that the purchaser of a bicycle on the installment plan must carry out the terms of the contract without regard to whether a reduction in the price of the machine is subsequently made or not. On April 12, 1897, Mrs. Daniel Peckham, of Buffalo, bought a bicycle, the purchase price of which was \$100, and so stated in the contract. She paid \$77.50 down and agreed to pay the balance within a reasonable time. Less than three months afterward the makers of the wheel purchased by her reduced the price of their machines to \$75. Mrs. Peckham then declined to pay the balance of the \$100, claiming that she had already paid more than the price of the machine at the time it was delivered to her. The retailer instituted suit to recover the balance due

on the contract price. Judge Braunlein decided in favor of the plaintiff, ruling that as the contract was for \$100, the subsequent reduction could not in any way alter it.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

The following are the nominations for general officers of the Century Road Club of America: President, A. I. Lacey, St. Paul, Minn.; First Vice-President, S. L. Warns, Baltimore, Md.; Second Vice-President, Walter Farraday, Wilmette, Ill.; Third Vice-President, C. E. Fay, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Secretary, C. M. Fairchild, Chicago, Ill.; Treasurer, T. C. Fry, Rochester, Pa.

The first Russian motorcycle road race was run on October 23d, at Strena, over a course about twenty-five miles in length. There were six starters, all tricycles. Four finished in the following order and in the times given: Belajeff, 1:33:36; Merle, 1:45:36; Stepanow, 2:04:00; Marjof, 2:14:21. The other two were disabled.

The National Board of Trade of Cycle Manufacturers, organized May 29, 1894, for the general advancement of the interests of the American bicycle and allied industries, was dissolved on November 17, 1898, by a majority vote of its stockholders. Its place will be taken in part by smaller intertrade associations of tire manufacturers, cycle parts makers, wood rim builders, retail dealers, etc.

No cycle show, under the auspices of the American bicycle trade as a whole, will be held during the present winter. Privately conducted exhibitions will, however, be held at the Keith Building, Wabash avenue and Monroe street, Chicago, January 8th to 15th, and at the Madison Square Garden, Manhattan, January 21st to 28th, 1899.

The British Post Office Department has under consideration the project of supplying electric and other motor vehicles for use in the postal service of London. The municipal department is also inviting propositions.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH.

The New York-Washington road record, noted in OUTING for December, was quickly broken. The new holder of this record is Mr. Harry Park, of Baltimore, Md., who covered the distance, unpaced, in 25h. 45m., which is 1h. 47m. below the previous record.

On November 23d, E. O. Kragness, of the Olympic Wheelmen, San Francisco, Cal., broke three American road records over the Alameda-Haywards course. He lowered the 50-mile standard course from 2h. 22m. 59s. to 2h. 13m. 29s., which lowers also the American straight-away course mark of 2h. 15m. The last ten miles he covered in 22m. 15s., lowering the American standard course record of 24m. 14s.

THE PROWLER.



MR. ALBERT C. BOSTWICK'S FOUR-IN-HAND.

EQUESTRIANISM.

IN the brief note, published in OUTING for December, anent the National Horse Show of 1898, written while it was in progress, the interest taken in it by novices, and the success it achieved by virtue thereof were touched upon.

Now that I come to review the whole carnival, long after the excitement incident to its closing hours has subsided, I can dwell more profitably for a space on the many changes resolved upon by the Association and the momentous events resulting from the steps already taken by some of the exhibitors.

The changes referred to, as yet only under contemplation, I will mention at the points where they properly belong, but with regard to the actions of exhibitors, these will have such a bearing upon horse shows of the future that they are worthy of special notice. In the first place, a number of prominent exhibitors have incorporated with the object of holding an *open-air* horse show within New York City limits, the main features of which are to be so arranged as to appeal to local horsemen who, indulging in all kinds of out-door equine sports themselves, are anxious to see these

sports presented before the metropolitan public in better and more animated form than indoor horse shows admit.

This is a phase of the horse-show question that is in line with suggestions which have appeared in *OUTING* from time to time in articles advocating the introduction of inspiring features at suburban exhibitions, which, like the national indoor show, have of late become somewhat monotonous. That an out-door show on a more animated plan should have been agreed upon by metropolitan horsemen is a source of satisfaction. It is scheduled to take place on Manhattan Field during the month of May next, and should it prove successful, and it will if properly managed, then other cities will no doubt follow suit.

A more important step, however, than that has been taken by a number of exhibitors, who have formed an incorporated society, The American Horse Show and Exhibitors' Association, the main objects of which are to procure the general adoption of rules and regulations by horse-show managers, agreement upon a classification that shall meet the approval of exhibitors, and a uniform system of veterinary examination and measurement of exhibits. The tending of this is toward the establishment of a circuit of shows under the control of, or at least conducted, according to a plan agreed upon by representative horse-owners. The latter point, in its broadest sense, has been advocated in *OUTING* for quite some time. Whether or not it will be accomplished as the outcome of The Horse Show and Exhibitors' Association's deliberations, or that this new association will become merged into a truly national organization which all interested in the welfare of the horse *per se* are hoping for, time alone can prove. With some modification of its platform, and that must surely come very soon, there can be little doubt that some good will result along the lines described.

To return to the show, the masses as well as the classes treated it better than formerly, for at this show the equine was allowed to assert itself, and came near monopolizing attention.

As the stylish harness horse department dominated all other sections, I will touch first upon that.

From the amateur's point of view, the most distinctly gratifying feature of the exhibition was the success of one of their number in this department and the satisfaction evinced by the professional element at the novice's good fortune. I refer now to the win of Mr. Albert C. Bostwick's park team shown to a richly appointed drag; his victory with the same horses in the open four-in-hand class, where conformation, style, manners and action only were considered; the first prize which he took with a single horse and brougham appropriately turned out; his capture of the Brewster plate with a pair of mares to demi-mail phaeton, and, most important of all, the eclipsing of a score of exhibits with his brilliant mare Lady Ursula in the contest for the Waldorf-Astoria Challenge Cup, the most coveted trophy in the gift of the Association. This young scion of society has evidently spared no expense in the selection of his equipage, and he also deserves the credit of having chosen personally the untried trotting-bred horses, which he won with,

from a professional exhibitor's choicest material. The time has arrived when dealers will find it more to their advantage to release their hold upon their best stock and let it win honors as the property of their customers rather than as their own.

But it was not alone the success of Mr. Bostwick that indicated the tendency toward the dominance of the amateur at our shows. The horse which this year was chosen as the champion of the larger harness brigade was also the property of an amateur, viz., Mr. Oliver H. P. Belmont True, the decision in favor of Uncle Sam, the horse referred to, was disapproved of by the gallery, but this incident only served to exemplify the National Horse Show Association's inability to keep the public posted as to the standard of excellence required by the judges whom the Association had appointed to assist it in effecting the improvement in horseflesh, which, as an institution, it is pledged to demonstrate. The conditions of the championship were as indefinite as on previous occasions, and indeed the same can be said of all the competitions in the stylish harness section of the show. While the judges were setting before the public a royal type of carriage horse, the audience had its attention fixed upon a well-bodied animal of more brilliant action which had been already recognized as the best of forty-seven in its own high stepping class. It is, of course, pleasing to find that an American-bred horse of alleged trotting lineage finished as champion, and that its opponent, Messrs. Crow and Murray's Blucher, said to have been bred in Canada from the hackney-trotting cross, was placed reserve. The contest would have been much more satisfactory had the pedigrees of these, and, for that matter, all other contestants, been plainly set forth in the catalogue, so that the public could have studied intelligently the representatives of the various blood-lines.

Of the other horses of amateurs that were noticeable among the leading exhibits in this department were Thomas W. Lawson's Glorious and Gloriana, the latter third choice of fifty, and the former generally favorably commented upon in the same class and among the Waldorf-Astoria contestants; E. D. Jordan's Tom Noddy, and his hackneys Elegance, Hurrah and Cyrano; George B. Hulme's Lord Brilliant, Lieutenant Wilkes and Narragansett, who distinguished themselves in the pair and tandem classes, as did also A. J. Nutting's Duke and Holly; Hamilton H. Salmon's High-flyer and Flashlight, notable among the single horses and pairs; William P. Thompson's Sly and Artful; Howard Willets' Hassan and Look-away; Miss Amalia Kussner's Ivanhoe; Frederick G. Bourne's hackneys, Dongola, Princess Olga and His Grace; W. L. Elkins' Bold McIntyre and Van Tuyl; Mrs. John M. Shaw's Winnie and Flossie; and, to round up this respectable list, I might include W. O. Blanding's Adonis, L. V. Harkness' Fallacy and Defender, and W. F. Carman's park and road teams. Among the curiosities in the stylish harness department that I might take exception to was Little Egypt, shown by H. B. Nalle of Virginia in the high-stepping class. To show a horse with such action in such a class was out of place.

The champion small horse of the show was, by common consent, as well as by the decision of the judges, The Whirl of the Town, shown by the New York Horse and Cob Company. This sparkling specimen, coming under the fifteen-hand standard, was first in a class of fifty-one entries where good, smart pace counted; first with its mate, under similar conditions, against seventeen pairs; chosen as the best of a score of trappy runabout horses; deemed the leader of forty-six high-steppers; picked again, with its mate Sporting Life, in the class for pairs to well-appointed cabriolet; won as leader to the same horse in the small tandem class; repeated the trick as leader to its old mate Coxey, in the medium tandem class, and finally helped as a member of the quartet that won in the smaller four-in-hand exhibit. Truly a remarkable performance for an American trotting-bred horse, and the best of it all is that the amateurs were his staunchest friends, notwithstanding he is, of course, still in the hands of the profession. But the victories of the professional element were not all so popular, and that of John Bratton's brown horse Sampson, in the opening class of the week, brought down a storm of abuse on the heads of the judiciary. The judges mistook "gassiness" for brilliancy. The squirming and twisting and spreading of his hind legs should not have escaped notice. Notwithstanding these defects, however, when it appeared later with its mate Sigsbee, and again went "the pace," first prize was again awarded. As a high-stepper Sampson was deemed good enough for third choice, and for fourth when shown with its mate in the class for high-acting pairs, the same twain getting placed second over better horses in the class for brougham pairs and appointments, and third in the cabriolet class.

Before leaving the harness horse department of the show, I find it necessary to say that the establishment of good-fellowship between the amateurs and professionals is not without its drawbacks. The give-and-take idea, or an equi-division of prize-money between the two factions, is not at all what horse shows were originally established for. The true and the imitation amateur are antagonistic, and if the Horse Show Association is to become a perpetual institution, hewing straight to the line of its original purpose, now is the time for it to locate its beacons.

All this calls to mind the good resolutions that the Horse Show Association has signified its intention to carry through. Just as constant dripping has worn away stones, so continual criticism and object lessons innumerable have at last, it is believed, influenced the directorate to adopt a new form of classification, based upon *type for purpose*, rather than continue on the old plan of *height-limit* for the acceptance of entries in the harness department. It is quite probable, therefore, that hereafter we shall see prizes offered for the best horses suitable for certain purposes, and the horse show will become what it should have been long ago, namely, a properly equipped private establishment on a large scale, containing typical turnouts, such as gigs, runabouts, sporty carts, mail and park phaetons, stylish broughams, cabriolets and family barouche outfits, dressy park equipages

and road coaches, etc., covering the whole field of the horse of utility and pleasure.

The relegation to the champion classes of horses that had won a number of prizes at previous shows, was markedly beneficial at this exhibition. The association have intimated their determination to make this rule even more stringent next year, and bar even horses that have taken only one first prize. It is a question whether or not this ruling is too drastic.

Coming to the saddle hack and hunting section, in which amateurs have an interest second only to the harness department, the exhibit, as a whole, was in some respects satisfactory, although in the judging manners, type and ability were not at all consistently adhered to; and in the class for light-weight horses, fifteen-two hands and over, even fitness for a specific purpose was ignored, and type left out of the question. By comparison, the winner, a chestnut horse called Baby, was absolutely coarse when lined up against the second choice, Compeer. Manners and fitness were more apparent in the third choice, Sport, that McGibbon rode. As for the fourth horse, Milord, it had literally to be ridden into the judge's affections by that clever horsewoman, Miss Beach, of the professional fraternity. The professional, Raily, rode the second horse, and a lady the winner. There were altogether too many professionals in this department, and it was Charles Raily's command over his mounts that placed them where they finished, notably Fayette McCord, at the top of his class, and the championship under fifteen-two, and Edna West, second in its class. Twenty-one ladies' saddle horses made a pleasing exhibit, and the winner, Canadian Belle, cleverly cantered by Mrs. Donnelly, was a popular choice. To jump from this type to Fayette McCord and ignore Gorgeous, the same judge's second choice in a similar class with men up, seemed a bad break. Alert, that Mrs. Wilson showed for the Plymouth Stud, was a discovery only made by the judge, for the third horse, which Miss Beach rode, kept it in eclipse until the last moment. Lady of Quality, shown well by Mrs. Blaisdell for its owner, was unnoticed in this class, and yet the judge had thought it good enough earlier to place first in an open class and later he placed it reserve to the champion. A momentary glance at a horse on the canter or at the change evidently influenced his decisions, as a rule. Amateurs certainly have not learned much about saddle-hack type, manners, fitness and ability from M. LeBussigny's transactions in the horse-show arena. In the class for heavy-weight carriers Miss Adelaide Doremus's entry, Saxon, took second prize, and in type was patterned much after the hackney thoroughbred combination which may rightly be accepted in the welter division of smaller horses. Con-Amore, a bay gelding, lacking character, was, however, put first, while an undoubted weight-carrier, Spark, trotted into third position with the heavy cavalryman, Captain Rawson Turner, in the saddle. What dead-weight the fourth choice, A. I., had to carry, with the light boy, Sidney Holloway, up, did not appear. Of the heavy-weight champion Oriflamme only good things can be said; its ability and manners are well developed by the expert professional, Stanton Elliott. The riding-

schoolmaster E. Antony had the reserve mount on Magnet.

In the hunting section the Corinthian competition, open to members of recognized hunt clubs, was, of course, the *pièce de résistance* for amateurs. The jumping in this event, and indeed throughout the show, was very spirited, although it was noticed that the fences were, as usual, higher than any met with in the hunting field; the top rails were dressed with furze and allowed to hinge, so that the horses' heels brushed the rail over, notwithstanding they did not actually touch the top bar, and the jumps were taken the wrong way of the ring, that is to say, to the left instead of to the right. The remarkable flyer, American Beauty, shown by Ralph Pulitzer, literally carried the audience with her as she went at the obstacles like a madcap. On strict hunting form, it is an enigma how this mare ever gets placed, but the judges thought her worthy of second prize in the open jumping event, fourth in the event for fences of various heights up to six feet; first in the five-foot jumping contest, and then kept her at it over the high jump up to six feet six inches, until patience ceased to be a virtue, and the real hunting men present began to murmur at the display of the mare's unfitness for such business.

In the Corinthian class proper the mare was, of course, very properly ignored, George Pepper's King Crow here being the first choice, ridden by Mr. Doane, second prize going to Mr. Hurkamp's King Pin, one of the best seen out this season; third to Mr. Holloway's Beverly, with young Sidney up, and fourth to the typical heavy-weight carrier, Hart Bros.' Richmond, ridden by Mr. Littauer.

The public choice of the high jumpers was Mr. Holloway's Chappie, ridden time after time, without a mistake, by that trained expert, Ted English, and the judges very properly awarded the horse first prize. The second choice was another good one, and on the blood-like order, called Fellowship, ridden well by Wilson for Mrs. Adam Beck. Blood, quality, manners, ability and style of fencing were all noticeable features in this entry's make-up. The thoroughbred Red Oak was much *en évidence* during the week, though not a ribbon winner.

To dip into the department for trotting-bred road-horses, as being attractive to amateurs, is refreshing after so long dallying with the animal of the docked-tail variety. A discussion of the roadster classes, would, however, be more satisfactory if the entries were larger, more varied, and more truly representative of the roading brigade, such as one can see any fine afternoon on the speedways in the vicinity of the metropolis and other large commercial centers. As to the quality which Lawrence Kip puts into the arena, nothing but praise can be uttered, and their superb hothouse-like finish, their frictionless gait, the richness of the appointments do much to keep before the metropolitan public all that goes to signify superlative excellence in the native American feather-weight turnout; but is it good business for a stockholder and official of the organization to keep on gathering in all the highest prizes the Horse Show has to offer in this department. The Kip entries, Water Maid and Water Cross, Emoleta and Mambrino Belle, that took

the first prizes and the championships, are covered by what has been said, and the Stotesbury entries, Anna Travilion and Fanchon, that took second as a pair, and James W. Cooke's Altomont, that took second on both occasions shown in single harness, are equally deserving of praise. The Altomont horse, particularly indicated the possession of a rare turn of speed, while the Stotesbury pair showed good range and were put up on the long-distance principle. All were shown in the pink of condition, something which cannot truly be said of more than one of the entries in this section of the Show, that were palpably kept only for exhibition and not for actual hard work on the road.

Of pacers, mature for driving, not under fifteen hands high, and judged on their conformation, style of going, and manners in the ring, there were just two shown, viz., H. N. Bain's Palatina, by Audubon, and the Hudson River Farm's Ino, by Favorite Wilkes, the first named being deemed the best of the brace. The ridiculously small exhibit goes to prove either the scarcity of this class of animal in the vicinity of New York, or the lack of interest in horse-shows on the part of owners of the pacer.

Of record-pacers four were entered to be judged on their pedigree, individuality and racing qualities as shown by performance (the latter referring to their speed on the race track). The Arden Farms took first prize with the bay stallion John R. Gentry (2:00½), driven by Andrews; the second ribbon went to James Butler's black stallion Direct (2:05½), driven by Keely; William Fasig's bay horse Klatawah (2:05½) being piloted by Snyder into third position. This exhibit came on at noon of the last day of the show—an hour when few people were in the Garden.

In the breeding classes for trotters the Village Farm had matters its own way in the champion event, there being no competition against its entries Dare Devil and Old Chimes. The same farm stallion, Heir-at-Law, won, as did their three-year-old colt The Earl, their two-year-old The Corker, and their two-year-old filly Betty Hamlin, by Mambrino King, and their brood mare Nettie King, by the same sire. General B. F. Tracy showed the best yearling filly, Hannah Wilkes, by the Sable horse, and the second best two-year old, Alvarretta, by Alcantara, a sweet one of the light order that kept the judges busy for quite some time. The Willets two-year old, Islandena, by Island Wilkes, that ranked fourth, was exceedingly well formed and remarkably brilliant. Of the three-year-old colts, H. N. Bain's Master Elect, by Quartermaster, was the personification of character and breediness, and might easily have ranked above The Earl, shown by the Hamlin stable. Mrs. Conrad Kohsel's Burlingame stallion, by Guy Wilkes, was perhaps the best furnished horse shown, and well deserved the second prize it won. But in this department, as in that for roadsters, only a very small proportion of the trotting world was represented. It is much to be regretted that out of the hundreds of thousands of trotting-bred horses in this country only a score or so can be enticed into the Madison Square arena.

Of the hackney breeding section of the show I was about to say, "least said the better," but

on reflection that would hardly be right, for although lamentably small, it was nevertheless representative. It was gratifying to find the President of the Hackney Society still in the ring with his most expensive importation, the sire Cadet, of the Lord Derby strain, and a prominent member of the society still on the turf with the best representative of the Danegelt-Matchless line, the younger horse, Enthorpe Performer. Cadet won in his class with a highly creditable quartette behind him, and Enthorpe had matters his own way in a class where he was met by one imported stallion of good grade, a couple of three-year-olds, and one horse of indefinite character that should have been converted to harness years ago. A lumbering-gaited, but well-bodied two-year-old colt, called Prince Compton, of the Danegelt strain, that may show to better advantage as he ages, was awarded the championship over the, in my opinion, much superior Enthorpe Performer. The show was, however, fairly rich in hackneys of the feminine gender, and the best mare we have seen in many years was Elegance II., shown by E. D. Jordan, of Boston.

What promised to be one of the most instructive classes of the show, that for half-bred animals shown with their sires, proved but

mediocre after all, and would have been positively uninteresting had not Theodore Patterson's Arabian stallion, Abdul Hamid II., appeared with his progeny out of thoroughbred mares. It seemed at first like desecration to place this superb animal behind the hackney stallion Fashion, but it was right, for the conditions of the class called for progeny best suited for harness and carriage purposes, by which, of course, is meant not the light kind, but the heavy.

Mr. Patterson was more fortunate in demonstrating the high quality of his stock in the pony-stallion and brood-mare classes, and in those where ponies appeared under saddle. His gray pony Kasim, of the Arabian pattern, was extra fine and won with ease over the hackney blood and a silver fizz sort of Oriental horse, called Shahwan, without any real character. The hackney pony, Dilham Prime Minister, shown by the Plymouth stud, was highly creditable, and should have been second instead of the judge's choice, Eclipse, that cannot now and never could move behind in proper form. As a brood mare, the Philadelphia breeder's representative Maritje won easily, and again under saddle in a very nice class.

A. H. GODFREY.

KENNEL.



THE DEERHOUND.

DOGS OF TO-DAY—THE DEERHOUND.

HERE we have a canine gentleman, an aristocrat, in fact, who comparatively few of my readers know intimately. Good deerhounds are rare, and I am glad that we of the cities so seldom see them, because the dog is by nature intended for the open country. Like the near kinsman of his, the greyhound, this dog requires space and exercise. He cannot fuss up and down-stairs like a terrier; his long, flat muscles are for speed and endurance, and his racehorse-like action demands good going and the broad outdoors. He is a dog for the country, or better yet, the prairie country, where he may extend himself at will and find health in free running, while exhibiting his grand powers. He will course the

hare, deer, or prairie wolf, and bring joy to his owner's heart, but he must not be confined.

The great artist, Landseer, and that wizard of the pen, Scott, knew and loved this dog, and the brute fairly repaid them. Dignified, gentle to his friends, and a terror to his foes, the deerhound has earned the respect of those who know him.

One choice specimen of the breed I knew. He was owned by a young lady, who could not have had a better guardian than this stately brute, which always walked by her side during little jaunts after evening had closed. He wore a heavy silken cord and a big tassel, and so long as the small hand held that tassel, that small hand was safe by day or by night. I was regularly introduced to this dog; he arose from the characteristic greyhound position, smelled me over, and, I am happy to say, pronounced me good. After that I might have tramped upon him without a protest, although he was ugly toward strangers.

One day, when this dog was with his mistress, a butcher's dog attacked him, set on by a low-minded owner. The attacking dog was a short-faced, or English bulldog, one of the sort that make a hold and keep it until everything freezes over. He got the deerhound by the flank, and presently the big dog realized that he was being attacked in earnest. Like a snake he turned, and before anyone could interfere, he literally had torn the bulldog to pieces. Later he got a dose of powdered glass, and we all knew, while we could not prove it, who was the guilty party.

The points of the deerhound are as follows:

Head—Larger than that of the smooth greyhound, with larger and coarser jaws, rendered more striking by the coarser hair covering the nose. The eyebrows also rise less than in the

greyhound, the skull and nose in their upper outlines being nearly, though not quite, one straight line.

Jaws—Long and tapering, but not “snipy,” the teeth being properly level, or very nearly so. Nose, black at tip, with open nostrils, but not widely so. No fullness of jaws below eyes, and the muscles of the jaw must be well developed.

Ears—Like those of the greyhound, but carried a trifle higher. Pricked ears are a defect. They are coated with fine, soft, short hair, except at the edges, which are fringed with longer hair.

Eyes—Fuller than in the smooth greyhound; best color, hazel or blue.

Neck—Long enough to allow nose to be carried low when dog is at a fast pace, but not “drake-like,” as in the greyhound. Fine and lean at setting on of head, but widening to the depth of shoulders.

Chest—Framed like that of the greyhound; deep rather than wide; a trifle more width than in the greyhound. The shoulders long, oblique and muscular.

Loin—Of great strength; hips wide and rugged, to allow of necessary strength to hold a wounded deer. Back-ribs, seldom deep, but regarded with favor when well developed; back, sometimes straight, sometimes arched, but the arched loin preferred.

Elbows—Set low down, so as to give a true arm; neither turned in nor out. Stifles, set widely apart; large both in depth and width. Set on high, so as to coincide with long upper thighs.

Quarters—Muscular, but not heavily so; lower thighs well muscled, showing large “calf.” Legs before and behind, straight and bony; pasterns large and strong.

Feet—Generally rather long than cat-like, although the latter formation is preferred. They should have plenty of hair on them in any case.

Color—Dark blue, fawn, grizzle, or brindle, especially the blue brindle, in order as named. There should be no white, but a small white star on chest, or a white toe or two are not considered defects. The fawn-colored dog with dark tips to his ears is preferred by many breeders. Body generally clothed with a rough and shaggy coat, but there is no fringe on the legs, and very little on the tail. The jaws are furnished with a decided mustache, but the hair should be soft and stand out in tufts. Tail, long and tapering, slightly curved, but without any corkscrew twist.

Scale of Points—Head, nose and jaw—15; ears and eyes—5; neck—10; chest and shoulders—10; loin and back-ribs—10; elbow and stifles—10; quarters and legs—7½; feet—7½; color and coat—10; symmetry—5; quality—5; tail—5. Total, 100.

NOMAD.

ROD AND GUN.

THE GREAT BLUE HERON (*Ardea herodias*).

THIS stately bird of the marsh and stream is, in many localities, termed the “blue crane.” It is not a “crane,” nor is it “blue,” the color of the upper parts being a bluish slate. Its range extends from the Arctic regions southward to the West Indies and northern South America. About the marshes and waterways of the Eastern States and Canada it is a rather common, but always impressive figure. It usually makes a rough nest of sticks in a tree, in which are deposited three or more large, bluish-green eggs.

With the exceptions of the great white, or whooping crane (*Grus americana*), and the sand-hill crane (*Grus mexicana*), this bird is the most picturesque of all the large, long-legged varieties. He is a true disciple of Walton, a lone and skillful fisherman.

The family *Ardeida*, which includes herons and bitterns, has some seventy-five members, of which fourteen inhabit eastern North America. Of these, the marshes and waters of the South claim the most, as only about half a dozen species visit our Northern territory. The black-crowned night heron (*Nycticorax nycticorax naevius*), the little green heron (*Ardea virescus*), and the American bittern (*Botaurus lentiginosus*), are best known to sportsmen, as being most frequently seen in the haunts of duck and snipe.

The great blue heron is a bird which every ignorant gunner invariably endeavors to shoot, although useless for food. A paragraph too frequently seen in the country papers tells how so-and-so shot a “crane” which measured so much, and has passed into the hands of the



THE GREAT BLUE HERON.

local taxidermist. No sportsman will wantonly destroy this bird, which is one of the most graceful and pleasing inhabitants of our marshes.

While I am quite prepared to admit that he destroys great numbers of small fish, and that he will follow the stream to where the fish are congregated, I still think that his beauty more than repays for the harm he does. The trouble with him is that he forms a big, easy target which few green hands can resist. Hawking him might fairly be termed sport, but shooting him—never!

THE COMING SPORTSMEN'S SHOW.

Much is promised for the edification of patrons of the fifth annual Sportsmen's Show, to be held under the auspices and management of the National Sportsmen's Association at Madison Square Garden, March 2d to 11th, 1899. For some time these shows have presented too marked "trade" features to satisfy New Yorkers, but this time the powers that be promise a "Genuine Sportsmen's Show," embracing many new and attractive features.

I anticipate a treat. Those who were so fortunate as to attend the Boston affair, doubtless will agree with me that a sportsmen's show may be made a very enjoyable thing, and that the gentlemen sportsmen of the "Hub" did it about right. Now we are to learn what the gentlemen sportsmen of Gotham can do, and no doubt they will agreeably surprise us. This show is to, among other things, illustrate life in the woods. Among notable features are an artificial lake, amply large enough for the holding of water polo, swimming and other contests of interest to sportsmen, and for the exhibition of launches, canoes, ducking-boats and other small craft; log cabins, presided over by professional guides; sportsmen's camps and Indian camps; a big game park and exhibits of game, birds and fish. Shooting contests, bowling alleys and kindred sporting attractions will furnish entertainment in variety. The show will be kept free from the formerly too pronounced "trade element," and the decorations will be of a suitable nature. It looks as

though the management had at last gotten upon the proper trail, and, if so, there is no good reason why Boston's great effort should not be equaled, if not surpassed.

SPORT IN MUSKOKA.

So far as I have been able to learn, the season just completed has been an unusually good one in the Province of Ontario, where so many Americans now make holiday. The Provincial law-makers are wise in their generation, and they not only make good game-laws, but those laws are properly enforced. According to a Toronto paper, fully six thousand sportsmen have been the past season in Muskoka and the adjacent northern country. A host of visitors like this means much to the poor residents of the backwoods, for each visitor *has* to spend *some* money for board, supplies, teams, guides, boats, and so on, and the people who most require the money thus get it. And in spite of this army of invasion the deer are said to be increasing in numbers, all of which goes to show that it pays to properly protect game, and that rational, carefully enforced laws will do the business.

FISHING.

To judge from correspondence recently received, there appears to be considerable misunderstanding in certain quarters regarding the size of that noted acrobat, the ouananiche. For the benefit of all interested, and for one esteemed correspondent in particular, let me say that I never saw a ouananiche of ten pounds weight, and I am not at all sure that I ever saw one of even half that weight. The stories of the fish's leaping powers are in the main not exaggerated, and a fish of two or three pounds' weight is a hard, fast fighter, that can keep an expert fully employed. It is not the size of the fish which furnishes the sport. For rapid sport I should prefer a trout of two pounds, or a bass of two and one-half pounds, to logy specimens twice as large. It is not all of fishing to catch fish, nor is it one-half of fishing to catch big fish.

ED. W. SANDYS.

GOLF.

SOME SPECULATIONS AND SUGGESTIONS.

IF it be true, as critics assert, that "the man who wasn't there knows most about it," whether the subject be golf, or anything else, then the present writer's knowledge of his subject is complete. During practically the whole golf season, from the middle of May to the middle of September, the chronicler was watching

various Spanish harbors from the deck of a United States auxiliary cruiser. During part of that time the amateur champion, Mr. Whigham, was writing from a Spanish prison at Cabañas that the blockade off Havana was evaded frequently by Spanish vessels. If Mr. Whigham had known that a golfer was on the watch off the ports, without another golfer near to talk to, and with hundred-pound golf-balls ready to be sent away by a driver in the shape of a six-inch rapid-fire rifle, he would not have said such derogatory things. He will now take the word of a golfer that nothing came out of those ports, except sharks and dolphins, and apologize! Aside from this journalistic incident, which, by the way, came *via* London, in a newspaper four weeks old, the writer saw nothing and heard nothing of golf—for the first time in seven years—for twenty-one hundred and sixty con-



secutive hours. One returns, therefore, refreshed and invigorated to the more serious and engrossing duties of golf. One wearies of idle discussions of armor-plate, gun-carriages, rifle-trajectories, new systems of signaling, colonial policies; and hears with delight again the familiar *patois* about *Silvertowns*, remade balls, goose-neck putters, one-piece drivers *et hoc genus omne*. The ward-room stories of the quartermaster who reports a red and a green light dead ahead, and when asked what it is, replies that it must be a drug store, give way to the familiar bits of golf mythology so dear to the fireside lore of the golf club! What a relief to hear no more of Schley, and Sampson, and Dewey, and Watson, and to revel once more in criticisms of Douglas, and Travis, and Tyng, and Smith! Life is real, and life is earnest once more; the flippancies of war, and the light exigencies of discipline on board a man-of-war, give place to the stern realities of stance and swing! Welcome these new duties, these hard necessities, after the playful panorama of blockaded harbors, and the tragedy of burials, on sea and land, of the scores of men done to death by bungling, neglect, or worse.

Perhaps the most notable contribution to golfing literature that this paper contains is the discovery that there is a fairly intelligent class of men, called sailors, very few of whom play golf, and also two islands within easy reach of these shores, Cuba and Porto Rico, where there are as yet no golf links. But of course that cannot last long; with more leisure for play, there will be opportunities for golf. No student of ethnic religions has noted the coincidence, that in Africa, a non-golf-playing nation, the French, have been outgeneraled by those golf-players, the British; while in the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico, to those non-golfers, the Spanish, the same thing has happened at the hands of golfing Americans. No doubt golf is at the bottom of it! But these lighter subjects may well be left to ethnical and anthropological students, to the mere dilettante who does not play golf and has time perhaps to deal with petty international questions. To the real golfer, when one speaks of war, there are memories of Hamilton, Mass., where General Herd was victorious; of Morristown, where General Douglas overcame Smith; of Ardsley, where Commodore Hoyt nailed her colors to the mast-head. Assaults have been made upon bunkers, and brassie and cleek shots have been made, that echoed far and wide. If you mention Siboney, or Guantanamo, or Santiago, you are looked at askance, with the question: "Why, who played there?" What is a sugar-plantation or two, or a million or so of Malays added to the national estate, as compared to the falling off in quality of modern golf-balls, or the added acreage in links!

No doubt there are eccentric people who have preferred to wear blue coats, instead of red coats trimmed with green, and they have sailed away in ships to golfless wastes in the East and the South, but most of them have returned looking rather lean and hungry, and, worst of all, they have gone off badly in their golf! Nor have they apparently any golf news to tell, except that we have annexed eight or ten million brown and black caddies, who are no good to anybody, because they are too far

away from the links. Upon the whole, therefore, the war may be said to be a distinct failure from the golfer's point of view—the only broad and unprejudiced point of view. The army and navy will be increased, and apprentices, and sail-makers, and marines, who might some day make good golf clubs, or at least make over old balls, will be diverted from a useful occupation. Young gentlemen will go to Annapolis and to West Point, and afterward pace decks or garrison army posts, who might with patience and industry have become worthy rivals of Colonel Bogie. Thus it happens in a nation where there are so many as yet untaught in golf, a man may be elected to the Presidency who cannot tell you the difference between "one off two" and "two more." Who can calculate the benefits that might have accrued to the country had there been an honest golfer with a niblick in the War Department some months ago! As for the Secretary of the Navy, if he does not play golf, it must be laid to a youthful indiscretion—he was born before we had golf here. He would certainly make a very steady putter. And my dear old—I mean "old" as a term of affection—commander, Train, what a companion in a four-some; and the long-suffering navigator—long-suffering because I was his chief of staff—what a companion in a bunker, if you were a little short of adjectives yourself; and the executive officer—what a beau-ideal he would be as chairman of a green committee!

But all this is of no interest to golfers, indeed it is with some timidity that a sailor like me ventures to return to discussion of matters of such serious importance as the golf and golfers of last summer. Messrs. Douglas and Travis seem to have been the Dewey and Sampson of the campaign. On September 12th, in the first round of the amateur championship, 189 qualified as the lowest score, while the top score, 175, was made by a Harvard man, Mr. Joseph H. Choate, Jr. Eighteen players handed in scores within six strokes of one another, viz., between 180 and 186. There was a long list of the expected, like Shaw, Leeds, Talbot, Graham, and others, who did not qualify; and a number of newcomers, like Crowell, Lineaweaver, Billings, Cochran, who did. In the match-play which followed, Wright, Cutting, Sands, Menzies, Choate, and Toler were defeated in the first round, and Tyng, Thorp, Reid and Bayard in the second round; Keene, Stillman, Coats, and Fowle in the next, leaving Douglas, Travis, Smith and Macdonald for the semi-final round. Douglas beat Travis with more ease than was expected, though Travis had not had a hard field to play through, and Smith beat Macdonald.

Again this year the runner-up was an American-bred player, and his opponent an importation; the American was beaten by five up and three to play. Messrs. Douglas, Smith, Travis and Macdonald received medals, and without much question may be said to be the ranking four golfers for the year. Certainly Mr. Travis has earned his right to a position among the best three or four golfers of the year. He has played a great deal over many different courses, against many different players, and has played a consistent, and sometimes a brilliant, game. The best score of the tournament for nine holes

was 38 by Smith the runner-up; the best score for eighteen holes was also made by Smith, an 83. Only six of the thirty-two men who qualified did a round of nine holes in 88 or better; and when one remembers that anything much over 90 ranks a man as second or third class, it cannot be said that the quality of the golf shown was remarkable. On the other hand the number of men who can turn in scores for thirty-six holes close to the 185 mark is notable, and marks the great improvement of the mass of our American players. Even the professionals who took part in the open tournament handed in cards far better than these, and these men perhaps with two exceptions are by no means in the same class with the first flight of British professionals, whatever their assertions to the American neophyte may be. In this connection it must be borne in mind that there are half a dozen amateurs in Great Britain who rank with the very best of the professionals.

Our amateurs, with six exceptions, all handed in cards of 180 or over, while in the open championship the professionals, who would not rank as first-class in Great Britain, handed in cards ranging from 159 for thirty-six holes, up. A large number of cards showed 170 or better. It is no disparagement to our amateurs to say, therefore, that as yet they hardly show even second-class golf. The number of bogie men, that is to say men who can count upon doing their thirty-six holes in and around 190, has increased enormously—you meet them everywhere. Three years ago a man who could do eighteen holes in ninety or under was a valuable man to have on any golf team, but nowadays every wayside golf course can produce men to give him a close match if not a beating.

Of the inter-collegiate championship and the women's championship much the same things may be said that have applied to the amateur and open championship—that is: no first-class golf, but a better average all around. In the team matches Yale beat Columbia, and Harvard beat Princeton. Then after a tie Harvard beat Yale. In the play for the individual championship, the eight men to qualify handed in cards ranging from 83 to 91. In the match play that followed, Messrs. Reid and Smith both of Yale were in the finals, Reid winning by 6 up and 5 to play.

The women's championship was played at Ardsley, October 11th to 15th. There were some sixty entries, and all but seven or eight turned in cards for the preliminary round. Sixteen were chosen, and of these the lowest score was 92, the highest, to qualify, 109. The highest score handed in was by a lady from Albany, where the New York Assembly meets, and was 160. The writer saw nothing of the play, but an enthusiastic, and, no doubt, truthful contemporary writes: "Miss Beatrix Hoyt will be handed down to posterity as one of the finest exponents of the game ever produced in this or any other country." This gentleman deserves well of my countrywoman, even though he has not studied Mr. A. S. Hill, of Harvard, who has written a valuable book on rhetoric, that I impertinently permit myself to recommend to his attention. Miss Hoyt, Miss Eidlitz, Miss Griscom, and Miss Wetmore reached the semi-finals, where Miss Hoyt beat Miss Eidlitz by 6 up and 5 to play. Miss Wet-

more beat Miss Griscom by 4 up and 3 to play. In the finals Miss Hoyt beat Miss Wetmore by 5 up and 3 to play, making her the champion for the third successive year. There were many disappointments and surprises at this tournament—a number of the competitors not playing within half a stroke of their usual game.

Now that we have spent such enormous sums in laying out links, in building club-houses, and the like, would it not be worth while to get over for next year two or three really first-rate professionals, say men like Alexander Herd, Vardon, Taylor, Sayres or their peers, and see what they can do for our golf? There are scores of third-rate men here now, making what is to them a fortune, teaching, and making and repairing clubs; and for the money spent upon them we could tempt better men over here, at least for a year or so.

It would not be a bad idea to broach to the Metropolitan Golf Association to attempt the formation of a golf club with a membership of several thousands, with a small club-house in town, and a good course in the vicinity, where the larger tournaments should be held. Five dollars a year dues and five thousand members would command all that is needed for such a plan. It will not be long before several of the too ambitious golf courses will be in the market, and that will be the opportunity for such an amalgamation as here outlined. Very few of the clubs nowadays care to have any one of the three large tournaments on their links; and there are enough golfers about nowadays to support this more or less public course. It will not be crowded, since most of the members will play mostly over their own links, and at the same time, if conveniently situated, it would prove a great boon to many golfers aside from its value as a place for tournaments, team matches, professional matches, and public exhibitions of golf, for which neither the club-house nor the links of private clubs are well adapted. In Great Britain there are certain golf courses where practically the whole town is a golf club. The inns and hotels depend solely upon golfers, and the inhabitants make their livelihood out of the game. A crowd at St. Andrews, or Hoylake, at Westward Ho or North Berwick, finds ample accommodation because these are, so to speak, golf towns. But with our clubs the entertainment and care of a large body of golfers are matters entailing hard work, and in many cases great inconvenience.

I am happy to say that on the whole, the golf this summer has been an improvement over the golf of other years, not because there has been very marked improvement of quality, but more people play the game, and it seems to be played with less wrangling and friction. At one time it looked a little as though the semi-professional and the trickster might get in and spoil this good game, as they have spoiled other good sports like baseball, racing, pigeon-shooting and boxing, but fortunately that has not happened. We have more and better links, more good players, and better influences at work to make and keep golf an honest sport; and the golfer can hardly wish better things to all golfers at this season than these.

PRICE COLLIER.

FOOTBALL.

The Season of 1898.



CAPTAIN DIBBLEE, HARVARD.

THAT the football season of 1898 was an off year there can be no doubt. Those who saw all three of the big games agree that the standard of play was not as high as last season. Only one of the college elevens showed true championship form; and while there was a marked improvement at Harvard, Yale's team was the poorest turned out at New Haven for several years, and Pennsylvania's eleven was distinctly poorer than her elevens of last year and the year before, despite the fact that most of her old players were still in harness. Princeton and Cornell cannot be said to have progressed or retrograded, while Brown, the Indians, West Point and other strong elevens of the second class were neither noticeably better or poorer than last season.

It has been many years since such poor kicking and so much fumbling as was seen in the Princeton-Yale game has been shown in a first-class match, while there was also a great deal too much fumbling in each of the other big games. The total absence of good kicking full-backs was emphasized by Harvard and Yale each using a tackle for punting, and Pennsylvania using a guard. What was almost as bad, not one of the five big teams had a good drop-kicker. Chamberlain tried several times for

goals from the field, but not once did he come within hailing distance of the posts.

One redeeming feature this season, one distinctly bright spot, was the Harvard team and its signal success. It is now many seasons since there has been any decisive football championship, but this fall the palm may safely be awarded to Harvard. While Princeton remained unbeaten at the end of the year, few good judges believed that her team was equal to that of Harvard, and her draw with West Point was a bad spot in her record. Nothing will kill competition sooner than a monopoly of victories, and Yale has monopolized the lion's share long enough. Harvard's success in football this fall, like Cornell's success in rowing, should instill a healthier and deeper interest in college sports.

With Yale hopelessly weak at both ends of her line, and her backs unable to catch a punt; with Princeton utterly lacking behind the line; with Pennsylvania confined to one play, which was burst like a bubble in the Harvard game, and Cornell a bit shy at ends and tackles, Harvard's evenness of development was a distinct relief. It is difficult to find a weak spot in the crimson line. Before the Pennsylvania game one would have picked out the right side of the center, but when the much-heralded guards-back attack failed to pierce even this point, it was evident that the whole line was defensively very strong. Back of the line there was less fumbling than on any of the other big teams, and the interference for the first time in many years got under way fast enough and was compact enough to require a good deal of stopping.

As compared with the Princeton eleven, we find the Cambridge team about equal in defensive strength, although there is a possible weak spot at left tackle with the Tigers. When the backs are considered, however, Princeton's claims to championship form at once fade from view. Behind the line she was outclassed by Harvard, while her slowness in getting her running plays under way weakened her attack. There were many people who believed Yale's defence to be strong because she stopped the Tigers' advance, and they were surprised when the blue line crumbled under Harvard's attack. But these critics had miscounted Princeton's weakness for Yale's strength.

The Princeton-Yale game was a struggle in which a good line with fair backs was opposed to a fair line with good backs. As was shown, it was practically impossible for either to score, and the issue reverted to punting and the handling of punts, with luck playing a large part in the result. Princeton's success was due chiefly to her superiority in ends and the wretched fumbling of the Yale backs.

The moral of all this is that in modern football, as I said last month, the defence is rapidly becoming stronger than the attack, and kicking becomes more and more prominent each season. If one will glance back at the detailed reports of the big games this year he will be surprised to see the number of times in which one team has got the ball inside the op-

ponents' 10-yard line without scoring. Again and again we saw the ball worked down the field from the center to within ten or fifteen yards of the opposite goal, but the backs were then too exhausted by their line-plunging to carry it over. With the defence becoming stronger the nearer the attack approaches the goal, it is not surprising that the attacking backs are not equal to the effort of forcing the ball over for the promised touch-down.

Would it not have been very different had there been a good drop-kicker back of that attacking line when the third down was reached, with waning chances for further progress? With reasonably strong defence for his kick, would not a goal from the field have been easy? I venture to predict that had Hudson been playing quarter-back for Yale she would have beaten Princeton; had he been with Pennsylvania she would have beaten Harvard, and with Cornell she would have beaten either Princeton or Pennsylvania. Each had plenty of chances when Hudson could certainly have kicked goals from the field, and in any close game when five points would probably turn the result, and ten points would surely do so, a clever drop-kicker like the little Indian expert would mean victory to any one of the big teams.

The lesson is plain. To be sure, one may say that drop-kickers like Hudson are born and not made, yet a rigorous course of training for this specialty, with the promise of a chance to make use of it, will soon develop men nearly as good. With all the material in the big colleges to choose from, there is sure to appear some good kicker, if only the candidates are made to understand that this ability will be considered a strong recommendation. It is a mistake to think that teams should always try for a touch-down when they get inside of the fifteen-yard line. Then is the time that the field goal is easiest and if the quarter only has the judgment to make the preceding play a run that will bring the ball straight in front of the posts, it ought to be easily made with modern defence for kickers. Baird, of Princeton, used to kick many goals from the field, but he insisted on making his trial from twenty or thirty and sometimes forty yards out, when it was very difficult, rather than using the better opportunities for drop-kicks instead of touch-downs.

There were several other important conclusions forced on the student of football by this season's games. Firstly, there is a limit to the value of weight in the center of the line, as was shown by the exhaustion of the Princeton trio of big men near the end of their game against Yale. A 200-pound man is better there than one weighing 220 or 230, while a similar conclusion seems inevitable in regard to the ends. Their work under present conditions requires so much running up and down the field under punts that big men do not stand the strain as well as smaller men. All four of the best ends of the year, the Princeton and Harvard pairs, were comparatively small men, and the coaches will probably realize more thoroughly next year the superiority of 150 pounds over 180 for this position.

After Harvard and Princeton have been conceded first and second places respectively for the season's work, the question of third is easily

accorded to Pennsylvania—in fact the Quakers and the Tigers would seem to have been very evenly matched this season. Yale and Cornell were both poorer than this leading trio, but it would be impossible even to estimate their relative strength for the year. Both were beaten by Princeton with the same score, and their scores against the Indians, whose reliable form always serves as a good guide for comparisons, were very nearly equal.

A second group of teams to follow the five leaders should undoubtedly include the University of Chicago, West Point, the Indians, Brown and Wesleyan, all of whom seem approximated, even on paper, although not one of the five played any of the others. Below them should come Dartmouth, Amherst, Williams, Lehigh. In classing these teams, however, no attempt has been made to estimate the skill of the Western college teams which did not play in the East, nor the athletic club elevens, some of which showed excellent form.

AN "ALL-AMERICAN" TEAM.

It is unusually difficult this season to select a list of the star players of the year for an "All-American" team, because there are many good players in certain positions and a corresponding dearth of them in others. In all of the Eastern colleges, for instance, there is not a single first-class full-back, while good quarter-backs are almost as scarce. The supply of tackles is far above the normal; but practically only one of the center rushes of the big teams showed championship form.

It is also difficult to weigh the merits of the stars of the second-rate teams, for they should be considered under the same conditions as their rivals who are fortunate enough to play with the bigger elevens. We can only estimate, for instance, how good some of the backs at Wesleyan and West Point would be if put behind Harvard's line. Undoubtedly, the regular Crimson players appear to distinct advantage in being part of so fine a team. But as the "All-American" eleven must be selected entirely on the individual skill of the men, it is necessary to consider some of the star players from the smaller teams, who suffered by comparison on account of the weakness by which they were surrounded.

On this basis, the following teams have been selected after a careful consideration of all the players who have been seen prominently in the college football arena this season:

<i>All-American.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>Second Team.</i>
Poe (Princeton).....	right end.....	Hallowell (Harvard)
Hillebrand (Pr'ton).....	right tackle.....	Haughton (Harvard)
Boal (Harvard).....	right guard.....	McCracken (U. of Pa.)
Overfield (Univ'ty of Pa.).....	center.....	Jaffray (Harvard)
Hare (Univ'ty of P.).....	left guard.....	Edwards (Princeton)
Chamberlain (Yaie).....	left tackle.....	Donald (Harvard)
Cochran (Harvard).....	left end.....	Palmer (Princeton)
Hudson (Indians).....	quarter-back.....	Daly (Harvard)
Outland (U. of P.).....	right half-back.....	Whiting (Cornell)
Dibblee (Harvard).....	left half-back.....	Durston (Yale)
Hershberger (U. of Ch'go).....	full-back.....	Reid (Harvard)

Hedges (University of Pennsylvania) should rank nearly even with Hallowell for substitute right end; Pierce (Indians) and Sweetland (Cornell) with Haughton, for substitute right tackle; Brown (Yaie) and Reed (Cornell) with Edwards, for substitute left guard; Warren (Harvard) with Whiting, for substitute right half-back; Raymond (Wesleyan) with Durston, for substitute left half-back, and Romeyn (West Point) with Reid, for substitute full-back.

The first thing that will be noticed in this All-American team is that for the guard's position two left guards have been selected and no right, and two right tackles and no left. This was not an oversight, by any means, but rather an acknowledgment of the superiority of Boal and Hare over any of the right guards, and of Hillebrand and Chamberlain to any of the left tackles. The duties of one tackle or one guard are identical with those of his partner on the opposite side of the line, and it is only a matter of a little practice to accustom one of these star players to his shift of position. In both cases I have given the stronger player the preference in his regular position.

The absence of any first-class punting full-back among the big Eastern colleges has given, without question, the choice to Hershberger, from the University of Chicago, for this position. Punting is such a vital point in modern football that it is absolutely essential to have a strong punter behind the line in an ideal team. Hudson's selection for quarter-back may seem radical at first, but this phenomenal goal kicker would undoubtedly add many more points to the score of a selected All-American team than any other quarter who could be put in his place. Daly showed up stronger than Hudson in some points of his position, but Hudson has never been tried behind such a line as that of Harvard's. Give him such protection and such backs behind him, and his goal kicking ability would make him the best scoring player of the year. In the selected combination we have the best punter on the field this year, the cleverest drop-kicker, and in Hare and Outland two strong place-kickers. With kicking so important a feature of the game, these men should prove a tower of strength if combined in any one team.

Team play is the vital point in the success of any eleven, but given three weeks' proper coaching in the Yale system of running attacks on tackles and ends, Pennsylvania's center attacks and Cornell's trick plays, with the Princeton defence for end plays and the Harvard defence against center plays and protection for kicks, this combination of football talent would be invincible. Allowing the second team selected here the same coaching, I should estimate the All-American eleven to be about 10 to 0 better than either the second team or the Harvard champion eleven, and 15 to 0 better than Princeton.

IMPORTANT GAMES OF THE MONTH.

HARVARD, 17 ; YALE, 0.

For the first time in eight years, on November 10th, Harvard beat Yale, and, what was still more to the glory of the Crimson, won by a decisive score and on the home field of the enemy. Princeton's victory over Yale the week before was by so small a margin that the Harvard supporters were by no means confident when they journeyed to New Haven for the final game of their season. Harvard's eleven, however, completely outplayed Yale at every point, and good judges agreed that her team was certainly the best of the year, as well as being the best she has turned out for many, many years. The score was 17 to 0, but it

might have been even larger without giving a wrong impression of the difference between the two teams.

Never once during the game was the Harvard goal threatened, and only once, half a minute before the end of the game, was there any possibility of Yale's scoring. Then Chamberlain, in sheer desperation, tried for a goal from the field, but his attempt was low and wide, and the game was over before any other play could be made. Yale's fatal weakness, as in the Princeton game, was the hopeless fumbling of the backs, and Ely, who was used at quarter in place of the crippled De Saulles, muffed so often that Harvard regained the ball after punting quite as often as had Princeton. The reason Harvard's score was larger than Princeton's was that her running attack was so strong that Yale's line crumbled under the constant hammering of Dibblee, Warren and Reid, and she scored three times, and ought to have scored at least once more.

At every position in the line, with the possible exceptions of Brown and Chamberlain, Yale was distinctly outplayed. Chamberlain played his usual star game, and the duel between him and Donald was about even, while Brown nearly held his own with Burden. In all of the other five line positions, however, Harvard had the advantage in both attack and defence, while behind the line the visitors completely outclassed Yale. Dibblee is the star half of the year, while Daly is certainly the best quarter on any of the "big four" teams. Reid and Warren did better work, gained more ground, fumbled less, and tackled better than did either Durston or Dudley, and Haughton's punting was on an average fifteen yards better than Chamberlain's or McBride's. Yale's system of interference and the quick starting of her backs was her only chance to advance the ball, but Harvard's line was so strong in defence that the plays crumbled when the interferers struck the Crimson forwards.

A hard rainstorm lasted throughout the game, and deluged both players and spectators. The field was a sea of mud, and the ball, in consequence, so slippery that much of the fumbling was undoubtedly attributable to that cause. Under the circumstances, the lack of fumbling among Harvard's backs was really remarkable. The victors showed excellent physical condition and seemed strong at the end of the game. As in the Pennsylvania game, their snap and aggressiveness did not wane toward the end of the game, as has been the case with so many other Harvard teams.

The teams lined up as follows :

<i>Harvard.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>Yale.</i>
Hallowell.....	right—end—left.....	Hubbell
Haughton.....	right—tackle—left.....	Stillman
Burden.....	right—guard—left.....	Brown
Jaffray.....	center.....	Cutten
Boal.....	left—guard—right.....	Marshall
Donald.....	left—tackle—right.....	Chamberlain
Cochran.....	left—end—right.....	Eddy
Daly.....	quarter-back.....	Ely
Warren.....	right—half-back—left.....	Durston
Dibblee.....	left—half-back—right.....	Dudley
Reid.....	full-back.....	Townsend

Harvard substituted Burnett for Jaffray at center, Eaton for Donald at left tackle, and Farley for Cochran at left end. Yale substituted Scheweppe for Eddy at right end, Eddy for Dudley at right half-back, and McBride for Townsend at full-back.

HARVARD FRESHMEN, 6; YALE FRESHMEN, 0.

The same tendency to fumble the ball which cost Yale the victory of Princeton, and had so much to do with Harvard's success, also extended to her freshmen team, and they were beaten by the Harvard freshmen, 6 to 0, as a direct result of fumbling a punt. The game was played at New Haven on the morning of the big 'varsity game, and not only was the field in a soggy, slippery condition, but rain fell throughout the game, making good play almost impossible. The players found it difficult to run under the unfavorable conditions, even when they could hold the ball long enough to get started. Harvard's interference was quicker formed and her running plays more systematic. Yale was on the defensive most of the time.

AMHERST, 16; WILLIAMS, 5.

Amherst beat Williams by 16 to 5 at Williamstown, Mass., November 19th, in a game that was marked by a woful amount of fumbling. The same rainy weather and slippery ball that handicapped the Harvard and Yale players made it almost impossible for the New England collegians to hold the ball. Amherst used Pennsylvania's guards-back formations for her running plays, and they proved very effective against the Williams line. The center men of the home team seemed utterly unable to stop these attacks.

CARLISLE INDIANS, 11; UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS, 0.

The Carlisle Indians made a Western triplate in the season and played the University of Illinois at Chicago, November 19th, and won by 11 to 0. The Western collegians were reinforced by several strong players from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, but they could not stop the fierce onslaughts of the Indians. On the other hand, the home players found it difficult to make much headway against the splendid defence of the aborigines, and most of their backs were downed in their tracks. Bemis Pierce played his usual star game and seemed to be all over the field. The score gives opportunities for some comparison of the relative standing of the Eastern and Western teams, for the University of Illinois is among the leaders in the Middle West.

BROWN, 12; DARTMOUTH, 0.

The end of the football season at Providence came on November 21st, when Brown met and defeated Dartmouth, her old rival, by 12 to 0. The game was originally scheduled for Saturday, but it was postponed until Monday, because of the wretched football weather. While it was generally expected that Brown would win, the strong showing made by the Dartmouth team in some of their earlier games had caused the Providence coaches some anxiety. In the first half the visitors held the Brunonians without score, although the latter were several times close to their opponents' goal, only to lose their opportunity through the fumbling of the backs at critical moments. In the second half, however, Brown was on the aggressive most of the time, and scored twice, both touchdowns being made by Richardson, who shared the honors for the

home team with Sheehan, right tackle. Crolius, Dartmouth's captain and right half-back, did the best work for the visitors.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 12; CORNELL, 6.

The final big game of the season took place at Philadelphia on Thanksgiving day, November 24th, between the University of Pennsylvania and Cornell, the Quakers carrying off the honors by 12 to 6. Undoubtedly the most important feature of this game was the weather. The field was a sea of mud before the game began, and the last part of the play was finished in a hard snowstorm. It was utterly impossible to recognize the players, so deeply incased were they in mud and slush, and in the second half the spectators could not even distinguish the lines on the field.

Cornell's good showing against Princeton, combined with Pennsylvania's defeat by Harvard, gave the Cornelliens great hopes. At the last moment the visitors sprung a surprise on the Quakers by playing Charles Young, last year's star quarter-back, with Captain Whiting at half. His younger brother had played successfully all the year at quarter, so he was found more useful at half than in his old position, because of his excellent kicking and his ability to carry the ball. This certainly increased the chances of the visitors, and there are many who are still willing to declare that they would have won the game had it not been for the absence of dry clothes to put on for the second half.

Cornell had all the best of the play in the first half, though they had the advantage of the wind, and when the whistle blew for the intermission they led by 6 to 0, the touchdown having been scored on a blocked kick which Hare made from behind his goal-line. Twice Cornell had the ball inside of the Quakers' 5 yard line, but could not get it over. Starbuck fumbled the first time, and the second Pennsylvania held them for downs, and, in trying to kick the ball out from behind the goal, the touchdown was scored. In the second half, however, the Pennsylvania attack was much more formidable. Their guards-back rushes crashed through the Ithaca line so often that it was a wonder they did not score more.

After the game, both sides were dissatisfied with the result, but impartial observers thought the score expressed pretty accurately the relative skill of the teams. There was some talk of another game, but this, of course, was out of the question. The game was disappointing because of the wretched weather and the consequent impossibility of good play.

The teams lined up as follows:

<i>Pennsylvania.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>Cornell.</i>
Hedges.....	right—end—left.....	Duvall
Carnett.....	right—tackle—left.....	Wyvell
McCracken.....	right—guard—left.....	Reed
Overfield.....	center.....	Dorner
Hare.....	left—guard—right.....	Lueder
Reugenberg.....	left—tackle—right.....	Sweetland
McMahon.....	left—end—right.....	Cross
Gardiner.....	quarter back.....	G. Young
Coombs.....	right—half-back—left.....	Whiting
Outland.....	left—half-back—right.....	C. Young
Folwell.....	full-back.....	Starbuck

Pennsylvania substituted McCloskey for Overfield at center. Cornell substituted Grimshaw for Cross at right end, Wilson for Duvall at left end, Short for G. Young at quarter-back, and Perkins for Starbuck at full-back.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, 22; STANFORD, 0.

For the first time in eight years the University of California beat Stanford University in their annual Thanksgiving day game. It was played, as usual, in San Francisco. Not a suggestion of the miserable weather that prevailed in the East marred the day, and over 20,000 spectators turned out to see the game. Stanford, however, came near scoring on a fluke. Her full-back kicked out from under his goal, and when the California back fumbled the ball Murphy picked it up on the bound and started down the field. He was caught from behind after he had got to within twenty-five yards of the California goal, however, and Stanford soon lost the ball again. Throughout the game California maintained the aggressive, and the Stanford line was unable to stop their fierce rushes. They outclassed Stanford in punting,

too, and this was responsible for many long gains.

LAFAYETTE, 11; LEHIGH, 5.

Lafayette and Lehigh played their second game of the season at Easton, Pa., on Thanksgiving Day, in a snow-storm, and Lafayette turned the tables on the visitors by 11 to 5. The first game had resulted in favor of Lehigh by 23 to 0. In the second half, with the wind at the backs of the home team, but the score 5 to 0 against them, Bray took his old place at full-back and soon made his presence felt. His kicking practically won the game, for he outclassed the Lehigh backs in this particular and seldom failed to make big gains by punting. Late in the second half he kicked a goal from the field, thirty-five yards away from the posts, and this practically settled the game in favor of the home team. Their defeat was a surprise to Lehigh, for they had expected another victory.

FOOTBALL RECORD 1898	HARVARD	PRINCETON	PENN.-	YALE	CORNELL	WEST POINT	INDIANS	BROWN	WESLEYAN	DARTMOUTH	AMHERST	WILLIAMS	LEHIGH	LAFAYETTE	GAMES				POINTS	
															WON	LOST	DRAWN	WON	LOST	
HARVARD	-		10	17		28	11	17		21	53	11			8	8	0	0	168	13
PRINCETON		-		6	6	6		23					21	34	6	5	0	1	96	6
PENN.-	0		-		12		35	18	17				40	32	7	6	1	0	154	21
YALE	0	0		-		10	18	22	5		34	23			8	6	2	0	112	34
CORNELL		0	6		-		23					12		47	5	3	2	0	88	24
WEST POINT	0	6		0		-							18		4	1	2	1	24	44
INDIANS	5		5	5	6		-					17			5	1	4	0	38	93
BROWN	6	0	0	6				-		12					5	1	4	0	24	80
WESLEYAN			0	0					-	23	61	22			6	4	2	0	106	27
DARTMOUTH	0						0	5		-	10				4	1	3	0	15	62
AMHERST	2			0					0		-	16			5	1	4	0	18	153
WILLIAMS	0			0	0		6	0	6	5		-			7	0	7	0	17	111
LEHIGH		0	0			0							-	28	5	1	4	0	28	90
LAFAYETTE		0	0		0								11	-	5	1	4	0	11	141
POINTS LOST	13	6	21	34	24	44	93	80	27	62	153	111	90	141	80	39	39	2	899	899

Wesleyan and Amherst played two games (scores, 33-0 and 28-0 in favor of Wesleyan), and Lehigh and Lafayette played two games (scores, 23-0 for Lehigh and 11-5 for Lafayette). In both cases these scores have been lumped here. Harvard was scored against (6 points) by Bowdoin, and Pennsylvania was scored against (11 points) by the University of Chicago.

J. PARMLY PARET.

THE WESTERN SEASON.

The Western season has been one of the most interesting and successful ever known, and most of the leading teams have developed a good game. The tendency of the season has been to do away with the old close formation, which so generally marked the play last year, and to play a more open running game. The fact that nearly all the teams have had at least one fair punter has contributed materially to this change, and no previous season has ever seen so many teams playing the kicking game.

Michigan has been under the direction of alumni coaches, but all the others have relied more or less on Eastern experts to teach them the game. The predominance of Eastern coaches led to the early overthrow of the rules drawn up by Messrs. Stagg and Everett, and all the games were played under the Eastern rules.

The University of Michigan has unquestionably won the Western championship, and that, too, without any very remarkable stars. Their

games were won by the team as a whole, even though Widman's spectacular playing in the Chicago game might seem to disprove that assertion. The work in the early games gave no prospect of a winning team. On November 5th they only beat Northwestern 6 to 5, but on the following Saturday they defeated Illinois, at Detroit, 12 to 5. The two weeks remaining before the Chicago game were put to good use by the coaches, and Thanksgiving day saw them win the championship from Chicago, 12 to 11, although victory had been quite generally conceded to Chicago. The game was far from being as close as the score indicates.

Chicago is certainly entitled to second place, as their only defeat in the West was at Michigan's hands. At the first of the season their chances were the rosiest of any, as the unusually large number of veterans was reinforced by much good new material. The men got to playing their game in the early part of the season, and rolled up large scores on the weaker teams. The first big game, that with Northwestern, was won, 34 to 5. Chicago had doubtless expected to win, but the score was so much larger than any one expected that the Maroons were at once hailed as the season's champions. A week later Pennsylvania defeated them, 23 to 11, but Chicago made a very creditable showing all through. Purdue lost on November 5th, 17 to 0, and the week after Wisconsin went down, 6 to 0.

The Wisconsin game was played November 12th, at Marshall Field, Chicago, before 12,000 persons, and was won by Chicago by 6 to 0.

Chicago had no more games till Thanksgiving, and the general impression is that her men lost ground in the intervening time. Herschberger's work in the last game was certainly below his ordinary standard, and while all the team were in good physical condition, their football ability seems to have suffered a temporary relapse. The Michigan defeat was a bitter disappointment to Chicago, especially as they thought the championship had been "cinched" by the Wisconsin game.

Wisconsin, whose work justifies her being assigned third place, has done as well as could reasonably have been expected, as only three men returned to form the nucleus of this season's eleven.

Wisconsin defeated her historic rival, Minnesota, by a large score, 29 to 0, and on Thanksgiving annihilated Northwestern by a score of 47 to 0. After two minutes of play O'Dea made a drop goal, standing sixty yards away from the posts, without any wind, and all but two or three of his punts were over fifty yards.

It is difficult to give any ranking to the other Western teams, as the schedules have not permitted many of them to meet and settle the supremacy.

Purdue won the Indiana State championship with ease, but lost her only big games, those with Oberlin and Chicago. Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota and Missouri all refused to play her, and so the team that used to have a monopoly of big games had little incentive to hard work.

Probably no team ever had more discouragements to contend with than Illinois. The men were in poor physical condition all through the season, and lost some of the games that were accounted easy by the other big colleges.

Oberlin again won the Ohio championship, and played a clean, strong game the season through. They were unfortunate in not being able to meet any of the stronger Western elevens, though they certainly deserve a place on the schedules. They made their best showing against Cornell, where they were beaten, 6 to 0, and against the University of Cincinnati, who later on tied the Indians.

Knox, Beloit and Notre Dame have done the best work of the minor institutions. Knox deserves the most credit, as the amateur standings of some of the players of the other two would hardly bear investigation.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI.

Of the trans-Mississippi universities, Iowa, for financial reasons, was forced to remain out of the League. Nebraska won the championship of the League by defeating Kansas, 18-6, and Missouri, 47-0, but on Thanksgiving lost to Iowa, 6-5. Kansas beat Missouri on Thanksgiving, 12-0, and both of them defeated the strong Kansas City Medics, who beat Nebraska, 24-0.

Iowa seems to have the best paper claim to supremacy, and their defeat by the University of Chicago, 38-0, affords some criterion for judging the relative strength of the leading teams east and west of the Mississippi.

ELLIOTT R. GOLDSMITH.

FOOTBALL RECORDS.

- Nov. 10—Harvard, 17; Yale, 0; at New Haven, Conn.
 " Harvard Freshmen, 6; Yale Freshmen, 0; at New Haven, Conn.
 " Amherst, 16; Williams, 5; at Williamstown, Mass.
 " Syracuse, 0; Trinity, 0; at Syracuse, N. Y.
 " Lehigh, 5; Maryland A. C., 0; at Baltimore, Md.
 " Knickerbocker A. C., 12; Orange A. C., 0; at Orange, N. J.
 " U. S. Naval Cadets, 6; University of Virginia, 0; at Annapolis, Md.
 " Haverford, 12; Swarthmore, 0; at Swarthmore, Pa.
 " Carlisle Indians, 11; University of Illinois, 0; at Chicago, Ill.
 " Lafayette, 6; Bucknell, 0; at Easton, Pa.
 Nov. 21—Brown, 12; Dartmouth, 0; at Providence, R. I.
 Nov. 24—University of Pennsylvania, 12; Cornell, 6; at Philadelphia, Pa.
 " Georgetown, 12; Columbian University, 5; at Washington, D. C.
 " Lafayette, 11; Lehigh, 5; at Easton, Pa.
 " University of California, 22; Stanford University, 0; at San Francisco, Cal.
 " University of North Carolina, 6; University of Virginia, 2; at Richmond, Va.
 " Orange A. C., 5; Riverside A. C., 0; at New York (indoors).
 " Chicago A. A., 18; Dartmouth, 5; at Chicago, Ill.
 " University of Michigan, 12; University of Chicago, 11; at Chicago, Ill.
 " Purdue, 12; Oberlin, 0; at Lafayette, Ind.
 " University of Illinois, 12; University of Minnesota, 10; at Minneapolis, Minn.
 " University of Wisconsin, 47; Northwestern, 0; at Evanston, Ill.
 " University of Indiana, 11; University of Cincinnati, 11; at Cincinnati, O.
 " Hamilton, 5; Colgate, 0; at Utica, N. Y.
 Nov. 26—University of Cincinnati, 17; Dartmouth, 12; at Cincinnati, O.

J. PARMLY PARET.

ATHLETICS.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNS.



THE annual cross-country run between the University of Pennsylvania and Cornell was run at Ithaca, November 19th, over a fairly level course five miles and a quarter in length. The weather was very unfavorable; a drizzling rain fell during the race, making the course muddy. Cornell defeated Pennsylvania by a score of 21 to 15. A. J. Sweet won easily, covering the course in 32m. 18 2-5s. The race for second place was well fought out between A. Grant and A. O. Berry, Grant finishing ten seconds ahead.

Cornell in a large measure owe their victory to Captain Yeatman, who in the first mile kept his men going at such a pace that the Pennsylvania men were badly played out, and unable to make up the lead which Cornell had gained.

The men finished in the following order: First, A. J. Sweet, Cornell; second, A. Grant, Pennsylvania; third, A. O. Berry, Cornell; fourth, C. C. Torrance, Cornell; fifth, E. A. Mechling, Pennsylvania; sixth, A. R. Earmshaw, Pennsylvania; seventh, W. Yeatman, Cornell; eighth, W. H. Parry, Pennsylvania.

A. A. U. CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The Individual and Team Cross-Country Championships of America were run over the Morris Park steeple-chase course, under the auspices of the N. Y. A. C., November 24th.

The course is a little over six miles in length, and embraces forty-five obstacles, including the usual Liverpool, brush, and hedge jumps. A heavy storm of snow and rain prevailed, which made the going hard and the times correspondingly slow. The N. Y. A. C. won both individual and team championships.

A. L. Wright, a graduate of Brown University, who sported the N. Y. A. C. colors for the first time, came in first, covering the course in 38 minutes 33 seconds; this, considering the weather conditions, was very good. J. Bray, another N. Y. A. C. man, was second, 39 minutes, and G. W. Orton, of the Toronto L. C., who had won the championship for the past two years, came in third, 39 minutes 30 seconds. G. Orton led for about the first mile. Wright took the lead and gradually gained, finishing 150 yards ahead; Orton fell back to sixth place, but in the last mile drew up. Out of the forty-one starters thirty-two finished. The points scored were as follows:

New York A. C.—A. L. Wright, 1; J. Bray, 2; A. Grant, 7; G. F. Cregan, 8, and F. G. McGirr, 16—total, 34; Yale University, 65; Cornell, 68; Pastime, 104, and New West Side, 121. The Xavier team did not finish.

The first twenty men finished as follows:

1. A. L. Wright, N. Y. A. C.	38:33
2. J. Bray, N. Y. A. C.	39:00
3. G. W. Orton, Toronto L. C.	39:30
4. A. O. Berry, Cornell	39:52

5. A. J. Sweet, Cornell	39:37
6. T. O'Connor, P. A. C.	39:48
7. A. Grant, N. Y. A. C.	40:15
8. G. F. Cregan, N. Y. A. C.	40:17
9. J. MacClain, N. W. S. A. C.	40:35
10. S. B. Chittenden, Yale	40:36
11. C. B. Spitzer, Yale	40:37
12. H. P. Smith, Yale	41:13
13. J. P. Adams, Yale	41:16
14. M. Scudder, Yale	41:28
15. J. F. Malory, Xavier A. C.	41:40
16. F. G. McGirr, N. Y. A. C.	41:57
17. E. W. Mills, N. Y. A. C.	42:06
18. W. C. Yeatman, Cornell	42:06
19. D. J. Donovan, Xavier A. C.	43:06
20. D. C. Hall, N. Y. A. C.	43:22

It is a pity that the colleges and universities do not avail themselves of the opportunity to run an annual cross-country intercollegiate championship. With team entries from Yale, Cornell, Harvard, Pennsylvania and others, at the A. A. U. Championship, this might easily be accomplished. The A. A. U. Individual and Intercollegiate could then be run off in one race, to the satisfaction of all. There is no better or more available course than the one at Morris Park, and it has a special advantage in being neutral territory.

The first of what was to have been a series of nine cross-country runs over a course of a little over four miles was held at Princeton, November 16th. This run was a great success, so much so, in fact, that the management, fearing that the pace set by the participants might be injurious instead of beneficial, decided to change the system, and arranged that the next six runs should be for practice only with a fast and slow squad, and that the scores in this first and last two runs should count for the cup competition.

Nearly fifty men started for the first run; two- and four-minute handicaps were given.

Campbell, 1902, who received a two-minute handicap, won first place, securing six points; Batchelder, 1902, was second, four points; Goldthwaite, 1902, third, three points; Seagles, 1900, fourth, two points; and Condit, 1902, Chamberlain, 1902, Gephard, 1902, Van Dyke, 1902, Trowbridge, 1902, and Delafield, 1899, finishing in the order given, received one point each.

Campbell's actual time for the course was 25m. 30s.

The second run took place November 22d, but, owing to the fact that many of the men were in for examinations, only twenty-two started. The heavy storm of Thanksgiving and the two following days so covered the ground with snow that it is doubtful whether the series will be finished this term.

The heavy snowfall brought the Yale cross-country work to a close earlier than was anticipated; however, four runs had been held before Thanksgiving Day, when, by defeating the Cornell team, Yale practically gained supremacy in college cross-country running, for Cornell had a few days previous beaten Pennsylvania. The Yale University Championship cups have been won by the following: First, C. B. Spitzer, 1899; second, M. Scudder, 1899; third, H. P. Smith, 1900.

The annual cross-country run of the Xavier's Athletic Club, of Philadelphia, was held over the club's course, through Fairmount Park, November 24th. The course is about two miles and five furlongs. Nineteen men were entered with handicaps of from 30s. to 3½m. G. Lawlor,

who ran a dead heat for first with E. Hopkins last year, won; his actual time was 15m. and 28s.; he received a handicap of 1m. 43s. E. Stevenson, 2m. 30s., was second, in 16m. 35s; F. Furey, 1m. 45s., third, in 16m. 1s.; J. McDevitt, 40s., fourth, in 14m 30s.; E. Hopkins, 58s, fifth, in 15m. 23s.; H. Bourjohn, scratch, sixth, in 14m. 26s. H. Bourjohn holds the course record, 13m. 42s.

The thirty-fourth games of the Seventh Regiment Athletic Association were held in the armory on the evening of December 3d. Richard Sheldon created new figures for the Association's record-book in the shot-putting department. The record of C. A. J. Queckberner (41ft. 11½in.) had stood for eleven years, and was at last supplanted by Sheldon with a put of 42ft. 10½in. Company E again won the Nisbett trophy, with ease.

C. P. Loeser ran two good races in the half-mile and mile handicaps, winning the first by ten yards and the second by seventy yards.

The events were run off in perfect style, the twenty-one items being decided in two hours and a quarter as follows:

Half-mile run, handicap—Won by C. P. Loeser, D, 45 yds.; Harold Baker, E, 40 yds.; G. B. Holbrook, E, scratch, 3. Time, 2m. 12-58.

One-mile bicycle race, novice—Won by George Price, E; P. R. Curtis, D, 2; H. W. Wilson, D, 3. Time, 3m. 21 3-58.

One-mile roller-skating race, handicap—Won by C. L. McClave, B, 35 yds.; Dale Ferguson, A, scratch, 2; Bernard H. Weisker, E, 65 yds., 3. Time, 3m. 47 3-58.

440-yard run, novice—Won by Charles P. Osborn, A; Guy B. Gosman, E, 2; C. W. E. Bateson, F, 3. Time, 1m. 18.

93-yard run, handicap—Final heat won by S. K. Thomas, E, 6½ yds.; H. S. Stratton, I, 8 yds., 2; F. C. Terry, B, 7 yds., 3. Time, 9 1-58.

93-yard run, novice—Won by F. B. Nichols, Jr, B; W. J. Ehrich, E, 2; John K. Powell, Jr, C, 3. Time, 10 3-58.

Putting 16-lb. shot, handicap—Won by Richard Sheldon, C, scratch, with 42ft. 10½in.; W. H. Wright, C, 10ft. 4in., 2, with an actual put of 31ft. 3in.; R. E. Larendon, G, 9ft. 6½in., 3, with an actual put of 31ft. 10½in.

One-mile bicycle race, handicap—Won by George Price, E, 95yds.; E. A. Ware, B, 55yds., 2; F. N. Drake, H, 10yds., 3. Time, 2m. 54s.

One-lap sack race—Won by E. S. Busse, F, scratch; James Hopkins, E, 5yds., 2; Harold Baker, E, 4yds., 3. Time, 30s.

220-yard run, handicap—Final heat, won by F. C. Terry, B, 20yds.; A. D. Rockwell, Jr, D 20yds, 2; J. H. Clarkson, B, 20yds., 3. Time, 23 2-58.

One-mile run, handicap—Won by C. P. Loeser, D, 45yds.; G. B. Holbrook, E, scratch, 2; E. M. Erhart, B, 30yds., 3. Time, 5m. 12-58.

220-yard hurdle race, novice—Won by E. A. Delmonte, F; C. L. McClave, B, 2; C. Radcliffe, F, 3. Time, 33 2-58.

220-yard hurdle race, handicap—Won by S. K. Thomas, E, 5yds.; H. L. Weisman, F, 10yds., 2; G. G. Gosman, E, 9yds., 3. Time, 29 4-58.

Half-mile run, scratch, novice—Won by C. P. Osborn, A; A. J. Zerbe, D, 2; C. McK. Froment, B, 3. Time, 2m. 21 2-58.

440-yard run, handicap—Won by G. D. Arthur, I, 27 yds.; M. J. Waters, E, 16yds., 2; F. C. Terry, B, 12 yds., 3. Time, 54s.

Potato race, scratch—Won by R. H. Allen, K; F. G. Leonard, D, 2; F. Heuer, D, 3. Time, 51 4-58.

2-mile bicycle race—Won by Robert K. Machea, D, 55yds.; P. A. Dollard, C, 55yds., 2; F. N. Drake, H, 20 yds., 3. Time, 5m. 43 4-58.

1-lap 3-legged race, handicap—Won by M. J. Waters and J. J. Storms, Jr., E, 3yds.; C. S. Busse and F. Gaisel, F, scratch, 2; E. C. Terry and E. M. Erhart, B, 5 yds., 3. Time, 24s.

8 lap relay race, novice—Won by W. J. Ehrich, G. B. Gosman, M. A. Grant and J. N. Topping, E; E. A. Ware, F. B. Nichols, C. L. McClave and R. I. Smith, B, 2; H. M. Hallenbeck, A. J. Zerbe, H. W. Wilson and H. Sizer, D, 3. Time, 3m. 11 1-58.

Running high jump—Won by R. T. Dodd, G, 6in., with an actual jump of 5ft. 1in.; B. W. Wenman, I, scratch, 2, with 5ft. 6in.; T. McLelland, E, 5in., 3, with an actual jump of 5ft. 1in.

1-lap wheelbarrow race, handicap—Won by S. K. Thomas, E, 2yds.; H. A. Murphy, H, 6yds., 2; H. L. Weisman, F, scratch, 3. Time, 24 3-58.

The companies' points for the Nesbitt trophy were: Company E, 58; Company D, 30; Company B, 30; Company C, 17; Company F, 16; Company A, 13; Company I, 11; Company H, 5; Company K, 5; Company G, 4

VIGILANT.

ROWING.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE trial heats of the annual Interclass Regatta of the University of Pennsylvania were rowed over the last three-quarters of a mile of the National Course, on the Schuylkill River, November 11th. Eleven eights were entered, which made it necessary to row two heats; first and second in each heat qualified for the finals.

The races in both heats were closely contested. The first heat was won by 1901 Medical in 4m. 8s.; 1901 College gained second place, being 4½ seconds behind the winners.

The second heat was won by 1900 College in 3m. 53½s.; 1901 Dental were second, 6 seconds behind the winners.

The finals were rowed November 12th over the same course. The race was a most exciting one, the result being in doubt up to the last hundred yards.

The 1900 College crew won, crossing the line in four minutes flat, and the 1901 Dental crew in 4m. 2s.; the 1901 Medical were third, over a length behind, and 1901 College last, half a length behind.

HARVARD.

The Harvard Freshman eight-oared races were held over a mile course on the Charles River, November 17th. Four crews were entered. The boats made an even start. Atkinson's crew drew away from the others; half-way over the course Smith's and Coffin's crews shortened Atkinson's lead, but at the finish Atkinson's crew spurred, and won a length ahead of Smith's crew, in 5m. 57s. Coffin's crew was third, and Ladd's fourth.

The Harvard University and Weld crews closed their fall season's work with a race over a course from the Union Boat-house to the Longwood bridge, about two miles up-stream, November 22d. Four crews were started, the two University trial eights, and the first and second Weld crews. The race was rowed under almost perfect weather conditions. All the crews rowed a plucky race, and all finished with a spurt.

Perkin's crew made the best start. Higginson's eight soon took the lead. The first Weld crew drew up on Higginson's eight at Harvard bridge, and a very fine finish was made

between these crews, which resulted in a draw, both boats crossing the line in 10m. 7s. Perkin's boat was about one length behind the leaders, and there were about two lengths between Perkin's and Weld second.

Andrew M. O'Dea has been engaged as rowing instructor at Harvard. He is an expert Australian oarsman and a first-class rowing instructor. He will have full charge of the men in the absence of Mr. Storrow, who is unable to devote any more time to rowing until next

spring. O'Dea will pay special attention to the men who have had little previous experience, and will coach them in pair-oars. The new men interested in rowing will now be given a chance to row with a skilled oarsman, who will be regularly at hand. Work will be continued as long as the river is open. Under O'Dea's instruction Harvard will undoubtedly turn out some good oarsmen next season. His work done at Wisconsin, where he was instructor, was most favorable.

VIGILANT.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

WINTER WORK.

UNDER the above heading in last month's Records I made a few suggestions to those who, on the approach of "November sad and drear," lay aside their cameras till sweet spring again clothes the landscape with its mantle of green; and now I want a few words with those who are enthusiastic enough to brave the winter's blasts for the purpose of securing some of its beauties.

To the few whose dark rooms are comfortably and uniformly heated, winter brings few discomforts and no troubles; but the many who, at the best, can only partially warm the places in which they are constrained to work will achieve success only by the exercise of much precaution.

A very little, but sometimes costly, experience will show the necessity for, on the approach of winter, removing from the only occasionally warmed dark room all solutions or liquids liable to freeze. They should, as far as possible, be kept in a uniform temperature, and if that can be between 60° and 70° F. they will be always ready for use. Where that is not convenient, warm water should be employed to bring them to about that, as only thin, weak, unsatisfactory negatives can be produced during cold weather in cold solutions.

INTERIORS.

The photographing of interiors has always been an interesting branch of photography, and very good results have been obtained in the long winter evenings by flashlight. But it is attended with considerable expense and trouble, as, unless there is a proper distribution and disposition of the sources of light, the shadows are disagreeably deep and the results unsatisfactory. In *Anthony's Bulletin* for December, Chas. A. Müller revives an old method by which excellent work was done in pre-magnesium times, but which seems to have been forgotten since the advent of that source of actinic light. The article includes reproductions from two of his negatives, which, although not nearly so good as the method is capable of giving, show that he is on the right road, and have qualities rarely found in flashlight interiors.

He says, with reference to the illustrations: "I took four lamps of the 'Rochester' pattern, with round wicks, placing them back of upholstered chairs and tables so that the light proper, or flame, would not be seen on the ground glass." The exposure was thirty min-

utes with F-16 and a rapid isochromatic plate; but for the first, at least, of the two, forty-five would have been better. Of this picture, which includes a lamp on the table and a three-light chandelier, he says: "I exposed thirty minutes before lighting the gas and the lamp, and five minutes after lighting them."

The following paragraph is also pregnant with possibilities: "I should think that flowers and inanimate objects could easily be photographed by the same means if the light were strongly concentrated on them. The hanging of curtains before the lights, in the manner in which paintings are shown in art exhibitions, might possibly give the desired effect."

In the photographing of interiors and still-life, lamplighting possesses one great advantage over flash-lighting, that of the opportunity of studying the lighting of the subject. The actual effect of the flash is only seen after development, when it is too late to subdue a light or lighten a shadow; while the lamps may be scattered, concentrated, or placed so as to produce whatever kind of lighting or effect may be desired.

STILL-LIFE STUDIES.

As closely connected with the above method of lighting as if written on purpose, is an article on "Still-Life Studies" in the December *Photographic Times*, by C. W. Canfield, for, although his suggestions were intended for daylight exposures, they may be equally well, indeed better, carried out by lamplight. The kind of still life to which he more particularly refers is what may be called the more private property of the individual, such as "Onr Janaton's fan and gloves, her opera-glass, handkerchief and crumpled book of the play," or "Lubin's pipe and tobacco-box," combined with whatever else he most affects or is most interested in. Combinations of such as these, variously arranged and variously lighted, are not only well adapted for the study of composition and of light and shade, but they lead to the production of pictures of peculiar interest from a sentimental point of view, and that indicate both the individuality of the photographer and the idiosyncrasies of the owner. They may be made mementos of noted occurrences, models for the arrangement and lighting of more ambitious performances, and, perhaps best of all, milestones in the growth and progress of the children of the family, the rising generation.

DR. JOHN NICOL.

YACHTING.

THE PROSPECTS FOR 1899.

THAT 1899, which opens with such a brilliant prospect for yachting, may be crowned with a splendid realization, is the ardent hope and anticipation of the writer! The promise for capital sport is indeed excellent, and, unless I am very much mistaken, a larger number of British yachts and yachtsmen will be seen in these waters than ever before in our history.

It is known to us by experience that the years of international cup races have always been marked by a decided yachting fillip in American waters, both salt and fresh. The mere announcement that a challenge has been sent and accepted puts every yacht club on the *qui vive*. This is especially true of the Larchmont Club, whose season last year was spoiled by war and rumors of war.

I hear that there will be a striking contrast between the dullness of the yachting months of 1898 and the sprightly enterprise and enthusiasm of the present year of grace. The "Larchmont week" of pleasant memory will be revived in all its pristine splendor of sea tilt and aquatic tournament.

The Seawanhaka Yacht Club, in addition to the ever popular and interesting knockabout contests every Saturday, will have on its hands the interesting and important feature of choosing a champion to send to Canada to race for the international cup which the double-huller *Dominion* successfully defended last autumn. And while on this topic I may say that by mutual consent the boats that will next compete for this trophy will have no trace of the objectionable double-hull principle that aroused so much Seawanhaka ire in September last. If it could be stipulated that the boats eligible to contest for this cup must be so constructed that they are able to sail at least a dozen races in moderate breezes without collapsing, it would be of advantage to the sport. This remark does not apply to the Canadian craft of last year, all of which, aside from their freakiness, were of sound and strong construction and were actually able (*mirabile dictu*) to race in reefing breezes without suffering any injury to the hulls. The two Seawanhaka boats had no stamina whatever, their characteristics being frailty and fragility; and in addition to these most undesirable attributes, their cost was absurdly high. The Seawanhaka Club should send a *boat* next time to Canada, and not a machine illy put together of bicycle tubing and veneer incapable of sailing half a dozen bouts without hauling out for quite extensive repairs. This criticism may seem harsh, but it

has the sterling quality of intrinsic truth; and it is offered in no unkind spirit, but the contrary.

The New York Yacht Club will, at their coming election, re-elect Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan commodore, and most of the other present officers will be chosen for another term. The squadron cruise, which was omitted last year, will be distinguished by its magnificence next August. There will be the paramount attraction of seeing the new Herreshoff creation measuring her capabilities with those of the famous old *Defender*, for the honor of meeting the challenging *Shamrock*. There will also be an event of great aquatic importance and interest in the first contest for the valuable cups which Capt. John Jacob Astor has offered to present annually to be sailed for by schooners and "single-stickers" off Newport. These trophies, which are intended to take the place of the Goelet Cups, are sure to arouse the keenest and liveliest competition. It has not yet been decided to continue the cruise as far east as Bar Harbor, as was the case in 1897, but if yacht owners feel so disposed Commodore Morgan will offer stirring incentives in the form of prizes to the fastest craft in his squadron.

So far as steam yachting is concerned, there will be quite a revival. The big fleet of steamers that have so long remained in sheltering docks for fear of the terrible Spanish armada will emerge from their inglorious idleness in all the bravery of a new equipment. Among them will be seen many new and magnificent vessels, including Commodore Morgan's new flagship, *Corsair*. The *Corsair* replaces his old ship of the same name, which, rechristened *Gloucester* and enrolled in our navy, made glorious history off the harbor of Santiago de Cuba. There will also be seen the new *America*, owned by Mr. Archibald Watt, distinguished by being the only ship-rigged pleasure craft that flies the American yachting ensign. Mr. Howard Gould's *Niagara*, round which so many interesting associations cluster, is sure to take part in the cruise, as well as a host of new and older craft which are bound to make their appearance on this the great spectacular pageant of the yachting year.

The American yachtswoman along the Atlantic coast was deprived of one of her favorite diversions last season, and it can easily be imagined that she will expect a double meed of enjoyment this year. This, of course, means that nearly every yacht enrolled in the fleet of the New York Yacht Club will be practically forced to join in the squadron cruise, unless the American girl ceases to have her own way—a contingency extremely unlikely.

A. J. KENEALY.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. B. G., Ottawa, Ont.—Bloodhound's ears are never cut. In olden days he was fierce and aggressive because he was the tool and associate of fierce men, who encouraged his every savage instinct by setting him brutal tasks, and by a craftily designed system of feeding, training and general treatment. If we were to take any powerful dog, give him a special course of

food, keep him on chain, and treat him like a wild beast generally, he would speedily develop a savage disposition which would cause him to be a menace to the safety of his neighbors.

E. T., Springfield, Mass.—There is no special training for speed skating. Perfect bodily condition and continued practice, with natural aptitude, are what tell.





Painted for OUTING by J. Lewis.

See "Some Ice Yachting Adventures." (pp. 502-505.)

"SPLASH! WENT THE YACHT." (p. 504.)

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WE LUNCH ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF A STONE WALL. (p. 441.)

THE NEW ENGLAND FOX-HUNT.

BY HERBERT L. JILSON.



IN fancy, at the word "fox-hunt," the minds of many picture bobtailed horses bearing red-coated riders, taking fences, leaping ditches, or thundering along close up with a pack of frantic hounds; but within the last few years another method of hunting foxes has been adopted in New England, of which little has been written. Round it myth and tradition have not yet gathered, nor song and ballad claimed it for their

text. Stories, and many a good one, are told and retold on the hillside and round the hospitable table that marks the greater gatherings of the craft, whose followers, as the years have multiplied, have increased until the sport is a general favorite amongst the rugged pastures of New England.

This modern fox-hunt may not possess all the social attractions that cluster around the English method, but it embodies those elements which make the blood of every true sportsman tingle with enthusiasm, and it is no less sportsmanlike, no less exhilarating, no less picturesque. In this hunt the saddle-horse plays no part. In place of the red coat we find the corduroy or canvas

hunting suit and the modern hammerless. Instead of the hunt ball at the close of the day, we find the hunt dinner, at which the sportsmen gather to tell their experiences. Instead of following the hounds in a frantic rush to be in at the "death," we find the hunters waiting, with a patience born of experience, expectantly at some favorite barway or well-known run for the appearance of a fox.

The natural conditions of the New England country have, without doubt, had much to do with the method adopted. No horse could follow Reynard in his tireless run through timber, over ledges and around marshy ponds, and seldom could hounds, no matter how fleet-footed,

The New England hound is unlike his English brother. He lacks the straight forelegs and resonant voice. He is heavily built, broad-nosed, long-eared and deep-voiced. What he is deficient in speed, he makes up in pluck and endurance. He will run alone all day and all night until, footsore and exhausted, he lies down on the trail to rest. He needs no pack, no "whip" to urge him on. Instinct tells him what his duty is in this world and he performs it with tireless energy. Success or failure has little or no effect upon his grim determination. This dog is the product, as well as the pride, of New England.

At first, these hounds hunted of



HEADQUARTERS OF A MEET.
Examining a Thoroughbred.

catch the swift, sly, red fox of New England. Nature has certainly given the fox the advantage, for when fatigue comes, there are many places where safety may be found at short notice. New Englanders have, in consequence, constructed their hunt to fit existing conditions, having in view the main end of all fox-hunting—the desire to secure the brush. This desire to kill, however, is by no means the most prominent, for, as everywhere else, the true fox-hunter loves above all the companionship of fellow sportsmen, the baying of the hounds and the contact with nature.

their own accord and without bidding. Gradually their owners became interested, and as it was rare indeed, that Reynard was overtaken, owners of the dogs, sturdy farmers, soon saw that the only thing to do was to shoot the fox ahead of the dog. After a time, therefore, when they heard the mellow baying ringing from the distant hillside, or rising from far-off vale, they would grasp the old musket and join in the chase. They soon came to know the different runs the foxes made.

As the years wore on and the dogs became more numerous, the followers of

the sport continued to increase, until, many years ago, the custom of massing the hounds in various localities several times a year for a general hunt began.

Naturally the formation of clubs followed. The first club was formed about twenty years ago in Worcester, Mass. The growth was at first slow, but in the last few years there has been a tremendous bound forward, and now Massachusetts alone has no less than half a dozen organized bodies of men whose purpose it is to organize and direct systematic hunts of the fox in a sportsmanlike manner.

Owing to Reynard's uncontrollable passion for plump fowl, fat ducks and the other good things of the poultry yard of the farmer, the statutes do not protect him at any season of the year, and at one time he was so generally rated as a nuisance, that a bounty was placed on his scalp. Members of the



CALLING THE HOUNDS.

clubs, however, observe an unwritten law which protects the fox from March 1st to the end of September, and also makes it a violation of the rules to either poison, trap, or dig him out at any season of the year. As a result, instead of diminishing in numbers, foxes throughout New England are on the increase, and good sport is to be found almost anywhere, and will be for years to come.



AT THE FORKS, "WHERE ARE THE HOUNDS?"

In the fox-hunting ranks to-day, one finds the best element of sportsmen. The judge leaves the court-room, the lawyer his case, the banker his office, the legislator his cares, and the merchant his business, to hasten off into the country to hear the mellow baying of the hounds, to join in the chase, and to come in contact with nature's invigorating air and manifold beauties.

Blooded hounds have been secured, not only from the kennels of the South, but from those across the water, to work New England's rocky hills, wooded vales and spreading meadows, but still, in spite of all, the sturdy native hound continues to be held in love by the greater number of hunters. The Southern hound is too fast, and his frantic efforts frighten the crafty New England fox so that he either "lights out" of sight and hearing, or completely disappears. The English hound, accustomed to working with the pack and the continual urging of the "whip," has never met with general favor.

The individual members of these clubs do considerable hunting among themselves. A fine day during the open season will hardly fail to bring some hunters and dogs to the best grounds. Each year there is a keen rivalry to see who can end the season with the largest number of pelts to his credit. The sportsmen's stores in the city, where the clubs are located, keep bulletins showing the score; and each night a party of hunters may be found in the "dens" adjoining the stores, scrutinizing the board through wreaths of tobacco smoke and listening to the stories which tell how and where each fox was killed.

The events about which the real interest centers are the annual hunts, to which a general invitation is extended, and in response hunters from all over New England assemble with their dogs. The parties number in the vicinity of two hundred, and the pack of dogs, sixty or more.

At a meeting on the evening previous to the day of the hunt, grounds are selected, and a "meet," at which the hunters are all to gather at a stated time, is decided upon. Dogs are assigned by the master of hounds, and details arranged. The rules are explained for the benefit of those not familiar with them. No one is allowed to shoot any

arm but a shot-gun (to avoid accident, owing to the large number in the field), and firing at anything but foxes is forbidden. In many cases there is a system of signaling with horns, by which the hunters in various positions are informed as to kills, the locations of the hounds, hunters and teams, and the ending of the hunt.

The start is made at five o'clock in the morning from some well-known hotel. Many of the hunters go in private teams, but the greater number are conveyed to the grounds in big barges. The line, as it rumbles off over the rough pavements, is certainly a novel one. Few people are astir, and the streets of the city are deserted save for a few newsboys hurrying along with great bundles of papers, or an occasional workman. The hunters are a bit sleepy, and the dogs lie shivering in the teams at the start, but as the line moves out into the country an air of expectation becomes manifest. The hunters look eagerly about; the dogs rise and whine anxiously. Way off in the east, the first rays of the rising sun are tinging a purple cloud with gold. The frost, everywhere on the landscape, sparkles in the vague light. The air is damp and cold.

The picturesqueness of the hunt manifests itself at the "meet." The scene that greets the eye as the barges and teams unload is one that would make any sportsman's blood thrill. Hunters in striking suits of canvas and corduroy are hastily preparing and departing for the field, each bound for some place where he is *sure* a fox will pass. Officials are hurrying to and fro giving final orders to the drivers of the barges. The genial farmer has a warm welcome to all, for he has often seen substantial evidence of the generosity of the sportsmen. The impatient hounds have caught the spirit of the occasion, and tug madly at their leashes as they are led away. It is a picture of life, activity and vigor.

At six o'clock the dogs are unleashed. The great pack spreads out like a hill of disturbed ants as the dogs range here and there, frantic with delight, each eager to be the first to give voice. No sound escapes them except, perhaps, an impatient whine from an over-eager youngster, but every eye glows, every nostril is distended, every instinct is

alert. Presently White's Logan, a noble fellow, opens mildly. Aggie, working over at the left in a grass-grown ravine, stops, listens a moment, and then hurries to his side. The dogs cease ranging. As the trail warms, Logan shows more confidence, and a few minutes later, striking the hot trail, breaks forth into a burst of exultation as he bounds forward. Aggie's shrill cry answers.

The fox is going.

One by one the hounds join in from all directions until they seem like bees swarming.

How the woods ring! Such music!

The heart of every hunter within hearing distance is beating like a trip-hammer.

Round and round the dogs go in a piece of timber on the hillside as the fox attempts to mix them at the start, but ere long the place gets too hot for him, and he breaks cover and commences a long run, which, if nothing happens, will bring him back late in the afternoon. The hounds study for a time on the last double, but presently unravel the maze, and start in pursuit. Reynard is from five to fifteen minutes, perhaps half an hour, ahead of the dogs.

The chase has begun!

What a magnificent sight the pack makes as it plunges along the brow of the hill. See Logan leading, with Aggie close upon his heels, and just back of them the pack, splendidly bunched!

What man with good red blood in his veins can forget such a scene? And the music! Show me the sportsman who is not a fox-hunter for life after hearing such a burst of melody! Ah, the very memory sends the blood surging through one's veins!

The hillside offers little protection, save small patches of bushes and the endless stone-walls and rail-fences, but every wall conceals a crouching figure with a gun. No barway is unguarded.

"Where is the fox?" is the question the hunter ahead of the pack asks as he peers eagerly toward the dogs. His anxiety increases as the pack draws near. Presently the hounds burst from a bit of cover a few rods off, sweep along close beside a stone-wall, in the open for a moment, and then plunge into a clump of bushes farther on and are lost to sight.

The hunter's question is answered. He knows where the fox *was*. His trembling hand releases its hold on the gun.

He looks sheepishly about to see if anyone else has seen him, and finds hunters all along the hill, where the hounds have passed, doing the same thing. The music of the pack floats back to his ears. He strains them with the hope of hearing a gun, forgetting for a moment his chagrin.

Some hunter will probably be alert and quick-sighted enough to spy Reynard as he darts like a shadow from one cover to another, or creeps like a specter along in the shadow of a stone-wall or a rail-fence. He may shoot and kill, or he may only wound the fox, so that he will, with a last supreme effort, gain the cleft of a ledge and disappear. But the hunter will probably make a clean miss and turn the fox so that he will twist sharply, dart down the hillside, scurry through a barn-yard and cross the road under the teams in which the drivers, waiting for the hunters, are seated unarmed and unprepared. A minute later he has taken to the woods and left the hunters on the hillside miles in the rear. The dogs are not far behind, but their music grows fainter and fainter until it ceases.

One by one the hunters make their way down to the road. The teams and barges are boarded and a half-hour's ride brings the party into the hunt again. The fox has got over his fright and settled down to business, but he is killed before the sun has reached the tree-tops. The tireless hounds stop only to give their tormentor an indifferent shake and are off again. They soon have another fox going, perhaps two or three at the same time, and there are music and plenty of excitement until the moisture dries upon the grass.

The sport grows listless as noon approaches. The baying is scattered and languid. Gradually the hunters gather in little groups and tell stories. One by one the dogs come in. Twelve o'clock finds the sportsmen near some farmhouse, snugly esconced on the sunny side of stone-walls, untying lunches that have been fished out from mysterious pockets. The drivers of the barges have fed their horses, and are passing to and fro with milk-cans full of coffee. A generous farmer has brought a demi-john of sweet cider and a basket of



BRINGING IN A BRACE OF HOUNDS.

apples. Lunch over, comforting pipes appear and the early afternoon hours pass lazily. As the sun sinks lower, the hounds begin to move about uneasily. At last someone takes a handful of dogs and starts off. A few hunters follow indifferently, but the greater number are loth to move. Before long the music starts, and then such a scramble! The private teams go spinning off in every direction and the hunters rush here and there stuffing shells into their guns as they go. The day includes further good driving and many another kill ere the horns sound their final signals.

As the sun reaches the horizon, the hunters begin to come slowly in, singly and in groups. The mellow ring of the hunter's horn is heard in many directions as the dogs, still at work, are called off. There is still good driving, but the hunters are tired, and realizing the approaching darkness and possibly having the closing event of the day in mind, are ready to quit. At the appointed hour, the barges and teams start homeward, gathering up such hunters and dogs as they find on the way. The ride is uneventful, but, in spite of the fatigue, spirits are buoyant and good fellowship reigns.

A change of clothing, or a wash at the hotel, is refreshing, and after a short time the hunters assemble in the corridor, waiting for the announcement of dinner. The landlord knows what

keen appetites his guests have, and does not keep them waiting long. At seven o'clock the door leading into the dining-room is thrown open, and strains of music float softly out.

And the dinner! Such a spread! Course after course disappears, and still appetites are unappeased. How delicious the blue points are! There certainly never was such venison, and the birds, served on buttered toast with jelly—ah! No one who has not spent the day afield in the crisp, invigorating air can have any conception of how good the things are. Coffee is reached at last, and, as the cigars are passed, the hunters straighten up and look about. Four fox-pelts lie on a table in the center of the room. Distinguished guests sit gravely at the head table.

Two hundred fox-hunters light cigars and settle back in their chairs. A sense of contentment, a feeling of good fellowship steals over them as the blue wreaths of smoke float upward.

After a time the reverie is broken. The President raps for order. He welcomes the guests, he says it is the best hunt ever held, he speaks of the beautiful day and the glorious sport. The guests follow. The Mayor extends the welcome of the city, the legislator refers to the sturdy character that outdoor sport builds, the clergyman tells what he doesn't know about hunting, and the prominent educator gets reminiscent. The successful hunters—the lions of the occasion—are called on to tell how they downed their foxes, and then come jelly informal remarks from



NOT OFTEN FOUND ON THE NEW ENGLAND FOX-HUNT.

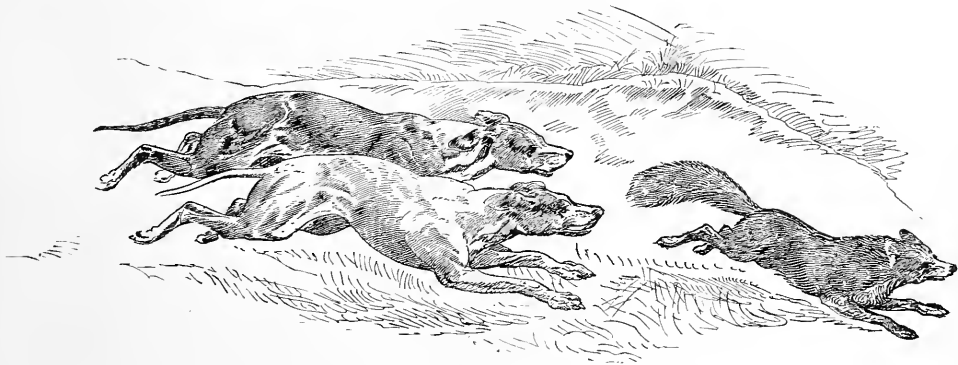
the sportsmen about the day's experiences, with numberless hits at other fellows and other fellows' dogs.

The hands of the clock pass the midnight hour before one knows it. The exercises are brought to an abrupt ending. The hunters quickly depart. The hunt is over.

Such is the New England fox-hunt which has become so popular. But the description can give but little idea of the real exhilaration, the real pleasure of the sport. What music can equal to the hunter's ears the baying of the hounds as it rings down from the hill-side, or floats up from the valley? What can make the hunter's heart beat

more wildly than to hear the sound approaching? What can equal a day afield in the clear, crisp October air? They are memories that cannot be effaced. Long afterward, as the fox-hunter sits at home in his easy chair and glances at the rich, golden rug at his feet, his mind will wander back to the field. As he lives over again its thrilling scenes, his eye flashes and his breath comes quick and fast. * * * Softly to his ears there comes, rising and falling, trembling and swelling, the far-off :

"Aou-ooo-oo-o, aou-ooo-oo-o. Auch !
Auch ! Aou-ooo-oo-o, aou-ooo-oo-o."
Hark !



THE BALLADE OF THE HUNTSMAN.

WHEN the ground is hard and the wind is chill.

And the hoar-frost gleams on the withered grass ;

When the blood leaps free and the pulses thrill :

When the woodlands glow in a crimson mass ;

When the river shines like a sheet of glass,

And clear in the sky beams the slanting sun,

A feeling comes that I cannot class

At the distant bang of the hunter's gun.

I think of the hut near the noted " hill.

Where lives " French Pete " with his cheery

' Yas,

" Ah t'ought youse comin' ; Ah says you will,

" An ma 'ooman he's mek you some applesass,"

And Peter's daughter, a buxom lass—

According to Peter she's *vingt-et-un*—

Such are the scenes that before me pass

At the distant bang of the hunter's gun.

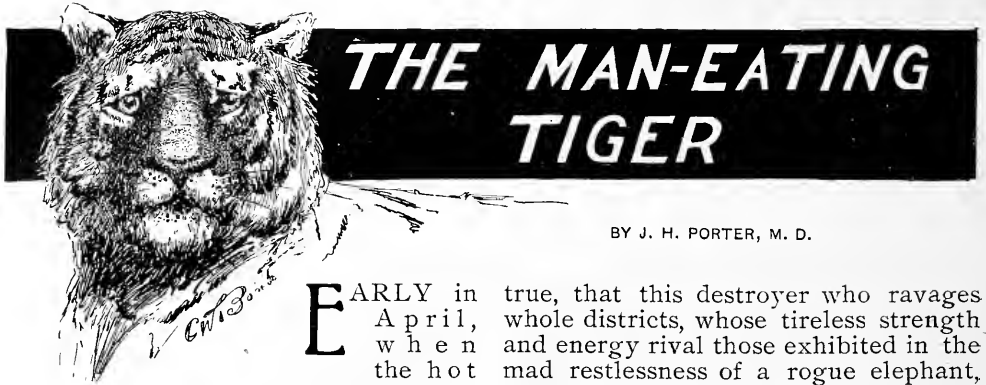
I think of the plover, piping shrill

In the darksome depths of the chill morass ;

The bob-white's whirl and the woodcock's trill,

And the savor of sage and sassafras.

RUSSELL TAFT.



THE MAN-EATING TIGER

BY J. H. PORTER, M. D.

EARLY in April, when the hot season of India had begun, our party began to move through the Bétúl jungles.

The formation of this party differed much from that commonly seen in that country. It was closed up into a compact mass and there were no stragglers; their baggage camels went with them instead of being sent ahead; and furthermore one large elephant moved in front and one in rear, each bearing white riders heavily armed. Everybody showed signs of extreme fatigue; yet all seemed on the alert—especially the two trackers keeping near to the leading tusker's shoulder.

Assuredly there was need for vigilance when a beast may have been close by, whose deeds would probably exceed belief upon the part of those experience has not taught what a man-eating tiger can do. "Bétúl" (the highlands of Central India), says Captain James Forsyth, "has always been unusually afflicted with man-eaters;" and, as a matter of fact, one such tiger had now closed every highway in that extensive tract lying between the Mórán and Gangál rivers, stopped work on the Harbadá Valley Railroad, and kept all those towns which their inhabitants had not deserted, in a state of siege. Up to that time when it became necessary to hunt him down by the unrelaxing pursuit always obligatory when an animal of this kind is followed, he had killed people everywhere: laborers in their fields, travelers by by-paths and public roads, herders with cattle on distant ranges, woodcutters, watchmen at village gates, sleepers who rested in fancied security at home. A reign of terror spread abroad, and the wildest stories were afloat.

It seems incredible, but is literally

true, that this destroyer who ravages whole districts, whose tireless strength and energy rival those exhibited in the mad restlessness of a rogue elephant, should be commonly described as forced to eat men because age and infirmity prevent the brute from hunting other kinds of game. Many tigers are brought up to homicide. Many others have killed one or two human beings, but do not follow up this practice. Moreover, the murderous tiger may be of any age. He is a variation in the way of excess, the most cunning, wary, well-developed mentally, and desperately dangerous being in brute creation.

It is so rarely the case that man-eaters originate among hunting tigers, that any exceptions to this rule are scarcely worth considering; but there is a well-defined class differing greatly from the shy, morose and solitary denizens of forest lands or mountain solitudes—animals that shun man and are unfamiliar with his ways. Those former, the so-called "cattle-lifters," live principally on beef, keep near to herds on their daily journey to and from villages, generally follow when drought causes their transfer to more distant pastures, and in either case become habituated to the presence of human beings.

Moreover, all the tigers do not go away. A certain proportion of them remain, and subsist on game until their accustomed prey returns. It is from this residue that man-eaters are nearly always derived. They have already taken the first and most difficult step toward such a career in becoming familiarized with beings unlike all others, and getting rid of those impressions of strangeness and mystery in which fear is rooted. Probably no two animals begin a pursuit of mankind under precisely the same conditions; but be the initiatory circumstances what they may, when a change such as this takes place, its results are made plain by an

immense mass of scattered, though perfectly reliable, evidence. Governmental records and personal narratives leave no doubt that new adjustments have been made, additional knowledge acquired, an intellectual advance attained, which not only puts these destroyers at the head of their race, but makes a man-eating tiger's presence the most frightful imaginable.

In the last tragedy which had occurred in Bétúl before our arrival a tiger dragged his prey down into a ravine, and there Mehndi Khan, the chief tracker, vainly tried to recover a trail lost among bare rocks. This accursed was laughing at our beards, he said. "Why for, unless by magic, had he disappeared? *Ya Allah!* what kind of charms were those which that thief, the priest of Chárkhera, sold me to insure success? Let us descend into the valley beyond, my lords, since now neither man nor beast may endure more. Truly a village is there, of whose inhabitants the tiger has eaten many. It was the will of God. These people are infidels, but, though liars by nature, we may get some news."

That evening a Hindu woodcutter reported having seen the fugitive, and gave his course, which bore toward a range of rocky hills where he had taken refuge before. At dawn everybody was on foot again, for there is no pause or respite for those who hunt man-eaters. The chase must be kept up unremittingly until they are run down. None expected to find any traces of our game in the valley, because tigers will never traverse the heated soil of open country unless forced to do so; it soon blisters their feet and lames them. Along the forest skirts, on its eastern side, however, his trail was picked up again; but it soon turned in, and a party like this could not march through woodlands. The direction was plain, nevertheless, and toward evening, upon rounding a projection of tree jungle extending far out into grassy undulations, the valley's head lay in front, and, near by, a camp of Banjáras—gypsies, perhaps, but certainly vagrants—then in a state of wildest commotion.

Except a few that had been tied up, all their animals had been stampeded. Terrified, vociferating women huddled among clumps of dark spearmen, who seemed to anticipate an attack, while a

pack of fierce dogs ramped and raved around.

"*Ul-humd-ul-illa*, praise be to God!" ejaculated Mehndi Khan, piously. "We have found him at last." So it was. The gypsy explained that one of their herders had just been killed among his bullocks; and he was going on to tell how the beast left his prey when the clan gathered, and plunged through a screen of jamal and tamarisk, taking refuge in a fastness among the hills, but Mehndi interrupted him—

"Be not a fool, O man," he cried. "Are there outlets by which this hell-born can escape? Speak, and lie not, for we have no time to hear vain words." There was one opening, it appeared, a difficult and precipitous path. Everywhere else impassable cliffs shut the place in.

Without delay a strong force of Banjáras, who really are the only people in India always ready to combine against tigers, climbed up the less inaccessible outward walls, and posted themselves above this exit. A few matchlocks and plenty of stout lances, with good bows, and, more effectual still, an unlimited supply of rocks to roll down, made the path secure, and it only remained to close the entrance. That was done by our own trained men. They lined the crags forming a portal, and it was safe to say no tiger would break through there. Then silence fell, unbroken by so much as a breath of air, as the elephants moved on and were halted within.

"Look at Moolah Bek," said Major F—; "the tiger must be close by." That great tusker stood with cocked ears and slowly waving trunk; a deep tremulous murmur rolled from his mighty chest, and he beat the ground in quick nervous stamps. Dogs would have been invaluable now; but not a gypsy cur would come inside. Bold as these animals are said to be, at the first intimation of putting them in they slunk to heel or scuttled off.

This space was not much larger than a Roman amphitheater, but its area had been almost completely overgrown with scrub; and on such ground, tigers, being able to move invisibly, and also knowing their enemies' positions, have every advantage. The ponderous strength of our elephants, however, easily beat down all obstacles, as they quartered

abreast; still it was hunting in darkness, until Banjára yells, scattering shots, and the crash of rocks showed that an assault on the guarded outlet had been made.

It failed, of course, for when men stand fast, a tiger, unlike the lion, will scarcely ever close with them. Hardly had the elephants come in sight before cries of defiance changed to exultant shouts, and the tiger rushed away roaring so as to shake the air. He had been wounded, as scattered blood-gouts showed; and now, hemmed in and desperate, it needed little acquaintance with his race to know that the beast would fight to the last.

In this first rush back he passed through the brake like a whirlwind; yet that was only for a moment or two. Very soon an ominous silence brooded over the scene again, ominous because experience has taught tiger-hunters that, after being hit, one of these brutes generally takes the first opportunity to attack. Under any circumstances this is a serious matter; but where there is no range and sportsmen must depend upon snap shots, the issue assumes its gravest character. The interval of suspense was not long, however, for as our elephants plowed through thick brush to the margin of a little open tract, short, muffled, rapidly uttered roars (the invariable war-cry of a tiger charging home) arose in front, and on came the man-eater wild with rage. He was very large anyway, and in the prime of life. Now his form, dilated by contracted muscles and bristling coat, swelled beyond its natural size, while attitude and expression made him the embodiment of fierce passion and destructive power.

He darted past Futteh Khan, the smaller tusker, and whirling in his course, like a swooping bird, flung himself on that elephant's flank and literally pulled him down. No wonder he sank backward when five hundred pounds sheer weight hung at the root of his tail, and those sensitive parts were torn with tooth and claw. There was a horrible scrambling amidst shrieks, roars, and clouds of dust.

Nobody could do anything except hold on for dear life, because the other elephant had a fit of hysterics such as his kind, even those most stanch, are liable to, and danced about so that his riders could not fire a shot, having all

they could do in preventing themselves from being pitched into the tiger's jaws.

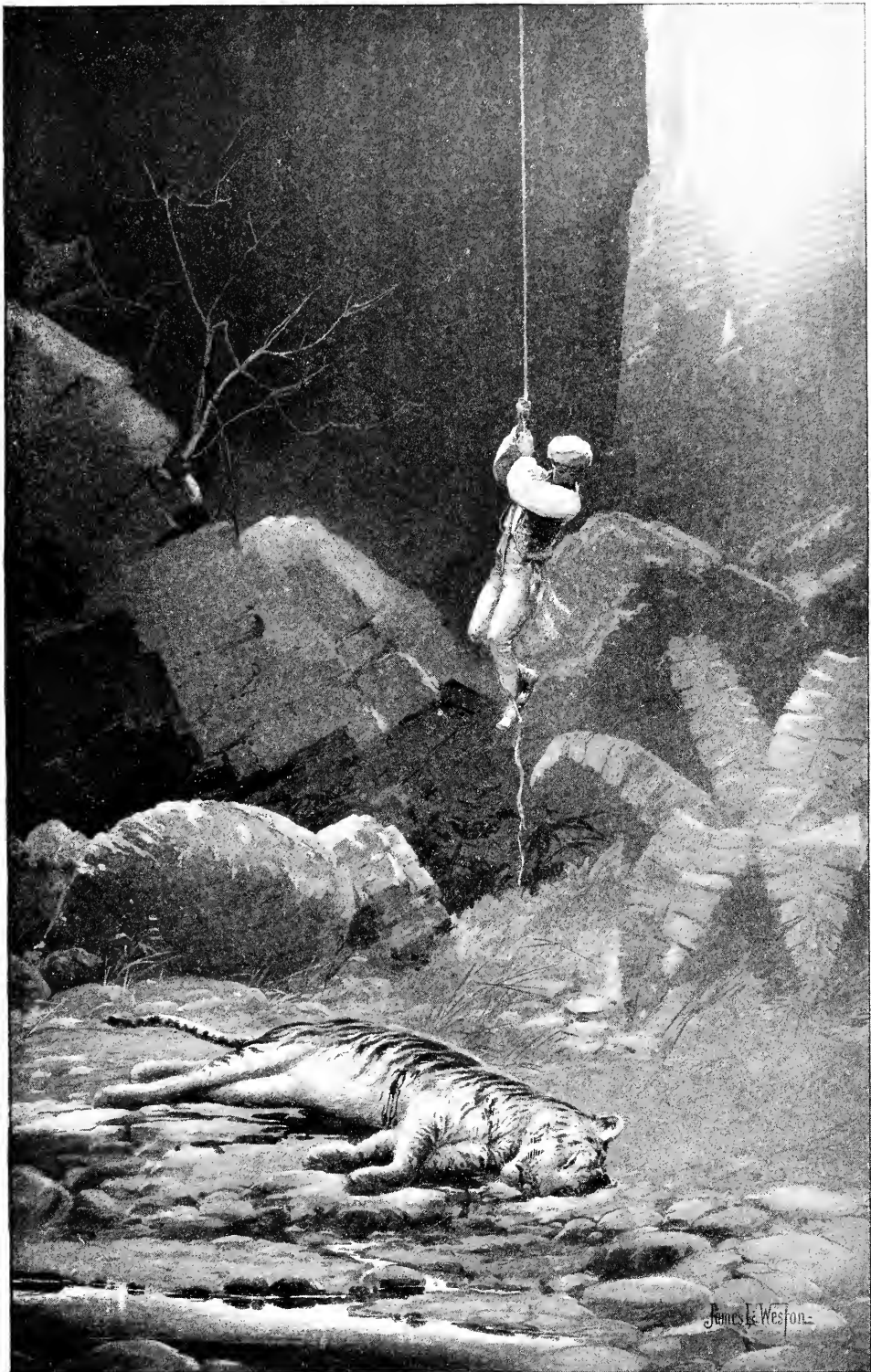
This infernal fracas must naturally have soon come to an end one way or another; it, however, terminated by the tiger's letting go, and springing out of sight within cover. For some time both elephants were demented, and even when their mahouts quieted them, it was plain that neither could be depended upon. Likewise, during this tranquilizing process, which consisted of ankoos-proddings, curses, and the queerest expostulations, another uproar began at the gate. This demonstration ceased almost at once, since the position could not be forced.

Then, having repaired damages, our beat recommenced with an assurance that the death struggle could not be far off. Caution and ferocity are about equally active in a tiger's ordinary moods; but when the beast is long pressed, and especially if wounded, the former gives way, and this beast becomes reckless. Thus it happened then. A puff of wind came, bringing his hot scent to the elephants' nostrils. Futteh Khan stood fast; but it changed Hadji Bek's fear into fury. He wanted to fight, the worst thing possible except running away, as it effectually prevents a man from using his arms otherwise than to secure himself. This big tusker did in fact rush forward a few paces, and then the tiger fastened on his head. Another wild time of frantic strivings ensued; but the companion elephant's steadiness gave an opportunity to fire two shots at short range.

At that distance the heavy balls went completely through the animal. He dropped off and staggered back behind a buttress of rock.

While in such a position nothing could be done with elephants.

It would have been certain death to advance upon that place on foot; the overhanging cliffs prevented any effort being made from above, and there were no bombs to throw in. So we waited, hoping for a change; but without any result. The silence remained unbroken, darkness approached, and not a sign revealed that our grim enemy was so near. At length, some men gathered on the heights above and let one of their number down by a rope. Swinging aloft, he saw the tiger stretched out in a pool of blood.



Painted for OUTING by James L. Weston.

"SWINGING ALOFT HE SAW THE TIGER STRETCHED OUT." (P. 446.)

MA BLONDE.

THE ROMANCE OF A RUSTICATION.

BY M. GERTRUDE CUNDILL.



CAMPBELL DENNISON was not a failure by any means; he had simply misapplied his leisure with too much assiduity to sports afield and to society, forgetful of the fact that there is no royal road to the law. Yet, rail as he might at fate, with all his faults he was reasonable, and had cheerfully acquiesced in his father's suggestion—that a season of seclusion in a remote provincial village with an old friend, the curé of the parish, might be profitably spent in mastering the codeless science and in preparation for passing the ordeal of an examination he had twice failed in.

Almost before he realized it, the time had come, and he found himself, freezing and forlorn, at the small station that was the nearest approach to his destination.

From the sanctum sanctorum of the telegraph operator issued a peculiar figure, wholly enveloped in an old buffalo coat and knitted toque; and a somewhat thick and unsteady voice demanded:

"Est-ce que vous soyez le m'sieur pour m'sieur le curé?"

"Yes," said Dennison, wondering if this could be his father's selection of a guardian.

"C'est bien. 'E tol' me to bring you along sure, in my cariole. She's h'outside." And with somewhat wavering footsteps he made for the door.

What with all his traps and his own far from small person, Sauvage's cariole was a tight squeeze, and as the roads were deep with fresh snow, the drive was full of excitements.

The old man was garrulity itself. The keen air was brightening him up, and judging from the questions he asked, a thorough knowledge of business other than his own was his strong point.

What a very desolate road it was they traversed. Up and down hills for the most part, and little to be seen but stretches of glistening snow, with here and there a clump of snow-laden pines, or a glimpse of a fence uncovered. Houses at intervals dotted the roadside, yet, except for the smoke from the

chimneys, they might every one have been uninhabited.

But after an hour and a half, the scene of his labors for the next few months was arrived at. And as a village it had few pretensions. A church, the presbytère, a convent, two small shops, and a few houses clumped together, constituted the place called after some saintly lady.

M'sieur le curé came out on the steps to greet his guest, and Dennison thought his rotund little person and red, round face augured well for his own future comfort.

The presbytère was plain within and without. Neither comfort nor beauty was much encouraged. The study was well enough, for its row of books added a little adornment, but the living-room and bed-rooms chilled one even to glance into them.

Dennison's room reminded him so forcibly of a cell, that he almost expected to hear the clank of chains and rattle of keys when the priest ushered him in.

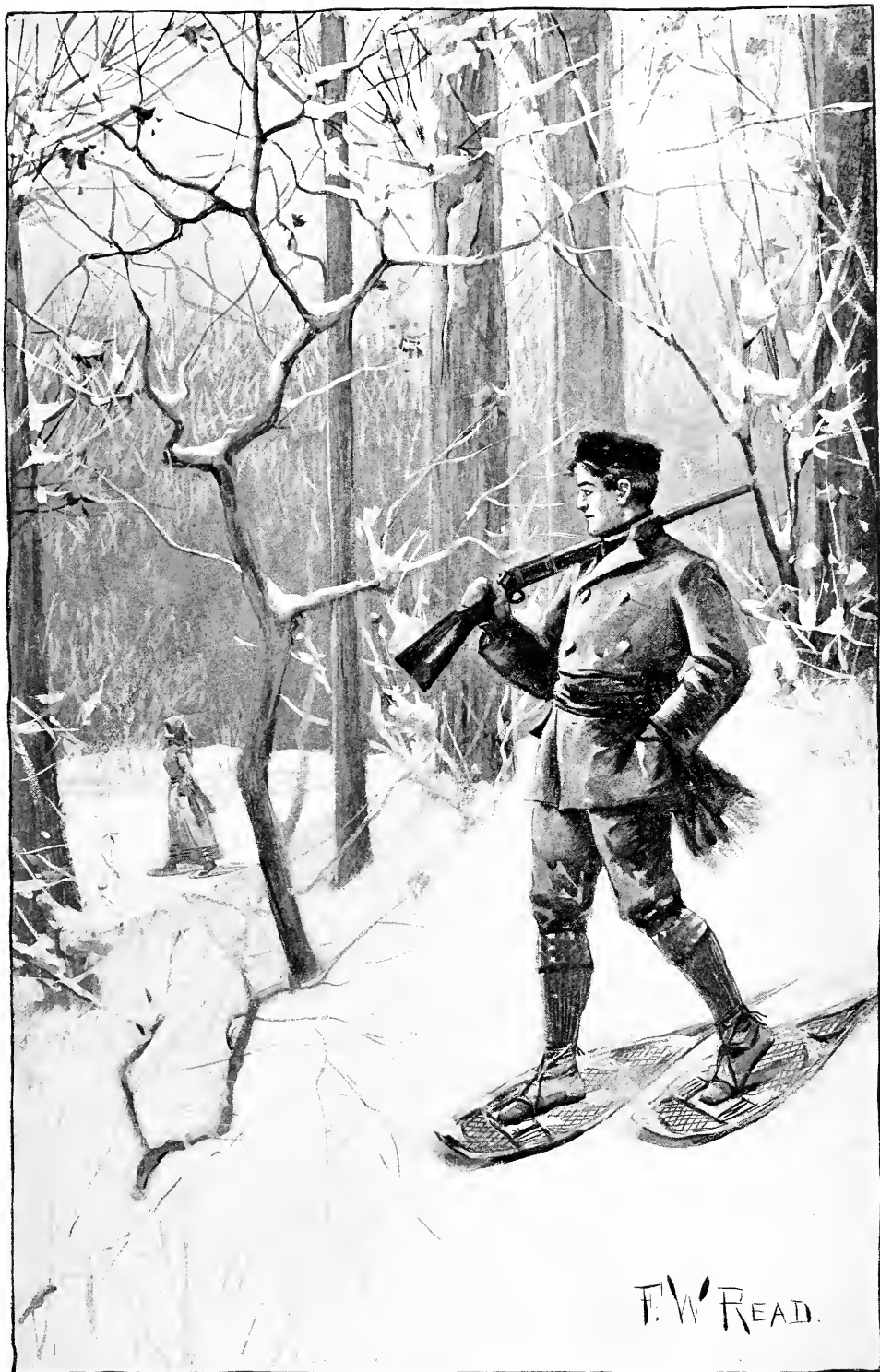
That evening no studying was done. But the next morning Campbell buckled down to work and really did for him so fair an amount, that in the afternoon he felt he had earned a holiday, and set off for a stroll. Seeing the blacksmith's forge going, and several men about, he dropped in, and spent an hour chatting with the numerous habitants congregated there. His French they told him was marvelous, and though he could not compliment their English, they got on very well together.

"By the way," he said, "I am sorry I am too late for any shooting. Not even hares after the first of February, eh?"

"Bien! As for us, few of us have guns, except Thibault, the 'trappeur,' and there is not much to shoot." He winked at the rest of the company. "But though, as monsieur says, the time for shooting 'perdrix,' or hare, is over, well, if the young monsieur should happen, by accident, to shoot one, we would not say anything. N'est-ce pas, mes amis?"

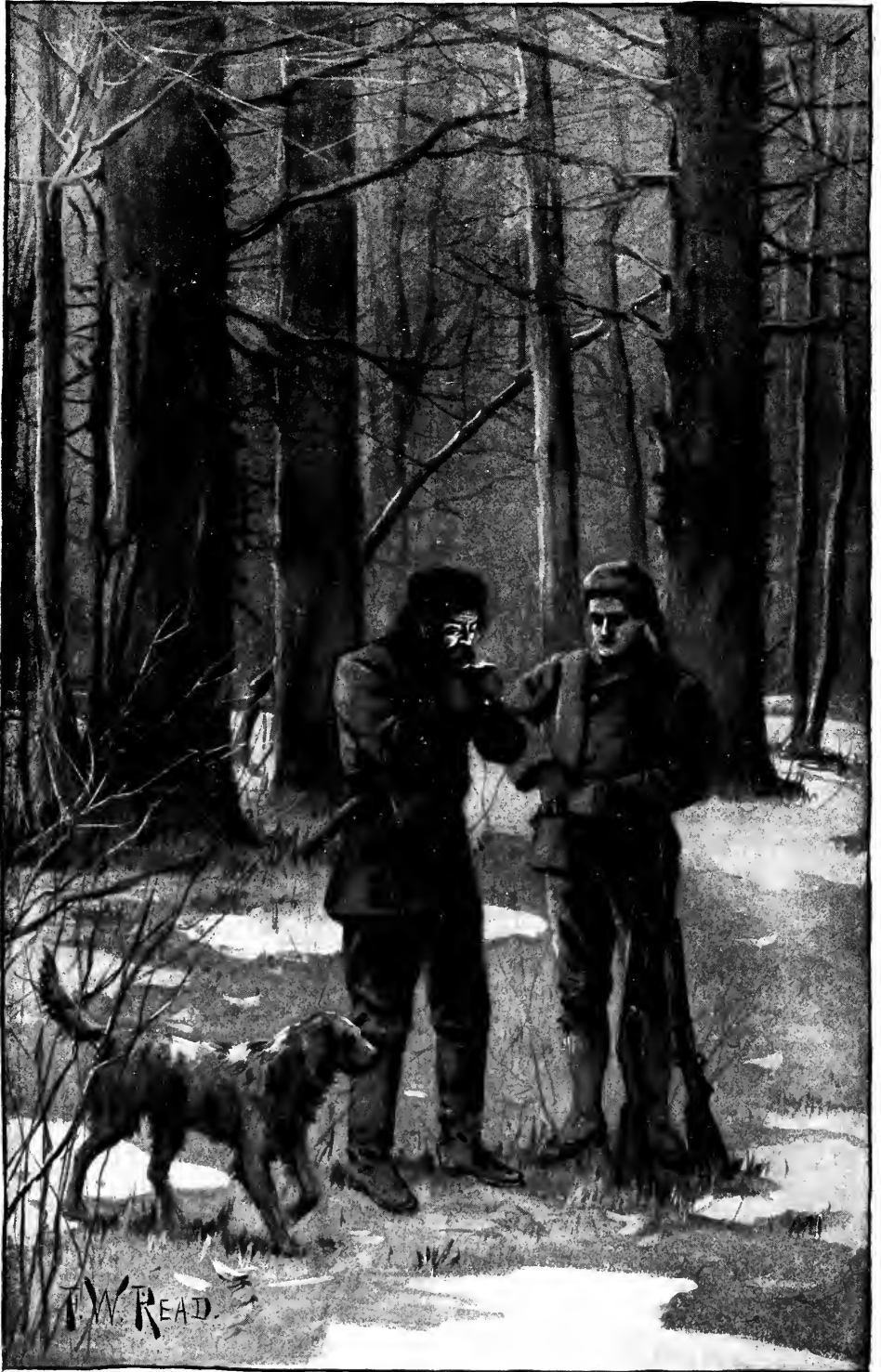
Everyone laughed.

So Dennison knew that if the spirit moved him to while away the time, now



Painted for OUTING by F. W. Read.

"ON THE ROAD BELOW HE ESPIED A WOMAN'S FIGURE." (P. 451.)



Painted for Ouring by F. W. Read.

"STEADY! IT'S THE LAST MATCH." (P. 455)

and then, with pot-shots, he was not in danger of the magistrate.

His letters home were so cheerful that the Judge, his father, became suspicious, but his inquiries revealed nothing to which he could object.

Still it was exasperating for Campbell to hear that Jack Gresham was positively tired of gayety, that the theatre had not for ages been able to boast such attractions, or that the last hockey match had been the best on record.

And as Dennison snow-shoed down the hills some three miles from the village, gun in hand, and a fat rabbit in his "capuchin," his eyes were cast in the direction of Montreal, and he felt himself badly used. He was tired of it all. These solitary wanderings, the ceaseless French chatter, and his comfortless, cold room.

"Hang it all, what wouldn't I give to be going back to a well-served, well-cooked dinner and a decent glass of ale.

"If only I had one of the fellows here, or if there was a girl in the place fit to look at."

At that moment, on the road below, he espied a woman's figure, slowly making its way over the drifts, on snow-shoes, too.

She wore a scarlet blanket coat and an old fur hood, and in the distance looked most picturesque.

Dennison quickened his pace.

"It will turn out to be one of those sal-low-faced, black-eyed, giggling daughters of Couillard's. And she'll tell me about being at the convent, at Berthier, all over again. Never mind, I'll chance it."

And at great peril of breaking his neck over some hidden fence, he struck out.

As he gained upon the red-coated one, Dennison saw that the slim figure and well set-back shoulders belonged to some one youthful.

"Bonjour, mam'selle," he said, in a most friendly manner.

The girl faced about.

"Que, que—voulez-vous?" Her expression was a mixture of fright and displeasure. And Dennison thought he had never seen a more fascinating face.

"Pardon, mam'selle, je——"

"I'm sure you are English, so why don't you speak in your own language? And what do you mean by running after me like this?" said a remarkably

English voice, or rather the accent was American.

Dennison was rather at a loss for words.

"I'm sure I'm awfully sorry. I thought—who'd ever expect to meet a lady here, so I thought it was one of the farmer's daughters, one I knew, of course; and I don't wonder you are angry, but won't you forgive me? You see I haven't heard an English voice for—oh, months! My name is Dennison, and I'm staying with the curé, so you know——" he hardly knew what to add. But he looked so frank and boyish, that the aggrieved little person relented.

"Of course," she said, "the road is not mine, so I can't send you away. And—well, to be honest, I am rather lonely myself. I haven't had any one my own age to speak to since—that is, for ages."

She bent down to scrape off the snow caked under her instep. Then she came over to the middle of the road, and they walked side by side.

"It seems funny that I have never seen you before," said Dennison, "I am in this direction so often, shooting. But you needn't tell anyone that. I suppose you live here?"

"Yes," she sighed, "I live here. But I have never seen you. What a funny place for you to live in!"

"You may well say so. At least, I wouldn't complain if it was funny, but it's so awfully dull. The sort of corner only a hunted criminal would voluntarily choose. I'm a criminal myself, but of a milder type."

And he told his tale.

So, these two, who had been absolute strangers five minutes ago, tramped along chatting most naturally; and apparently it struck neither of them as unconventional.

In a few moments, she pointed to an old house, some distance back in the fields, with but a dog-trail to the door.

"I live there," she said abruptly.

It was a wretched-looking place, though built after a fashion that suggested better days.

"Why, that is the haunted house," said Dennison, seeing the black cross burned upon the door, and remembering Ladouceur's description.

"That's the very reason. That is to say, I'm not a bit afraid of ghosts!"

"Have you lived there long?"

"Dear me, no. We are just here to—well, like lots of people, we are trying to economize."

"Oh," said Dennison lamely. Then as his own distinct aversion to such a process dawned upon him, he remarked, "Beastly fog, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the girl simply, "it is. But there is mother in the window; I must hurry. I don't suppose she will like me—I don't think I should have let you walk along with me. But if you only knew——"

"I know I've been precious dull—till now. I'll send the curé over to make peace with Mrs.——"

The name was not supplied.

"Oh, don't! you mustn't," she cried. "You know mother is very prejudiced against priests."

"Then he shan't come. But look—I can see you again, can't I?"

"Yes, perhaps," hurriedly. "Good-bye." And off she skimmed.

Dennison whistled all the way home.

"By the way, monsieur," he said, as he attacked the salt herring Friday invariably was marked by, "who are those people living in the haunted house?"

"The haunted house! No one, that I know. You wouldn't find a man in the village that would go near it. People there, did you say?"

And instinctively Dennison felt it would be discreet to hold his tongue.

"Oh," he said, "then I must have mistaken the place," and changed the subject adroitly.

The next day it stormed and blew incessantly. Even the stable was inaccessible, and from the gallery one walked straight on to the snow-drifts.

After a day or two of their own way, the winds and snow subsided and allowed the inhabitants to follow their various bents.

The curé having driven to B——, Campbell set off in the opposite direction.

It was bright but fearfully cold, and as he tramped over the road, which was barely distinguishable, he rather regretted his refusal of the priest's second-best fur cap. His cloth one was a ridiculous head-covering for below-zero weather. It did seem a long walk to take merely on the chance of meeting his dark-eyed little friend, and as no one was in sight he was making up his mind to

return, when down the hill, beyond the house, came flying the object of his search, seated upon an ancient toboggan, with broken hood, and devoid of hand-rails or ropes.

It was with difficulty she pulled up, her cheeks rosy with the cold, and her eyes sparkling.

"Did you ever see such a toboggan? I found it in the shed. Mother is shocked at my wanting to slide. But the roads are so bad, and I never expected to see even an old habitant."

"I wish I had brought one with me. I have a beauty at home in Montreal."

For fully an hour, till the sun began to sink, and the moon appeared, colorless and cold, in the pale wintry sky, they alternately rode.

"Why, it is five o'clock," exclaimed the girl. "I must go." She shook the snow from her skirts and from her check homespun wool mitts.

Dennison was cautiously feeling his ears.

"Do they look frozen at all?" he asked.

"If being perfectly white and thick-looking means frozen, they certainly are. Do they feel queer?"

"Don't feel at all—that's it."

"Then rub them with snow—quick! Isn't that what you Canadians do?"

"Well, that idea is rather an exploded one. And I'm afraid they might *come off* if I rub much."

He held his hands closely over them.

"Look," she said. "Come over to the house and get them thawed out. Perhaps mother can suggest something."

They crossed over to the crazy door, with its straggling cross—then the girl halted.

"It seems funny, but would you mind waiting a moment while I run in and tell mother?"

She disappeared. Dennison, looking up at the windows, caught a glimpse of a gray-haired man peering out from behind the torn shade of green wall-paper, but almost instantly the head was withdrawn. Inside he could hear a whispered consultation.

Then, "Come in, Mr. Dennison," called the girlish voice. "Is it not dreadful, mother? His ears are frozen."

Dennison stepped into the low-ceilinged room, and instantly the presbytere rose up in his mind's eye as a palace.

There was hardly any furniture in it

at all. The walls were smoke-grimed, and the ceiling water-stained. The bare boards were uneven and rough, and creaked loudly. A worked sofa cushion and a little silver calendar seemed only to enhance the misery by their incongruity.

A few small logs burnt in the rusty stove, and from beside it, where she had evidently been working by the flickering light, rose up the lady addressed as mother. Without a second glance anyone would have pronounced her a lady. Her dress was not shabby and it was beautifully made—the young man's quick eye noted that. "I am so sorry," she said. "And I am afraid we have not many remedies to offer. Would camphor be of any use? You see I know nothing about such things as frost-bites."

Campbell Dennison often thought of her face afterward as one of the saddest and most beautiful he had ever seen.

She went up the echoing stairs for the camphor.

"Do you know," he said to his companion, who crouched by the stove, with hood thrown back, warming her hands; "do you know you have never told me your name, and it makes it a bit awkward."

The rosy face paled, though almost imperceptibly. "How foolish of me," she said. "It's—Marian Delamere."

At that minute Mrs. Delamere returned, and Dennison applied almost the entire contents of the little phial, not knowing what the effect might be.

"I am afraid you will think my daughter sadly ignorant of ordinary manners and customs. The fact is, I don't like to keep her in all day; I mean to say—at present things are rather unsettled. We have not always been accustomed——" she stopped abruptly.

Dennison hurried into the breach with a timely allusion to the storm. And presently he felt it necessary to make a move, although sadly against his will.

"Does your father shoot at all?" he asked Marian as he buttoned up his pea-coat. "Because I——"

"Father!" ejaculated the girl. Mother and daughter looked at each other nervously.

"Oh!" Dennison hastened to say, "I thought I saw him in the window just now, and it struck me——"

"You must have seen Polytien, the old habitant who brings water and chops wood," interposed Mrs. Delamere; "he is quite a character. My husband, I regret to say,"—her voice lowered. And what she regretted never transpired.

Dennison shook hands and was departing.

"Marian said something about the curé calling I don't like to appear unsociable, but in our present circumstances, I hardly like——"

Really these half-finished sentences, which seemed to run in the family, were becoming embarrassing.

He walked along, turning over the conversation in his mind.

"All very well to say it was Polytien. I never saw a 'hewer of wood and carrier of water' in a white collar and gold eye-glasses. There is something jolly queer about the whole thing. They are not in mourning, so what she 'regretted to say' could not have been that 'papa' is dead. And such a place to live in!"

"Never mind," he said, half aloud, as he examined his much swollen ears in the two inches of mirror coaxed from Marie, "she is a jolly little girl, and very, very pretty, too; and I don't care what they are doing here, or who they are, I mean to see them again."

So, every day that it was fine and bright, and not too cold to remain out of doors, would find Campbell in the neighborhood of the haunted house.

Though over eighteen, Marian Delamere was a mere child in most things, and perfectly happy simply to be out and about. They tobogganed on the hills, they snow-shoed for miles, and had many a sleigh-drive back toward the Laurentians.

Childish, as she undoubtedly was, she was clever, and often surprised her companion by her knowledge and her store of common sense. She seemed to have traveled, too, though, as a rule, her past life was not alluded to in any way.

Such constant intercourse and companionship could have but one ending. Within three weeks Campbell had every intention of writing to his father to inform him he had found the lady of his choice. But even in the excitement of his first love, for he chose to call it so, Campbell's reason asserted itself. That she was a lady, every inch of her, there existed no doubt. But that alone would

hardly satisfy Judge Dennison. And besides, what was he, Campbell, as yet—a man without a profession, and dependent upon his parents for even his clothes. He decided, therefore, to keep it all to himself. And perhaps when the time came for him to leave he would find it easier than he imagined. Or, on the other hand, there might be revelations on the part of his mysterious friends that would make all plain-sailing.

It was the middle of March. The long, cold winter was at an end, and the hot sun soon changed the snow into rushing cataracts down the hills. The roads were broken up, and neither good for runners nor wheels, and the farmers were beginning to repair the ravages of winter on barn and fence. Though the days were mild the nights were sharp and frosty—excellent weather for sugaring, and Dennison thoroughly enjoyed himself at the camps up in the maple groves. And when to their delight he would sing “*La Claire Fontaine*,” even his humble friends noticed the true ring of pathos he put into the refrain :

“*Il y a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.*”

“You are a ‘*bon cavalier*,’ m’sieur ; where is your ‘*blonde*’ * to whom you sing?”

Laughingly he would point to the little Marie Rose, not yet four years old.

He sang the quaint old song so often elsewhere that Marian picked it up and hummed it constantly.

“The other part is rather silly,” she said one day, as he recited the words, “but I like the refrain ‘*Jamais je ne t'oublierai*.’”

“So do I,” said Campbell, “and I like it because it says better than I could say it, something that is true. ‘*Il y a longtemps*’—that is not quite correct. But time will make even that true, won’t it, Marian?”

The girl turned her head away.

“I hope so. No, I don’t either,” she corrected herself fiercely. “For it can’t be! All people must forget me, and I them.”

Dennison bent forward. His voice shook a little, for he was young and impressionable, and her expression was so despairing.

“My memory is in my own keeping,” he said, “if my heart is not—now. And of this you may be certain, that wherever I am, or you are, ‘*Jamais je ne t'oublierai*.’”

“You wouldn’t promise that if you —” She ran out of the room, almost colliding with her mother, who was entering, looking sadder and more care-worn, even than usual.

And when she returned some moments later, her face bore traces of weeping.

A morning or two after, while Campbell still splashed and sang lustily in the bath his door was banged with great vigor, and the voice of Thibault, the trappeur, called out: “*C’est moi, Thibault, m’sieur. Mon fils, he see, hier, the ole brown bear, I tole you about. He was up, ’way back behin’ the hill for to get lumber, and, mon Dieu! he’s scared. He come back without no wood at all, and he make the ole horse go quick, ba gosh! Pourquoi? Because he left his gun behin’.* So I t’ought, maybe, you like to come.”

Dennison was dressed, and gun in hand, in five minutes. Thibault was a jolly fellow, full of yarns and an excellent shot.

It was a good seven miles’ walk, and it was nearly twelve o’clock when they reached the point where Thibault fils had seen the gentleman who had so astonished him by his early appearance. It was not far from the lumbering shanty belonging to Sauvage, for whom the boy worked. And a short scramble through the bare spring woods gave them enough proof that Phileas had not been the victim of a “*loup-garou*” or a disordered imagination. On the patches of snow that lurked in shady places, there were footprints, and the rotting and soaked leaves of the autumn, so thickly carpeting everywhere, were scratched up by other than a squirrel’s tiny claws.

So all day long they tramped about over the wet ground in a fruitless search for the unsocial animal, that refused to acknowledge their attention.

Doubtless he had regretted his anxiety to open the season, and had retired for a further beauty sleep.

At all events, when four o’clock came, Thibault declared the hunt useless, and, shouldering their guns, they retraced their steps. A tramp with sport to

* French Canadian name for sweetheart.

follow is well enough, but a tramp, no sport, and a repetition of the tramp are wearisome to the flesh. To crown all, Dennison had lost his matches, and Thibault had only one left, which failed to make connections, and a dry smoke is poor comfort when one is cold and tired.

They came home by the main road, and the amateur sportsman's spirits rose as they neared the haunted house. Across the now muddy field Dennison

The boards creaked dismally beneath his feet as he made his way into the sitting-room. The stove was out, and had been for some time. The cushions and the few magazines were gone.

Up-stairs he went, half expecting to find them all murdered in the attic. But no such tragedy met his eye. All was neatness and solitude.

And they had gone! Gone, and without a word to him, or a message left behind. Not a thing was there that



THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

ran, and knocked cheerily at the closed door. The sun had sunk, and everything looked more than ordinarily dull and dirty. No one answering his rap, he pounded loudly with his fist.

Still no sound. Perhaps the mysterious papa had been left in charge, and for some reason dared not open the door. This time he lifted a heavily shod foot and kicked.

The door opened suddenly, with this ungentle persuasion, and he entered. Not a sound met his ear. No one responded to his loud "Hullo!"

could give him a clue to their whereabouts.

Out he rushed, and never stopped running until the presbytère lights flashed out into the road.

Old Marie, as he burst into the narrow hall, breathless, met him.

"Pour l'amour de Dieu! M'sieur Dennison, what is the matter? Vraiment, if the bear was at your heels you could not look more startled. And, see here, I have something for you. That little brat of Henri Plamonde brought it not long ago. I boxed his ears well, I tell

you, for bringing so much mud to my clean steps." But Dennison had snatched the little package before she had finished speaking, and tore off the wrapper. In the tiny box lay a little pearl pin Marian invariably wore, and it was stuck through a little bit of paper, on which was written: "Good-bye, Campbell," and below it, "*Il y a longtemps que je t'aime.*" "*Jamais*" was written, but heavily scored through, and instead:

"Yes, I must forget, and you must forget. It is the only thing to do. Good-bye again."

Fifteen minutes later, with white, set face, he was rattling down the road to the station. But it was all in vain. Nothing had been seen of the party he described. No one had left by either of the two trains that day.

Where had they gone? Ah, where? It was a question not easy to be answered.

The weeks dragged slowly on. The hope that in time some word would come of their whereabouts buoyed him up from day to day. But no word came. May passed wearily on; June with its long days and early summer freshness took its place. And though the lake near teemed with trout, it was with a sigh of relief, Dennison bade adieu to Ste. Célestine.

As he drove home, up the familiar streets, he realized that the boy who had traversed the same route five months before, had not returned. And he felt that the man who had slipped into his place was worthy of more respect.

Before the middle of July, Campbell Dennison's name had been advertised as having been admitted to practice at the bar, and within a short time the enviable position of junior partner in one of the best-known firms, was his.

The Judge's scheme had worked well.

The young lawyer, always popular, came to be made much of, especially by the older set, for the quiet, reserved manner that had grown upon him seemed natural to such a thoughtful face. He was pronounced "interesting"—that word of all others, whose meaning nowadays depends so entirely upon the person by whom it is used. With the younger girls he was not a success. His indifference they set down as a display of conscious superiority, and he never troubled to contradict them.

No one ever suspected what part the

little pearl pin he always wore had played in his life. Dennison could only pray they never would.

Four years passed. Dennison had had a winter of hard work, and spring found him so used up, that the doctor ordered immediate change and rest. And though somewhat averse to taking such a prescription, he was prevailed upon to try what a flying trip on the *Lucania* would do for him. It was Easter-time, and he proposed spending that holiday of holidays in New York before sailing.

Even the quiet hotel he chose was crowded with pleasure-seekers; and the noise and bustle pervading the very atmosphere seemed to act upon him like a tonic.

He was standing by the principal entrance, wondering when Jack Gresham, also on pleasure bent, would call, when two ladies and a young man passed him, evidently on their way to the victoria waiting outside. "Oh, I'm tired of shops," said the younger of the women. "Let us drive in the park instead."

Something in the impetuous tone of the voice, the gesture of the hand, brought Dennison's heart to a standstill. Four long years, but he had not forgotten.

"Marian never enjoys anything, unless it has an element of green grass and trees in it," laughed the man at her side.

Dennison sprang forward, but already the driver had turned the horses, and they were bowling away. He scanned the register, eagerly. No, not a Delamere had signed. Then he recollected that, in all probability, that had never been their name.

"Who were those ladies who went out driving just now?"

"The two in mourning, with a gentleman?" asked the clerk, laying down his pen.

"Yes. Are they staying here?"

"Just for a few days. They are Mrs. and Miss Merriman."

"Indeed." He tried to look unconcerned.

"You've heard of 'em before, I guess?"

"I can't say I have."

"Good many would like to be able to say the same. Why, he was Merriman, of the Widows' and Orphans' Trust and Loan Company, head office in Baltimore."

"I remember that bursting up about five years ago."

"That's it. Well, he was president, and a nice mess he got everything into. They say the secretary was really at the bottom of it, and he's serving his time now; but this fellow skipped out after his brother going bail to the tune of—I forget the exact sum, but it was enormous—and high or low they couldn't find him. Seemed as though he'd been swallowed up. I believe he was in Canada for a time, and I heard they almost nabbed him there. His wife and daughter stuck to him through it all, and they kept in hiding till two years ago. Then for some reason or other he gave himself up. Walked right into his brother's office and said he was willing to take his chances. But before his trial came off he fooled 'em again."

"Do you mean to say he escaped?"

"Yes. That is, he died on his way to the court-house. They say he always had a weak heart. Of course, he had nothing to leave, but his wife had some he couldn't touch and she and her daughter, I often think——"

But Dennison did not wait to hear what he thought. He went back to his room and did some thinking of his own. The mystery was cleared. He almost wished it had not been. He would rather have met her again, before he knew her father was—the words stuck—a thief and a swindler, a man who, had he lived, would have been now branded as a felon.

What would the Judge say! What, indeed, would all his friends think and say, and—do! And for himself. The worldly side of his nature rose up and struggled fiercely to suppress the promptings of his heart.

He paced the room, full of disgust at his momentary doubt.

"You coward, you brute," he said, aloud; "you don't deserve her; you are not fit to——"

Good Heavens! Perhaps even now,

while he has been thinking of how it would all affect *his* future, she was driving with the man she wanted to marry!

No, that could not, must not, be!

And the words of his promise came back:

"Il y a longtemps que je t'aime. Jamais je ne t'oublierai." He buried his face in his hands and was not ashamed to cry as he had not done since he was a child.

The morning slipped away. And he saw, as in a dream, the carriage return and mother and daughter enter alone. He heard their voices and low laughter as they passed his door.

He sprang to his feet. The love that had been in his heart all these years could not be stifled. The little pearl heart, his talisman, fell to the floor. And an idea struck him. Fumbling in his trunk, he found the box in which the souvenir had come to him. He placed the pin within and wrote upon a slip of paper the old sweet words.

Calling a bellboy, he despatched it to Mrs. Merriman's room, bidding him say the sender would wait for the answer, should there be any, in the sitting-room close by. And the time he spent in that room, with its gorgeous plush and shining mirrors, seemed an eternity.

But she came to him.

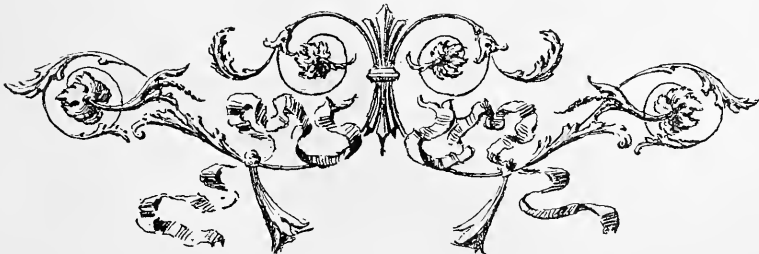
Came with flying footsteps and a light in her brown eyes which none but a very dullard could mistake. He caught the outstretched hands, which still held his message.

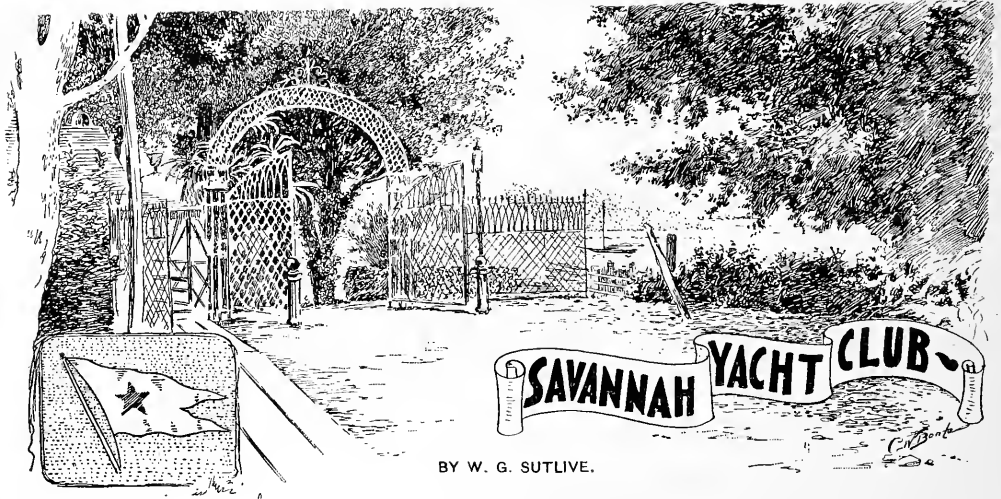
"At last!" he said. "At last, Marian. Haven't I kept my word? Must I repeat it?"

"Il y a longtemps que je t'aime, Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

She lifted her face to his.

"It has been a long, long time, waiting. But I never once doubted you, Campbell," she said.





BY W. G. SUTLIVE.



MR. ISAAC BECKETT'S "GLANCE."

THERE are bigger organizations than the Savannah (Ga.) Yacht Club, but there is none better. Some may have more capital and finer boat-houses and larger and more extensive memberships, but nowhere is hospitality dispensed with such a generous and lavish hand as in the home of this social structure. The club is delightfully situated. It is far enough away from business to be country-like, and close enough to the city to be in easy touch of any member. Electric cars pass within a short distance of the grounds, and the whirl of the trolley comes in as a sort of reminder that the world is not put entirely behind when you go into the gate standing invitingly open at the entrance at the end of a beautiful shelled road.

To be exact, the Savannah Yacht Club house is not in Savannah at all. It is located at Thunderbolt, five miles away. Its location is very pretty. It was a happy inspiration for its projectors to establish it just where it stands. A broad piazzan club-house, with the salt water at the foot of the steps, must always be beautiful to those who enjoy a

sail or a dash through the water in a launch. The club-house faces the Thunderbolt River, a stream leading into the Atlantic Ocean not far beyond. Here the white-winged and tireless craft flit about in fair weather, or else the constant "chug-chug" of a launch can be heard upon the river.

The Yacht Club grounds contain four buildings, the keeper's home, which is a very pretty dwelling, the club-room, the boat-house, and another containing a marble swimming pool. The latter is a modern improvement, and is perhaps the only one South. It is a great attraction and a source of constant delight to members and their guests.

The present Yacht Club descends directly from two others as famous in their day as the present one. It really dates its existence from 1869, being then known as "The Regatta Association of Chatham County." In 1871 it was renamed "The Regatta Association of Georgia."

Who the officers were during the days of its early existence is not known. They were more intent upon having a good time than in keeping records, and but little is now to be discovered as to their personality. They did better than write history. They acquired a good deal of property, with a beautiful water front, and this has been utilized to good advantage by those who now control the club. The membership in the earlier days was not large. Only a few could afford to have yachts in the South

in those days. There are better times now, and yachting, like other pleasures, finds more devotees.

In 1875 "The Regatta Association of Georgia" gave way to "The Savannah Yacht Club." This marked a distinct era in the affairs of the association. There was no particular reason for the change in name, except that being a distinct Savannah organization the members wished it christened after the city in which it had its origin.

The gentlemen who are now at the head of the club are well known in Savannah and in Georgia. They are business men of the city in which they reside, and take a great deal of interest and pride in yachting. They are Commodore W. A. Starr, manager of the Savannah Brewing Company; Vice-Commodore J. A. G. Carson, younger member of the firm of J. P. Williams & Co., naval stores factors; Rear Commodore Julian Schley, an insurance agent, and Secretary and Treasurer W. H. Crane, a young gentleman connected with a large lumber concern. Messrs. Hal H. Bacon, Isaac Beckett, E. S. Stoddard, T. J. Davis, James M. Dixon, Albert Wylly, W. M. Bent, John Screven, Jr., George J. Baldwin, W. D. Simkins, F. F. Jones, and John D. Carswell, all gentlemen prominent in Savannah affairs, constitute the Board of Stewards.



MR. CECIL GABBETT'S "SHAMROCK" JUST OFF AT A SPRING REGATTA.

Among the ex-Commodores, men who have served the club well in the past and to very good purpose, can be mentioned Messrs. J. W. Anderson, Jr., George L. Appleton, Wm. Hone, George A. Mercer, F. S. Lathrop, and A. S. Bacon. This list represents some of the very best men of Savannah.

Years ago it was the custom, when distinguished men came to Savannah, to entertain them at the armory of that ancient and honorable organization, the Chatham Artillery. No man believed he had been shown the proper attention unless extended the courtesy of an en-



THE HOME AT THUNDERBOLT

tainment by that command and had sipped a glass of Chatham Artillery punch, a beverage having a reputation far beyond the confines of the city. That is all changed now. When distinguished visitors come now they are hurried to the Savannah Yacht Club. That is where they can have the most enjoyable time. Governors and other distinguished men have been the club's guests. President McKinley is among those who have accepted the club's hospitalities, as well as, among others, Secretary of War Russell A. Alger, Col. Allen D. Candler, Georgia's new executive, and ex-Governors W. Y. Atkin-

Club is the general and genial medium for the dispensation of true Southern hospitality, and no class of men in the community are better able to do justice to this pleasant duty.

The present membership is about four hundred and there are eleven yachts owned by them. Some of these are very fine and fast. Among the best is the *Triton*, owned by Major W. A. Wilkins, of Waynesboro, Ga., who is an enthusiastic yachtsman. It is a beautiful craft. The other best-known boats and their owners are the *Glance*, owned by Mr. Isaac Beckett; the *Catherine*, owned by Dr. T. J. Charlton, and the *Shamrock*,



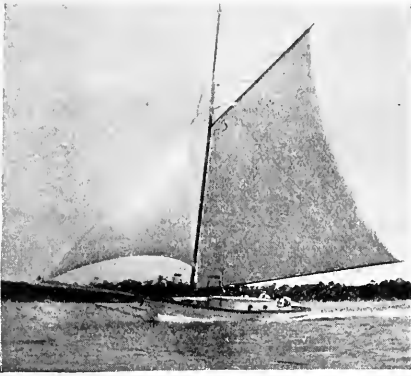
THE KEEPER'S COTTAGE AT THE CLUB HOUSE.

son, John B. Gordon and W. J. Northern. Numerous United States Senators and Congressmen have been entertained there. Wm. Jennings Bryan, when a member of Congress, was a guest of the club. High naval and military officers have also been entertained. The officers of the Seventh Army Corps, U. S. V., encamped at Savannah during the present winter, spent a great deal of their time at the Yacht Club. A general invitation was extended to them to make the club their home when off duty and they gladly accepted it. All naval officers who visit Savannah are extended the hospitality of this organization, and, in fact, the Savannah Yacht

owned by Mr. Cecil Gabbett. Mr. Julian Schley also owns a handsome sailboat. These all fly the white swallow tail with a red star, which is the club's pennant.

The naphtha school is large. There are nearly twenty of this class and they are all good ones. The largest is the *Divie*, owned by Mr. Geo. J. Baldwin.

The best season at the Yacht Club is in the month of May. It is during this month the annual regattas occur. These have been yearly affairs since the club's inception. A year without a regatta would leave a blank day in the social calendar of Savannah. Other expected events may fail to transpire, but Savannah Yacht Club regattas are as fixed as



MR. C. A. M'INTIRE'S "RUTH."

the stars. A Board of Stewards that could not arrange a regatta would be voted out of office. They are to the people of the Forest City what the college rowing contests are to the residents of New London or those who live along the river Thames. Indeed, it is doubtful if the Henley regattas are locally more eagerly looked forward to.

Almost every year there is an inter-state marine brush between the yacht clubs of Charleston, S. C., and Savannah. The Savannah Club now holds the Inter-state Cup, won from the Charleston Club in a race last spring. It is a beautiful trophy, and was captured over a twenty-five-mile course in a spanking breeze, with two minutes to spare.

Compared to similar organizations in the South, the Savannah Club is about the largest, except, perhaps, the one in New Orleans. The Crescent City's yachtsmen have no better club than this, however; and improvements are constantly going on in the local organization, more than \$10,000 having been spent in improvements by the officers of the Savannah Yacht Club in the past few years. During that time the boat-house has been built and the swimming pool put in shape. It is marble throughout, and cost several thousand dollars, but there is not a member of the club who has ever been heard to complain at the expenditure.

It is considered not only the proper

thing, but it is expected that the ladies of a member's family and his children shall enjoy the privileges with him. On pleasant afternoons the large piazza of the club-house is filled with the fair sex and the younger generation. This is a homelike feature that is a decided advantage to the club. It keeps the membership up, and adds to the attractiveness of the place.

The restaurant feature of club life is brought to perfection here. Fish are taken alive from a large pool and cooked to order before they have been a half hour out of the water. Soft-shell crabs are permitted to lie about in dampened moss until they are wanted. Other articles of food are cared for with similar pains until called upon to satisfy some hungry yachtsman's appetite.

The Savannah Yacht Club might get on without Savannah, but if the club should, from some now unforeseen reason, close its doors, many Savannahians would be at a loss to know what to do with themselves.

Its functions begin with the balmy days of early spring, its May regatta is the culmination of the social events of the locality, and all through the summer the beneficent effect of its riparian situation and the pleasures it bestows without stint are appreciated by the wide circle that spreads outward and widens from its four hun-

dred members who own yachts or participate actively in the handling of them, to their merest tots, who sport colors



COMMODORE W. A. STARR.



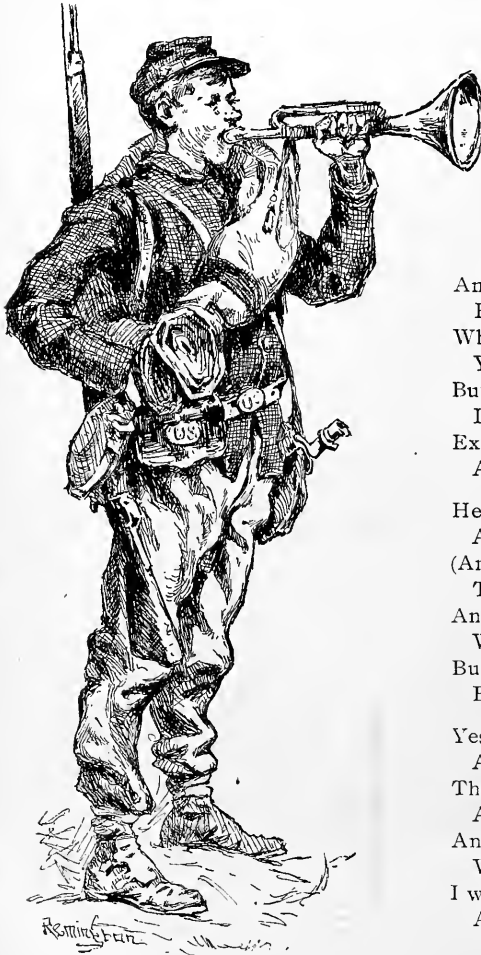
MR. PASCHAL STRONG'S "CORA"

and toddle through its piazzas and playgrounds, to their own delight and the satisfaction of their mothers and "their cousins and their aunts."

As with other organizations, the yachting fervor has been sensibly stimulated and maintained by local contests, chief amongst which have been the meetings with their nearby aquatic neighbors, the yachtsmen of Charleston. Many have been the keen fights and glorious the results of the annual interstate races when the Savannah fleet have hied them to Beaufort to meet the fliers from Charleston. Many a yarn could be told, and exciting ones too, of these spirited contests where Greek met Greek in

gales that fly across the summer sky of these Southern waters with a ferocity and suddenness that bespeak their proximity to the cyclonic tropics. They come like a thunderbolt, and unless the sailor be wary and experienced, woe betide his craft; and many a too confident skipper, fearful to be the first to show the white feather, has had a narrow escape or a capsize within sight of Old Fort. Yet they pass with a suddenness as remarkable as their ferocity, and many a yacht that has had the narrowest escape from a spill has in a few minutes become totally becalmed and been fortunate if, the tide helping, it has drifted in a winner.

BILL'S BUGLE.



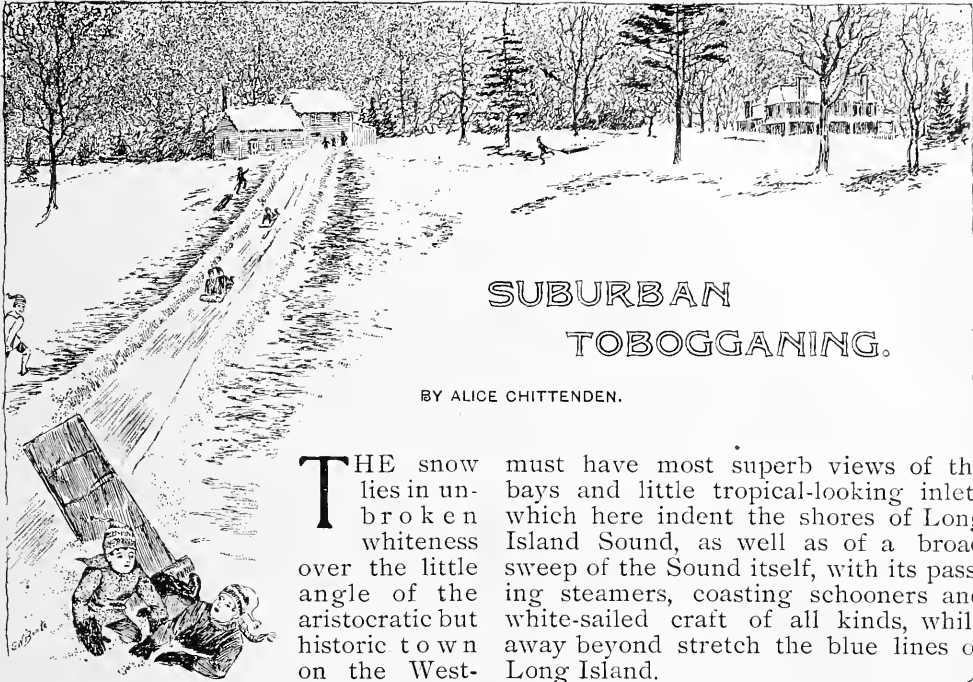
THERE ain't been much fun in the army,
 And I guess that we've all earned our
 pay,
 But then we weren't fightin' for wages,
 And we'd do it again any day.
 And now, though the trouble is over,
 Except for the fever and chills,
 There ain't very much that seems cheerful,
 Exceptin' that bugle of Bill's.

And it ain't so pleasant at all times,
 Fur instance the first thing at dawn,
 When ther fever and chills have been makin'
 Yer wish you had never been born.
 But all the day through when I hear it,
 I'm dogged ef its music ain't sweet;
 Except just one tune Bill ain't blowed yet,
 And never will blow—that's "Retreat."

He blows the boys down to the grub tent,
 And it don't mean no hard-tack this time
 (And you bet when I outfit in future,
 There won't be no canned beef in mine).
 And all through the day it means business;
 When Bill blows there's somethin' to do,
 But then I feel best when I'm movin',
 Except when the grub's pretty few.

Yes, I'm glad that the fightin' is over,
 And we've done with the hills at Montauk.
 The boys have all started homeward,
 And you bet that this time they didn't walk.
 And I'll think of it over and over,
 When I'm ridin' the range—and perhaps
 I won't think of Bill, when the stars are out bright,
 And the wind down the cañon blows "Taps."

GEO. E. CRUMP.



SUBURBAN TOBOGGANING.

BY ALICE CHITTENDEN.

THE snow lies in unbroken whiteness over the little angle of the aristocratic but historic town on the Westchester coast of

Long Island Sound in which I have pitched my temporary tent. must have most superb views of the bays and little tropical-looking inlets which here indent the shores of Long Island Sound, as well as of a broad sweep of the Sound itself, with its passing steamers, coasting schooners and white-sailed craft of all kinds, while away beyond stretch the blue lines of Long Island.

I am new to suburban delights, and am enjoying my holiday in a way that one who has not worked hard to gain it can have no conception of. I sit by the window with Whittier's "Snow-Bound" in my lap and the crackling of a log fire at my back, speculating idly about my opposite neighbor as I watch the silent falling of the feathery flakes.

I am wondering how I, a Bohemian and a stranger, can get a glimpse of all these glories, secretly gloating meanwhile over what remains to me—a wide sweep of snow-covered lawn; groups of feathery, giant acacias; tall, slender, silvery birches; quivering aspens and clumps of dark evergreens—when half a dozen stalwart men, whom I recognize as neighbors, and whom I believe to be God-fearing, law-abiding citizens, pass through the front gate. They are curiously equipped, to my Occidental eyes, in rubber boots, knee breeches, short, great top-coats, heavy gloves and woolen caps, and carry long-handled shovels over their shoulders.

Mother Goose beating her mattresses," pipes a childish treble in my ear, scarcely interrupting my musings.

"A snow palace!" I ejaculate in excitement, thinking of the late structure of that kind in the Sierras, which my route to the East had prevented my visiting; but I decide that there is not enough snow even on my neighbors' broad acres for a modest-sized cottage, so I reject snow palaces from my musings.

The house which excites my interest, although it sits well back from the road, is still comparatively in a corner of its spacious grounds, and is surrounded by such a variety of evergreens that I scarcely miss the greenness of my California winter. It differentiates from the other houses within my vista by a piazza at least forty feet square, a roomy porte-cochère and a quaint little wing or addition communicating with the main building by a covered passage, reminding one of the semi-detached kitchens of the South. From its location as to the street, this should be the front, but of that I am not certain, since at the rear the great square piazza repeats itself, and from this its owners

Presently, groups of eager children of all ages and sizes come running up and clustering about the gate, the front ranks tumbling over each other to peer between the palings. They are dressed like miniature Arctic explorers, in hip rubber boots, or, where legs are too

short to admit of these, in heavy woolen leggins and high overshoes, mittens, stout pea-jackets, and toboggan caps of red, blue and brown, from which long scarlet tassels hang at the back nearly to the waist.

Toboggan caps? The mystery is solved. I flatten my nose desperately against the pane, while little Jack's already stubby one is in danger of disappearing altogether. Immediately, *yodelings* of marvelous force and sweetness break on the frosty air, and, with one accord, the herd of impatient Brownies break ranks, rush through the gate and, scampering pell-mell through the snow, are soon lost to sight around the corner of the house.

I am not a child, but I possess the American trait of "wanting to know." "Come," I say to Jack, as I bundle him into his wraps, "let us see what it is all about."

Led by the ringing of melodious bells and the *yodel* of that clear, sweet tenor voice, I, too, disappear around the corner of the house, with something of assurance and something of a timidity which makes me loiter and let my small chap precede me.

But neither assurance nor timidity is required. My neighbor, whom I at once decide to be the owner of the voice, gives me the heartiest of welcomes—a true California welcome, I say to myself homesickly—tosses my boy in the air, packs him on a toboggan with half a dozen others, gives it a shove, and turns to ask me what I think of tobogganing. I am too lately from California to know what I think of it, but I am destined to gain vivid impressions later on.

"This is the children's hour," he explains, as one toboggan after another is packed and sent down the chute. I had not thought there could be any toboggan outside of Canada, nor so many children outside of a public school. "Come over to-night with the grown folks, and try it yourself. This is a fickle climate, and we must make hay while the snow lasts," with a cheery chuckle.

I think of the sunshine and roses and violets of California, as a loyal daughter should, but I begin to dimly feel that even a fickle climate may have its charms if this is one of its moods.

My host is too busy to continue the

conversation, and I study the slide with the eye of a tenderfoot from the West, and wonder if I can ever trust my neck to its seemingly treacherous seductions.

From the very door of the small wing, which still excites my curiosity, the hill falls away, at first in a sheer descent, afterward more gradually, for a sixth of a mile or more, until only a small reascending slope, some great rocks, a fringe of cedars, and a rail fence intervene between you and the Sound. I speculate upon the ability of those innocent-looking vehicles to jump a five-barred fence as I pull up my collar and try to appear braver than I feel.

The natural descent of the steeply sloping lawn is accentuated at the start by an artificial structure of compacted snow; and, as I afterward discover, precaution has been taken against intervening thaws by the erection of an Apian Way of snow two feet or more thick all the way down, which, being sprinkled nightly, has assumed an icy texture. This is edged by a sort of Roman wall of snow on either side, at least a foot high and a foot wide, which operate as guiding lines for wild and adventurous tobogganers. By a combination of providences, both human and divine, these gifted snow-mound builders have managed thus far to span with their icybridges the interval of time between successive snowfalls. Indeed, it is a matter of record that there was mid-March tobogganing on these grounds last year. The stalwart neighbors are all here and hard at work, too, for it is no light task to engineer two dozen toboggans and half a dozen times as many children.

As for roses? What need of California roses here? They blossom all about me on youthful cheeks. It is a "Study in Carmine" for the pen of an "Ivory Black." Children come toiling up the hill, half a dozen tugging at one toboggan, stopping each time a load goes whizzing past to watch it with fascinated eyes, and to follow it with hearty cheers. Ejaculations of "Peachy, ain't it?" "How often have you been down?" "The next will be my twentieth," give evidence of their enjoyment.

"It's great sport, mom; come on," shouts my own hopeful, whom the snow from both above and below is transforming into a veritable manikin Santa Claus.

There is a small sprinkling of mothers, too—not anxious, clucking mothers, but exhilarated, happy mothers—who fearlessly captain a toboggan laden with their own and other people's children.

Now and again as it nears the foot, a toboggan carroms madly against the snow bulwarks, carrying away a portion, starting on a free, unchecked career over the field, and finally upsetting its occupants. This, I learn, is a highly enviable result, which a particularly jolly load, who call themselves the "Lively Tramps," almost always attain.

After a couple of hours of this sport, our host begins to say, "This is the last time," but those in charge of the next empty toboggan plead for "Just one more," until, after as many "last times" as any prima donna could aspire to, he captures the toboggans as they come up, and says briskly, "Fun's over. Good-bye, children. Come to-morrow at four." They look wistfully at the slide, but after courteous little bows and heartfelt "Thank you, sirs," disappear into the mysterious wing for some unknown ceremony, which, I learn later, consists in writing their names in a huge log-book.

The snow has stopped and the cold is increasing. Hose and watering-pots are called into requisition, and the slide and its bulwarks sprinkled, the water freezing almost before it touches the snow, and promising, I think with terror, increasing velocity to-night. Iron rods, with hooks at the upper ends, are driven into the snow at intervals on either side of the chute, and on these are hung lanterns, ready for lighting.

"Be sure to come over to-night," the master of ceremonies urgently repeats, but in spite of his cheery tones there is a funereal sound about the words, for what do I, born under the sunny skies of California, know about the tricks and manners of a toboggan slide?

But when evening comes, and that seductive *yodel* sounds the hour for assembling, I assume the virtue which I have not, don my bicycle suit as the nearest approach to an appropriate costume, pull on Jack's red toboggan cap, and go to face unknown emotions.

And unknown scenes, too, I realize as I reach the hill, where a merry crowd have preceded me. A new moon hangs low and lopsidedly in the sky, her pale

gleams quite outdone by the brilliancy of Venus and the rays of myriad stars; the lanterns cast a weird and fitful glow over the new-fallen snow, dusky figures are climbing the hill, while load after load of young men and maidens go whirring down.

"Ah! here you are," says mine host, now resplendent in a blue and gold tobogganing suit, a very Brobdingnagian Brownie. "I am going to take you down on my pet toboggan, 'Silver Bells.' 'Way there for a novice," and he hands me up a couple of ice-cleft steps to the starting point, where an especially pretty and graceful toboggan, with silvery bells answering its every motion, awaits us. He tucks me carefully in, says, "Take hold of the side-ropes and don't be afraid," jumps on behind, and we are off.

Afraid! Why, after one second of that glorious flying through bracing ozone I wouldn't care what happened, not even if we went on and over the fence and into the Sound, I think rashly. But nothing does happen. We simply "get there," to the very end, even up the little hill, where our further progress is barred by a great boulder; and, now that the excitement is over, I am glad the boulder is there and am not so ready for a plunge into the Sound.

"The longest run yet," says my escort encouragingly, as he gallantly assists me to rise.

We climb the hill and I am handed over as an expert now to a sweet-faced boy, who takes me down and up and down and up until I have no breath left. Then he confides to me that I am jolly enough to be an Eastern "girl," but even with the young moon and Venus and the stars and the lanterns, the light is so dim that I try not to feel complimented.

I watch the scene for a half hour, thinking if it could be put on the stage what a furor it would create. The "Blue and Gold Brownie" seems omnipresent, now starting a load of shrieking girls, and then, with a "Now, grandma," seating a white-haired lady in front and rushing her off down the hill himself with more than the speed of a Lochinvar.

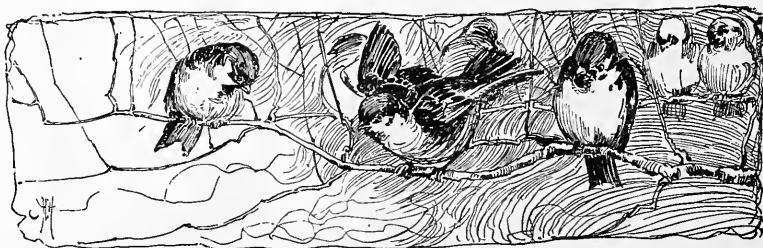
It is all so new, so delightful, that I am rapidly becoming false to my native State, and am losing myself in new

and most unusual night-dreams when a low *yodel* sounds in my ear, and its owner asks: "Have you had enough of tobogganing? Then come into the Zereba and sign your name."

Ye gods! The "Zereba"! and I had called it a "wing" or a "kitchen." Meekly I cross the threshold of the literally and laterally half-open, old-time door, wondering what a "Zereba" may be like, when I find myself back in the days, not of my grandmother, but of my great-great-great-grandmother. The low ceiling has beams of black oak, the stone floor is covered with rugs of rag-carpet. Great logs burn in a fireplace as big as the heart of my host. Chairs and tables and chests of drawers, nay, candlesticks and pictures and fire-dogs, and the china high up in a little cupboard in the wall, if they did not come over in that heavily freighted ship, the *Mayflower*, are still anywhere from a hundred to two hundred and fifty years old. A date carven in the high black mantel announces that the "Zereba" was built in 1735. Pitchers of cider, and plates of doughnuts and apples, complete the pleasant picture.

And now Madame, who only indulges in tobogganing at odd hours, when there are no guests to enjoy the treat, comes sailing in in her sables, for, with the upper half of the door constantly open, it is chilly notwithstanding the roaring blaze. She is as graceful in her indoor hospitalities as is her husband out-of-doors. I murmur thanks for all this kindness to a stranger, and am pressed to write my name and residence—California, I legally cling to—in "Ye Log Booke."

As I turn over its pages I find that tobogganing is the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, for I see the names of great statesmen, clergymen, actors, and artists (these last embellished with clever little sketches), poets and bankers, cheek by jowl with a little straggling hand that has taken two wide lines to write all across the page, "JORG," which I translate "George," or with that of a schoolgirl, who writes in an unformed hand, "Margery Brown," and under the space headed "Remarks," "Good, 'cept the boys," from which sentiment I put her age at not more than ten years.



SUB DEO.

WHO loves the out-door life may always hear
Strange melodies in sounds from everywhere.

His heart vibrates at purple dawn or even
While birds sing carols at the gate of Heaven.
He listens rapt, as strains from out the trees
Come varying with the temper of the breeze—
Even exults in Winter's swelling blast
O'er frozen wolds and through the forests vast.
To sleep, and pleasant dreams he's gently sent
By thousand voices of the rain besprent

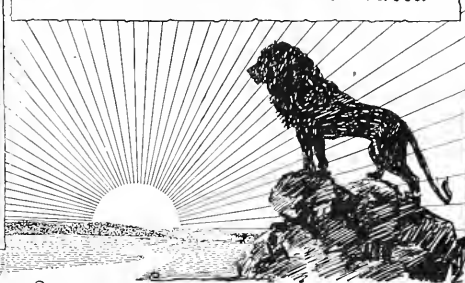
On roof or casement; has no dread, nor sighs,
Though thunders crash athwart the darkened skies.

With awe he hears the ocean's mighty roar
Of waves resounding on the tide-swept shore
And, sweet delight, his soul is still attune
To the rippling tinkle of the brook in June.
Such transports come! The impulse in his breast

For glad and artless song has been impressed
By these attempts of Nature to rehearse
The wondrous music of the Universe.

ELLIOTT BROWN.

In the Land of the Lion and the Sun Wheel.



BY THOS. G. ALLEN,

ONE of the most frequent, and perhaps most natural, questions asked the traveler just returned from the East is, How were you impressed with the Oriental beauty? Speaking for myself, I can say that I have not found it as Thomas Moore and other Western writers would have us believe it. The beauties who figure so picturesquely in our Western literature have been taken from models which were much nearer the home of the poet painter. During a recent journey across Asia, on a bicycle, we were frequently called upon to give bicycle exhibitions to the ladies of the harems belonging to the different potentates. These occasions afforded us more opportunities, perhaps, than most travelers to discern the truth and fiction of this much-disputed point; and we are now prepared to state that, in all our experience, we have never seen one Oriental beauty—*not one*—that could compare, either in face or figure, to the hundreds, aye, thousands, we

have seen in the United States of America.

We gave one of these exhibitions at Bayazid. The rabble raised a lusty cheer as we wheeled down from the embattled heights of the city. Even the little *choyuks*, raised above the heads of the surging human mass, waved their chubby hands in glee and lisped the shout, *jinn-araba-jee*—the devil's cart riders. This with them was our only title, and probably always will be the distinguishing appellation of our fellow countrymen. Should an American ever again happen in the midst of these simple-minded folk he will likely be asked the question, "Where is your devil's cart?"

An hour later we were speeding along over the Teheran-Trebizond caravan trail toward the Turco-Persian border line. Although the main avenue of communication between Turkey and Persia, this highway consists of little more than a series of well-beaten camel paths. With the exception of two macadamized and well-engineered roads



A WAY-SIDE CAMP EN ROUTE

connecting the interior with the Black Sea ports, the roads in Asiatic Turkey, as throughout the Orient, have been left to nature and the traffic. To build a road in this country is comparatively easy, for in many districts we found shale rock and ready-made macadam in hillocks by the wayside, where only a pick and shovel were needed to make the finest kind of a *chaussée*, while, on the other hand, marble and granite in many places were broken up by hand and carted a mile or two to serve the same *base* purpose.

The traffic on this formerly important trade route between the Persian capital and the Black Sea has considerably diminished since the opening of the Trans-Caucasus railway to the Caspian Sea, yet large caravans of camels and donkeys are by no means infrequent. In fact, as we stood on the summit of Kazlee Gool, looking down for the first time over the land of Iran, a caravan of at least two thousand of the latter were wending their way up the opposite slope mid the frequent shouts of "Ja Hou!" (Oh God!), from their impatient drivers. This was our first meeting with the Persian "donkey boys," and here we first began to feel the force of their proverbial bantering and jesting. After recovering from their astonishment at what, as they expressed it, "their grandfathers never saw in a dream," they began by asking in broken Turkish if we sold our horses by the pound, and how much feed they required in a day. In the course of our reply we were guilty of some rather disparaging insinuations. "For our donkeys," we said, "we need not stable, curry or feed, but only give them a little oil occasionally." "Humph," replied the wily Redbeards, "that's nothing. We don't stable, curry or feed our donkeys, and don't give them any oil either." The truth of this assertion was too apparent in the donkeys themselves to admit of refutation.

This typical Persian experience was followed by another a half hour later when we entered the first Persian village, where one of the usual thatched mud houses was in the course of construction. The peculiar chant of the musical masons attracted our attention at once. As the adobe bricks were pitched from the ground to the scaffold the mason sang in a tone as monotonous

as his labor, "Give me a brick, my life; my darling, hand me a wee baby brick." And then, the next moment, if the brick didn't happen to suit him he would turn and bestow upon his helper the endearing title of "Son of a burnt father," which meant, of course, that his paternal ancestor had been spending an extended vacation in some rather tropical locality. We also noticed that a slaughtered sheep hung from the scaffold to bleed, as a propitiatory offering over the spot where a fellow workman had met his death the day before.

At this village our honorary escort of mounted Turkish soldiers, which the Governor of Bayazid had really forced upon us, was exchanged for a guard of Persian *ferashes*. No protest on our part was sufficient to relieve us of this burden of excessive hospitality. These fellows, like our Turkish *zaptiehs*, were, as we soon learned, inveterate smokers and fond of ostentation. They frequently took us out of the way to show us off to relatives or friends in a neighboring village. Puffing themselves up with a sense of their self-imposed responsibility they would dash at full speed down the principal street, or rather dung-covered lane, of the village, shouting "Habardar; biroeed" (Look out; get out of the way), and throw the whole community into an uproar.

The Persian is by instinct an energetic and bold rider; he stops at nothing. Many times in the excitement of the moment these would-be myrmidons have pressed so closely upon us as to cause a side collision, but in every instance we were lucky enough to regain our equilibrium.

Nature at last came to relieve us of this expensive nuisance. As we were descending into a narrow, gorge-like valley, an approaching storm broke upon us with terrible fury. Though it was the middle of July, the hailstones fell as large as walnuts, bruising and cutting our knuckles on the handle-bars of our wheels and threatening to beat every moment through our resounding helmets. The *ferashes* could not, or perhaps would not, hold their frantic steeds. They dashed ahead to seek a place of shelter, and we saw them no more. The fusillade of icy bullets now gave way to liquid sheets. The road became a river-bed, the river-bed a torrent. Yet this we had to cross at least eight times be-

fore we could reach an open space of safety; for the foaming torrent threatened to swell to the limits of the gorge. Large rocks were washed down upon us at the fords as we waded with clothes and shoes on through the ice-cold water. At last we reached a point where the gorge abruptly opened into a fertile valley. Here we found an encampment of "Iliats," that collective title for all the nomad races of Persia. This tribe was evidently of Kurdish stock; for their tents, one of which had just been washed away by the encroaching torrent, were identically the same as those of our Ararat acquaintances. Their elderly women, too, were just as ugly, and their half-wild shaggy dogs just as ferocious. These set upon us with savage growls, while their owners stood by motionless and speechless with amazement. We were now in no condition or humor to stand a siege, or, to all appearances, a sanguinary struggle, with such an enemy. A sharp report and a dead dog brought the owners to their senses, but not before we were again in the saddle and speeding out of reach of a possible gunshot.

A letter from the Persian Consul at Bayazid had committed us to the hospitality of the district khan of Avadjük, and this, in view of the muddy roads, or caravan tracks, we were more than pleased to accept for the night. The servants were dispatched at once for the *musnuds*, or cushions of honor, to be spread upon the divans, and tea was served in the interim, while the khan was getting ready to make his appearance. This beverage, although introduced from Russia only thirty years ago, is now closely identified with Persian life, at least in the large towns and cities, and has already crossed the Turkish border in its westward course. Under its Chinese name of *t'cha*, English *tea* and Russian *chai* it will soon have covered the continent from the Pacific to the Bosphorus.

Under the genial glow imparted by this true friend of man, we began to take cognizance of our immediate surroundings. Could we really be in Persia? we thought, as we cast a hurried glance at the motley crowd outside, who just at that moment were boisterously contending for standing room around the encircled bicycles. For there, surely enough, was the Turk-

ish fez with the Persian skull-cap and tall black *kolah*; there were the baggy blouse and trousers, with the long, black neat-fitting coat gathered at the waist; there was the heavy, slow, ungainly gait with the active graceful step, so strangely intermingled one with the other. We had not then learned that Farsistan, the "Land of the Farsi," or Persians proper, is but a province in the central southern part of the present empire, and that the collective name of "Irani," which the natives are pleased to claim as their exclusive title, includes not only the Iranians proper, but also the distinct and blended elements of Arabs, Kurds and Turco-Tartars. These last, descendants of the immigrants from Tartary and Turkey, constitute the prevailing element in the population of Azerbaijan, the Persian province we had just now entered.

Our tea-drinking thoughts were now interrupted by a voice from the doorway, and the khan himself approached with the salutation of "*Salaam aleikum.*" "*Aleikum salaam,*" we replied, as we courteously rose to bow our acknowledgments. This much of the Persian language we had already picked up, but only this, and nothing more; a fact which soon became only too painfully apparent to the khan himself, but of which we ourselves were unable to inform him. To extricate us from this dilemma, he now had recourse to one of his servants who had formerly been in English employ; but the linguistic accomplishments of this local savant, as we soon discovered, were confined to only two expressions: "Take something," and "Stopper's lost." These ejaculations, however damaging to the reputation of his former employer, would hardly suit the present purpose. By accident we discovered that the khan was well versed in the Turkish language, in which we could at least express our own ignorance. We afterward learned that the Tartar, not Constantinople Turkish, is the prevailing language of northwestern Persia to within one hundred and fifty miles of the capital itself. This intermingling of national tongues is by no means peculiar to the Turco-Persian border; we found it the case with all the contiguous countries that lay in our trans Asiatic pathway. This fact assisted us very

materially in acquiring a smattering of the vernacular of each country, which, in the absence of all guides, interpreters and servants, we were obliged to attempt. The Chinese language is read by more people than any other in the world, but the Turkish, in its broadest sense, is certainly the most widely diffused. We found this tongue used in its one form or other all the way from Constantinople to the Great Wall of China.

A symmetrical figure, broad chest, regular oval features enframed in a setting of black curly hair, contrasting with the slightly prominent cheek-bones and straight locks of the Turk, a large brown eye "with full and fawn-like ray," beneath a long curved lash and perfectly rounded eyebrow—these, with slightly aquiline nose and wavy silky beard,

stamp them at once not only as far superior to the latter, but as one of the most intellectual races of mankind. In truth, their quick wit and shrewdness, their poetic fancy and excellent memory, even in their present degenerate state, have long since excited the admiration of the Western world. We, ourselves, in our subsequent experience, met many a "young blood" of the higher caste, whose beauty, both of mind and body, would have made him a dangerous rival in any country for the admiration of the fair sex.

When the khan had exhausted his long list of questions about bicycles and bicycle traveling, he began to hint strongly at a practical illustration of what we had endeavored to explain. He did not make such a request point-



THE CUP THAT CHEERS.

dyed with henna, were the chief physical characteristics of our typical Persian host.

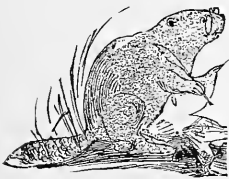
The Persians approach nearest of all Orientals to the Western standard of beauty. They are, in general, not so muscular as their Turkish neighbors, but of much more graceful proportions. Their long brainy heads, contrasted with the flattened occiputs of the Turks,

blank, as this, according to native etiquette, would have been very unbecoming in even a common peasant, let alone a dignified official. Every Persian must learn how to control his emotions and their muscular expression. Upon this hint we prepared to act at once, for darkness was rapidly approaching; and besides, between the reader and ourselves, the khan had casually intimated

something about the ladies of the harem wishing to witness, what he called, the *Tomysla*.

Away from the vulgar crowd, in the poetic twilight of evening, amid the fragrant flowers and purling rivulets that bordered the garden pathways—no wonder our hands upon the bars became unsteady and our eyes distracted toward the latticed windows and the half-crouching figures in the doorway. But a suspicious glance from the khan, whose eyes were constantly upon us, recalled us at once to our situation, and caused the dark *ribands*, or veils, to drop to their former concealing positions. It was only by chance, of course, that we alighted, after our special maneuverings, in front of the *anderoon*, or harem door, just when the khan himself happened to be at the farther end of the garden. This move, as was expected, produced something of a flutter among the dazzled butterflies in the immediate vicinity, who were thereupon irresistibly drawn toward the fire from which they were admonished to escape. Before we or the khan could

prevent it we were caught in a maze of fluttering garments and chattering voices. Mid frequent expressions of wonderment and interludes of half-suppressed giggles they ran their henna-imbued finger-tips along the “marvelous *durishca*” (double wheels), and over their submissive riders standing by, for, confess it we must, the *Ferenghis* and their peculiar costumes were an equally curious attraction. Now and then some “restless ray, full, floating, dark,” beamed forth from beneath their drooping lashes around the edge of the straying *ribands*, while upon their half-hidden features the flush of excitement “but seemed to awaken new beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken.” But this brief experience of Koran felicity was suddenly interrupted by the commanding voice of the approaching khan. Our “bright-eyed houris” scampered back to their terrestrial Paradise, while we were left to return to our *yataks* or Persian floor-beds, to dream the dream of the Mohammedan blessed.



BEAVER SHOOTING ON THE WAHNAPITÆ.



BY FRANK HOUGHTON.

IT was my custom a few years ago, in the autumn, to camp near the head waters of the Wahnapiætæ. My comrade was an Indian named Mucada Wagoosh, i.e., “The Black Fox.” He was an excellent all-round man and was more my friend than my servant. We enjoyed much good sport together and under his crafty guidance I obtained my first knowledge of the beaver. One rainy morning we idled about camp until it was too late for us to follow our regular routine of work. Neither of us regretted the chance to get some much-needed rest, but about mid-afternoon the rain ceased. As it seemed a pity to lose the entire day, I remarked to The Fox that we might better hunt beavers than loaf.

He showed his white teeth and nodded in the affirmative.

“The cuttings are fresh?” I queried.

“Yes; beaver close by but not in the river.”

“Dam, I suppose?”

“Yes, up little stream.”

“Perhaps in the bank?”

He shook his head; then, rising to his feet, stepped out of the tent. A moment later I heard him launching the canoe. Then, coming back, he raised the curtain.

“Undas, neigee (Come, friend),” he said.

We paddled up the stream, The Fox assuring me that, in all likelihood, we should find the dam close by. He was right, for we soon found it.

The Fox’s sharp eyes spied the first signs of game.

“Do you see the beaver lodge?” he said, pointing across the pond.

As he spoke I saw the house, a large one with the freshly cut stumps of

trees gleaming white behind. Directly in front stood a clump of drowned tamaracks. We pushed our canoe into them, and prepared to await in patience sundown and the beaver.

A flock of wood ducks, most beautiful of Canadian water fowl, flew overhead within temptingly easy range; a woodpecker, perched on a neighboring ram-pike, rattled out a merry backwoods solo, *rat-tat-tat-tat!* and from every side came the murmur of faint whisperings peculiar to the wilderness.

The sun sank slowly behind the low hills in a glory of saffron and amber. The shadows in the valleys deepened. One by one the different sounds ceased.

The keen autumn night began to make itself felt through the heavy, closely buttoned, gray peajacket I wore. My feet, which I had succeeded in wetting most thoroughly, felt as if they were freezing; while, to add to my discomfort, my left leg had gone to sleep.

I would willingly have given a round sum of money for the luxury of standing up and stretching myself.

Mucada Wagoosh, aggravatingly patient, knelt in the bow, his restless black eyes keenly watchful.

At last a faint, rippling sound—as though you had passed your hand through the water—broke the stillness. Supper and the cold were at once forgotten.

"Ahmeek! (Beaver!)" came in an excited whisper from The Black Fox.

Where was it? I peered about, but in vain. I could not see it.

The Indian pointed over the bow, a little to the left.

"Keen buckezo; neen cowin keewaboudon (You fire; I cannot see it)," I said.

The next instant the stillness was broken by the sharp report of his gun. I saw the beaver then, kicking about in the water. Two tamaracks in line had hidden it from me.

We pushed out as rapidly as possible, and paddling over picked up a fine fat beaver. More good fortune awaited us, for shortly after we got back to our hide another beaver rose to the surface. I shot that one, and saw a third.

The hooting of an owl warned us that it was growing late. We were more than satisfied with our evening's sport, and a brisk paddle back to camp warmed us thoroughly.

Audubon says: "The sagacity and instinct of the beaver have from time immemorial been the subject of admiration and wonder. The early writers on both continents have represented it as a rational and intelligent creature requiring little more than the faculty of speech to raise it to an equality in some respects with our own species." And one of those writers, Buffon, is particularly fond of attributing to it instincts scarcely inferior to reasoning faculties. It is evident, however, that he never studied its habits, from personal observation.

For example, at certain seasons of the year the fur of the beaver becomes very thin, especially upon the back. From this, Buffon, with an ingenuity only equaled by its fallacy, attempts to prove the truth of the popular story, that in order to carry branches for the repairing of its dam, or for food, a beaver will throw itself upon its back and allow its companion to load it, and then to drag it by the tail to the water's edge, the prostrate animal holding the burden in place with its feet. Of course this is as ridiculous as is the statement that its broad, scaly tail is used as a trowel for the plastering of its dam or house. As a matter of fact, it is difficult to see beavers at work, for they generally stay closely housed most of the day, working chiefly after dark.

The beaver's alleged sagacity is far below that of the fox, very little superior to that of the muskrat; and its almost human reasoning powers, its marvelous cunning, are only myths of the imagination of poorly informed people. As a man once observed after he and I had watched a beaver playing about, for fifteen minutes, on the ice, close by an air-hole, "It may be devilish cute, but it don't know a man from a stump."

The beaver has been found on the banks of the Mackenzie River, which discharges itself into the Polar Sea; also in latitudes as high as sixty-seven degrees and sixty-eight degrees north. Labrador, Canada, Newfoundland, and Maine are also its habitat. Catesby says it was formerly to be found in Carolina, and Bartram, in his visits to Florida in 1778, says at that time it existed there and in Georgia. In 1839, Audubon mentions having seen several beaver lodges near Peter's Mountain, in

Virginia, on the head waters of the Tennessee River. According to him, "it appears that the beaver once existed on the whole continent of North America, north of the Tropic of Cancer."

In size and color the beaver somewhat resembles the woodchuck, though much heavier—a full-grown one weighing from thirty to forty pounds. In winter and very early in the spring, when the fur is at its best it becomes much darker and thicker. It is of two qualities—the upper and longer being coarse and glossy, a very dark brown, almost black, when prime; the under coat, thick, soft and silky.

The hind feet are webbed up to the nails, and have very rough, hard soles, which, like those of the wolverine or bear, touch the ground to the heel as the animal walks.

I have frequently seen poplar trees from fifteen to twenty inches in diameter cut down by these industrious little animals. The beavers do not touch such large trunks, but use only the upper branches of from one to five inches in diameter, always peeling them before using them in the construction of their dams and homes.

When felling a tree they work it in a circle, cutting an equal depth on all sides. This cutting is of such a uniform smoothness that a tree they have abandoned after working on it for a time looks as though it had been worn by the friction of a rope. A foolish story current is that they can fell the trees in any direction they please. This is easily disproved by visiting the edge of a beaver pond, where the trees may be seen lying about in every direction.

Their dams vary in height according to the depth of the water, seldom measuring, vertically, over eight feet. Some are from eight to twelve feet wide at the base, slanting so as to form a top from one to three feet wide, and are so carefully plastered together as to be water-tight. I have seen a dam upward of five hundred feet long, extending a good distance on either side of the stream, thus flooding a considerable tract of land.

The trees growing on such flooded lands are used for food during the winter, but the beavers do not depend on them altogether, as they always cut a good supply, which they pile up close to the lodges.

Backwoodsmen pretend to be able to predict the probable duration of the winter by the size of the beaver's store of provisions. In like manner they predict the probable depth of snow according to the height the hornets, or wasps, build their nests above the ground. However, I have become strongly imbued with skepticism in regard to such prophecies and tales.

The chief food of the beavers consists of poplar, alder, and birch; they are also said to feed on aquatic plants.

The interior of a big lodge will measure about six by three feet. Their beds, ranged round the circumference of this chamber, are slightly divided from each other and consist of grass and tender bark. The outlets from the lodge are cut, at an incline, to the bottom of the pond, leading into a broad ditch dug round the house, of a sufficient depth to prevent freezing. The whole structure will measure from thirteen to seventeen feet in diameter, and stand from three to six feet above the surface of the pond, its total height measuring from six to nine feet, according to the depth of water. The lodge, like the dam, is built of mud and sticks firmly plastered together; the outer coating always of mud smoothly plastered down.

In swimming, beavers use only their hind legs; their fore feet they permit to drag by their sides, using them only to carry branches, or to—squirrel-like—convey food to their mouths. Their speed in swimming is great, though I do not think it bears comparison to that of the otter.

In communities of beavers there are, occasionally, lazy ones to be found; these their industrious brethren drive from the dams and force to look out for themselves, which they do by taking up their abode in holes in the river banks. These drones, by trappers, are called "bank beavers." Such outcasts never form dams. Four or five of them often live together; and, according to trappers, they are always males.

The young beavers are born in the months of April and May. Their eyes are open at birth, and in the course of a few weeks they follow their mothers, with whom they remain upward of a year.

Audubon says: "The gravid female keeps aloof from the male until after the young have begun to follow her about. She resides in a separate lodge until the

month of August, when the whole family once more dwell together."

Near the root of the beaver's tail are glands which secrete a strong, musky substance called the castoreum, which is used most successfully by trappers as an additional attraction to a bait.

The greatest safeguard possessed by the beavers lies in their keen sense of smell; when this is excited by the approach of an enemy they become extremely wary, and are easily frightened from dams they have inhabited for years.

When alarmed, they strike the water with their tails as a signal to their fellows, then dive immediately. This sound can be heard at a considerable distance.

In shooting beavers, keep well to leeward; and, if you are quiet—such is their stupidity, or imperfection of vision—they will approach to within a few feet of your canoe or spot where you are crouching on the shore. It is very good sport, often profitable, and, if a rifle is used, a fair test of marksmanship, as only a portion of the head of the animal shows above the water.

In using the castoreum as a lure trappers take a soft, porous piece of wood and dip one end in the fluid, which they carry for the purpose in a small bottle. This they stick at an inclined angle in the muddy bottom where the water is about three inches in depth, leaving the part saturated with the castoreum above water. The trap, attached by a chain to a short stake, is placed beneath the bait. The beaver smells the castoreum from an immense distance, and immediately makes for it to deposit his own. Another way is to make a small break in the dam so as to let the water escape, and place a steel trap there. The beaver soon discovers the damage, and in the attempt to repair it a luckless paw is placed in the trap. The length of chain permits of a leap into deep water, which is instantly taken, and the weight of the trap dragging the beaver to the bottom, he is finally drowned.

Here let me quote another backwoods' fable, having reference to the wonderful sagacity of this animal. "The beaver," said an old hunter to me, "is about one o' the knowinest creeturs I know of. O'course ye knows as how they sleep on a kind er shelf around the inside o' ther

lodge. Well, the water in the doorway is about six inches below their bed. So whachye think they do in order to tell when the water's a fallin' in the pond? Why they lie with their tails a hangin' in the water, so that they can feel at worst when it's a lowerin', and out they gits to inquire. Now whachye think of that?"

I thought, as Mark Twain would say, that if this simple child of the forest were not a liar, "he just missed it by the skin of his teeth."

But I did not tell him so.

In trapping beaver through the ice in winter, different methods have to be adopted. The following is one of the most successful:

Cut four stakes—three of green poplar, for bait; the fourth, say, a dry tamarack. Each one should be about two inches in diameter. Next, cut a hole through the ice close by the lodge; through this, drive the stakes solidly into the bottom, in the form of about an eight-inch square. The stakes should be of sufficient length to allow of their projecting above the ice. The ring on the end of the chain is then slipped over the dry tamarack, and the trap set and lowered into position by two hooked sticks. The beaver soon discovers the fresh food, and in the attempt to carry it away is trapped.

I believe it is not yet ascertained how long beavers can remain under water. I have seen a plausible and ingenious theory explaining the amazing length of time an otter will pass under water while crossing a frozen lake or river; and I do not see why the same should not hold good with regard to the beaver, or, in fact, any other amphibious animal peculiar to the North. Before diving, the otter fills his lungs with fresh air; when he can no longer retain it, he rises to the surface, presses his nose against the ice and exhales his breath, which forms an air-bubble, and in a moment becomes reoxygenized, when he again inhales it and continues his dive, repeating this whenever necessary. How this remarkable discovery was made I do not know. To those who have hunted the otter and know his wariness, that the slightest foreign sound on ice would cause the animal beneath to alter his course, the ingenious solution of the problem seems all the more marvelous. Of course, it may be true—I am unable to disprove it—

just as the story of the beavers' using their tails for registering the water-level may be true. There are stranger things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

As a community of beavers in a dam increases and the supply of food along

oftener the lonely hunter's approach that causes retreat from dams, and not their over-populousness.

Alas! the time is approaching when these industrious little animals, fit emblems of a busy country, will pass, like the buffalo, forever away; when the



IN CUTTING THEY WORK IN A CIRCLE. (p. 473.)

the shore diminishes, a detachment will start out early in the summer, advance up the streams to "pastures new," where they set up housekeeping for themselves, and build a dam and lodge, which grow in size and strength as the family increases. But I fear now it is

silent, wooded shores of the deserted ponds will never again re-echo to the crash of trees felled by them; when the stealthy lynx, gliding ghost-like along, will sniff the trail beaten by busy feet, and find it old, and whine, and turn disappointedly away!



THE EVOLUTION OF THE DOUBLE-HULLER.

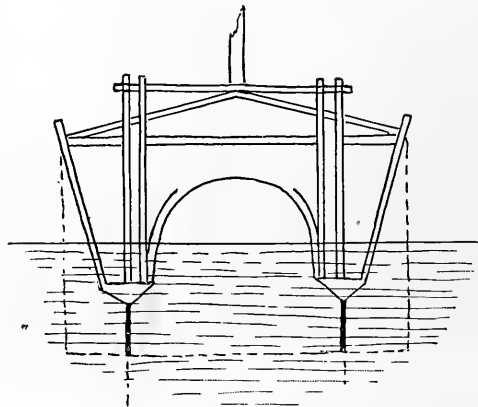
BY A. J. KENEALY.

THE double-hull type of craft is once more prominently before the yachting fraternity, and will doubtless be exploited in many ingenious ways during the next racing season. The development of a type of vessel whose origin is lost in the mist of antiquity into a racing machine like the twenty-footer *Dominion* has attracted the attention of naval architects generally to Mr. Herrick Duggan, the Canadian yacht designer, who for three consecutive years has humbled the pride of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club by keeping in profane Canuck hands the cherished international challenge cup, won with singular ease off Oyster Bay in 1896.

Mr. Duggan, of course, cannot pretend to be the originator of a new type of sailing craft, but he may safely lay claim to whatever laurels are due to the faculty of acute adaptation. He has succeeded in a field where others have tried and failed. He has skillfully modified the principle of the Malay proa, and introduced its salient characteristics into a vessel small indeed in the matter of dimensions, but huge when its inherent scientific possibilities are considered. Since Nat Herreshoff made practicable the crude fin-keel of former designers,

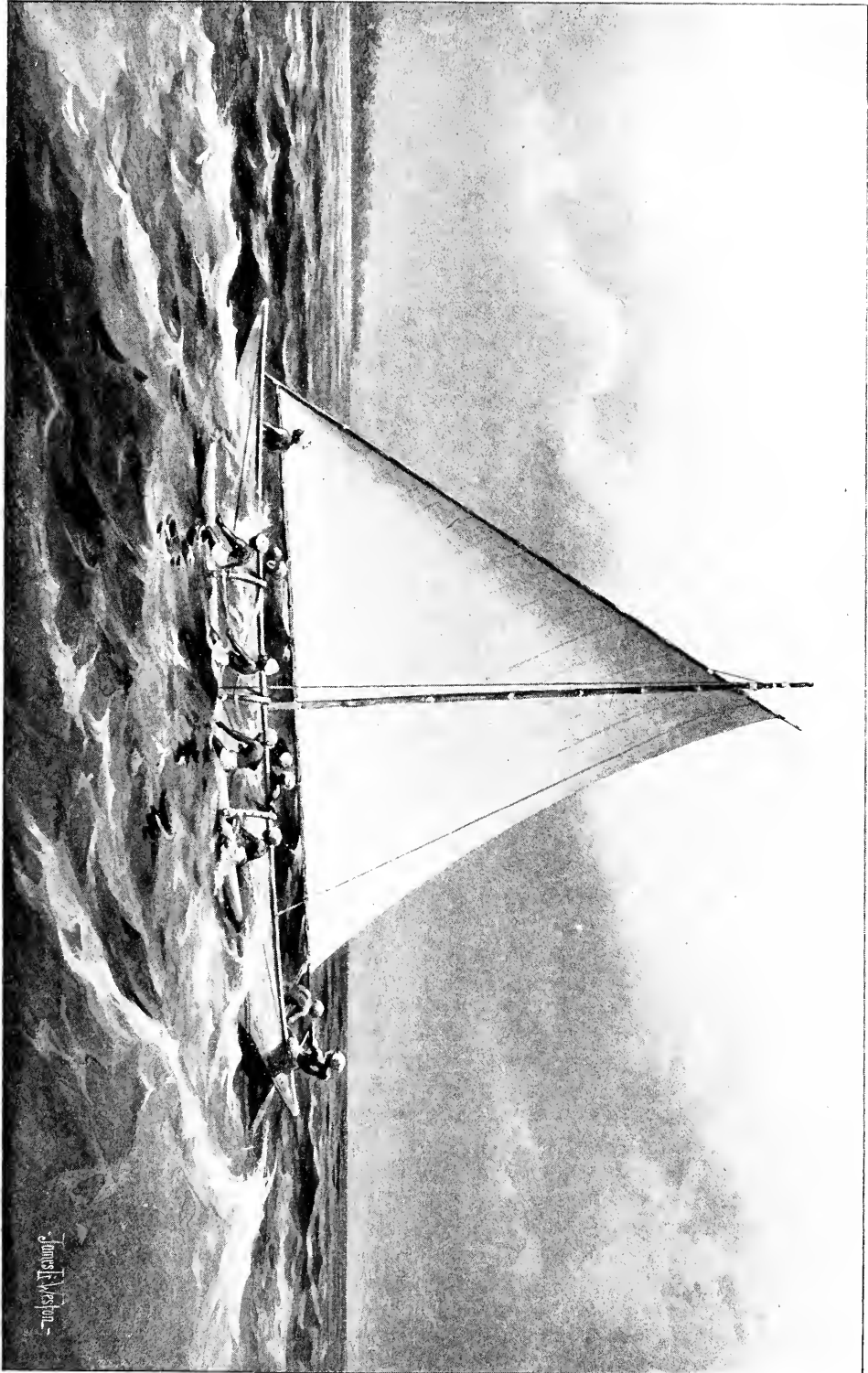
no such interesting phase of marine architecture has been evolved.

I remember how fascinated I was as a boy by the perusal of "Lord Anson's Voyage Round the World," telling how that famous English navigator, in his stout ship *Centurion*, doubled Cape Horn in 1740, visited the romantic isle of Juan Fernandez, and enriched himself and his accompanying bold seadogs by the capture of a Spanish galleon literally laden with treasure. Incidentally, the book describes the surprise experienced by the ship's company at the first sight of the proa, as used by the natives of the Ladrões. In a copy of the first edition of the work, in my father's library, was a quaint illustration of the proa under sail, with a plan drawn to scale, from which I made a crude model, and sailed her on an arm of the sea that washed the beach not fifty yards from our front door. I was not slow to recognize the advantage of



SECTION OF MR. MACKENZIE'S BOAT, 1868.

the type in windward work. It was my good fortune in the year 1870, from the deck of the East Indian *Hurkaru*, bound to Madras, to obtain my first view of the Singhalese type of flying proa off the coast of Ceylon. The sight was novel and picturesque, and, being young and impressionable in those days,



Painted by James L. Weston.

THE "PROA" AT SEA.

Painted for CUTTING by James L. Weston.



Photo by Notman & Son, Montreal.

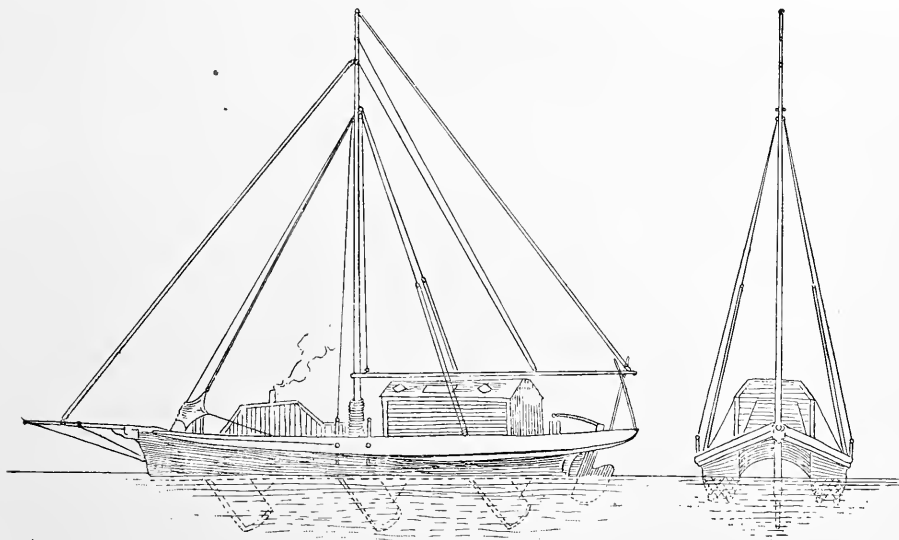
THE DOMINION.

it was photographed indelibly on my mind.

The southwest monsoon was blowing briskly and the *Hurkaru* was bowling along with stunsails set, at a nine-knot gait. It was my forenoon watch below, and I was suddenly awakened by a shipmate who invited me on deck to look at the "queerest craft I ever saw." Turning out in a hurry I followed him, and from the topgallant forecastle saw the proa in the act of shooting across our bows. The breeze piped at a "three-man power," for that number of lithe and swarthy Lascars straddled the outrigger to windward, hanging on by their eyelids, after the manner of mariners the seas over. The sail that propelled

quently I had several opportunities of inspecting these proas, and subjecting them to a close examination—notably at Point de Galle, where the *Hurkaru* touched to take in cargo on her homeward voyage.

The main portion of the hull proper consists of a trunk of a tree hollowed out and hewn into symmetrical shape, bow and stern both being pointed. The bilge of the weather side is neatly rounded, while the lee side is as flat as the side of a half model of a vessel that is nailed to a board. Cut a double-end boat in two longitudinally, take one of the sections and nail on planks so as to form a wall-like side, and you have a fair imitation of the principle of the main



MR. H. MELLING'S BOAT, 1873.

this craft was of the sprit variety, but was made of cotton stuff and not of matting, as was the sail described in "Anson's Voyage." She darted past us with rare velocity, throwing the spray over her crew in fine style. There were six or seven of them in the main hull of the proa, the helmsman steering with a rather long paddle. After she had cleared the ship's bows she luffed up sharp and seemed to point almost in the wind's eye, the sail sitting quite flat, unlike the sails of the ordinary "country wallah," which are, as a rule, of the baggy kind. I judged her speed at about sixteen knots—certainly not less. The mast and sprit of her sail were of bamboo, the rigging of kyar. Subse-

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hull of the Singhalese proa. To this trunk, when hewn into shape, are fastened the topsides, which consist of planks of suitable length and thickness bound with lashings of kyar rope, the seams being calked with cocoanut fibre, which swells when water-soaked. Not a nail is used in the construction of the craft, they resembling in this detail the famous Masoolah boats of the Madras coast. In all essentials the characteristics of the proa of the Ladrões described by Anson are reproduced. The cigar-shaped log, which is connected to the main hull by bamboo outriggers (which give the necessary elasticity) and kyar lashings, is hewn out of a solid and rather heavy tree. This gives the

required stability, and in a strong breeze pretty nearly all hands "hike out" to windward on it, leaving only the helmsmen (one at each end) aboard the main ship. It need not be said that the Singhalese are as nearly amphibious as it is possible for human bipeds to be.

These vessels are used chiefly for fishing. Their crews, equipped with hooks and lines, put off to the fishing grounds at daybreak every morning, and return at sundown well laden with a wondrous variety of scaly prey. Some proas ply as bumboats visiting the ships in the roadstead, all being well handled and brought alongside with admirable skill and precision.

The boatmen are able to beach these craft without the slightest injury. Even when the surf runs quite heavily, in spite of the handicap of the extra hull, they sail or paddle the boats to the shelving shore and run them up high and dry with singular celerity.

I remember that I bought in the bazaar at Point de Galle a fine model of a proa, giving 5 rupees 8 annas for it. I also remember that I presented it to my best girl when I reached home, and that it was broken by a jealous and spiteful rival immediately after my departure on my next deep-sea voyage.

By comparing the catamaran on page 477 with that of the *Ladrones* of 1740, reproduced from "Anson's Voyage," it will be seen that although the principles are precisely the same, the details differ somewhat. It is on record that Woodes Rogers, an English privateersman, took one of these craft home with him from the *Ladrones* in 1710, and that her great speed under sail excited much admiration. It is the opinion of men who have given the subject thought, that the type originated in the *Ladrones*, and that it was afterward copied by other nations. Anson gives the following description with his illustrations :

Figure 1 represents the proa with her sail set as she appears when seen from the leeward.

Figure 2 is a view of her from the head with the outrigger to the windward.

Figure 3 is a plan of the whole: Where A B is the lee side of the proa ; C D, the windward side ; E F G H, the outrigger or frame laid out to windward ; K L, the boat at the end of it ;

M N P Q, two braces from the head and stern to steady the frame ; R S, a thin plank placed to windward to prevent the proa from shipping water (this serves, too, for a seat for the Indian who bails, and sometimes, too, goods are carried upon it). I is the part of the middle outrigger on which the mast is fixed. The mast itself is supported (Figure 2) by the shore (C D) and by the shroud (E F) and by two stays, one of which may be seen in Figure 1, marked C D, and the other is hid by the sail.

The sail (E F G in Figure 1) is of matting, and the mast, yard, boom and outriggers are all made of bamboo. The heel of the yard is always lodged in one of the sockets (T or V, Figure 3), according to the tack the proa goes on, and when she alters her tack they bear away a little to bring her up to the wind. Then, by easing the halyard and raising the yard and carrying the heel of it alongside the lee side of the proa, they fix it in the opposite socket, while the boom at the same time, by letting fly the sheet M and hauling the sheet N (Figure 1), shifts into a contrary situation to what it was before; and that which was the stern of the proa now becomes the head, and she is trimmed on the other tack. When it is necessary to reef or furl the sail this is done by rolling it round the boom.

The proa generally carries six or seven Indians, two of whom are placed in the head and stern, who steer the vessel alternately with a paddle, according to the tack she goes on, he in the stern being the steersman. The other Indians are employed either in bailing out the water which she accidentally ships or in setting or trimming the sails.

The origin of the double-hull craft having been traced, as accurately as is possible, to the *Ladrones*, where they were in constant use in 1520, as is testified by Magellan, the discoverer of the islands, the curious investigator naturally wishes to follow the development of the principle from its source to its present stage, as exemplified in the *Dominion*. I need hardly say that the subject is as interesting to the student of naval architecture, as is another link in the doctrine of the evolution of man from protoplasm to a disciple of Darwin. After some little research I find that the source from which Mr. Duggan

derived the *Dominion* may possibly have been a craft jointly invented and patented in England, in 1873, by Messrs. John Dunkin Lee and John White. I have not had an opportunity of seeing the drawings of the vessel in question, but from No. 1,987 of the *London Field*, I gather that the model of the craft may be found in the Naval Museum, South Kensington, and that the opening paragraph of the specification says: "The novelty of this invention consists in giving a concave form to the bottom of the vessel instead of a convex, thereby making a single channel for the water amidships, and by which the principal elements of displacement are transferred to the bilges, thus securing the greatest amount of stability that can be obtained, combining the properties of two ships in one fabric."

One glance at the midship section of *Dominion* will convince the ordinary man that Mr. Duggan's aim was to obtain precisely the same results as are mapped out in the paragraph above quoted.

But on going back I discover that as early as 1868 Mr. John Mackenzie, a Belfast, Ireland, yachtsman, built a double boat of the following construction: Two boats of equal size, each twenty-one feet long on the keel, three feet beam and three feet deep. Each boat has a keel tapering from fifteen inches deep aft to six inches deep forward. Bolted to the keel by strong iron knees are stanchions which rise through the deck, on which the rail is fixed. To these stanchions the cross-beams connecting the two hulls are bolted, the timbers or ribs in the wake of the cross-beams also rising through the deck for a like purpose. The skin is one inch thick, being in one board on either side of the keel. The sides are made of two planks, each eighteen inches deep, the seams being covered by a continuous strip of wood. The hulls are connected by five trussed beams, the one to which the mast is stepped being double trussed. On these beams a platform rests, a space of three inches being left at either side to allow air compressed by a cross-sea to escape from underneath. This platform, from the mast forward, is of openwork. Under the platform is a chest two feet wide and six inches deep, with a capacity of six hundredweight of water to serve as ballast in bad weather. There are valves

in the bottom of the box, by which the water can be discharged in a short time.

Each hull is divided by bulkheads into four compartments. Two of these are six feet six inches long, and may be used as berths to sleep in. A hatch is in one compartment and a movable skylight in another, the hatches being screwed down on india-rubber, thus being air-tight. Each hull has a rudder, and these, being connected by a coupling-rod, are worked simultaneously by a tiller from amidships, both moving in the same direction.

The inventor, from whose description of his craft the foregoing is taken, adds the following comments:

"It might be supposed that a boat so constructed would wet those on board very much, but such is not the case, as the buoyancy is so great that very few waves break over the platform. Those that do come aboard, being principally in front of the mast, disappear through the openwork. When on a cruise, and lying at anchor, a waterproof tent can be rigged up on deck, in which there may be a clear inside space of eight feet by six feet, sleeping berths being provided for four persons in the boats, as before mentioned. A permanent cabin on deck is, in my opinion, very objectionable, as it interferes with the working of the sails and is a serious hindrance when beating to windward.

"I had various opportunities during the last two summers of testing the qualities of this boat. The best opportunity was afforded during last summer by a cruise along the Antrim coast and by frequent sailing in the Irish Sea, sometimes in half a gale of wind. I always found her to stay very well and go to windward in a very satisfactory manner. The greatest speed was ten knots an hour.

"During the summers of 1868 and 1869 she was moored in the center of Bangor Harbor (which is a tidal one) without any trouble. When the tide ebbs the boat sits down on an even keel; and I consider it a great advantage to be able to run into harbor at nearly any state of the tide, as it takes away the risk of mooring in an exposed bay; or, if running for shelter, you are much more likely to be able to enter a harbor than with an ordinary boat."

I may add that Mr. Mackenzie's boat was rigged as a cutter. The accom-

panying section gives a sufficiently accurate plan of her construction, when combined with the particulars and dimensions given already, for the reader to trace the progress of the double-hull to that date.

It was in 1873 that Mr. H. Melling, of Liverpool, England, constructed a double-hulled safety yacht, which proved herself quite satisfactory to her designer and his friends. I transcribe the following from Mr. Melling's own description:

"Happen what may, she cannot sink, for even if scuttled she will remain as a strongly-put-together life-raft. She can accommodate herself to draw only one foot of water, although of the size of fifteen tons. She can be beached at pleasure without the risk of straining. She can be anchored and put into places out of the way of harm, or being run down or a-foul of, and ride to her anchor in a roadstead, light and buoyant, with little strain on her cable. All is of pine wood, light and buoyant, having no ballast whatever. She has comfortable cabin accommodation on deck, affording a good 'look-out' fore and aft. Galley and

stowage berths are in the fore-castle; and by a system of casks stowed away in the pontoons and on deck she could carry stores, provisions, water, etc., for a voyage, which casks, as they are emptied and bunged up, will add much to her safety. She made very good weather of it in turning down the Dee, and along the Welsh coast over shallows against a strong wind. In running back off the wind she attained extraordinary speed.

"The use of the boards is as follows: If the fore-board is down, or part down, it makes her stay in a seaway; if the aft one be down, it holds her steady in scudding, and prevents broaching to; if they be all down, she holds a good wind and makes no leeway. They can be let down partially or wholly, as required, by a chain, and can be hauled up by hand.

"They are weighted to sink by themselves, and house themselves as soon as she touches the ground. Her pontoons are 30 feet long and 2 feet in diameter, representing enormous floating power; and, it is almost unnecessary to say, water-tight pontoons, or air chambers, are the most powerful principle of buoyancy known. In the drawing her broadside view is given, with the submerged portion shown by dotted lines. The 'end on' view more clearly shows the power of the vessel and the peculiarity of her construction."

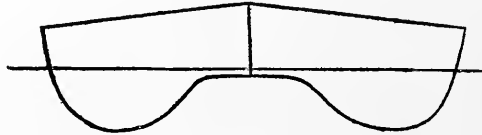
In 1876 Nat Herreshoff designed and built the catamaran *Amaryllis*, a marine monstrosity which created quite a sensation in the yachting world. She sailed her first race on June 23d, appearing as the representative of the Providence, R. I., Yacht Club in the Second Cen-

tennial Regatta for yachts of fifteen tons and under, thirty-two craft starting. In the early part of the contest, while the wind was light, she was well astern of the leaders; but when the breeze piped up strong she gradually came up in the van of the fleet, eventually passing every boat and winning with singular ease.

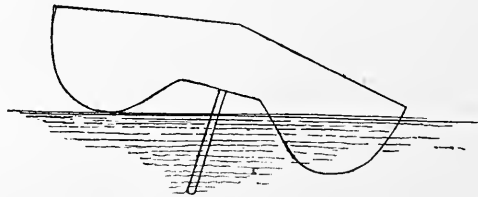
A protest against her on the ground that she could not possibly be classed as a yacht was allowed by the Race Committee, and she was disqualified and voted out. She was, however, presented with a medal for making the best speed on record by a boat of her length.

The Race Committee of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club had this decision in mind when they protested against *Dominion*, on the ground that she is a catamaran. But when the Herreshoff catamaran and the Duggan double-huller are compared it will be seen that there is a vast difference between the two types.

Mr. Herreshoff, on being confronted with the accusation that *Amaryllis* was a nondescript, having no conveniences whatever on board for comfortable



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cruising, denied the allegation and pointed with pardonable pride to the circumstance that she carried a camp chair.

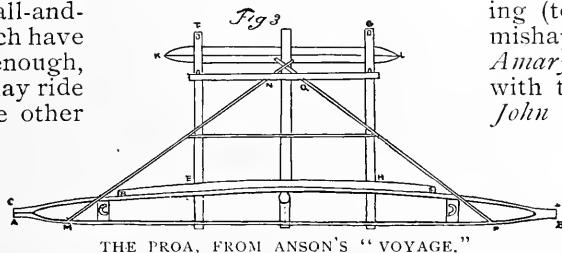
The accompanying plan of the *Amaryllis* gives a general idea of the queer craft. The two hulls are connected by a complex system of ball-and-socket joints which have range of motion enough, so that one hull may ride a wave while the other is in the depths of a hollow. The only accommodation for passengers is a small cockpit amidships protected by a coaming.

The mast and rigging are supported between and above the hulls by a system of truss-work with adjustable tension rods of iron. The above description is condensed from an account of the craft printed by Mr. Herreshoff.

The craft cannot be said to have achieved popularity. So far as I know, *Amaryllis*, *Arion*, *Teaser*, *John Gilpin* and *Tarantella* were the only ones that Mr. Herreshoff built, and I have not seen one sailing since 1883. Each carried a jib and mainsail, and the speed achieved was marvelous, twenty-one miles having often been made in a stiff breeze and smooth water. The most enthusiastic devotee of this aquatic freak cannot claim that she is more adapted for cruising than an ice-boat,

having about as much accommodation. The only possible means of shelter is to carry a tent with which to cover the cockpit.

There is one unpleasant feature in the catamaran, and that is a singular propensity to "pitch-pole" on the slightest provocation. An amusing (to the spectators) mishap occurred to the *Amaryllis* when racing with the catamaran *John Gilpin*, in June, 1877. Captain Coffin, who was watching the contest, thus humorously described what



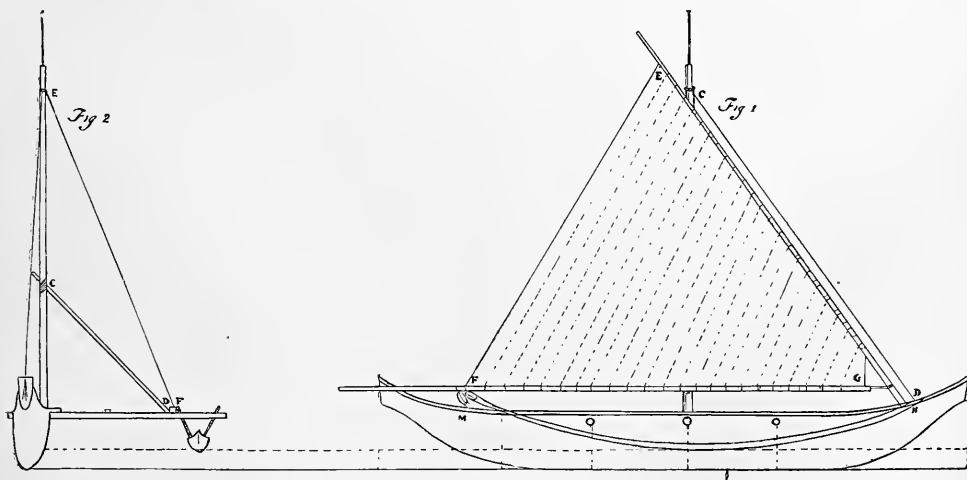
he saw: "The *Amaryllis* came to a sudden stop. The after ends of the two hulls and rudder were descried high in the air; for a second she hung poised upon her forward end, trembled and lost her balance, and in a twinkling went end over end, mast down and keel up. This peculiar circumstance may be illustrated by the following simple diagram:

FIGURE 1.

FIGURE 2.



"Figure 1, *Amaryllis* at 3:30 P. M., right side up. Figure 2, *Amaryllis* at



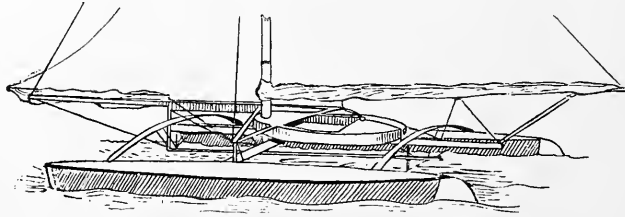
THE FLYING PROA, FROM ANSON'S "VOYAGE"

3:31 P. M., wrong side up and stuck in the mud. It will be perceived that the crew did not remain on board the *Amaryllis* after 3:30 P. M. Indeed, with great unanimity they preserved their momentum when the boat lost hers so suddenly, and went flying through the air, landing some twenty feet ahead of their pitch-poled craft."

The Herreshoff catamaran is an interesting memory only, but at the time of its introduction it set people thinking.

Captain Louis Towns, a Staten Island boatbuilder, in 1877 designed and built for Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes the double-hulled schooner *Nereid*, the hulls of which were three feet wide, five feet deep, and each fitted with a 5-foot centerboard. She was steered with one rudder hung between the two hulls, which were placed 10 feet apart. One hull was set apart for owner and guests, the other accommodated skipper and crew. Her lower masts were 43 feet

huller. It is true that a modification of the catamaran type has been frequently used in canoes and upward in the scale to cargo-carrying craft. A steamer built after the general type of double-hull was for several years in the passenger service between Dover and Calais. Many bicycle boats and other pleasure craft on the same principle are used on American and European rivers and lakes. But in spite of all this there are certain features in Mr. Duggan's boat which are now for the first time combined. As a matter of fact, it remained for Mr. Duggan to revive interest in the type, and this he has done most effectually by the production of *Dominion*. The craft has given rise to much discussion among yachtsmen and in the press, both at home and abroad. The point of sailing in which *Dominion* excels is close-hauled on a wind or with the wind abeam. It is then that she sails on her lee hull only, the weather hull



THE TARANTELLA CATAMARAN.

and her topmasts 20 feet, booms 28 feet, gaffs 14 feet. She sailed her maiden race in the annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club, a special meeting having been held in which her claims to admission as a yacht were earnestly discussed and finally conceded. Owing to the connections between the hulls being rigid instead of having the ball and socket joints used by Herreshoff, she proved impracticable, and unsafe for cruising in any water not smooth as a millpond.

The same fate befell another double-huller, built in Brooklyn the same year for Mr. Charles A. Meigs, of Staten Island, the hulls of which were 46 feet long, with 3 feet 6 inches beam. The connections of the hulls of this vessel were also rigid, the consequence being another failure.

From that day until the present time little has been heard of the double-

huller. It is true that a modification of the catamaran type has been frequently used in canoes and upward in the scale to cargo-carrying craft. A steamer built after the general type of double-hull was for several years in the passenger service between Dover and Calais. Many bicycle boats and other pleasure craft on the same principle are used on American and European rivers and lakes. But in spite of all this there are certain features in Mr. Duggan's boat which are now for the first time combined. As a matter of fact, it remained for Mr. Duggan to revive interest in the type, and this he has done most effectually by the production of *Dominion*. The craft has given rise to much discussion among yachtsmen and in the press, both at home and abroad. The point of sailing in which *Dominion* excels is close-hauled on a wind or with the wind abeam. It is then that she sails on her lee hull only, the weather hull

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board is used with advantage in each model. I do not say that Mr. Duggan, in the design of *Dominion*, has adapted either Mr. Melling's or Mr. Mackenzie's plans. I simply reproduce the two vessels as being links in the history of the evolution, not of the catamaran, but of the double-huller.

It is my opinion that the double-huller has a great future before it when fully developed. The type has none

of the disadvantages of the constant draught of water which is so powerful an objection to the fin-keel vessel. In my judgment the double-huller ought to sail in a separate class of its own, and with this judgment many yachtsmen agree; but I am content to leave that matter to the consideration of the Race Committees of the clubs, who will doubtless render a wise and impartial decision when the proper time arrives.



WINTER'S SOLILOQUIES.

STERNLY sat old Father Winter,
 Wrapped about with ermine robe
 And his icy hand extended,
 Covered half our little globe.

And the brooklet ceased its laughing
 And the river stopped its flow,
 And the leaves and tender flowers
 All had withered long ago.

And the pine trees grouped together,
 Felt his chilling breath and sighed,
 And the dainty ferns and bracken,
 Fearful of his coming, died.

And the brown, deserted meadows
 Took the veil of snowy white,
 And the pale sun, early hiding,
 Gave its place to clouds of night.

Then he hung his icy candles
 Where the moonbeams' rays might fall,
 Sprinkled gems of rarest lustre
 Over rock and tree and wall.

Traced with hand no art might copy,
 Patterns on the window pane,
 Leaves and ferns, and buds and flowers,
 Ne'er conceived by human brain.

Draped the trees with snowy fleeces,
 Filled the hollows, swept the plains,
 Hung his dainty tasseled network
 On the hedges in the lanes.

Smiled and said, "My work I'll finish,
 Little Spring will soon be here;
 She will surely come and spoil it,
 As she has done every year.

"As she tells the same old story,
 On my footsteps she will fly,
 But, so sure as they again come,
 Little Spring-time, so shall I."

"Follows she my frosty footsteps,
 With her smiles and tears and songs,
 Laughs as she unlocks the rivers,
 For the key to her belongs.

"Draws the veil from off the meadows,
 Spreads a carpet velvet green,
 Shakes the network from the hedges,
 And strews flowers in between.

"Tells the earth that Summer's coming
 With the heat of glowing sun,
 How she'll ripen all the harvest,
 Little Spring has just begun.

"Tells the forest wondrous stories,
 But she's told them oft before,
 Of the vines she drapes like curtains,
 Over porch and wall and door.

"Stops to speak about her brother.
 'He is coming, too,' says she;
 'For he follows after Summer,
 Just as Summer follows me.

"He will plant the golden pumpkin,
 Hang brown tassels on the corn;
 Surely such a wondrous artist
 As my brother ne'er was born.

"For he gathers all his colors
 From the sunset clouds at night,
 And his rarest bits of crimson
 From the early morning light.

"Gorgeously he'll deck the forest
 With a mantle brown and red,
 And with shades of palest yellow
 Will he crown the poplar's head."

BOWLING.

THE MODERN GAME OF SKITTLES.

BY J. PARMLY PARET.

THE favorite sport of our Dutch ancestor, Hendrik Hudson, or at least the modern successor to his game of "skittles," has extended its popularity far and wide from the home of its origin. The art has made many enthusiastic converts throughout this country, and not a few scattering adherents in other lands.

Though of English origin, we got the game from the Dutch, and after transferring it from the bowling green, where it flourished as an outdoor sport, to indoor "alleys," we have added another pin to the original nine, and improved the implements and skill with which it is played, until to-day we have a game that affords considerable opportunity for scientific play. It is highly recommended as an exercise for the long winter months, when most outdoor sports are unseasonable, and it offers great social advantages.

The fascination of the game is little short of marvelous. The very monotony of the play would seem to rob it of its charm after the first novelty has worn off, yet the most enthusiastic players are those who have been at it longest. They roll the big wooden balls down the wooden alleys night after night with apparently as much enjoyment as when they first learned to hit the head-pin.

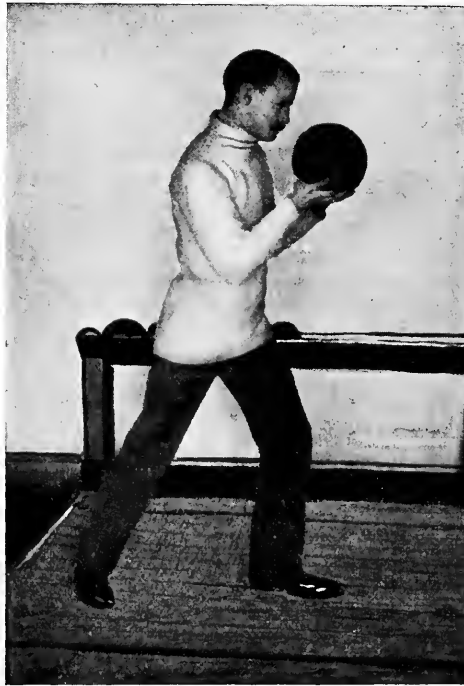
As in all other sports, there is as much difference between good and bad forms in bowling as there is between the styles of the best players and the poorest.

The chief advantage a good bowler enjoys over a poor one lies in his form, and when an ambitious player first learns to roll his ball in true form, his score begins to improve very rapidly. You see the beginner with back bent, feet close together and elbows crooked in his frantic effort to roll a fast ball and still hit the head-pin. His efforts cost him much more strength than a far faster ball from an experienced bowler, and produce much poorer results. The expert rolls a fast ball with a long, full swing of back and arm that starts it on its true course with less strength and none of the noise and visible effort that mark the efforts of the novice.

The cardinal principle of good bowling is to give the ball a long swing before delivery, with the course of the ball always in direct line with its flight. If the arm hesitates in its swing or the ball swerves in its course before it leaves the bowler's hand, its direction must be controlled at the last second by the motion of his wrist, whereas the

expert bowlers do all this with the arm and use the wrist only to give the side twist to the ball. The right arm is used exactly like the pendulum of a huge clock. With the elbow joint absolutely straight, the whole arm hangs from the shoulder as though pivoted there, and the ball is lowered to the alley by bending the body from the hips.

Most good bowlers take two short steps before delivering the ball, and a few



FIRST POSITION. SIGHTING THE BALL.

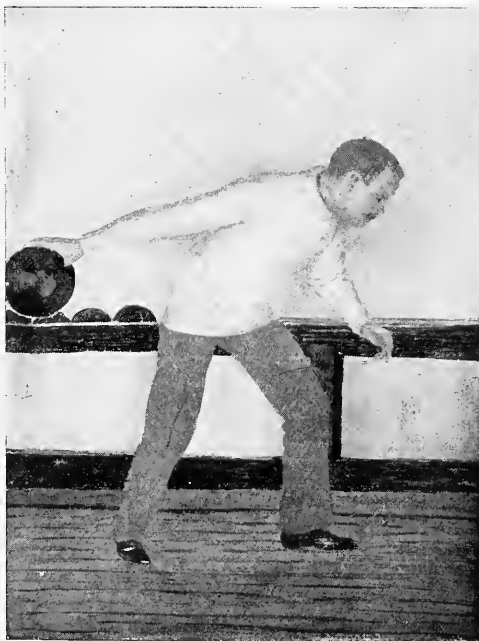
take four steps. With the left foot well forward and the side turned enough to let the arm swing free off the body, the ball is carefully sighted for the head-pin at the other end of the alley. Then it is swung down and back swiftly as the player takes the first step and bends his body well forward to counterbalance the weight of the ball. The arm should be swung up behind the back almost, if not quite, to the height of the shoulder. The ball is poised a second in the air, and then the body shoots forward quickly with the preliminary steps that add to the momentum of the ball, the arm swings down quickly, the elbow still straight and the ball following its ultimate course without variation, and the ball is delivered by a final thrust with all the weight of the body. As the ball touches the alley, the back should be bent gradually over until the length of the arm makes the ball just touch the alley. There should be no dropping of the ball two or three inches, or allowing it to strike before the arm is perpendicular. Either would slow up its force and tend to deflect its direction.

When one considers that the ball must roll sixty feet before it reaches the head-pin of the frame, it is easy to realize the difficulty encountered in starting it on its course properly. The slightest deflection at the head of the alley will account for many valuable inches at the other end, and perhaps spoil an otherwise perfect delivery. If the wrist quivers but a second it will alter the course of the ball, and the head-pin will be found as safely on its spot when the débris is cleared away as though it were never threatened. Primarily, no strike resulting in the flooring of the whole set of pins can be made without hitting the head-pin, and hitting it with the proper bias, too. As that worthy foe-man presents but three inches of front to the bowler, the aim must be pretty true. You can hit either quarter-pin even if the aim be several inches out of true, but the best one can expect from this is eight pins, and often six or seven is the net result. But it does not take very much deflection to the ball before it is delivered to send it off the alley entirely before its full sixty feet have been traversed, and nothing is so derided as one of these "poodles."

Long after the bowler has learned to hit the head-pin with considerable reg-

ularity, he has other puzzling problems. Perhaps his troubles begin when a perfectly straight ball hits the head pin "full in the nose," and the result is the worst possible kind of a "break," with pins standing on either side of the breach he has made through the center of the wooden phalanx. I have even seen a small ball go through the center after hitting the head-pin dead full, and carry with it only the head and king pins. More often, however, it will leave five pins standing, two on one side and three on the other—a hopeless break. A center-ball that hits the head pin full is sure to fail, and almost as sure to leave a combination of pins standing that make a spare impossible, or nearly so.

The head-pin must be hit two-thirds full on one side or the other for the best results. Even then, a strike is not sure to follow. If the angle is only a half-inch too thin, the king-pin will remain standing almost as surely as Gibraltar. This is the most aggravating failure bowling offers its devotees. They see what seems to be a perfect strike ball go rolling down the alley; they watch eagerly as the pins go tumbling one another down, and then, as the "dead-wood" topples off the alley and



SECOND POSITION. BEGINNING THE SWING.



THIRD POSITION. STARTING THE BALL.

the king-pin remains as undisturbed as before the ball started on its errand of destruction, they think vigorous things, if they do not say them. Yet, despite this experience, oft repeated, or varied with the hopeless center "split," there are scores of bowlers, and some good ones, too, who insist on rolling their first ball down the center of the alley to tempt disaster.

The surest escape from this pitfall is the side-ball, and a large proportion of the expert bowlers use it. By starting the ball from the right side of the alley, perhaps six inches from its edge, and sighting it, as before, for the right side of the head-pin, you are almost certain to at least clear the left side of the



FOURTH POSITION FOLLOWING THROUGH.

alley if the head-pin is hit. A bad split is much less common with this side-ball than with a center-ball, while the angle required for a strike, though a trifle less full, is as easy to connect with. The ball veers off in one direction, and clears the pins on that side of the board, while the displaced head-pin performs a similar duty for those of the opposite wing.

And yet it is remarkable how persistently even a side-ball will leave the corner-pin standing, after what seemed like a perfect angle with the head-pin. I have seen good bowlers leave the right-hand corner-pin four or five times in succession on apparently good balls. If the head-pin is hit too full this will almost surely follow, while too fine an angle will more often leave the left corner-pin. But either is preferable to the Dutchman's "bridge," as the famous three-pin spare, with the two corner-pins and a third just in front of one of them, is called. This seldom follows a side-ball, however.

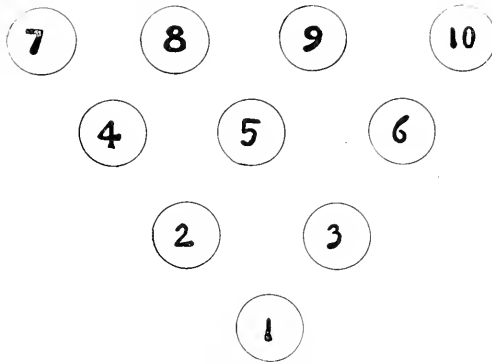
This "bridge" is really the most difficult spare that can be made, and it is only scored by hitting the forward pin fine enough to throw it full across the alley and carry the opposite corner-pin with it, while the ball takes the pin behind. It is very seldom made by even the best bowlers, and the general chorus of "Good eye!" that follows it indicates the respect that every bowler feels for his brother who makes the "bridge" spare.

For purposes of identification the spots on the alley, where the pins are set up, are numbered, and the pins themselves are referred to by these numbers. For instance, the head-pin is always spoken of as "No. 1" and the king-pin as "No. 5." The "Dutchman's Bridge" is Nos. 4, 7 and 10, or 6, 7 and 10. The "Lighthouse" split (the only hopeless break on the alley) is composed of the two "corner pins" Nos. 7 and 10. Nos. 2 and 3 are also known as the "quarter-pins." The diagram on page 489 illustrates how the pins are numbered.

It has often been said that the apparently intricate method of scoring for bowling frightens many of its possible recruits from taking up the game. It must be admitted that it does look formidable at first, but it is really simplicity itself, and a few minutes of careful

study will make it very plain to the veriest novice. The game consists of ten "frames," or innings, for each player, and each frame is made up of three balls (rolls). The score is simply the number of pins knocked down in these ten frames, or thirty balls, and

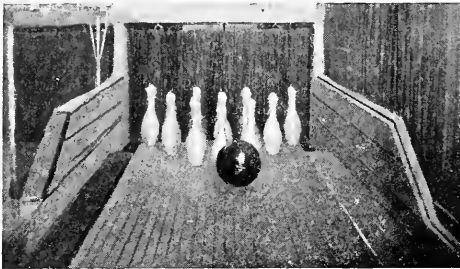
as it is possible to knock down ten pins with each ball, the maximum score of the game is three hundred pins.



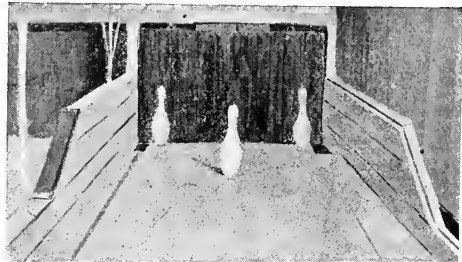
THE POSITION OF THE PINS.

frames are the same, so that a ball may be counted twice, or, in case of two strikes following each other, three times.

For instance, the first player makes a strike, so he has ten pins and two balls to his credit. The second frame brings a strike, too, so his first frame has netted him twenty, with one ball still to his credit, while the second frame has ten, with



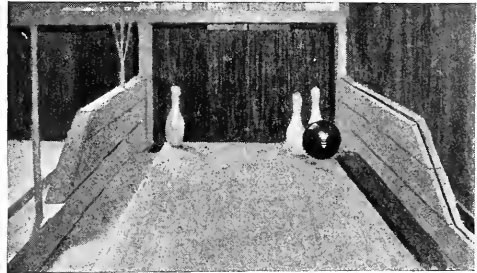
A STRIKE BALL.



PINS SET FOR A COCKED HAT.



A BAD BREAK."



THE "BRIDGE" SPARE.

But the intricacy begins when strikes and spares are counted. There are three balls allowed to each frame, but if the player knocks down all the ten pins with one ball or with two, they are not set up again, but he is allowed to carry over to the next frame the credit of as many balls, one or two, as he has not used in that frame. Instead of setting up the pins thirty times, therefore, in order to make a perfect game of three hundred, the credit balls carried over and the first balls of the following

two balls to come. The next ball fills the first frame and the one after the second frame. Simplified, each frame must score the net total of three successive balls, but whenever a strike or spare is made the succeeding balls are counted twice or three times to complete the frames before, as well as in their natural places. In case of a strike in the tenth frame, the pins are set up again to complete the frame, and a twelfth time, if necessitated by two strikes in the tenth.

"Double-headers," as strikes following strikes are called, form the only means of making really big scores, although two hundred can be scored by alternate strikes and spares, without any "double-headers." One hundred and ninety is the possible of ten spares without any strikes at all, and this score is considered very good, even in match bowling. The average scores in the big matches are from about 190 down to 160. Most of the matches, however, are played by teams of either five or ten men, and in these cases the total scores are used. For five men, 800 is a good score, although 900 is often seen in the biggest tournaments, and 1,000 a few times each season, but it is very difficult to get five men to roll an average of 200 each at the same time. On ten-men teams, 1,700 is a good score, while 1,800 or over is exceptional.

There are many varieties of alley-bowling, all of which have their devotees, although the German nine-pin game and the American "cocked-hat" are the best known and most practiced. In the former, the pins are set in a square, each side of which has three pins, and the corner is turned toward the bowler. In the "cocked-hat" only three pins are used, and they are set up on the regular triangle, the head-pin and the two corner-pins being used. For this game only the smaller balls are fit, as the large ones will not carrom across from the head-pin to either corner. There are dozens of other variations of alley-bowling, made by using different combinations of the pins and different conditions of leaving certain ones standing and knocking down others, but the standard American game is that played with ten pins.

ON MEMORY'S RIVER.



HE lay at ease along the rug
 With open book before him,
 And shining eyes fixed on the blaze
 That danced and twinkled o'er him;
 The printed page a picture showed,
 A silvery giant leaping,
 Far on the foaming Nepigon,
 By lonely headlands sweeping.

Some stirring thought had seized the lad—
 I saw the brown eyes glowing,
 The color deepening in his cheek,
 His breathing quicker growing.
 So eager was his look that I,
 To share his fancies wishing,
 The silence broke: "What is it, Hugh?"
 Quick came the answer, "Fishing."

The moonless night was wan with snows,
 And wintry winds were sighing,
 But at the word my thoughts took flight,
 Like wild-fowl, northward flying;
 Again, methought, we whipped the pool
 (That day much grief had brought him),
 And "Lose that fish again?" I asked.
 "No, sir! To-night I caught him."

He came and stood beside my chair—
 "Come, father, aren't you ready?
 It's sun-up now, and time to start!"
 (I laughed; but clear and steady
 His words ran.) "Now we're on the trail.
 How the mists roll and quiver!
 They're breaking fast, and soon will lift—
 Ah! Don't you smell the river?"

I did. Like feathers deftly cast,
 The laddie's painted fiction
 On Memory's haunted waters played,
 Took me with strange conviction.
 The river murmured in his voice.
 I saw the far pools glisten
 In his clear eyes, that wintry night,
 And could not choose but listen.

The pen hung idle in my hands:
 Forgot my shoulder's twinges,
 Forgot November's winds outside
 Fretting the creaking hinges;
 Away, away, toward vanished joys
 And sunny, summer weather.
 Lured by that laughing voice, we sped,
 Two happy lads together.

Again the startled duck took wing
 As round the point we glided,
 Or swimming otter's whiskered nose
 His V-shaped path divided;
 Again we twitched the slender tip
 And sent the line out swishing,
 As there beside the study fire
 That night we went a-fishing.

Some sing Canadian streams, and some
 Wisconsin's lakelet reaches,
 While others love the lipping waves
 That lap on Tampa's beaches,
 But best of all I like, by night,
 When bleak winds howl and shiver,
 To sit here—with this other boy—
 And fish in Memory's river.

W. H. Woods.



CAIMAN CAPTURE IN VENEZUELA.

BY WINIFRED JOHNES.



In the steamer *Venezuela*, bound for South America—some of us in search of health, some of sport more novel and exciting than is to be found in the States— it was the caiman and our probable adventures in his haunts which most engrossed our thoughts and

formed the basis of our speculations.

We were fortunate enough on board to meet a man who had been a pioneer

in the trackless wilds of the Orinoco Valley, and who was on his way back to that region in charge of a party of settlers from our Western States. This veteran entertained us with many a thrilling story of life in the jungle. We had all shot birds and deer before, some of us wild turkey and bear, and so the chief interest and novelty to which we looked forward was the hunting of the great crocodiles, which we were soon to see for the first time.

The South American caiman bears a closer resemblance to the crocodile of the Ganges than to the alligator of our Southern States. The skull of the caiman is larger and less flat than that of the alligator, the protuberances along



THE INDIAN VILLAGE OF SANTA ROSA.

the head and back are more marked, the teeth are set differently, and finally, the toes are more webbed, in accordance with habits almost exclusively aquatic.

"They're very clumsy on land," our pioneer friend remarked, "and so, if you see one coming for you, just wait till he 'most gets up to you, and then dodge to one side. It will take a whole acre lot to turn him around in, and before he's pointed at you again, you can get ready to dodge again, and just keep it up till you tire him out."

If, in the course of this little game of tag, the caiman did catch one, he was still reassuring. In such a case, while one or perhaps both legs were being mangled or neatly nipped off by the reptile, we were to dig our thumbs into his eyes and gouge them out. This would infallibly induce him to loose his hold. To prove this statement, he told us of a peón who, in walking close to the river's bank, had incautiously stepped into the open mouth of a caiman, and had, by pursuing these tactics, released himself minus one foot. He also gave us the comforting assurance that the caiman, if he caught a man, did not immediately devour him, but carefully buried him in the mud till he got tender. This indication that the caiman was a *bon vivant* did not increase our confidence in him.

It was with some secret tremors then, as well as pleasurable anticipation, that we disembarked at Curaçoa and took a smaller steamer for Maracaibo. In the States we had been told such grewsome tales of snakes, scorpions, centipedes, malaria and yellow fever, that our minds were prepared in advance for the worst that could befall.

Twenty-four hours' sail brought us to Maracaibo—a white city, unrelieved by foliage save the luxuriant fringe of cocoa palms bordering the lake shore, dazzling our Northern eyes with reflected rays of the tropic sunshine. Of Maracaibo, however, we brought away nothing but the pleasantest recollections, in spite of weather so hot that it was at midday well-nigh unendurable.

It was on a small side-wheel steamer, drawing but two and a half feet of water, with the rudest of accommodations on board, that we sailed away down the Lago de Maracaibo. The heat was intense, and those passengers on the *Los Andes* who were fortunate

enough to sleep on deck in hammocks had decidedly the best of it. Morning brought us to La Ceiba, on the southern shore of the lake. Here we disembarked and took a short run on the railroad into the country, returning at evening to the *Los Andes*. The next morning our boat left the lake and entered the Catatumbo River. This river, from its mouth to its junction at Encontrados with the Zulia River, is bordered for the most part by swamps well-nigh impassable, diversified here and there by little clearings occupied mostly by banana plantations. The rank growth of the trees, twined and entangled, would seem to the uninitiated a most appropriate lurking-place for snakes of all kinds; and at first shivers crept down our spines as we pictured ourselves lifted bodily from the deck of our boat and borne off encircled by the coils of a giant boa-constrictor. But we soon found how groundless were such fears, and, at the risk of having my veracity questioned, I will state here that none of our party even saw a snake in the whole course of our trip through Venezuela.

Though snakes were, apparently, wholly lacking to this jungle, its tangled depths were teeming with life of many sorts. Iguanas and gay-hued lizards ran in every direction, great butterflies of gorgeous hue fluttered through the air, parrots and paroquets flew above our heads, uttering discordant shrieks, blue herons and white cranes lazily flapped their great wings and sailed slowly by us or stood on the banks gravely regarding our progress. The trees were gay with many-hued orchidæ, looking, some of them, like creatures instinct with life, and monkeys of many different species climbed and swung and swayed among the branches. J—— shot one of the large red monkeys, hoping to get the skin, but its body fell into the depths of the swamp, where it could not be reached. These creatures are nearly as large as an Irish setter, with coats of the same shade of color and faces surrounded by bushy beards.

As the sun's rays illuminated this strange scene we caught our first glimpse of the caimans. Some were floating like black logs in the river (indeed, our unpracticed eyes could not distinguish them from logs, so gentle

are their motions in swimming and so nearly are their bodies submerged); others were sunning themselves on the banks, from whence they rolled into the water with a great splashing as our boat approached. Our rifles were soon at work, and we materially reduced the caiman population of that region, though occasionally some one of us would waste a shot on a log, and, of course, all bullets which did not strike square glanced off harmless from the thick and tough hide of the reptiles.

Swinging round a bend of the river, whose far stretches were edged with the pale legions of the *menons*, or false plantains, we saw what seemed to be an enormous caiman lying apparently asleep directly in the middle of the deep water where we must pass. The Captain slowed the engines and we crept up almost noiselessly. J— and D—, on each side of the bow, stood with rifles poised, ready to fire. Nearer we came, and we could see his great ugly body outlined in the water. Nearer, and we could see his cavernous eyes, but they were closed. At last, just as we seemed almost over him, he awoke and switched his mighty tail. Just then two rifle shots rang out, and as he began to churn the water into foam in his death struggle the boat passed over him. The last we saw was his whitish belly turned upward, as the river bore his ugly body away to the lake.

The old theory that one must shoot a crocodile in the eye in order to kill was proved fallacious. A bullet from a modern Winchester or Martini, if it strikes square above a vital spot, is almost certainly fatal. When wounded the creatures uttered a fearful bellowing, much like that of an enraged bull, and spun round and round, lashing the water furiously with their tails. The death agonies of these reptiles, however, left us quite unmoved. I had never been able to overcome my repugnance either to causing or witnessing the death of any warm-blooded creature, no matter how insignificant or small, but for these lurking evil things not one pang of pity disturbed my breast.

When we arrived at Encontrados, J—, wishing for a nearer view of the caiman, engaged a guide. This man, a tall, lithe Indian, with piercing eye and aquiline features, the ideal hunter in appearance, paddled J— about in a little

dug-out canoe among the floating reptiles. J— afterward confessed that his sensations had been far from pleasant, as he realized that any one of those passive creatures, whose black noses dotted the water like buoys, could easily have overturned the little boat with a switch of its powerful tail, and thus have had the occupants at its mercy. He was not successful, either, in getting a good shot at any of them, as, sitting in the bottom of the boat, he was not sufficiently above the water-line to get a proper angle, and the bullets glanced off harmless from their armor plate.

The guide then proposed to show us the native method of trapping caiman. We were rowed some distance from the town; then, disembarking, we walked slowly along the river bank, our guide ahead, his bright eyes closely scanning the surface of the water. At last he stopped and exclaimed: "Caiman—caiman!" pointing to what looked like a group of floats lying at some distance in front of us. He bade us conceal ourselves in the brush near by and await results. Cutting an osier wand about a yard and a half in length, he fastened it by means of tough grass into the form of a circle, following its outline with a running noose of strong rope, fastened to the osier at short intervals by means of strips of short bark easily broken. The lower part of the hoop was then baited with offal from a sheep freshly killed. Divesting himself of most of his clothing, the Indian waded into the river until he reached a depth of four or five feet. He then secured the hoop to a stake driven into the mud of the river bed, arranging so as to leave the bait about two inches below the surface of the water. The trap being now ready, our hunter began to splash about noisily, ducking his head under the water occasionally and making bubbles rise as he imitated the sounds made by cattle in drinking. After a few moments given to these manœuvres, the long, irregular line of floats began to make a ripple in our direction. As they slowly advanced, a native woman came down to the shore opposite us with her arms full of soiled linen. She was barefooted, and, tucking up her skirts, she waded into the stream, and, dipping a piece of linen, began to beat it against a flat stone. The caimans saw and noted. The floats changed their direction, and

slowly moved toward the unconscious *lavandera*. Our shouts and gestures warned her of her danger, and she hastily scrambled out of the water, postponing her washing till some more auspicious time.

J—quoted here Kipling's "Ripple Song":

"Maiden, wait," the ripple saith,
 "Wait a while, for I am Death."
 "Where my lover calls I go—
 Shame it were to treat him coldly—
 'Twas a fish that circled so,
 Turning over boldly."

And again he quoted:

"Far away the ripple sped,
 Ripple, ripple running red."

Sympathetic shudders coursed down our backs as we thought of the danger the woman had just escaped.

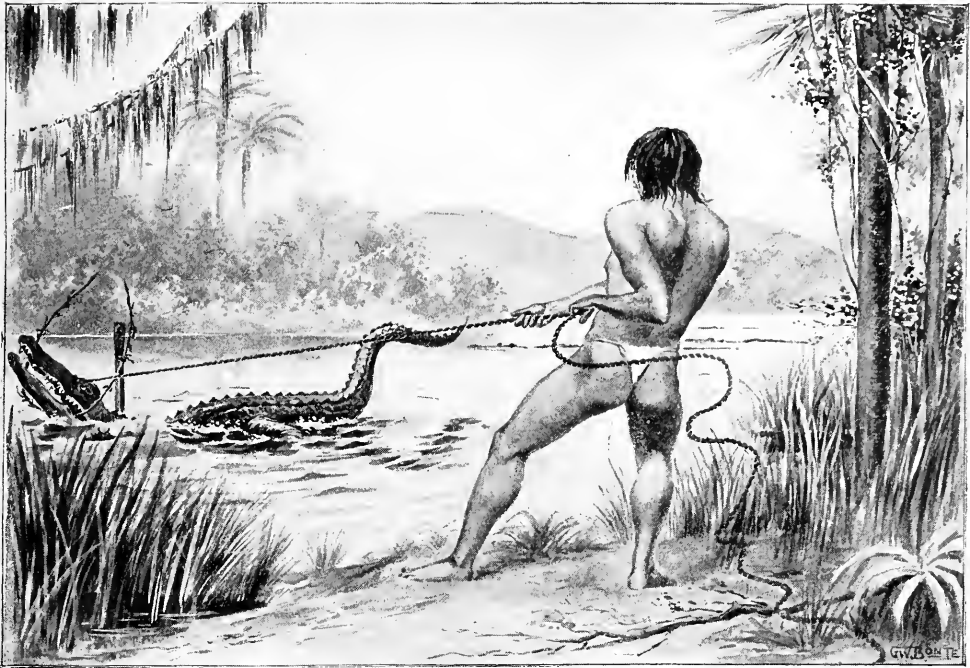
The disappointed caimans were again attracted by our guide's splashing, and at length one, thirteen feet long, came within a dozen yards of him, retreated a little and then again advanced. From

our hiding-place we could see his evil eye fixed on the human bait. Then, as the reptile made a quick start, the guide retreated to shallower water, still keeping up his splashing as though unconscious of the animal's approach. When the caiman came within about eight feet of the hoop, the Indian thought best to leave the water, as they are capable of rushing for a short distance with terrific speed through their native element. Advancing a little further the creature got scent of the offal bait, and in an instant more his jaws closed over it—his upper jaw within the rope and osier circle, his lower jaw below it. The noose was immediately jerked taut by our hunter, and, broken from the willow hoop, it inclosed the head tightly, catching fast in the upper teeth. The creature was then quickly pulled ashore by all hands, and dispatched by a bullet through the heart from one of our rifles.

On our return to Encontrados we watched the process of skinning our lat-



THE SETTING OF THE TRAP.

THE NOOSE WAS JERKED TAUT. (*p.* 494.)

est victim. The methods of the natives are simple and primitive in this as in all else that they do, and there is little attempt at improving on old methods. The crocodile's skin is split down the spine, as along that region the pelt is too thick and lumpy to be available for leather. The skin is then stripped off in one piece, salt and arsenic rubbed on the under side, and it is spread, raw surface down, on the hot ground to cure. We brought none of ours away, however, as we found them very bulky and evil-smelling, and it would have been more expensive in the long run than to buy skins already prepared.

The following day we left Encontrados and pushed on toward the Andes. We saw no more caiman after leaving the Zulia and Catatumbo rivers, though other game, such as peccary, fox, deer, wild turkey and smaller birds we found in abundance. Indeed, we found Venezuela a perfect sportsman's paradise, though I would never advise one who is not in good health to seek sport in the tropics, nor one to whom the luxuries of life seem a necessity. We all took daily doses of quinine during our travels in the interior, and only one of our party contracted the river fever—an acute and

most uncomfortable form of malaria. Quinine in large quantities is a necessary part of every sportsman's or traveler's outfit. If one observes certain necessary precautions he is not likely to be ill. Fruit should be eaten sparingly or not at all during the first month of one's stay in the country. Bathing out of doors or in a draught should not be indulged in, and the rays of the midday sun should be avoided.

The chief bugbears of the Northern traveler, snakes, scorpions and centipedes, were conspicuously absent from our route, though it is always well to be provided with ammonia in case of necessity. Indeed, the dry season, during which we were in South America, was probably our most efficient protection. In some of the old houses, I was told, scorpions and centipedes are found, though not where chickens or cats are kept, as they hunt and exterminate these pests.

The traveler who comes to South America with a rifle in his possession must be prepared to be viewed with suspicion, and to experience more or less difficulty in getting it through the custom house. This is owing to the fact that very few Venezuelans own rifles



ON THE BANKS OF THE GRITA RIVER.

and that such weapons are supposed to indicate incipient revolution. The sportsman must carry all his own ammunition with him, as he will be unable to find rifle cartridges anywhere in Venezuela, and, except in *Cáracas* and *Maracaibo*, there is not a store where shotgun shells can be purchased, although pistols and pistol cartridges can be found anywhere.

In spite of all these drawbacks and inconveniences, which I have stated without glossing over; in spite of the long and sometimes tedious journey and of some risk of health, the trip to *Venezuela* is one that will amply repay one in search of new sensations and weary of the languid sport of stocked club preserves. The stranger will find a country picturesquely old and primitive, yet

strangely new and untried, rich in resources and affording boundless opportunities to the capitalist and to the man of initiative power. In fact, this vast country is as certainly *El Dorado* to-day as it was in the days when Spanish galleons left those shores laden—if tradition tells us truly—with gold and treasure; but it is an *El Dorado* that pours out its treasures to honest enterprise, energy and thrift, not to the chevalier of fortune.

Sportsmen will find a welcome wherever they may go that will recompense them ten-fold for whatever inconveniences they may meet, and sport in abundance if they will seek out the right sources of information and take reasonable care of their health; remembering that they are in the tropics.



MARACAIBO.

KINGFISHING.

BY JNO. D. FEABODY, M. D.

PERHAPS no sport of its kind carries with it more pleasure than trolling for kingfish, unless it be the similar pastime of "squidding for blues."

The kingfish is rarely found in schools, and then only small ones at certain seasons, when they will not bite with any degree of voraciousness. Occasionally large strings have been captured "still fishing" by large parties on the edge of some favorite turtle grass bank, but the methods employed are not those of true sporting men and lack the interest of trolling. The fish travel in pairs or by threes and fours, and much of the enjoyment, as in most of the pleasures of this life, is in the electric anticipation of the next grab, snap, and mad rush of the beautiful fish.

With a good boat—a "Cape cat" is the best—measuring two and a half to four gross tons, a brisk wind, the exhilarating sport may be indulged in with the certainty of returning with the most satisfying results. The best grounds are along the Gulf coast between Sanibel and Cedar Keys, or in the rougher waters about the Florida reefs. To enjoy the round of sport presented for the delectation of the sportsman let it be suggested that a start be made from Key West in a suitable cruiser and work up the keys to Lower Matecumbe. Thence cross the flats of Barnes' Sound to Cape Sable and take the west coast, as desired, for there are harbors for any vessel drawing not more than three feet at intervals of a few miles.

No live bait is required for trolling for kingfish. A hand-wrought tarpon hook firmly seized to a light copper wire and looped to a three sixteenths soft laid cotton line, is all the apparatus required, save a triangular bit of canvas the length of the hook, which must be firmly sewed about the shank at one angle, and the base dove-tailed or swallow-tailed to prevent raveling and to act as a spinner.

The prime requisite for the enjoyment of the sport and the perfection of results lies in the fact that the boat should be moving briskly. The fish will not stir for a slowly moving bait, but takes his food with the speed of an ex-

press train, when it passes him as if in earnest. The suddenness of the strike is almost startling to the tyro in the sport and loses none of its electric thrill to an old hand at the game. It is not the slow method of the tarpon or the uncertainty of the pike or bass. When a strike is made the angler may feel assured that his hook has gone to that place where it will do him the most good.

If a very heavy fish has struck, say one weighing twenty-five or thirty pounds, the speed of the boat should be slackened by heading into the wind, for a Hercules could not pull the monster over the taffrail unaided, with the boat moving six knots an hour. A steady hand should be maintained and the line kept taut, for the fish might disgorge the hook, although such an act is rare, the barbs being, in the majority of cases, well set by his first rush and the onward movement of the vessel. Up and down, back and forth, the struggling quarry flies! He one moment gives a pang of deadly anxiety lest he be gone, as the line slackens, and another of a different variety the next, when the line is drawn as rigid as a piano wire and sings in a sidelong cut across the tops of the glistening waves. He may make one or more gigantic springs into the sunlight or he may fight so far below the surface that his glittering armor does not send a thrill of admiration to the sportsman's heart, until, almost exhausted, he is drawn nearly to the vessel's counter.

With the speed at which the vessel is moving no fish, however capable, can prolong such a bitter fight. But no fish of any kind, in any water, fights as hard while he is fighting as our own royal king.

When first taken from the water, the scales of the king are, as those of the tarpon, brilliantly silvered. This soon changes as death sets in and rushes of light, changing as rapidly and in as many varied tints as those of a well-blown bubble, spread over the surface. If the fish is scaled at this moment and some dozens of the scales dropped in absolute alcohol and set in a dark corner, it may be possible that out of the dozens two or three will retain in permanent condition

a motley coloring. This brilliant spectacle is the song of the dying swan in another sense.

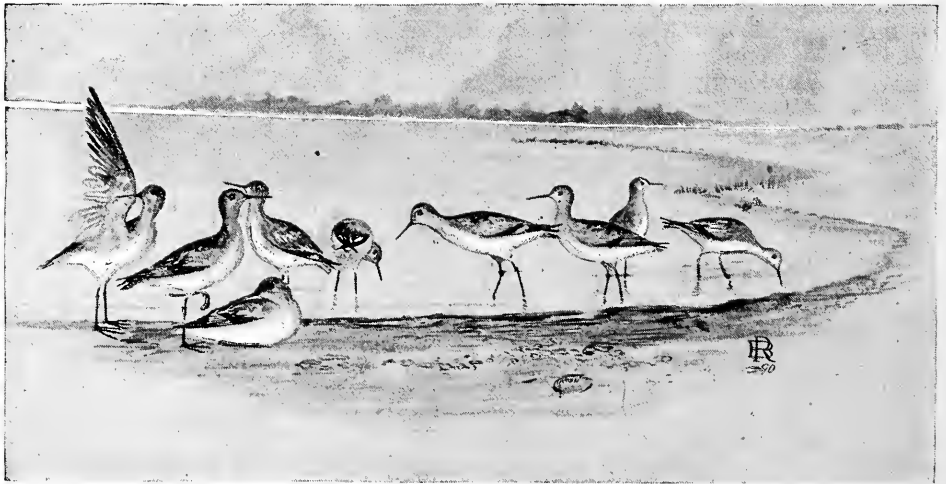
The larger fish are found nearest the shore, as a rule, following up the edge of some grass bank bordering the channel. The smaller fish, better in fighting capacity and as food, are caught off shore in six to ten fathoms, but as this is quite a distance out for a small boat most of the work is done "between passes." A favorite pastime for a morning of this sport is to run out of one pass and in at another, going or returning "inside" as the wind serves. From eight to a dozen fish should be picked up with three lines well served in a trip of this nature, and this, with the glorious weather found nowhere else on the face of the earth in the perfection it is here, the health-giving air and the pleasure of sailing, should be sufficient for any sportsman.

The flesh of the kingfish is a great delicacy if properly served. It is nearly

boneless and resembles the skeletal structure of the pompano in that steaks may be cut in perfect shape from the neck to the tail. The meat is far more delicate than that of the mullet or mackerel, being less oily than the former and richer than the latter. In this respect it differs widely from its great rival, the tarpon, the meat of which is fit food for hogs only.

The kingfish, orcoco (*Scomberomorus cavalla*), is one of the most important of the food fishes of this country, exceeding in value, though not in quantity, the Spanish mackerel (*Scomberomorus regalis* or *Scomberomorus maculatus*), of which species it is a big half-brother. Lay a large-sized Spanish mackerel and a small-sized king side by side, and a novice would see no distinguishing marks.

In the humble opinion of the writer, trolling for kings will be grand sport when reeling—and waiting—for tarpon is a forgotten subject.



THE BAY-BIRDS OF THE COLORADO.

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.

AMONG the places where game yet lives as in the days of old is the mouth of the Colorado River, one hundred and sixty miles below Yuma. Few parts of North America that are so easily accessible are so little known and so seldom visited even by the Indian. With the exception of a few plumage hunters, who, at long intervals, have gone that far down the

river, scarcely anyone has fired a gun for many years around the head of the Gulf of California. It is over fifteen years since the building of the Southern Pacific Railroad stopped the running of boats to the lower river, and during all that time that territory has lain about as wild as on the day Cabrillo landed.

With a party of ten from Los Angeles I boarded the steamer *Mojave* at Yuma

for a special trip down the river, the only way one can now get there except by a long journey overland. The *Mojave* is a stern wheeler one hundred and fifty feet long by thirty-one broad, with plenty of cabin room. Her navigation of the winding river is alone worth seeing, as it is Western river navigation of the extreme type, which the railroads are fast consigning to oblivion. The Colorado at its lowest stage is but a stream of swiftly flowing mud, swifter, muddier and more erratic than the Missouri at its worst. Its bars form and shift by the hour, almost by the minute. No pilot attempts to remember the channel. The boats are made to run on mud almost as well as on water, and right well they do it.

Here the boat strikes with a jar that almost upsets you if standing carelessly, but on she puffs. You find she is still slowly moving. On she goes, and soon she resumes full speed. She simply rides the mud with her flat bottom, and the mud is so fine and soft that it slides beneath almost like molasses. Then she glides for a while along banks where the willows nod as green as in summer's noon, and the cottonwoods shine as if Christmas were months away instead of a few days, then suddenly she strikes hard and firm.

Instead of going ahead she now backs water, then goes ahead again, then backs, then ahead and back, and before you know it the wheel has washed the mud from under and on she goes again. Then again on the swift current, along winding banks where Indians stand giggling in gay robes of red, beside dense masses of the arrow weed, into which the dusky damsels fly from your camera, and before you know it the steamer is fast again. A few moments backing and filling and she swings around backward into open water, wheels about and goes on again. She simply wiggled over sideways. Then away she speeds again, by bars of slippery mud and piles of driftwood from the heart of the Rocky Mountains, and again she comes to rest.

After a little vain wiggling a boat puts out full of Yuma Indians, the best and most willing "roustabouts" in the world. The anchor is dropped on a sand bar; an Indian mounts it to hold it down while the capstan winds in the rope. The anchor ploughs the mud, but the

Indian keeps his seat on the bucking bronco while its fluke dives into the mud. The boat wheels about, stern down stream, and the big wheel again backs water for a while. On goes the boat, stern foremost, and suddenly she is turned about and going ahead again. She washed a channel through the bar.

For fifty miles or more below Yuma few waterfowl are seen along the river, though black lines streaming in air far inland indicate lagoons there with plenty of ducks. Such is the case, but it is not worth while to stop here, nor to get excited at the long-drawn g-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-o-o-o-o of the sand-hillcrane or the cackle of snow-geese or white-fronted geese.

But when the boat stops for wood you may take a run into the groves of mesquite, a little back from the river, and try the pretty cousin of the California quail, Gambel's partridge. You may find the backwoods relative the sharper of the two. A merry chase he will lead you, just a trifle out of reach all the time if you try to bag him on the ground, which, in a fit of vexation over your vain attempts to get good wing shots, you may be rash enough to do. A lovely little bird he is, and never more attractive than when, on the opposite side of a broad mesquite, he whizzes downward on a curve that would be quite difficult to intercept with shot, even if you had a clear view of it. Quite entertaining, too, he is when, above the arrowwood about as high as your head, he rises with a chirp at about twenty-five yards, shows you his chestnut sides for an instant, and then scuds away on a level with the top of the dense arrowwood that takes him out of sight before you have the gun to your shoulder. And when you do happen to be quick enough, you find that he can shed shot in a marvelous way.

The line of Mexico is soon crossed, and rich bottom lands spread miles away on each side of the river. On the Lower California side they are inhabited by the Cocopahs, an almost independent tribe of Indians, reputed wild and dangerous, but perfectly safe to travel among if one knows how to mind his business, which my noble countryman rarely does in Mexico. On the other side are the Maricopas, a peaceable and industrious tribe. Both mark afar the steamer's sooty banner trailing along the

clear sky, and through the green bowers of poplar and aspen and willow, that stand almost as thick as canebrake, they come trooping, arrayed in all variations of garment from nature to civilization.

High in air large white pelicans with black-tipped wings are soon seen, sailing with wondrous grace for birds so heavy, and many of the bars of the river are white with them. Here the dark form of the cormorant cleaves the air, and there, with outstretched neck, the sand-hill crane leaves the boat at a safe distance. The *teetleet* of the curfew rings along the shore and an occasional willet helps out the other indications of approaching tide-water. Ducks become more frequent, little divers dot the water, and the steamer makes longer runs without obstruction. The timber on each side grows thinner and lower as we approach the more newly made land, and as the vast flats spread away on each side you can see how land is made and how Mexico is yearly gaining from the United States thousands of acres of better land than she lost in 1848.

And soon the timber vanishes, for the land is now washed for miles on either side by the rushing spring tides, that come in a bore, or wave, ten feet high, and beyond the reach of this is desert. Desert of the worst kind on the right, to where, far in the western sky, the towering mountains of the Sierra Nevada continuation are fringed with pine. Desert on the left, to where the tips of the far distant hills of Sonora loom faintly in the mirage, all of it rich enough soil but for want of water.

Nowhere in the United States to-day can there be seen such quantity and variety of "bay-birds" as on the shores of this river and around the head of the Gulf. These shores are long and low and protected from heavy surf by miles of shallow water, so that the flat-bottomed river-boat coasts with safety.

Everywhere was the buff coat of the curlew as he waded about and plied his long sickle-shaped bill. Beside him, with bill as long, but curved the other way, the avocet, in snowy coat and wings of jet, stood fat and happy. On almost every square yard of the shore the black, white and brown of the willet blended into gray, and beside him played the same yellow-leg that, on the sand-bars of the Atlantic side, so stirred

my boyish soul. In sober gray the sanderling trotted along the mud-flats, and in flashes of white and black little sandpipers whisked about as if scant time were left them to get somewhere. With the crowd mingled the phalarope, the dowitcher, the oyster-catcher and the turnstone. The air, too, was alive with gulls and terns, and plover whizzed about with tender whistle.

Where the shore was narrow enough to give one a blind within shot of the water's edge the quantity one could kill of these birds, if disposed, was enormous, and at high tide the grassy flats up the inlets and on the high grounds gave cover enough to keep one shooting all the time. So plenty are the birds that one quickly tires of shooting with a shotgun and will get far more satisfaction, though less game, with a rifle.

Hérons, egrets, ibises, bitterns and all kinds of water birds swell the list for those who like plenty of wild life, while acres of the open waters of the Gulf are black for miles with ducks of various kinds. Inland, where rushes fringe the water in the sloughs, the ducks and geese remind one of the palmy days before the rapid settlement of Southern California.

You want wading boots and a good shotgun well held, for be it remembered that even in the wildest regions ducks are no longer hauled down with a garden rake and even geese require a longer rake than formerly. Though there is no shooting at them here, they have to run the gauntlet of several thousand guns to get here and their memories are good. But when you are well hidden in the reeds you may see sights that you can see in few parts of the United States.

Along the horizon line and across the sky the waterfowl stream in long strings, bunches and crescent lines, while the open water is darkened with sheets of them dozing away the noontide of the warm winter days of this latitude. Where tall rushes rustle in soft whispers in the gentle breeze you may see the mallard bow his wings to alight, and at the report of your gun fold them, droop his head and neck, and whirl with dull flop into the mud, where the willet and curlew are wading. And before you can get him a sprigtail may be set for your direction, and you will have to hold well ahead of him and be careful to land him near your feet, for the reeds are thick,

and even with a good retriever you have no time to lose in looking for ducks.

With curved and rushing wings teal ride down the air, and the plaintive whistle of the widgeon winnowing above sounds as if he would alight if you would give him a chance. Other little teal sail about in the open water out of reach, and there, too, floats the spoonbill, as unconcerned as if you did not consider him one of the best of ducks. Circling with cautious wing high above the pond before alighting, canvasbacks and redheads finally slide down on long inclines with stiff set wing, and if the pond is large enough geese wind slowly around it two or three times and then slowly settle down into the center.

The Canada goose seems shy of these grounds, though it is said it is very plenty here in most seasons. But the lesser dark goose, or Hutchin's goose, was occasionally seen. I had hoped to see here the wild and elegant whooping crane or white sand-hill, when fat scarcely inferior in flavor to the wild turkey and much his superior in knowledge of man and the range of his latest guns and rifles. But he was not here, and the snowy pelicans, circling high in the sky, were the only thing that savored of his presence. But everywhere in the sloughs and larger lagoons the snow goose was very abundant.

We went fifty miles down the Gulf to go into a slough that probably surpasses everything in North America for wild fowl. But Captains Polhemus and Mellen, the owners of the boat, had not been there for fifteen years, and we found the mouth so closed with sand that the boat could not enter it at that tide, and it was too long to wait for the spring tides. But from the quantities of wild fowl pouring into it and over it we could imagine that it would have been a wonderful sight. It is miles long and wide enough to hold millions of birds.

But in some of the smaller lagoons we found game enough, especially as we were not trying to kill anything to throw away or take back. In one of them the whole party posted around its edges, and, keeping up a steady cannonade, could not keep out the ducks and geese, which came streaming in from every point of the compass, and, instead of leaving at the sound of a gun, as they would do from some of the smaller

ponds, merely made another circle, set their wings and came rushing down.

On most of the ducking grounds today everything is a duck. But here we could pick our shots and take only the best ducks, and such only as would land at our feet.

But one thing marred the trip, and that was the absence of Wilson's snipe. There were none here, and I could see no grounds such as he likes. I love to have the little darling about, even though I do not shoot at him. I love to see him pitch and twist about in the shades of evening, and see him sometimes steal along in the mud near me and probe with his long bill. But he was not here, and probably never was, though in Lower California, on the right kind of ground, I have found him far south of this.

We found tracks of deer on both sides of the river, but the ground is quite level for many miles, and hundreds of acres of wild hemp growing ten or twelve feet high, and large areas of arrowwood nearly as high and very thick, make it almost impossible to see deer except from horseback. Farther back from the stream they are found in the rough hills and in the patches of mesal and cactus, but it is a dangerous place to hunt unless you are sure of where the water is. Antelope are found on the large plains of Sonora, but on the desert the antelope is even a greater ranger than on good country. They go many leagues to water, and often go without it entirely, as do the deer when feeding on mesal or cactus of any kind. Moreover, the plains are so flat that it is impossible often for miles at a stretch to find any way of avoiding the big eyes that take in half the horizon at a glance.

From the great saw-toothed ranges of the Lower California side the big horn looks down upon a country all his own. No one goes there to trouble him, and, though many have started full of grim determination, few have been able to do more than say the game is there. But the rocks are so thick and sharp, the air so dry and generally so hot, the feed so scarce and the springs so far apart, the danger of losing your horses is so great, that nothing but gold can tempt those who know the country best, and most of them want their gold somewhere else. Strangely enough, the mountain sheep loves the desert

slope of these countries instead of the Pacific slope, where the hills are covered with good soil, and where there is plenty of water and feed. It was so, long before the days of hunters, and the big horn hardly ever comes near the crest of the range even for a day.

As it was not the time of year for fishing, we could not tell what the Gulf afforded. We caught two kinds of fish in the river, one something like a salmon, the other something like a mackerel, both in flavor what might be expected of such muddy water. Green turtles are plentiful in summer, and we caught two that were very fine. Fine clams were also found near the mouth of the river, but there are no oysters north of Angel's Bay.

Those of the party who were not equipped for hunting enjoyed the trip as well as the rest. For the winter tourist it is cheaper than staying at a stylish hotel and gazing at a stupid monotony of things that can be seen as well in a thousand other places. The winding river and the ever-shifting panorama of the great mountains allow no monotony. You can even see the sun rise in California and set in Arizona. And when you tire of looking at the whirling water the mirage of the desert beyond the bottom lands will afford you all variations of silvery lakes with timbered shores, wooded islands and ancient castles.

On the open flats about the mouth of the river the mirage is wonderful, for the most level parts of any desert are heavy rolling country compared with these vast expanses deposited but late-

ly from water. On these the clear, dry air plays wondrous freaks when the light of the sun falls through it on the bare, flat ground. Lovely lakes glimmer within two hundred yards of you, bits of drift arise into cranes that stand along the shore quite real enough to tempt your rifle, and out in the middle float ducks as fine as any you have shot at. There are reflections of the trees along the other shore, and the timber is as green as that of the willow that sweeps the boat. You can even see the huge mountains pictured in them, and you feel certain that the lakes are real, for they grow ever wetter as you come nearer, until suddenly they break into a thousand filmy bits, and in a moment are gone.

The winter climate is California's best, save when, at long intervals, a storm of unusual strength on the Pacific slope overleaps the high mountain barrier, and makes it cool and cloudy with an occasional sprinkle. The rest of the time the sun shines with as much brilliancy as if the Gulf were a thousand miles away, but the heat and mosquitoes of the intense summer are gone, while the air retains all its dryness, and is cool enough to be bracing, yet warm enough. Such an air makes wondrous sunsets, as well as a mirage that would deceive old Neptune himself; and you will think you never before saw a sunset when you see the sun sink over the lofty mountain chain, with the deep blue shade of desert for a foreground, while the tips of the higher peaks run through all the shades of purple and rose.

SOME ICE-YACHTING ADVENTURES.

BY NORMAN WRIGHT.



THE dangers of ice-yachting seem but to whet the enthusiast's appetite, whilst the rare exhilaration of delight that tingles his every nerve, when guiding one of the large and powerful racing machines over smooth ice in a stiff wind, is unequalled by any other experience to be had.

To the enthusiast the keenest suffering

comes from the fickle elements, which one day give promise of perfect condition of ice and wind, but to bury his hopes in a furious snow storm or exhaust his patience by a dead calm.

To him the dangers are either exaggerated fears and difficulties to be overcome, or they arise from inherent defects in building, presenting problems to be mastered; though it may with truth be maintained that some of the larger yachts surely possess an infernal spirit.

Many years ago "Tom" Parish established the reputation of being the most fearless and reckless ice-yachtsman on the Hudson River. Nothing daunted him; snow hummocks and jagged masses of heavy ice were jumped or smashed into, until his boat was torn and splintered, as if raked by shrapnel. His favorite amusement was to take out for a sail any unsuspecting visitors from the metropolis, and, if there was not wind enough to enable him to capsize, or by a sudden turn fling them sprawling and helpless from the yacht, he would deliberately sail into the nearest air-hole or ferry track!

Dick Knight came next, with his rare ability to handle the tiller in many winning races, until he became so aggressive as to disregard the rules governing the course.

Since the building of ice-yachts of 600 square feet of canvas and over (John A. Roosevelt's *Iceicle* carried 1,070 square feet in 1886), there have been so many narrow escapes from collisions that the number of entries for challenge races have been by common consent very much limited.

In the old days a fleet of twelve to eighteen yachts cutting diagonals on the river was a great sight for spectators. Of late the H. R. I. Y. C. seldom enters more than four or five to defend the flag that indicates supremacy of the world.

Even with this small number of competitors, the great majority of spectators prudently stay ashore. It is not always safe to watch the vagaries of ice-boats. Sometimes they take the bit, run away, and dash themselves to pieces.

One of these accidents was remarkable. A fierce northwest gale of many flaws and variations started the *Jack Frost* from her anchorage. Commodore Rogers, standing near by, jumped after her, but only caught the end of the boom, from whence he was quickly flung. The yacht, with guiding runner all on a swing, rushed toward a bunch of skaters and onlookers, and finally, at terrific speed, made directly for them. She barely missed them, dashing between two yachts directly against the rocky shore, a complete wreck.

The *Avalanche*, an enormous lateen of 841 square feet, weighing 3,008 pounds, ran away with E. Harrison Sanford, owner, finally tossing him out; then, after several uncertain turns, as if satisfied

with the scare to her helmsman, came up into the wind and stopped. Sanford had enough of the lateen model, and at once had her dismantled and turned into a sloop.

Mr. John A. Roosevelt, who, with Aaron Innis, O. H. Booth, T. P. Johnston and Irving Grinnell, were the founders and promoters of ice-yachting, has been singularly free from serious accident. His famous *Iceicle* is the stanchest and most reliable yacht on the Hudson River.

In the race of March 8, 1888, North Shrewsbury Ice Yacht Club versus Hudson River Ice Yacht Club, for the world's pennant, this was well proven. The sun had softened the icy surface, but the wind was strong—almost a gale from the northwest—a severe test. The *Northern Light*, Dr. J. C. Barron, was struck by a squall at lower stake, and ran away; the *Avalanche* carried away her bobstay, and was disabled; the *St. Nicholas*, E. P. Rogers, whilst leading, with a good chance of winning, capsized. This left but the *Iceicle* and *Scud* to finish, which the former did by two miles, rounding up in apparently as good condition as at the start, whilst the *Scud* was badly strained and shattered.

Dr. J. C. Barron's yacht *Northern Light*, although one of the swiftest, is unquestionably the most dangerous of all boats, as if possessed of an evil spirit that too frequently threatens her helmsman or anyone within her range.

When in some of her tantrums, the rudder loses its grip and she flies hither and thither, where'er she listeth, sometimes making directly for another yacht, and again, attempting to smash the fleet at anchor.

One day, when the wind was comparatively steady, as she was about to cross a crack, on the edge of which a man was standing to indicate the only safe place, a sudden puff made her veer and make directly at him.

Boys often take chances with recklessness. One unfortunate boy I knew was being towed on his sled by a rope from an ice-yacht when another yacht came up so fast on another tack that the helmsman did not see him till too late, and ran over him, badly crushing the unfortunate boy's legs.

The ferry track at Poughkeepsie is a source of frequent involuntary ice-water baths. The very day that Woodbury

Kane's *Reindeer* (731 square feet of sail, now on Lake Minnetonka), started on her initial spin, the veteran "Jake" Buckhout, at the helm, deceived by thin ice, ran her into this treacherous place.

Late in the season—if the ferry has been frozen up—she takes advantage of each warm day to buck the ice and cut out a channel across the river. Sometimes she gets a third or a half way across, and then a cold night will stiffen up the main ice too hard for the next day's breaking up, and leave a thin coat of glare ice to cover the previous day's work.

This always catches the unwary. Once, however, when there was about sixty feet of open water, a party from Marlborough, going at the rate of a mile a minute, flew directly into this dangerous place. The velocity of their yacht carried them to the farther edge, where a bordering of thin ice prevented rescuers from coming to them. Two of the crew, who could swim, managed to break through this to safety; the third, mostly immersed in the freezing water, clung to the boat, moaning like some wounded beast, utterly helpless from terror. When, after a seemingly unconscionable delay, a rope was brought he could barely get the loop over his shoulder to enable his rescuers to drag him through the water to safety. He was never seen on an ice-yacht again.

A reef about two miles down stream, opposite Blue Point, has always been a dangerous place, the swiftly whirling water causing air-holes and treacherously thin ice. Many an ice-yachtsman has taken an involuntary bath here, but there have been no fatalities.

Jumping cracks is always risky. The owner of the *Æolus*, with a friend, once took a memorable trip up to Rondout. The ice was safe and wind strong, so they went ashore and spent some time at lunch. Meanwhile the wind increased, but the sun's rays had caused the ice to expand until some bad cracks had opened. On the return trip the yachtsmen, unaware of anything serious, and uttering unsuppressible yells of exhilaration at each startling burst of speed, were suddenly paralyzed to see a long reach of water, about twenty feet across, directly ahead!

Before their course could be altered, splash went the yacht, the runner plank throwing a sheeted mass of water as high

as the gaff. The sudden stop, as the rudder caught the farther edge, tossed the man from the runner-plank into a grand somersault, landing him many feet away, whilst the grip of the helmsman was not strong enough to prevent his sliding forward into the water and partly under the box. He was wet from above and below, but neither party suffered any broken bones nor subsequent illness, whilst the wet clothing immediately formed an icy coat.

The *Jack Frost* had a similar experience whilst sailing in the race at New Hamburg, February, 1883. She ran into a large area of water, which had formed where the ice had cracked. She went into it like lightning, dashing up a wall of water as she flew along to clear ice beyond, completely dousing the clothing of the crew; and right off they were covered with icicles from head to foot.

There have been many collisions and many more narrow escapes, wrecking the yachts and bruising the crews. They are generally caused by sudden squalls lifting the windward runner so high that the rudder loses its grip on the ice, and the yacht immediately veers from her course. If another yacht is approaching on another tack and is near by, as is frequently the case, there's a good chance for trouble.

In one of the big races the helmsman of the *Avalanche* changed his course on approaching a dangerous tract, when suddenly the *St. Nicholas*, closely following and unprepared for the change, jammed her bowsprit directly over the two men in the box of the former. They were crushed and bruised, but fortunately escaped any lasting injury.

One of the most serious results from jumping a crack occurred near Marlborough. The sudden stop of the flying yacht, when her runners caught under the edge of the farther ice, thrust a man from the box with such force against the runner-plank that his life was long despaired of.

When masts or runner-planks give way, there is very small chance of harm. If this occurs to a yacht about a mile or two distant from the spectator, and his gaze for the moment has been in another direction, he is sure to be startled by her sudden disappearance. When her standing rigging lies flat on the ice the

absence from the horizon of the gleaming canvas is a puzzling mystery.

Dogs occasionally chase the yachts with a persistency that is sometimes annoying to the helmsman that would avoid running over them. Once a cur was caught under the runner-plank as a yacht was gliding close to the shore. The yelps drew forth upon the bank the enraged owner, gun in hand, swearing to "beat the band."

Fortunately the dog slid from under at that precarious moment and the gun did not go off.

To be caught under the runner-plank when the ice is rough is apt to be uncomfortable.

The season of '97-'98 was one of the many that have started in with great promise. We had nine days of smooth ice for the fourth-class yachts and then a series of snow-storms, rain, fog and thaw, until the ice finally disappeared the 25th of February—somewhat different from 1885, when a race was sailed by the two largest yachts in Newburg Bay, March 25th.

There has been some "ice-yachting about the stove," when many curdling yarns about frozen feet and fingers and noses have vied with smashed legs and ribs, etc.

So great a speed is attained by ice-yachts that they are sometimes lifted from the ice, and fairly fly for yards. An incident of this kind happened last year. A large yacht of the New Hamburg Club went scudding down the river in the direction of Newburg. It was the owner's intention to go to West Point, if possible. He sailed there,

but nothing could induce him to make the trip again. Everything went smoothly for a time, so it is related, the wind sending the skeleton craft along at forty miles an hour. Just above Newburg a gale struck the sails and the yacht attained a terrific speed, clouds of ice spray whirling in her wake; she reared and screeched like a mad thing broken loose. The sailor's eyes were pointed ahead, but a film covered them and almost blinded him.

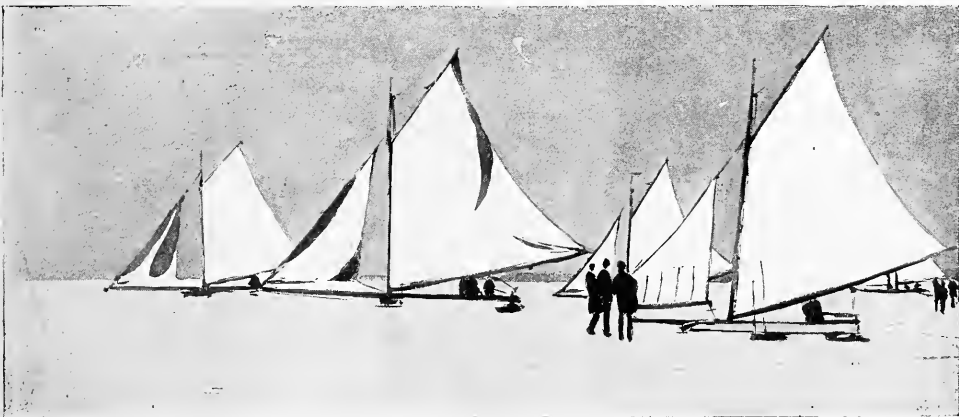
Suddenly he heard a whistle blow right behind him, and as he looked back he saw that he had crossed the Newburg and Fishkill ferry cut, and that he had crossed just in front of the steamboat. His hair stood on end and fairly turned gray. He landed at West Point, transacted his business, took his boat apart and shipped it home, having had enough for that season.

But one more incident, a sample of the gyrations of the "quick as a wink," well named. One squally day, a bystander on skates, who never had a ride on an ice-yacht, was taken for a whirl.

A swift flight of two miles was capped by a fierce puff, that caused the yacht to rear and suddenly snap about so sharp and quick that the two sailors were flung from her with such force that the skates were torn from their feet. Jaws snapped and hair rose, as each, while helplessly skating over the ice, feared the yacht would turn and finish them.

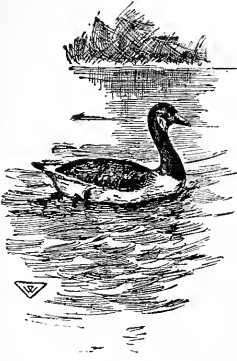
Fortunately she went off to the shore near by. The stranger, on getting to his feet, exclaimed in a painful voice:

"Say, Mister, is that the way you stop them!"



SHOOTING ON THE GULF COAST.

BY W. B. LEFFINGWELL.



MY boyhood days were spent where game was plentiful, and nothing but the exigencies of urgent business has been powerful enough to deprive me of an outing afield in each of the passing years. Last year I was a bond slave to business in Chicago,

while the fever of old-time sport ran with more than its wonted vigor; yet the summer days glided by, and less and less seemed the probabilities that the yoke of labor would be lightened. But the fates were working my emancipation in the person of the Hon. Frank Holland, of Dallas, Texas, who sang the siren song of "A hunter's and angler's paradise, where you can hunt geese, ducks, snipe, curlew or quail, catch tarpon, trout, red fish or Spanish mackerel, and dine on oysters, shrimp and terrapin within a few yards from where your boat is anchored."

Was Anthony ever tempted thus?

I fell from the grace of business, and as such turpitude, like poverty, loves company, I drew into my net, as my chosen companion, the hard-worked secretary of Montgomery, Ward & Co., Mr. George A. Thorne. Together we left Chicago on a wintry morning bound for Rockport, Texas. Our journey was a most delightful one; on the following day we were speeding through the scenic Ozark Mountains, that afternoon through the Indian Territory and at night through Texas.

Our host had gathered his party at Kennedy, where our land journey ended and our outdoor life was to commence, and, mindful that variety is no less the soul of sport than of life, had yoked on a worthy triumvirate of other sportsmen in the persons of three as good Nimrods as ever pulled trigger, Mr. Kirk Hall, of Dallas, and Col. I. L. Elwood and C. W. Marsh, of De Kalb, Ill.

The first morning of our hunt broke as beautiful and fresh as June; the sun arose across the bay as bright and clear

as in summer days; at the wharves the little schooners rocked with gentle undulations, for the wind was just astir and the waters were tremulous. All had been prepared for our trip; and soon the *Alice* and *White Rose* spread their canvas wings.

Captain William Armstrong, of our boat, *Alice*, assumed command, and we profited by his lore of land and sea. The first day we sailed perhaps twenty-five miles up Matagorda Bay, a beautiful sheet of water dotted here and there with islands of green, some small, some quite large, and all beached with myriad oyster shells. We stopped only once, and then to get oysters sufficient for our supper. That night the wind went down, the bay was as calm as a sleeping child and the heavens filled with stars of unusual brilliancy. Not a breath of air stirred, and it was so warm that we sat out of doors in our shirt sleeves. How the stars twinkled that night and were reflected in the sleeping waters! Our voices seemed unusually loud, but were hushed when the whistling wings of belated ducks were heard overhead, or the cry of a loon pierced the atmosphere and was answered by another apparently miles away. The next morning we did our first shooting.

The party was divided, Messrs. Holland, Elwood, Marsh and Thorne preferring to go after ducks and geese, and Mr. Hall and myself for quail. We landed on Matagorda Island—an island perhaps twenty-five miles long and from one to four miles wide—where we found a team awaiting us. It was a mule team, reins of rope, tugs of chain, but a wagon of excellent proportion. The parties placed at ponds for geese, Mr. Hall and I remained with the wagon and went in pursuit of quail.

As we drove over the island I could not but notice the scenery and soil. Here and there little bunches of chaparral shot above the weeds and grass and gave a deeper tinge to the waving fields of brown and green, and the sandy soil was made more apparent at the foot of the cactus bushes. These bushes are the places where quail enjoy their mid-day siestas, for they seek them from ten o'clock till four, and there bask in the

warm sunshine and dust themselves. And such quantities of quail! Never had I seen them quite so plentiful before; almost every cactus bush had its covey of quail. We shot many, and as we drove we were told there were many deer on the island, and that possibly we might get a shot.

Our course took us along the margin of a dry slough, and suddenly there sprung ahead of us from the grass a splendid doe. Instantly the Captain cried to me: "Put in a shell with big shot; there's a buck in the grass."

I did not see the deer, but my comrades did, and almost simultaneously two reports rang out, the buck gave one wild plunge, his head fell heavily against his shoulders, and he crushed to earth. We put the deer into the wagon, and then moved slowly along looking for quail under the cactus. I watched the bush, but I did not change my heavy shells, and 'twas lucky for me that I did not, for as we approached the bush a magnificent yearling buck plunged from it not more than twenty-five yards away. He made a few jumps before I caught him, and, at the discharge of my gun, he made one wild leap and fell dead, his neck filled with No. 3 shot—my wild goose load. Congratulations were showered upon me, and we thought we had achieved quite glory enough for one day, but I was destined to still more and continued sport at the fresh-water pond, where we found Mr. Thorne already busy. I liked the looks of that pond and, as I knew it was the only one for miles, ducks and geese would surely come there for water. Unfortunately I had but a few shells, but I decided to spend the balance of the day there, whilst the genial Captain and friend Hall went to the boat for shells.

The day was quite warm and summer-like, and I divested myself of my coat, awaiting the flight of game. At times a few scattered flocks of ducks came in, and almost invariably paid toll. The noon hour was a drowsy one. The flight of ducks and geese began about two, and I looked longingly in the distance for my companions. I was willing to go thirsty, I was willing to go hungry, but how I did wish for more ammunition! As it was, however, I killed a big bag of ducks and Canada geese before my companions returned.

It was late when we reached the boat.

I had gone hungry for most of the day, and, even had I not, I could have done ample justice to the venison, the quail, the oysters, and the hot biscuits that awaited me.

The next morning we sailed further up the bay, passing islands of the same character as seen before, and saw hundreds of swans and pelicans on the island bars. We were now in pursuit of "redheads," for, while they were abundant in portions of the bay, we were prevented by first one thing, then another, from getting at them. Sailing all the forenoon brought us to a little island which the Captain said was the first red-head grounds. With numerous decoys we sought the coves and inlets, but missed the flight. We killed a few ducks, but others of the party were more successful.

The following morning we started again. Much time was wasted in an endeavor to locate the flight, yet the afternoon enabled us to make the score for the day good. The afternoon was one of observation for me, and, as I had noticed the flight of geese about two miles west of us, I knew that flight led to a fresh-water pond, and I determined to find that pond on the morrow and to get in line of a flight that had been undisturbed for days, possibly weeks. "I am with you," volunteered my colleague, Thorne, true sportsman that he is. Our "Captain," of course, was included.

We had an early breakfast, and a tramp of about two miles brought us to a dried-up swale or low land, through which a belt of dried mud showed where fresh water had recently been. To an inexperienced hunter there was not so much to indicate that one would obtain good shooting here, but, having marked the location the day before, and knowing the scarcity of fresh water, it was a certainty to me that the geese would come here some time during the day for water. We dug pits for blinds, each on the opposite side of the pond; we stuck weeds into the soft soil which margined our blinds and were soon ready for the coming of the geese. At first they did not come, and Mr. Thorne, becoming impatient, wandered away to another pond where ducks were pitching in.

From my post I had ample opportunity to take in my surroundings. On

every side the prairie grass met the horizon; to the south the sand dunes protected the island from the roaring gulf, whose proximity was constantly heard, and once a schooner's topmast glided along as if on the distant land; to the west the hill arose with gentle slope, and cactus bushes and weeds and grass parted here and there disclosing the blue sky; at the north the dried bed island ponds were traced, and far away an old windmill stood like a sentinel. Less than a hundred yards was an old barbed-wire fence, which to our memories will be ever dear, for over it the geese came in trios, sextets and flocks, and oftentimes were compelled to raise their flight to prevent striking it. Those who have hunted geese, or who have studied their habits, know with what regularity they come and go, and I knew that if we were in their line of flight we would enjoy the finest sport of our lives.

The day was beautiful and clear; the wind blew from the east just sufficiently strong to at times catch the strong pinions of the birds and veer them slightly. I had been in my blind perhaps half an hour, had killed eight ducks which I set up as decoys, when afar in the west I saw the first flight of Canada geese trailing along the dried pond beds. I watched them closely, for they were the forerunners of a great army, and I knew that their trail would be followed for the balance of the day by those who straggled behind. Along they came, nearer and nearer; they reached the old wire fence and, responding to my "Ah-unk!" "Ah-unk!" they ceased vibrating their wings, sails were set, and, with vociferous cries, they hovered over my decoys.

I doubled up one with each barrel and the balance hurried away in wild affright. The killing of the two geese afforded me pleasure, but the greater pleasure came from the fact that I had circumvented the birds, had found their line of flight, and was promised a day of rare sport. The geese came every few minutes. Those I killed I set up for decoys, and, although I signaled after the first geese were killed, I had bagged eight before I could get my companion back.

The main flight was now on and, as we waited for the birds to come between us, few flocks escaped paying toll. I

will not describe the many doubles we made, how we at one time killed all of six which hovered over our decoys, and how we often killed birds at seemingly impossible distances and heights, nor will I confess to easy misses which we made by misjudging height, distance and speed.

During a lull in the flight the Captain stopped at my blind, and when I complimented the beautiful day and the mild wind, which had now increased in force, he replied, "The day has been beautiful, but what will the night or the morrow be?" "The same as today," I responded. "Don't depend upon that," he replied; "the wind is increasing, the cranes are uneasy, the flight of ducks is erratic, and the sky has taken on a darker tinge at the north, and to-night or to-morrow I look for a 'norther.'" "A norther?" I replied. "I should be more than pleased to see one, for, coming from the North, I would like to see what our winds are like after they have reached you and passed over the entire South." "Don't you jest about a 'norther,'" he replied, "for they are mighty serious affairs, and I reckon when you have encountered one you will not care to see another."

About four o'clock the wind increased in force; it veered to the north and at five o'clock it was blowing a gale. The Captain was extremely anxious to reach his boat, and we reluctantly left our blinds. The ride to the boat was a cold one, and our skiffs were tossed like corks, for a "norther" was upon us and the water was crested with white caps.

Messrs. Hall and Marsh had put in a portion of the day after quail, and we found that unitedly we had bagged seventy-three geese, forty-one ducks, thirty-seven quail, two cranes and one wildcat. Mr. Hall shot the wildcat as it bounded from beneath a cactus bush.

It had been our intention to have gone farther north and to Heinz Bay after red-heads and canvas-backs the next morning, but a head wind prevented, and, acting upon the advice of the Captain, we lifted anchor and started on our return to Rockport, for we were assured the "norther" would last several days and we could not fish or hunt.

We were much disappointed in this, for the Captain of the *White Rose* had promised to draw his immense seine,

when he would catch anywhere from a barrel to a half a dozen barrels of the famous "diamond-back terrapin." Our trip to Rockford was a stormy one; the wind blew a gale, the bay was very rough, and we all escaped seasickness by the narrowest of margins. Our sloop tossed and rolled in the trough of the sea, our mainsail was torn into shreds, our boats were enveloped at times in spray, so, taking it altogether, we experienced a "norther" which justified the Captain's prediction. We have no desire to encounter another.

When the gale had blown itself out, Thorne and I decided to return with Captain Armstrong to the land of the "red-heads," and so we sailed north again, this time destined for Heinz Bay, other red-head resorts and Port Lavaca. But we were destined not to reach either that night. After sailing an hour after dark we reached the harbor where we had previously landed and killed so many geese. We could not go farther, so decided to visit the geese again in the morning, and once more see that good old wire fence; then in the afternoon to sail for Port Lavaca.

At break of day we were in the blinds. The day broke dark and dismal, and rain had filled all the ponds. I at once saw that we were apt to lose the line of flight, for there was so much water that the geese could find hundreds of fresh-water ponds now. So it proved. We got shots at only four geese and bagged two of them. But the lowering day and north wind, the late "norther" and another approaching, stirred up the ducks so they came in flocks large and small to our decoys. At first, a mist moistened our hands and faces; then it rained, and it kept on raining until we, in spite of corduroys, were soaked. Rain and sand played havoc with our guns. I felt several times like surrendering to the weather, and finally, at about four o'clock, Mr. Thorne's extractor refused to work any longer and we gave up.

One more day we put in on duck, and it was our last. We found a better flight about half a mile east of our former blinds. Then, as the time set for our outing was up, we put about and had a pleasant sail to Rockport. We had found all that Mr. Holland had promised.

WINTER WORK WITH THE CAMERA.

BY DR. JOHN NICOL.

THE photographer who cannot see beauty even in "November sad and drear" does well to follow the example of his kind by laying aside his camera till the birds again begin to sing, and taking up some more congenial source of amusement; but he to whom photography is something higher than a mere amusement, who sees in it a means of recording his impressions of nature's various and ever-changing moods, will recognize in the fall of the leaf, the gem-bedecked branches, sparkling in the early sunshine, the hoar-frosted hedges, as if nature had taken to growing feathers, and the "beautiful snow," covering all else in its mantle of virgin purity, opportunities of picture-making equal, at least, if not greater than are afforded by any other season.

But beautiful as is nature in her various wintry garbs, their simple reproduction by photography does not make pictures, or at least pictures in the truer and higher sense of the term. If

it be true of a sunny summer landscape, with the cattle sheltering from the noon-day heat under the leafy branches or quenching their thirst in the babbling brook, that its beauty as a picture lies not so much in what is seen as in what is suggested, it is much more so of a snow-clad or ice-bound scene, as there is a charm in even a topographical representation of the former not generally found in the latter.

This will be better understood by an examination of the illustrations Nos. 1 and 2. Both are equally topographic, *i. e.*, simple reproductions or records of fact; but No. 2, although beautiful enough in its way or of its kind to attract attention, does not retain it. Its beauty, all its beauty, is seen at a glance, whereas we return again and again to No. 1, and each time find something new to admire.

Nos. 3 and 4 are of a different kind. One well illustrates what is meant by "suggestion rather than depiction," whilst the other illustrates what should

be understood by "boldness and breadth," and how suppression may be employed for the realization of impression. But suggestion, suppression and breadth will not alone make all the difference between a picture and a photograph. That there must also be a *motif*, an object or objective point, goes without saying; but without atmosphere—sometimes called aerial perspective and "hazy distance"—all the rest will be of little value. This will be better understood by an examination of 5 and 6, in which, in consequence of the absence of this essential quality in the former, the extreme distance is as well defined

differentiate the focus as to lead the eye to, and concentrate the attention on, the objective point of the picture.

While speaking of atmosphere, there is one phase of winter work that should not be forgotten, one that should be watched and waited for, because it is as beautiful as it is rare and fleeting. It occurs in the early morning, when the whole landscape is, or it may be only the valleys are, seemingly obscured with a more or less dense mist or fog. The sun suddenly appears above the horizon, or, better still, above the hill-top, visible only by its effects, which are grand beyond description, like the

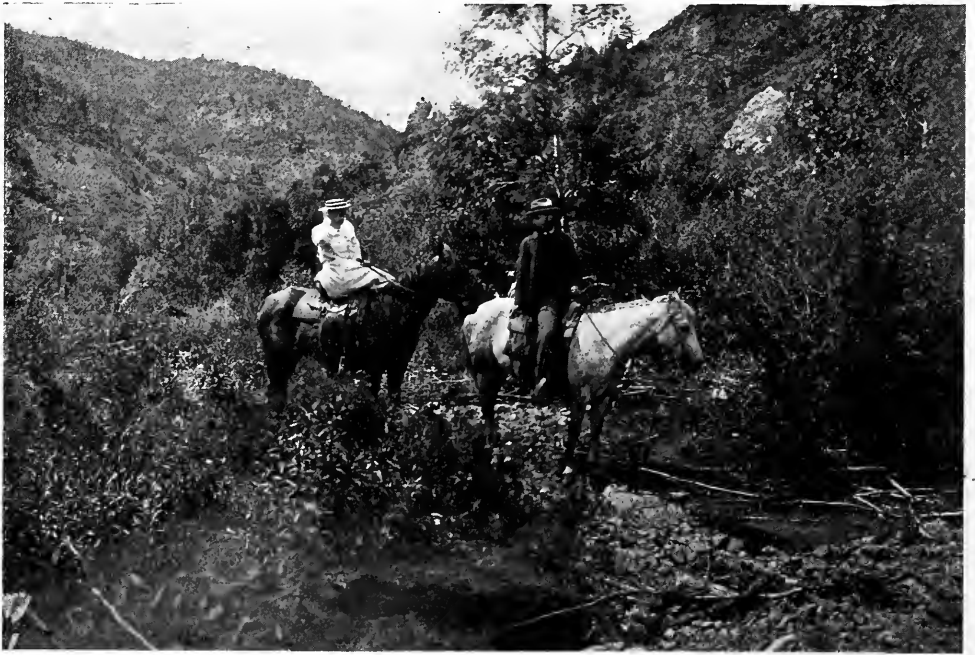


Photo by John H. Scott.

NO. I.—ALONG AN IDAHO TRAIL. (p. 509.)

as the immediate foreground; everything is seen at a glance, leaving no room for the exercise of the imagination, while the hazy homestead in the latter furnishes food for thought and gives a charm to surroundings that are otherwise unpicturesque.

The main cause of a want of atmosphere in so many landscapes is the general employment of too small stops. For purely topographical purposes F-32 or even smaller may be employed with advantage, but in pictorial work F-16 and in many cases F-8 will make all the difference between success and failure, by enabling the picture-maker to so

beautiful transformation scene of a pantomime, and they are even more fleeting. He who would succeed must not wait to make his selection till they come, but have things arranged, even to the point of view, beforehand.

But beautiful as is winter work in repose, it is not less so in action, and in some phases of it even more interesting. The galaxy of skaters on the lake or river, the children on the humble "slide," the sleigh party, merry as the bells on the horses, and the humble but—when occupied by the suitable two—delightful cutter, all afford opportunities for pictures that give pleasure to all.



Photo by Gröndal.

NO. 2.—“ITS BEAUTY IS SEEN AT A GLANCE.” (*p.* 509.)



Photo by A. H. Lloyd.

NO. 3.—“SUGGESTION RATHER THAN DEPICTION.” (*p.* 509.)

For the best of this class of work the hand camera is almost a necessity, and so it should be undertaken only by the experienced photographer, as, although the inexperienced rush in where the experienced hesitate to go, and the hand camera is in the hands of almost every

tions, and the greater the experience the more the tendency to form a too conservative estimate of the latter. As a result of this, there are those who, while employing the stand camera during the winter, lay aside the hand instrument till the sun is once more high in the



Photo, George D. Firmin. NO. 4.—“BOLDNESS AND BREADTH.” (p. 510.)

one we meet, only an experienced photographer can turn it to the best account. Only the experienced whose experience has been gained through the employment of the stand camera can fully realize both its possibilities and its limita-

heavens, and try to secure by “time,” or, where that is impossible, by a shutter on the stand camera, what would be better and much more conveniently obtained by the hand.

With plates of the great rapidity and

excellent quality now turned out by American plate-makers, a lens working at F-8 and a shutter set at about from a tenth to a twentieth of a second, there should be no difficulty, in the absence of sunshine, on the score of exposure.

Winter work, on what I have called nature in repose, must be treated somewhat differently from ordinary landscape work. In an unbroken foreground of snow the necessary light and shade can only be got from the undulation or irregularity of surface and with the sun low enough to make each prominence cast its shadow. The exposures must, therefore, be made in the morn-

While it is true that one of the most essential features of pictorial photography generally is true tonality, the correct rendering of light and shade, it is especially true of snow scenes, and unfortunately it is the one feature that in them is most difficult to secure. Much depends on a correct exposure, which, while shorter than on a landscape in its green mantle, is yet longer than at first thought would be supposed, considering the mass of reflected light. The great thing to avoid is hardness, opacity in the negative, where there should be translucency; and that will be obtained by what would otherwise be considered



Photo by Gröndal.

NO. 5.—“WELL-DEFINED DISTANCE.” (p. 510.)

ing, and as soon after sunrise as possible, or as late as may be convenient in the afternoon. In such a foreground, shadows may also be made by treading footsteps, and the amount and direction of the treading may be made to give character or suggestion to the picture; *c. g.*, a wayside cottage with an untrodden foreground suggesting “the light of other days,” or “the deserted home,” at once gets human interest and conveys the impression of a domestic circle within by the treading of a path, and even, to a certain extent, the size of that circle by the amount of the treading.

over-exposure. Much may also be done by suitable development, which means development in a solution weak in the reducing agent, not more than one grain of pyrogallol, ortol, metol, etc., or half a grain of tolidol to each ounce, keeping the other ingredients at about the ordinary strength. If all has gone well the result will be a negative full of delicate detail giving prints of excellent quality, and with the highest of high lights only on such points as have been in brilliant sunshine. It may be, however, that even they are, in the negative, not sufficiently dense to give the desirable snap

to the point, and, as in the case of some of the tank-developed negatives, recourse must necessarily be had to intensification.

On the other hand, it may be that the negative is hard, giving prints that are simply white and black, caused by the covering up of the more delicate half-tones by prolonged development, and not the inevitable result of under-exposure. Under ordinary circumstances the better way is, in such cases, to repeat the exposure; but as in winter work this is rarely possible, the negative may be improved, and, indeed, if the half-tones are really there, may be made in every way satisfactory, by reduction with the recently introduced ammonium persulphate, which, unlike all other reducing agents, seems to attack only, or at least first and most strongly, the higher lights or most opaque parts of the negative. The strength of the solution, within reasonable limits, seems immaterial, but from three to five grains to the ounce does the work slowly, but surely. It may be applied over the whole surface by immersing the plate in a tray, or locally on a tuft of cotton, and the action at once stops by washing.

It would seem unnecessary to say a word about skies in winter work, but for the numbers of snow scenes that are everywhere seen with nothing better than white paper over them. It should never be forgotten that the finest winter picture that could be made, no matter how otherwise perfect, would be thrown out of tone and rendered worthless by a white-paper sky. He who aims at reproducing a snow-clad landscape should note the difference in luminosity between the snow and the sky; and if he cannot make the sky of the negative sufficiently translucent to indicate that difference, should turn his attention to some other class of work.

Nor should the photographer who is also an artist be content with a sky that is merely correct in tone. A glance at the illustration No. 4 will show something of the charm given by a suitable cloudland; and although he may not succeed always, or even often, in securing clouds and landscape together by one exposure, and probably oftener than not there are no clouds at the time of exposure, he is not fully equipped for such work till he has learned how to supply a suitable sky to any landscape.



Photo by C. R. Pancoast.

NO. 6.—“THE HAZY HOMESTEAD.” (p. 510.)



FISHING IN HAWAIIAN WATERS.

BY "BUCK WATERHOUSE."

AS fishermen the Hawaiians are unsurpassed. They are highly skilful in a craft that has been handed down from father to son through many generations.

The canoe we stepped into was low and narrow, made out of a "koa" tree, about twenty-five feet long. The inside had been burned out and smoothed down. At its deepest part it measured not more than two feet, and in width it was about eighteen inches. The front of the canoe was slightly bent up, with a piece of wood curved up, called the "ihu," or nose. The bow is covered in for about three feet with a slightly raised piece of wood to prevent the water entering while running through the surf, and under this the fisherman stores his lines, hooks, bait and water bottle or calabash. The hull of the canoe was painted black, the gunwales a bright yellow. To prevent the canoe from upsetting, curved outriggers run out from one side, supported by a narrow float. In the bow of this canoe a paddler took his position, kneeling on his bare knees; another kneeled nearly amidship; the paddles used were broad, strong, and oval in shape. My friend and self were seated on narrow seats, there being four of them in the canoe.

A gentle shove of the paddle, and the canoe glided out upon its mission. Deftly and swiftly the paddlers bent to their work, keeping time in rhythmic motion, and in a little while glided

across the harbor or bay. In the far distance two black specks were seen bobbing up and down upon the surface of the ocean. These specks were two canoes that had preceded us to the fishing ground.

It took all of an hour's hard paddling to reach them. Upon arrival we found each canoe had a single occupant. They had not commenced their work, but had been arranging their lines. We were now about two miles off shore. This particular spot was the haunt of a famous fish called the "ulaula," sometimes called the "royal" fish, so named because it used to be "tabu" to everybody but the king. It would be curious and scientifically useful to discover what effect the revocation of the edict has had upon the fishing banks where this choice denizen of the sea is found. The fishing must aforesaid have been of a very limited nature, for however voracious the appetite of his majesty may have been, and however generously the table of his satellites may have been supplied, the total consumption must have been exceedingly limited, in comparison with the every-day and general fishing of to-day. Yet there is no lack of the royal and toothsome fish.

The fishermen commenced at once to put their lines over the edges of the canoes. At the end of each line was a lava stone about as large as a man's head; this was used as a sinker. The line itself was a $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch cord, not unlike

a variety I have seen used in hammock netting. A little above the sinker and for a distance of about six feet, little bamboo canes, in a horizontal position, about a foot and a half in length, ran out from the main line, and from the ends of these canes dangled other pieces of line, to which were attached the baited hooks. The bait used was a portion of squid fish.

Just prior to dropping the stones overboard, the fishermen took their bearings. This they did by a jutting piece of land on either side of them and what looked like the ruins of an old hut wall, situated far up the hillside in front. Being satisfied that their bearings were correct, the stones were slipped into the water. My eyes followed one of them in the transparent water for perhaps thirty feet.

As the lines were running out, the fisherman not only attended to his line, but deftly plied his paddle to prevent the canoe drifting with the ocean current, explaining at the same time that the spot where the fish lay was but a small ledge, and if he missed it the least bit he would get no fish. It took several minutes for the lines to reach bottom, for we were fishing in one hundred and fifty fathoms of water.

On the sinker-stone reaching bottom, the native, by a peculiar jerk, disengaged it, and drew the line about a fathom from the bottom. In about a minute one of the natives said he had a fish and commenced to pull in his line. How long that line was in coming up, and how eagerly I peered into the water! But it had to come nine hundred feet.

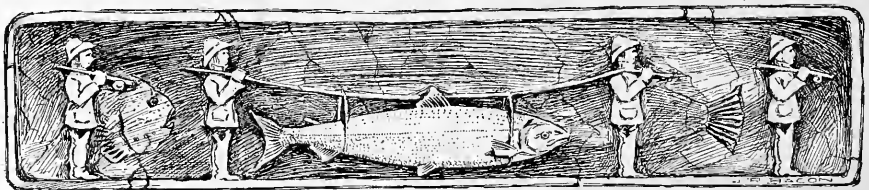
At length I could faintly outline something white, which quickly changed to a beautiful pink and gold, and a "royal" fish appeared. In length it measured twenty inches, and was shaped something like a flounder. The colors were more brilliant than a goldfish's. The other canoes were successful also, and we had three fish.

On the second attempt I was asked to hold the line and be initiated in the mystery. Down into the depths went the line, and fathom after fathom was reeled out. The native unloosed the stone. I drew the cord up the required distance, and then waited for what seemed an eternity, but in reality barely a minute, when I felt the tiniest pull. It seemed like the faint pull of a minnow on a bent pin attached to a thread. What a long time it seemed ere that line was drawn to the surface! But at length it came, and at the end a "royal" fish, caught at a depth of one hundred and fifty fathoms. I was now content to watch.

Again the lines disappeared and went through the same performance. This time the fisherman in our canoe informed us he had three fish. Ah! this was exciting. At length his tackle was pulled in, but revealed only two fish; he quickly informed us that the other one would soon float up, and asked us to watch for it. This I did, and in a few minutes it appeared about a canoe's length away.

A curious phenomenon about these fish was that on arrival at the surface their stomachs protruded from their mouths like inflated toy balloons. This was explained by one of the fishermen as a result of hauling the fish from the tremendous pressure of very deep water. The forenoon's fishing totaled a catch of eleven of the "royal" fish, varying in length from fourteen to twenty-six inches.

That same afternoon we had a "luau," or native feast, underneath a group of cocoanut trees. One of the courses comprised specimens of the fish we had caught. They were cooked in Hawaiian style, by being wrapped in "ki" leaves and baked in a layer of stones previously heated. This manner of cooking is said by epicures to be the ideal way of preserving the juices and taste. The "ulaula" was not misnamed when called a "royal" fish. It is a food for the gods.



OUTING'S MONTHLY REVIEW

OF

AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

YACHTING.

THE NEW MEASUREMENT RULE.



THE new measurement rule is a matter of vital interest. The Y. R. A. of Long Island have discussed it fully and their Executive Committee have made the following report upon it :

In the matter of the new measurement rule adopted on October 1st by the Y. R. U. of North America, your Executive Committee recommends that it be adopted to apply to schooners and cabin sloops, cutters and yawls; that as regards open sloops and all catboats, the rule now in force be retained; that as to classification the 43-ft. class be retained as at present, and that other changes, as adopted by the Y. R. U., be

adopted by the Association. Your committee also recommends that the 15-ft. and 20-ft. classes be abolished and that 18-ft. and 21-ft. classes be established in their place, also that provision be made for knockabout classes of 18 ft., 21 ft. and 25 ft. l. w. l.

The suggestion relating to the changes in the 15-ft. and 20-ft. classes was tabled, in order that an effort may be made to admit the knockabouts without making special classes for them, a committee being appointed to confer with the Boston Knockabout Association as to uniform rules.

The most interesting and timely topic discussed was brought to the attention of the Association by Mr. E. C. Seward, of the Sachem's Head Yacht Club, who deplored the rapid introduction of yachts of light and flimsy construction in all classes, to the exclusion of vessels of honest and wholesome build. All hands agreed with him that some sort of legislation was necessary, and it was suggested that some limit to construction be imposed. Finally it was agreed that the Executive Committee should prepare a scheme of restrictions as to scantling, construction, etc., for all classes from 30 ft. downward, with the end in view of estab-

lishing cruising classes as distinct from racing classes. The proposition was made because of the serious results in certain classes through the introduction of a single new yacht of extreme model and exceptionally light and flimsy construction driving out of the racing a number of good all-round boats and entirely killing the class.

The question raised by Mr. Seward is one of vital interest, as it brings up the conflict between the racing machine pure and simple, and the good, honest boat with fair accommodations. Monstrosities with fin-keels now monopolize the races in the larger classes, while scows and ingenious nondescripts, which sailors would never mistake for boats, control all the sport in the smaller classes. How to give the owner of the honest boat a fair show, while at the same time dealing justly with the owner of the racing machine, is a problem that seeks for solution at the hands of constituted yachting authorities. The present fleet of "freaks" is due in the first instance to the want of foresight displayed by the clubs in not legislating against them when they first made their appearance. Naval architects are only human, and they cannot be blamed for taking advantage of any and every ill-considered rule adopted by the clubs. For instance, when beam was taxed in Great Britain the result was the long, deep and narrow craft which so long prevailed across the Atlantic. The tax was taken off beam in 1886, and the consequence was the practical abolition of the narrow British cutter and the adoption of a beamier type of craft. At the present time, beam as a factor is utilized in much the same way both in this country and in Great Britain. Until some sage discovers what is absolutely the best type of yacht we shall continue to go beating about the bush.

The adoption of the girth rule, I fear, is not destined to work any very valuable lasting reform, but it would not be fair to judge it until it has had a trial. There is no doubt that a rating rule can be so framed as to make any

particular type come into vogue, and in the end that type is bound to be pushed to extremes. Experience has shown that when this stage arises in an acute form the standard of rating is altered. This has been the case in the United States ever since the sport became established. When the New York Yacht Club was organized in 1844 the yachts were rated according to Custom House tonnage, first-class sloops allowing 35 seconds a ton and second-class sloops 45 seconds a ton to their inferiors. This system was in force only for two years. In 1846 a startling innovation was made. It was neither more nor less than getting the actual weight of the yachts, which was computed by the revolutions of screw-jacks placed under the keel of the boat when in dry dock. Here is an example culled from the club's archives:

YACHT "SYREN."	
Weight of boat.....	115,776 lbs.
Weight of keel.....	3,400 lbs.
Weight of rudder.....	219 lbs.
Total.....	119,395 lbs.
Racing measurement, 53 tons 6 cwt. 9 lbs.	

From these data the allowances were computed. This queer rule was in vogue until 1852, when a widely different regulation was adopted. Sail area alone was taken into account, the following being the allowance:

First class—Over 3,300 square feet sail area, 1 second per foot.

Second class—Between 2,300 and 3,300 feet, 1½ seconds per foot.

Third class—Less than 2,300 feet, 1¾ seconds per foot.

The natural result of this rule was the adoption of the light-draught boats vulgarly designated as "skimming dishes." It was found that it took less canvas to drive this type of yacht through the water, and the consequence was the building of many curious craft whose models may now be seen on the walls of the New York Yacht Club. Here is a striking example, which shows how the rule affected the sail area of the yachts. The schooner *Rebecca*, which, before the rule was made, used to carry a sail spread of 3,303 square feet, was cut down to an area of 1,306 square feet. This absurd rule was in force with a few modifications until 1871, when yet another sweeping change was made. This time the elements consisted of the yacht's displacement in cubic feet and the length of the water-line. In 1873 the rule was changed so as to take into account the cubic contents of the whole hull. In 1883 a plan was adopted taking into account, as a function of the new system, twice the water-line length and once the sail area. In 1890 the present rule was adopted by the New York Yacht Club, which, it should be understood, is not a member of the Y. R. U. of North America, but stands aloof, like the Larchmont and some other clubs, and is not affected by this new girth rule, particulars of which were given in *OUTING* for last month.

Personally, I am opposed to any system that restricts or taxes sail, and I am glad to be able to quote the veteran Scotch yacht designer, Mr. William Fife, Sr., as being on my side of the fence. He wrote, in January, 1895: "I am not a believer in restricting sail; every yacht should get what she can carry. I know this idea has many opponents, although I never saw a valid reason against it. A yacht can be spoiled with

excessive spars and sails, and sail area may therefore be left to take care of itself. To satisfy those, however, who fear that, in the absence of any tax on sail area, excessive sail areas might be introduced, a maximum allowance of so many square feet per ton might be specified."

It will be quite interesting to note how artfully our naval architects will seek to cheat this new girth rule.

Meanwhile the only way I see out of the difficulty between racing machine and honest boat is to sail them in different classes. It would be well to draw up tables of scantlings and rules for the construction of all racing yachts to be built in the future. As for the "freaks" unhappily now in existence, it is consolatory to be assured that they will all fall to pieces very soon. It is a great wonder, indeed, that some of them did not succumb at the close of the first season.

One thing is certain. The Y. R. U. of North America is destined to work many needed reforms. The formation of such an association was advocated by me in *OUTING* eight years ago, but the times were not ripe for it then. It has, no doubt, a hard and uphill road before it, but it is bound to succeed, and the sport is sure to benefit both here and in Canada by its well-directed legislation.

COMING EVENTS.

The Atlantic Yacht Club will this year endeavor to surpass itself in the way of aquatic brilliancy. The new club-house down at Sea Gate has fulfilled every proud anticipation of the members. The war, which played havoc generally with the sport, affected the Atlantic Club perhaps more than any other yachting organization, for the channels leading seaward were not only mined with torpedoes and other infernal machines, but closed to all vessels between dusk and dawn. It is gratifying to learn, therefore, that in spite of these dominating drawbacks the club has cause for congratulation on the result of last season and is also in a prosperous condition financially.

In the great fresh-water lakes the challenge of the Chicago Yacht Club for the *Canada's* Cup, which has been accepted by the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, has put all the amateur tars who ply on these magnificent sheets of water on their mettle; and there will be, unless present indications fail, quite a fleet of boats that will aspire to the honor of fighting for or defending the trophy that *Vencedor* failed to capture. Perhaps our Canadian cousins will not take it amiss if I venture to suggest that the race would have a truer international flavor if their champion were designed by a Canadian born and bred. It will be remembered that the successful *Canada* was a craft wholly designed and partly built by William Fife, Jr., of Fairlee, on the Clyde, and cannot be the wildest stretch of imagination lay claim to be a representative Canadian racing yacht. I am sure that if such was ordered, a yacht designer could be found somewhere in the Dominion to turn out a creditable craft. This, however, is by the way.

The final arrangements for the match have been concluded, and the conditions signed by the committees of the Royal Canadian Yacht

Club, the challenger, and the Chicago Yacht Club, the defender.

The race is to be sailed on Lake Ontario, off Toronto Harbor, on a date and over courses to be afterward specified, under the racing rules of the Y. R. U. of the Great Lakes, subject to minor variations, and in accordance with the deed of gift of January 16, 1897. The winner of three out of five races shall be declared the winner of the match. The first, third and fifth races shall be triangular, and the second and fourth to windward or to leeward and return; the triangular races to be once round an equilateral triangle of twenty-one nautical miles, one side of the triangle to be to windward, if possible; the windward and leeward races to be nine nautical miles and return. Any race not sailed in $5\frac{3}{4}$ hours shall be resailed.

The competing yachts shall be in the 35-foot class of wooden construction, built in accordance with the scantling tables of the Y. R. U. of the Great Lakes. The yachts shall be measured by the judges, or by a disinterested nominee of the judges, at least two days before the first race. The crews shall be limited to six men, whose total weight shall not exceed 1,050 pounds. Each yacht shall have on board during the races a representative named by her competitor, whose weight shall not exceed 150 pounds.

The races shall be sailed under the management of three judges, none of whom shall be interested in either yacht. One shall be appointed by each club, and the two so appointed shall select a third on or before the first day of July, 1899, and they shall act as judges and timekeepers, and settle all disputes. The decision of the majority shall be final in all matters.

The signers of the conditions were: For the Chicago Yacht Club, D. R. Crawford, Chairman; John B. Berryman, George Warrington, and Charles H. Thorn, Secretary.

For the Royal Canadian Yacht Club: Æmilius Jarvis, Commodore; C. A. B. Brown, E. H. Ambrose, F. M. Gray, and F. J. Ricardo-Seaver, Honorary Secretary.

The Buffalo Y. C. will send a boat to Chicago to compete in the trial races for the selection of a challenger. One, and perhaps two, craft will represent Lake Erie in the contests. The intention is that the fastest craft on the Great Lakes shall be sent to Toronto to meet the Canadian defender.

The new twin-screw steel steam yacht *Corsair*, built by T. S. Marvel & Co., at Newburg, N. Y., for Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan, was launched on December 12, 1898, Miss Morgan, eldest daughter of the owner, christening her. A large party witnessed the launch, which was entirely successful. The *Corsair* was towed to Hoboken, where she will be fitted with her machinery, joiner work, furniture, etc.

The *Corsair* is similar in appearance to *Corsair* No. 2, now the U. S. S. *Gloucester*, but she is considerably larger than that vessel, being 302 feet over all, 252 feet 6 inches on the water-line, 33 feet 3 inches beam, 20 feet 6 inches deep, with a draught of 15 feet. She has bilge keels 92 feet long and 18 inches deep. Her twin engines are of the triple expansion type, steam being supplied by two double-ended Scotch boilers. A speed of 19 knots is

confidently expected. She will be rigged as a schooner with two pole masts and a bowsprit. There are three large deck houses, sheathed with mahogany, that forward being a dining-room, the one amidships the galley and chart-room, while the after one contains a stateroom for the owner and a companionway to the main cabin.

Below deck the crew's quarters are forward; then the main saloon. Aft the machinery, are several staterooms, all of which are finished in white and gold. The main saloon is finished in quartered oak. The yacht has an elaborate electric-lighting plant. She carries six boats, a crew of sixty men, and her contract calls for her delivery on June 1st. Her cost is said to approximate \$500,000.

Colonel Oliver H. Payne's big steam yacht *Aphrodite*, launched last December at Bath, Me., is being completed as fast as possible. She measures 303 feet over all, 260 feet on the load water-line, with a beam of 35 feet 6 inches, and a draught of 16 feet. She will be rigged as a bark, and will carry 17,000 square feet of canvas. Her bilge keels are 140 feet long, and project from the hull at their widest part 24 inches. She has a single screw, and her speed will be about 15 knots, her engines developing with natural draught 3,200 horse-power. Her hull is divided into fifteen water-tight compartments. She has a steel deck-house 140 feet long, which is cased with mahogany. This makes a fine promenade deck.

Colonel A. J. Drexel's new steam yacht, designed by Mr. George L. Watson, is being built by Messrs. Scott at Greenock. She is to be 275 feet long, 36 feet beam, and her Thames measurement will be 1,700 tons. She will have twin screws, and a speed of 17 knots. It is said she will be the most expensive yacht of her size ever built.

The German Emperor's cutter *Meteor* will come out as a yawl this season.

It is estimated that there are more than 22,000 registered members represented in the Yacht Racing Union of North America. The sport is finding numbers of new recruits every day.

Work is being pushed on the new home of the New York Yacht Club in West Forty-fourth street. No time will be lost, as the club is anxious to be settled comfortably there for the *America's* Cup races.

Y. R. U. OF THE GREAT LAKES.

The Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes held its annual meeting at Buffalo, the following members of the Council being present: I. B. Hower, E. W. Radder and Otto F. Barthel, of the Interlake Yachting Association; Æmilius Jarvis, J. Frank Monck and J. E. Burroughs, of the Lake Yacht Racing Association of Lake Ontario, and W. R. Crawford, George R. Peare and F. W. Morgan, of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association. The Council, after due discussion, adopted new measurement and classification rules, which are practically identical with those of the Y. R. U. of North America, with the exception of a few amendments. Officers for the year were elected as follows: Chairman, Charles E. Kremer, of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association, Chicago, Ill.; Secretary-Treasurer, J. Edmund Burroughs,

Lake Yacht Racing Association of Lake Ontario, Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Æmilius Jarvis was elected delegate to the Yacht Racing Union of North America. It was hinted that, as the Chicago Yacht Club had challenged the Royal Canadian Yacht Club for the *Canada's* Cup, the Council should suggest that the contest be confined to yachts of 35 feet racing length, this with a view to stimulate the building of many craft on the Great Lakes to take part in the trial contests. It is understood that the Council did use its influence for the plan, for the match was made on the 35-foot basis.

CUP DEFENDER AND CUP CHALLENGER.

It took the *Defender* only sixteen hours to sail under storm canvas from New Rochelle to Bristol, R. I., a distance of 145 miles. She was dismantled, and after her mast had been removed she was hauled out under the shed of her builders. There she was thoroughly overhauled, her defective aluminum plates being removed and replaced. As she was completely under shelter the severe storms of late November and early December did not delay the work.

It is announced that both the old *Defender* and the new Herreshoff craft will be in commission early in the season; that they will be manned as nearly as possible by American seamen; that the crews will be drilled until perfect, and that the two vessels will be raced against each other until there is not the slightest doubt as to the relative merits of each. Mr. C. Oliver Iselin will have the general supervision of both craft. Thus he will be a very busy man all summer.

It is now announced authoritatively that Sir Thomas Lipton's cup challenger, *Shamrock*, will be constructed of nickel steel; that she will be built in sections by the Thornycrofts, the famous firm of torpedo-boat builders on the Thames; and that the sections, when completed, will be transported to Belfast, where the vessel will be put together at the shipyard of Harlan & Wolff. Nickel steel, as its name implies, is an alloy of steel with nickel. It possesses all the qualities of steel for shipbuilding purposes, but it has in addition a breaking strain of 40 tons to the square inch as against 27 for ordinary steel. It will thus be seen that there will be a great saving in weight from the use of this expensive metal.

It is interesting to note that the 20-rater, *Dragon III.*, designed by Fife in 1893, had frames and beams of this metal, which was then for the first time used in yacht-building. The only yacht at present in existence built of nickel steel is the crack German 65-footer *Kommodore*, designed by Herr Hagen, Director of the shipyard at Kiel.

It is taken for granted by British yachtsmen that *Valkyrie III.* will act as pace-maker for the *Shamrock*, so that Sir Thomas Lipton may be able to "get a line" on the speed of his craft. *Valkyrie* has been docked at Greenock for the first time since her return to Scotland. Several tons of mussels and barnacles were scraped from her bottom, which was fearfully dirty, as was only to be expected after being anchored so long in the muddy water of Greenock Bay. Her underbody was so rough that in all probability she will have to be coppered if she re-

sumes her racing career. Those who saw her docked in 1895 in the Erie Basin will remember that the only covering of her underbody was a coat or two of coal tar thinned with turpentine, which as a preservative seems to have acted capitably. After being cleaned and tarred, *Valkyrie* was towed back to Gourrock.

SALE OF THE "EMERALD."

The sale of the fine schooner *Emerald*, winner of two Goelet cups, by Mr. J. Rogers Maxwell, to Mr. W. E. Iselin, does not in any way mean that Mr. Maxwell will retire from the sport which he has followed enthusiastically from boyhood. He began his yachting career with a mere cockleshell of a craft some fifteen feet long, ascending by easy stages, and having had a hand in the design of every craft that has carried his private signal. I am assured that Mr. Maxwell will take part in this coming season's racing in one or the other of the two new boats now being built for his sons. Mr. Maxwell always steers his own yacht when racing, and he has perhaps the largest collection of cups ever won by a yachtsman. *Emerald* had won many splendid victories, but her original owner was forced at last to admit that *Colonia* was just a wee bit too fast for her. It is said that Mr. Maxwell will charter a steam yacht just to see how he likes it, for, strange to say, he has had no experience of a craft propelled by steam. If he finds boiler and engine to his taste, he may build a steamer for himself. Meanwhile one becomes curious to know what Commodore Postley will do during the season without Mr. Maxwell to sail against his dearly beloved *Colonia*. The rig of *Emerald* will be cut down, her wings will be clipped, and she will be used as a cruiser. Her racing days are over.

A. J. KENEALY.

PACIFIC COAST.

At the third annual regatta of the Pacific Interclub Yacht Association, over the channel course, San Francisco, the yachts were divided into the following classes: 20-foot special, yawl special, 25-foot, 30-foot, 36-foot and 44-foot. Yachts of the 20-foot special class sailed over the "special course," reckoned as five nautical miles; those of the 25-foot and yawl classes over the "middle course," reckoned as ten nautical miles, and those of the 30-foot, 36-foot, and 44-foot classes over the "long course," reckoned as fourteen nautical miles. The courses are triangular, and test the yachts in beating, reaching and running free. The greatest interest was felt in the 30-foot class, in which were entered J. W. Pew's sloop *Truant*, winner in the first Association regatta, Carl Westerfeld's sloop *Eolus*, winner of the Perpetual Challenge Cup and of the Macdonough Cup in the second Association regatta, and R. B. Mitchell's sloop *Fawn*, the Encinal Yacht Club's defender of the Perpetual Challenge Cup. After a very close and exciting contest, the sloop *Eolus* won by 42 seconds actual time and 2 minutes corrected time. The Law Cup for 20-footers, presented by H. E. Law, last season's Commodore of the Pacific Yacht Club, was won by O. Eastwood's yawl *Kittiwake*. The Delegates' Cup, presented by the delegates to the Association, was won by E. Donohoe's *Speedwell*, in the 44-foot class.

ARTHUR INKERSELY.



VICE-COMMODORE WILLETT KIDD'S "SNOWDRIFT."

ICE YACHTING.

WE are apparently in for an old-fashioned winter. As Shaffer Flanagan remarked to his assistant "Wollie" last fall, as he put the finishing touches to the Orange Lake I. Y. C. fleet, "I am sure that there will be good ice on the lake this winter, for the gulls are flying up the Hudson early this season and the ducks are dropping on the lake in good shape for the crowd at Pine Point." "Quite correct," was the reply to the veteran ice-yachtsman and custodian of the Orange Lake Ice Yacht fleet. His experience on the Hudson in sailing sloops and ice-yachts was conclusive.

The first ice in the East was at Red Bank, N. J., just back of Long Branch, in the Shrewsbury River, with six inches of clear, smooth, black ice, on December 13th. All boats were ready, including the *Daisy* and Chas. P. Irvin's pennant-winner, lateen *Georgie*, Chas. Burd's *Zip*, and Jacob Cornwell's *Aurora*, with Garrett Morford's *Flaw*. The Snipe and Mosquito fleet had some hot impromptu races, but shortly the ice dissolved as quickly as a summer day's dream. This has been the luck of the Shrewsbury for several years, although they now hold the Van Nostrom challenge cup, won from the Orange Lake I. Y. C. years ago by James Weaver's *Scud*, and if the Orange Lake Club wishes to get it back they must race over the North Shrewsbury I. Y. C. course. These laws are as unalterable as those of the Medes and Persians with ice-yachtsmen. As has been proved with the "blue rag," known as the ice-yacht pennant of America in the Hudson, the Northwestern pennant, now held at Lake Pepin, Wisconsin, and the Walker Cup at

Cape Vincent, N. Y., whoever would win them must race over the holder's course, or go without.

The first real racing of the season started at Orange Lake, N. Y., December 16th. Good ice was formed on the lake for the smaller boats, but just as the races were being planned came a thaw, followed by a snow-storm, and heavy at that. It was on the afternoon of December 27th that the opening race, at Orange Lake, took place. It was the short course of 10 miles, with an old-fashioned line start, over a triangular course, five times around, for the challenge cup of 1898, open to all yachts of the fleet. The starters were: Vice-Commodore Kidd's *Snow Drift*, Captain Robert Kernahan's *Troubler*, and Elijah Walsh's new boat *Arctic*. The breeze was stiff from the southwest and good time was made, considering the number of turns at stakes required. The *Snow Drift* won; time, 21m. 30s.; *Troubler*, second; *Arctic* did not finish.

In the second race on the same day, under the handicap rule, for the Higginson Challenge Cup, were entered George E. Trimble's new *Eolus*, Robert Kernahan's *Troubler*, Vice-Commodore Kidd's *Snow Drift*, Commodore H. C. Higginson's new *Cold Wave*, and Frank G. Wood's *Flying Jib*. The *Snow Drift* also won this race, her time being 28m. 10s.; *Troubler*, second; *Cold Wave*, third; *Eolus*, fourth.

On the 29th of December a 10-mile race was sailed for the Kidd champion pennant at Orange Lake, with a light breeze from the southwest. The yachts entered were *Flying Jib*, sailed by Captain James O'Brien; *Cold*

Wave, sailed by Commodore H. C. Higginson; *Troubler*, sailed by Alderman ("Capt. Bob") Kernahan, and *Arctic*, sailed by Elijah Walsh. The *Troubler* led from the start, closely followed by the *Cold Wave*. The wind gradually petered out, and at the end of four miles the race had to be given up, owing to a dead calm. The boats stood at this point, *Troubler*, first; *Cold Wave*, a close second.

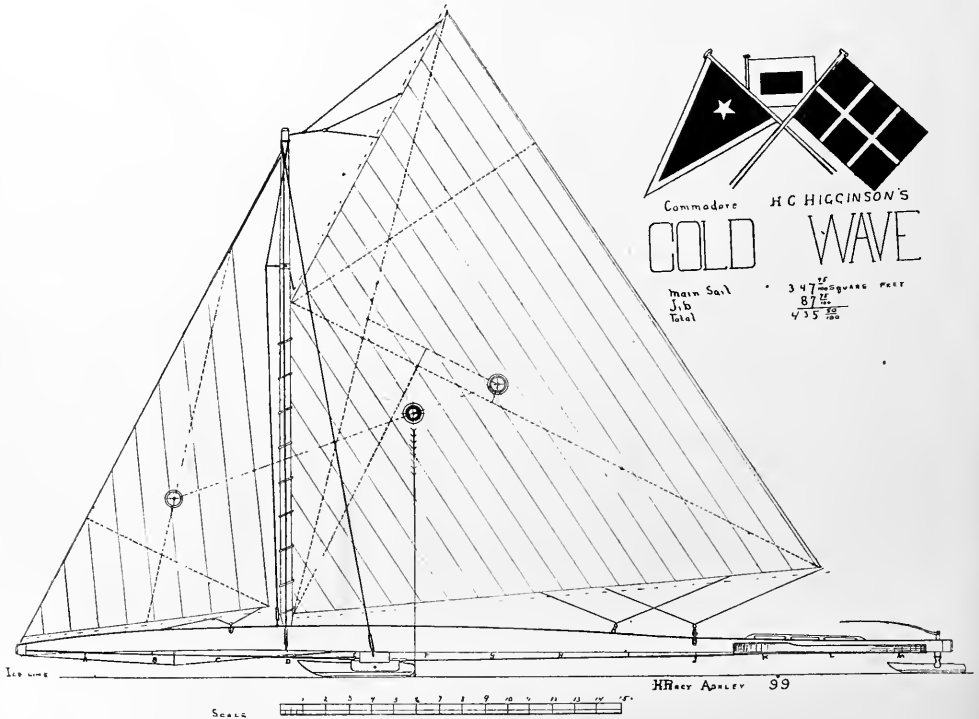
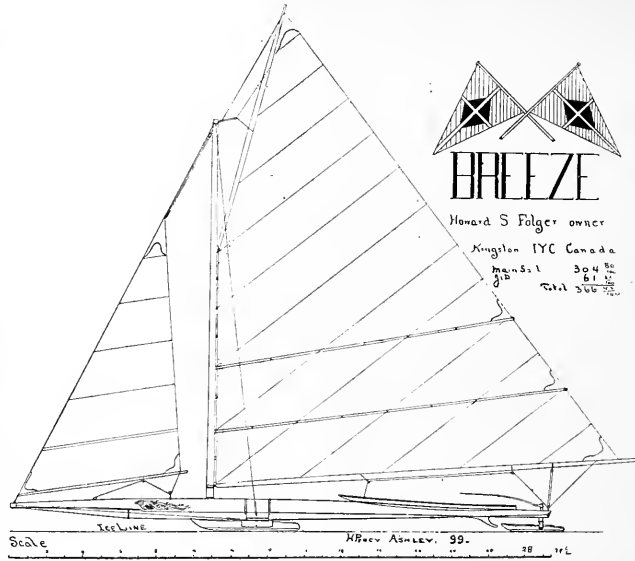
On December 30th two races were sailed at Orange Lake in the afternoon. The ice was soft and covered with water in patches, but a fair breeze was blowing from the southwest. It was the usual 10-mile triangular course. The starters were, for the challenge cup of '88, *Troubler*, *Cold Wave*, *Arctic*, and *Flying Jib*. *Troubler* led and won in 30m. 30s.; *Cold Wave*, second;

Arctic, third; *Flying Jib*, fourth.

In the second race on the same day, for club champion pennant, the following yachts lined up: *Troubler*, *Cold Wave*, *Arctic*, *Flying Jib* and lateen *Graziella*. Slower time was made over the course, owing to the wind and ice, but Capt. Bob Kernahan's *Troubler* covered the 10 miles, winning in 35 minutes flat, *Cold Wave* second, the last three boats not being near the finish-

ers. The competent Regatta Committee for the day was Vice-Commodore Kidd, Capt. James O'Brien and Alderman David Brown.

The two newest and most up-to-date ice-yachts built this year are Commodore H. C. Higginson's *Cold Wave*, of Orange Lake Ice Yacht Club, carrying 435 50-100 square feet of duck, and Howard S. Folger's *Breeze*, carrying



366 43-100 square feet in her cross-cut sails. The dimensions of the *Cold Wave* follow, per draft: Backbone over all, 41ft. 3in.; center timber from rudder post to center of runner plank, 27ft. 7in.; length of runner plank, 20ft. 7in. x 15in. x 5½in., tapering to 3 inches at ends. The offset table, allowing 3 feet for each letter working toward the rudder post and allowing for a 2-inch oak cap, is as follows: A, 6in.; B, 11¼in.; C, 11¾in.; D, 11¾in.; E, 11½in.; F, 11½in.; G, 11½in.; H, 11in.; I, 9½in.; J, 8¼in.; K, 7in.; L, 6½in.; M, 6in.; cap at stern, 4¾ x 5½in.; cap at bow, 4 x 5½in. The backbone is selected bass wood, cut green. The runner plank is butternut wood. Each stick has the natural curve upward. The runners are the regulation Buckhout, with oak chocks and braces. All spars are hollow, and as light as can be produced. The dimensions of the sails are as follows: Mainsail, leech, 29½ft.; boom, 23½ft.; hoist, 13½ft.; gaff, 14¼ft.; jib: on stay, 19½ft.; hoist, 15¾ft.; foot, 11ft. Our readers will note that the total of C. R. comes within a straight line of heel of fore runner. This is required for a perfectly balanced ice-yacht, no matter of what rig or design. The *Breeze*, owned by Howard S. Folger, a prominent ice-yacht racing man, of the Kingston (Canada) Club, is one of the newest boats built outside of the United States, her backbone, of British Columbia cedar, and as fine a piece of wood as ever cut, being exactly 29 feet 6 inches over all. The runner plank is of one piece of bass wood with considerable upward curve, and the runners have a track of 15½ feet. The runners are of Buckhout production, only longer than usually used for a boat of her size. They measure 6 feet over all, and work in angle chocks of aluminum bronze. All iron work is of aluminum, aloft, and all spars are hollow. Her

suit of sails are of the very newest pattern of special 8oz. duck, and are cross-cut. The dimensions are as follows: Mainsail boom, 22ft.; hoist, 12ft.; gaff, 14ft. 6in.; leech, 30ft. 6in.; jib: leech, 17ft.; hoist, 13ft. 6in.; foot, 9ft.

At the annual meeting of the Orange Lake Ice Yacht Club, the following officers were elected for the season: H. C. Higginson, Commodore; Dr. Willett Kidd, Vice-Commodore; Chas. M. Stebbens, Secretary and Treasurer, with Chas. A. Dixon, Measurer. Commodore Higginson appointed the following as Regatta Committee: Vice-Commodore Kidd, Frank G. Wood, Lester Ketcham, P. Delany, and James O'Brien. The meeting showed a membership of 65, with 16 ice-yachts in commission in the fleet. There are five club prizes in the way of cups and pennants to be raced for this season.

This year's election for officers of the Kingston Ice Yacht Club, of Canada, resulted as follows: Commodore, Francis H. Macnee; Vice-Commodore, E. C. Gildersleeve; Secretary and Treasurer, J. Campbell Strange; Measurer, Chas. M. Parker. Regatta Committee: D. Allan Black, James Dix, Alexander Horn, James B. Conway, W. D. Hart, Frank Strange, and J. Campbell Strange.

Zero weather in the early days of January brought out most of the big boats of the fleets of the Hudson River, Carthage Landing and New Hamburg Ice Yacht clubs. The contest for fourth-class honors was fought out on January 11 by the boats of the Hudson River Club. The competing yachts were: *Brisk*, H. Vonderlinden; *Esquimaux*, James Breeze; *Ariel*, Archie Rogers; *Comet*, Norman Wright. The *Ariel* finished first in 30 minutes, and the *Comet* second in 30 minutes 20 seconds. The *Brisk* came in third and the *Esquimaux* fourth.

H. PERCY ASHLEY.

MODEL YACHTING.

MODEL yachtsmen, recognizing that union is strength, have followed the lead of their brethren in the broader field of sport and have formed an organization called the Model Yacht-Racing Union of North America. Its objects may be briefly summarized as follows: To encourage and stimulate model-yacht designing, sailing and racing. All recognized model or miniature yacht clubs in good standing, composed of members of lawful age, having sailing stations in North America, are entitled to representation in the union. Each club shall be represented in the union by three delegates, one of whom shall be the commodore of the club. The other two delegates shall be selected advisedly from the regatta committee.

The powers of the union shall be advisory, and no club shall be bound by the action of the union until two-thirds of the clubs composing the union have ratified such action. The union shall be governed by seven representatives, elected annually by the union; not more than two representatives from one club shall be eligible.

The duties of the council shall be to appoint special officers and committees to frame racing rules and arrange dates for union racing events

for adoption by the union; to determine and settle all questions and disputes between members of the union relating to model yachting which may be referred to them for a decision, which decision shall be final; and to take such steps as they may consider necessary and expedient to carry into effect the objects of the union. The council shall elect a chairman, secretary and statistician.

The annual meeting shall be held in New York in April, the fall meeting in November. Special meetings shall be called upon the written request of the representatives of two clubs. Four representatives, representing two clubs, shall constitute a quorum. The expenses of the union shall be borne equally by all clubs belonging to the union. Each representative shall be entitled to one vote, and voting by proxy is permissible.

Model yachtsmen generally have hailed with joy the formation of this organization, which seems sure in the near future to give a stimulus to the fascinating pastime, and to encourage competition. By and by when our Canadian cousins join the union, which is only a question of time, international races of great interest and importance are sure to result to the great advantage of yacht designing.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

NEW REDUCING AGENT.

PHOTOGRAPHERS are indebted to the Messrs. Lumière, of France, for one of the most important discoveries in connection with their art that has been made during recent years—a *discriminating* reducing agent.

To know just how far to carry, or just when to stop development, has always been more or less of a difficulty, not only with the tyro, but even with the more experienced; and perhaps more frequently than not, especially with those who aim at work of the highest class, recourse is had to reduction or intensification. Each is valuable in its way, but they have one common fault—the alteration of the now recognized most important feature of a photograph, its values, that is, its truthful rendering of light and shade, or true gradation.

As a means of overcoming the difficulty, it has frequently been recommended to carry development considerably beyond what was known to be sufficient, and then by reduction to bring the negative to the desired state. Of the many reducing agents Farmer's solution, consisting of about a 15 per cent. solution of sodium hyposulphite with the addition of sufficient of a solution of potassium ferricyanide to give it a deep straw color, but they all possess the serious drawback of acting equally over the whole plate, reducing the shadows as much as the lights, practically removing half-darks and middle-tints, and putting the negatives in a condition to give prints that are simply white and black.

What was wanted was a method by which reduction might be obtained without altering the values or tonality secured by something like correct exposure; a reducer that would reduce in proportion to the depth of the deposit, instead of equally all over; that would deal hardly, if at all, with the little that gives detail in the deepest shadows; more, but still gently, with the half-darks and middle-tints, and with its full energy on the half-lights and lights; a reducer, in fact, that would discriminate between the various parts of the image, and, as if acting on that discrimination, reducing each part only to the necessary extent.

A reducer of that much longed for but little to be expected quality has been found in ammonium persulphate by the Messrs. Lumière, not the bisulphate, acid sulphate, or hydrogensulphate, having the formula $\text{NH}_4 \text{SO}_4$, and frequently spoken of as persulphate, but probably a true persulphate with the formula $\text{N}_2\text{H}_8 \text{S}_2\text{O}_8$. It has been put on the market by the discoverers of its properties in the form of small white crystals, easily soluble in water to at least considerably beyond the strength required, and is supposed to be produced by electrolysis from the hydrogensulphate, the atom of hydrogen being eliminated, and the per-salt formed at the negative electrode, thus $\text{NH}_4 \text{HSO}_4 = \text{NH}_4 \text{SO}_4 + \text{H}$. I do not know that it has as yet found its way across the water, but as it has attracted a good deal of attention in Britain, our enterprising stock dealers will soon be able to supply it.

For general reduction, Messrs. Lumière recommend a solution of about five per cent., say, twenty-five grains to the ounce, although solutions as weak as two per cent. seem to answer as well, only occupying more time. The negative is simply placed in a tray containing as much of the solution as will cover it, the tray rocked, and the plate examined from time to time, and when sufficient reduction has been obtained the action stopped by liberal washing, or, better still, immersion in solution of hypo.

Supposing ammonium persulphate be all that is claimed for it, there need no longer be any difficulty in knowing when to stop development. It will only be necessary to carry it far enough to be *sure* that it is sufficient without any fear of its being too much, and then, if necessary, reducing it to the desired state.

For local reduction, lowering the tone of a too dense sky or of a too obtrusive light, a stronger solution, even up to ten per cent., may be employed on a tuft of cotton, whereby the artist who knows just what he wants should have no difficulty in getting it.

Nor is its power confined to the reduction of negatives; it is equally applicable to prints, either that have been over-printed wholly or in part. For general reduction the prints may be immersed in a two per cent. solution, or it may be applied with a sponge to lighten a foreground or a too deep shadow, and in that way the photographer may have, to a large extent at least, the control over a silver print, and especially on such as bromide and velox, as is claimed for the gum-bichromate method.

REMEDY FOR OVER-EXPOSURE.

The popularity of the hand camera has largely reduced the percentage of over-exposures, although at the cost of what is worse, a larger proportion of hopeless under-exposures. But there are still some who recognize the advantage of time and a tripod. They, or many of them, find with exposure as with development a difficulty in hitting on just what is right, and it may be that the solution of that problem will also be found in the ammonium persulphate.

As is well known, the result of over-exposure is a thin, weak negative, from which only a flat, tame print can be obtained, a print without a spark of high light, because of the translucence of even the densest part of the negative. Intensification, the only remedy ever tried, only increased the time required for printing, as it could not alter the relative densities; but, according to that well-known authority, W. B. Bolton, over-exposures to any reasonable extent may be, by the assistance of ammonium persulphate, developed to any degree of contrast, even to the black and white characterized as "soot and whitewash."

For this purpose a solution should be prepared consisting of ammonium persulphate, twenty-five grains; ammonium bromide, five grains; water, one ounce, and a few drops added to the developer. The action will be slower and the contrast greater in proportion to the quantity of persulphate solution added, but a little practical experience will enable the operator to secure the desired result. DR. JOHN NICOL.

GOLF.

WINTER has no terrors for the golfer of the States. If he be more or less restricted in his location, and robust, he can find opportunity in plenty, and competitors in abundance on the snow-covered links. If he be a man or woman of leisure and can follow the season South, play in continuous abundance, and under the best of management, can be had on the chain of links of the East Coast Golf Club, ranging from St. Augustine to Nassau in the West Indies.

This combination of links marks a development in the game that is characteristic of the trend of modern events, and brings to the player that maximum of opportunity and comfort and minimum of cost, which are the claim of combinations and trusts in commercial matters. Whatever may be the pros and cons of such organizations in the field of production and distribution in the world of manufacture, there can be no doubt that in golf it is entirely to the interest of the golfer to be able to follow the game on well-appointed links in competent hands, and to enjoy the best of society and creature-comforts over a series of localities each differing, yet all containing exactly what, as a golfer, he needs.

The links at St. Augustine, for instance, are in the hands of D. H. M. Findlay (a brother of A. H. Findlay), whose strong point is teaching, and where could the novice find a pleasanter entry into the game than fair Augustine.

A few miles farther down the coast is Ormonde, where the incomparable sands by the sea unite all the advantages of good golf with the inexhaustible pleasures of cycling by the sea on roads, pounded by nature on the margin of the ocean. Here play will be continuous, and cared for by George Merritt, who brings his knowledge from the "land o' cakes."

Arthur H. Fenn will take the golfer in charge at Palm Beach, and if trolling on Lake Worth and bass fishing from the Ocean Pier pall on the sportsman, he can pull himself together on the excellent links in an atmosphere that defies the breath of winter and brings healing on its wings, or if he would go farther South Miami bids him put the finishing touches on his practice ere he take the wings of the morning and fly over sea to Key West or sub-tropical Nassau. An organization so widespread and so well managed must indeed be not only tempting but satisfying.

At Lakewood, the fall of the earliest snow seems to bring to life all the flagging zeal that a long summer may have dulled, and on New Year's day eighty-six lusty wielders of the club met on its snow-covered links, where although the greens were white and the balls were red, the game went merrily through a series of well-fought contests for the Gould Cup, won by H. A. Dailey, Jr., of Ardsley, with a net score of 76, with E. L. Chetwood of Richmond Hill second, with 78 net, and I. C. Renard, of Tuxedo, won the cup for the best gross score of 88. The remaining players covered a wide range of home clubs, and nearly all the eighty-six starters handed in cards.

The Baltusrol players were out in the snow on the same day, and Tyng maintained his summer's form by playing from scratch and

winning from a field of a dozen with a score of 97.

The close of the past season still offers points, upon which it is profitable to ponder, for instance: The ridiculous custom of approximating a medal-play score from a match-play card was solemnly observed, with the result that one competitor had a card of 80, about half a stroke better than his card in the medal-play round, and several strokes better than he would do once in fifty times over the same course, with every ball holed out, and every stroke counted. Still it is a pretty custom and permits a man to recall to humble listeners, that he did such and such a course in so many strokes—something he did not do—but in a hard and critical world certain forms of lying are spiritual emollients, good and soothing to the mind of man, as is cold cream, or vaseline, or mutton suet to a dried and painful skin. Let us be the last to suggest that we abolish the gentle art of lying at golf, only may we beware of believing. Many an able golfer has

"Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie."

It adds zest to appetite, makes smiling faces, brings sound sleep, lends confidence to the shy and awkward, to make such a sinner of memory that it can make a score of 90 look like 80; and after all, what's the harm? Better—if one needs must—lie about golf scores, than about one's neighbors!

Whether it be the quality of our turf, or the American temperament which dislikes taking pains with details, the writer, who has seen very little of golf courses this summer, is unable to say; but our short game is still woefully weak and uncertain. Men who with the wooden clubs and at the long game are worthy competitors of the best players, are still puzzling over approach shots and puts. Indeed, it is very doubtful whether with our swift climatic changes and the hard ground of most—practically ail—of our links, we shall ever be able to acquire the billiard-like accuracy of the short game that is possible on softer and springier turf. Certainly up to now, practically none of our men has mastered this department of the game. It is not only the quality of the ground upon which the ball is to land that counts, but, as so many players forget, the ground from which the ball takes off, so to speak. There is a certain spin given to a ball struck by an iron club, when it is lying upon tough, wiry grass, that it never gets when lying upon hard, baked soil. The ball is so much more manageable, so much more amenable to delicate treatment when it is teed upon spears of grass than when it is played from an unyielding surface, that this difference alone marks a difference of many strokes in a game.

It is to be hoped that soon we can persuade half a dozen of the best amateurs from the other side to come here and play over a number of our golf courses. Their comments upon our turf and the quality of their play would enlighten us as to this, as nothing else can.

At the open championship two new men—Fred Herd and Alex Smith—both from the Washington Park Club, of Chicago, took first

and second honors. They both affirmed during the tournament that the professionals of the first class in Great Britain would "simply run away" from the field of players who took part in this meeting. Se let us not be too well satisfied with what we have accomplished thus far.

ALBION

PACIFIC COAST RECORDS.

The interest in golf is steadily increasing in California. Round San Francisco there are three strong clubs: the San Francisco, the San Rafael and the Oakland. The San Francisco Golf Club has a nine-hole links on the Presidio Military Reservation, where a commodious club-house is being erected. The San Rafael Golf Club has a temporary course of nine holes near San Rafael, Marin county, and is laying out a fine eighteen-hole course and building a handsome club-house in Happy Valley. The new links and quarters will be ready next spring. The Oakland Golf Club has a good course at Adam's Point, Oakland, a convenient club-house, and about 225 members.

Mr. Orestes Pierce has presented to the Oakland Club a silver trophy. Twice a year competitions among the men are held, and the player who makes the best score has the honor of having his name engraved on "The Captain's Cup." A competition was held to decide who should be eligible to compete for the Cup on the following Saturday—eighteen holes, no one making a higher average than 50 strokes for 9 holes, to be eligible. The results in the two competitions are given below:

Player	Qualifying Competition, November 5.		"Captain's Cup" Competition, November 12.	
	Gross.	Average.	Gross.	Average.
W. P. Johnson....	60	45	102	51
F. S. Stratton.....	92	46	103	51½

Player.	Gross.	Average.	Gross.	Average.
G. D. Greenwood.....	94	47	95	47½
J. McKee.....	94	47	103	51½
R. M. Fitzgerald.....	96	48	93	46½
P. E. Bowles.....	98	49	106	53
E. K. Folger.....	98	49	90	45
J. P. Edwards.....	100	50	118	59
R. Cooke.....	100	50	102	51
George W. Gow.....	96	48

E. J. Folger thus was winner, with a score of 90, or an average of 45 for 9 holes.

The first competition for the Liverpool silver medal, 18 holes, men's handicap, took place on the links of the San Francisco Golf Club. There were eleven competitors, but only nine of these made returns, which are given below:

Player.	First Round.	Second Round.	Gross.	Handicap.	Net.
H. D. Pillsbury.....	56	53	109	14	95
T. G. Roberts.....	59	54	113	18	95
Charles Page.....	50	53	103	6	97
William Thomas.....	52	52	104	6	98
S. L. Abbott, Jr.....	51	48	99	0	99
Dr. Hibbetts.....	54	46	100	0	100
J. W. Byrne.....	60	53	113	10	103
S. Knight.....	74	71	145	18	127
C. E. Worden.....	78	78	156	0	156

To decide the tie between H. D. Pillsbury and T. G. Roberts, an extra round of nine holes was played, each player retaining his handicap. T. G. Roberts made the round in 50 strokes, or, with his handicap of 9, a net score of 41; H. D. Pillsbury, with a handicap of 7, made the round in 49 strokes, or a net score of 42. T. G. Roberts accordingly won the medal competition, and also a special prize open to the players making the six best gross scores in the 18 hole competition.

Besides the golf clubs mentioned, there are also links at Burlingame (San Mateo county), at Los Angeles, at Riverside, and Santa Catalina.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

FOOTBALL IN THE SOUTH.



THE result of the final games in the South was productive of startling surprises, no less than those of the East, the far, and middle West. Sewanee defeated Vanderbilt, Auburn defeated University of Georgia, South Carolina Polytechnic defeated University of South Carolina, and University of North Carolina defeated Virginia.

These reversals are closely connected with conditions that foreshadowed them.

Sewanee commenced the season with a good nucleus of old players, around which was built a perfect working team full of the same ginger that has always been a feature of her work, but adding to it a knowledge of the game heretofore unknown there. As a perfect machine it was the best in the South, and the record made will be a standard for her to work to in the future.

Vanderbilt University lost nearly all her players from the star '97 team, but around one or two old landmarks was gathered a team, which, though without victory, played through a hard schedule without overwhelming defeat; and the team exhibited such dash that, with

another year's training, an organization may be produced doing credit to the coach and the institution.

Alabama Polytechnic, Georgia's old-time rival, sprung a surprise in defeating the Crackers in Atlanta, before a great crowd. The game was exciting and the score close, Alabama winning 13-17. Both teams exhibited fast offense, but lamentable defense. The spectators were enthusiastic, and regretted the disturbance that caused the umpire to give Alabama the game, 5-0.

University of Georgia defeated Vanderbilt in the early season, and the enthusiasm at Athens seems to have worked against the future of the team, as later they met North Carolina and were defeated 53-0, Eastern rules. Walden, captain, deserves credit for his steady play during the season, but the star of the team was Jones at full-back, who is undoubtedly the quickest punter in the South.

South Carolina College, under able coaching, developed a good team, which when its string of adversities are considered, was deserving of more success. Polytechnic was also in fine form. The game between them was a good exhibition of sport, but South Carolina was unable to stand the hard plunging of the crimson backs, losing 24-0.

At Virginia, a new method was adopted, the coaching being entirely by the alumni, and, all things considered, the plan may be regarded as successful. Most of the season was spent on defense, and this was evidenced throughout by the closeness of all the scores. Virginia has good reasons for continuing the system, as many points were developed during the season demonstrating the wisdom of the change, and there are few who doubt her ability to establish her superiority in '99.

North Carolina, the new champions of the South, have won their honors fairly, and none dispute their superiority over all other Southern teams for '98. The work reflects the greatest credit upon the management and players, for by energy and perseverance they have turned out a great team. Their rush-line was not heavy, but of good weight for speed, many of them getting into interference and backing up in superb form. The backs were fast, and tackled sharply. Captain Rogers, at quarter, played a good game, and exhibited generalship of a high order.

Southern football, for this season, has gone a step forward in more ways than one. Not only has the character of the plays and their execution been of a higher order, but the spirit of fairness and true sportsmanship marked every contest, with but few unimportant exceptions.

The custom of selecting eleven men who may properly represent the playing strength of the South in an All-Southern team, is a difficult task, but the one this year seems, by common consent, to be the following :

Centre.....	Templeman	Virginia
Guards.....	Fitzgerald.....	Vanderbilt
	Davis.....	Virginia
Tackles.....	Loyd	Virginia
	Bennett	Carolina
Ends	Summersgill.....	Virginia
	Koehler.....	Carolina
Full back.....	Jones.....	Georgia
Quarter.....	Rogers.....	Carolina
	McRea	Carolina
Half-backs.....	Dye.....	Vanderbilt

In the great game at Richmond, Thanksgiving, Carolina defeated Virginia, 6-2.

W. A. LAMBETH.

ATHLETICS.

CURLING.

THE first of the important curling fixtures of the season was decided December 29th at Van Cortlandt Lake, N. Y.

This was the twenty-second contest between representatives of the North and the South of Scotland for the Dalrymple Medal, and resulted in a victory for the men of the South. Five rinks were laid out, each occupied by



teams of four men a side.

The scores by rinks were as follows :

Rink.	North.	South.
1.....	13	11
2.....	17	8
3.....	6	25
4.....	10	19
5.....	8	24
Grand total.....	54	87

This contest gives us another instance of how athletics and other sports seem to run in certain families. On rink No 2 were playing the brothers Robert, William, Henry and T. T. Archibald, who represented the Highlanders, while on rink No. 5 were to be seen the brothers D. F., M. I., J. T. and W. D. Edwards, from the Lowlands.

J. Kelloch, who was skip of the team making highest score, won the Hoogland Flag. The Kirkpatrick Medal went to skip W. D. Edwards, whose team had second highest score.

TRACK ATHLETICS.

There is every prospect that athletics will have a particularly brilliant and interesting season during the coming summer, for, in addition to the usual round of meetings and championships, it has been announced that a team

composed of the best athletic talent in Ireland will visit this country. If the right men are able to come, Ireland will have no difficulty in putting some remarkable performers in the field.

The most famous of her representatives is W. J. M. Newburn of Dublin University. Newburn holds the world's record for broad jumping, having cleared at the Ball's Bridge grounds, Dublin, last August, a distance of 23ft. 9in. This is by no means his greatest jump, for a month later he cleared 24ft. 6¾in., and 25ft. 3in.; the latter performance is under investigation before being accepted by English authorities. He is credited with 25ft. 11in. in practice. Newburn is one of those giant athletes of whom it is difficult to tell where their performances will end; he stands 6ft. 6in. in height and comes close to 200 pounds when in condition.

D. Horgan, who is a remarkable shot-putter, has a record of 48ft. ½in.; he has won both English and Irish championships. Horgan is a useful man on any team, for in addition to his shot-putting, he can clear the bar at 6ft. in the high jump, and can throw a 16-lb hammer in fine style.

The hammer-thrower of the team would undoubtedly be T. J. Kelly, who holds the British record with 157ft. 11in. He is also another remarkably good all-round athlete—undoubtedly the best all-round man in Ireland.

If Hugh Welsh comes with the team some very lively mile runs may be expected, for he covered the distance last summer in 4m. 17 1-5s. and can do the half in very fast time. Among the well-known short-distance men who may be expected are D. J. Leahy, J. C. Meredith and H. M. McNamara.

The Pastime Athletic Club of New York are making extensive arrangements for a cross-country handicap of eight miles, to be known as the Jerome Handicap. The run will take place on March 26th, and the entries close March 15th.

with E. Estoppey, Jr., 721 St. Nicholas Avenue, New York.

There will be three valuable medal prizes, in addition to prizes for fast time, novice, and winning team; there will also be bronze medals presented to the first fifty men. It may be judged from this that the club anticipate a large entry.

The nineteenth annual cross-country contest between Oxford and Cambridge universities, England, was run over the eight-mile course of the Thames Hare and Hounds Club, December 2d. Oxford beat Cambridge by a score of 25 points against 30.

For many years this race was decided over the Oxford and Cambridge courses alternately, but it was decided advisable to hold it over neutral ground, and the most famous of metropolitan courses was selected. The course is an undulating one, alternating with pasture, ploughed land and highways, and is intersected and crossed by several fenced roads and brooks, presenting jumps and obstacles with great frequency.

E. A. Dawson, of Worcester College, Oxford, was the first man home, covering the course in 46m. 45 +5s.

The University of Pennsylvania track team and candidates for this season have started their daily preliminary winter practice on the new indoor track constructed under the south grand stand at Franklin Field.

The track is protected from the wind and storms, but is at the same time in the open air. The path is of cinders, and is therefore not likely to freeze or get hard enough to jar the runners in very cold weather. It is laid out in eight laps to the mile. The corners are rather sharp for fast turns, but as the principal winter work is done with the object of keeping men in good trim, rather than developing speed, this is not of much importance. A good stretch of 120 yards straight-away has been left for the sprinters to work on. Good provision has also been made for high-jump and pole-vault candidates, so that they will in no way interfere with the track men when at work.

The Harvard track men have outlined an attractive season's work. An indoor track meet, the first one in some years, will be held on February 11. The class games will be held on April 15. There will not be any 'varsity meet, but an open set of games will take its place. The dual games with Yale will be held on May 13, and the finishing contests will be those for the intercollegiate championship. Training started January 12, and the call for candidates brought out one hundred and sixteen men. Mr. Lathrop has the men at work daily, in four squads.

The New York A. C. annual election of officers provoked a contest, an unusual event in that association. Altogether, 897 ballots were cast. The result showed an overwhelming victory for the regular ticket. In the contest for Vice-President, Louis H. Orr polled 649 votes, against 249 for Dr. T. Hamilton Burch. The full returns were as follows:

President, Thomas L. Watson, 861; Vice-President, Louis H. Orr, 649; Secretary, Charles L. Burnham, 860; Treasurer, Charles E. Goodhue, 881; Captain, Frederick M. Hansling, 870; Governors for two years—Howard P. Frothingham, 876; Albert E. Colfax, 886; Edward W. Kearney, 876; Charles J. Kintner, 883; Frederick T. Adams, 883; Frank Keck, 885; Joseph J. O'Donohue, Jr., 879; R. H. Goffe, Jr., 889.

SKATING.

The season of amateur skating opened December 26th with a series of races on Verona Lake, Montclair, N. J. A track was laid out six laps to the mile. The lake is a picturesque place, and being surrounded by sloping banks affords ample opportunity for spectators to watch skating contests without being on the ice. This is a great advantage.

The sport opened with a one-mile novice race which, for the first half, was too much of a "loafing" contest. Eventually Gus Hornfeck set the pace, and won easily by fifteen yards. J. E. Fullerton came in five yards ahead of the third man.

The next race, a one-mile handicap, proved an exciting event. The scratch man went off at a great pace and caught the field at the first quarter-mile. Leroy See was in the lead, with M. R. Hornfeck next. Hornfeck and Merritt kept close behind See until about fifty yards from the finish, when See let out and crossed the line a winner by three yards. Hornfeck and Merritt were almost a tie for second place.

The last race was a three-mile handicap. See was not long in taking up the lead in this race, and covered the first mile in 3m. 25s., the second mile in 6m. 45s. He was closely followed by Hornfeck. The two were well ahead of McClave. On the last lap See started a spurt for home; about a hundred yards from the line he struck a rut in the ice and fell, but got up in time to finish second.

The summaries follow:

One-mile novice—Won by Gus Hornfeck, Montclair; James E. Fullerton, Brooklyn, 2; G. P. Holland, New Haven, 3. Time, 3m. 35 2-5s.

One-mile handicap—Won by Leroy See, Berkeley School, 50yds., 2; M. R. Hornfeck, Montclair, 50yds., 2; W. H. Merritt, St. John, N. B., scratch, 3. Time, 3m. 11s.

Three-mile handicap—Won by M. R. Hornfeck, Montclair, 125yds.; Leroy See, Berkeley School, 125 yds., 2; C. McClave, New York A. C., scratch, 3.

On January 11th three amateur skating races were held at Spring Lake, Poughkeepsie. The programme consisted of a one-mile novice, two mile handicap and the one-mile championship of Poughkeepsie. The weather was intensely cold and the ice hard and smooth; a strong wind interfered somewhat with the speed of the contestants.

The summary follows:

One-mile novice—Won by P. Hulett, Newburg; Albert Nutt, 2; A. Javery, Flushing, 3. Time, 3m. 44s

Two-mile handicap—Won by F. R. Sager, Newburg scratch; Charles McClave, New York A. C., scratch, 2; O. Roosa, Newburg, 60 yards, 3. Time, 6m. 53 3-5s.

One-mile, Poughkeepsie Championship—Won by L. Schlude; Frank Hoffman, 2; Paul Hulett, 3. Time, 3m. 38 2-5s.

LACROSSE.

On January 2, representatives of Cornell, Harvard and Columbia met in New York and formed a new collegiate league which will be known as the Inter-University Lacrosse League. This league takes the place of the Inter-collegiate League, and differs from it in that only teams from universities are admitted.

A trophy cup has been presented by Mr. Walker, of Walkersville, Canada, which will become the property of the team winning it the greatest number of times in five years.

It is probable that teams from Yale and Pennsylvania will also come into the League.

VIGILANT.

ICE HOCKEY.



THE alterations suggested in our pages at the end of last season were incorporated too laxly, by rules of discretion, rather than absolute mandatory directions, by the American Hockey League in the rules governing the play for this season. The interpretation at present placed upon them has failed to insure the fair play so desirable for the future of the game. It is to be hoped that time will modify this unfortunate tendency.

The second of the two championship games, already played on January 5th and 6th, showed the value of the question of goal-cages. A very doubtful goal was shot in the second game, and many disinterested spectators declared that the puck passed many inches outside the goal-posts. In both games the play, both on and off side, was the subject of very adverse criticism.

Two important events have transpired in the hockey world—the formation of an intercollegiate hockey association, and the decision of the Amateur Hockey League to hold itself open to championship challenges from winners of other amateur leagues. Both strengthen the game materially, and the latter puts the A. H. L. in a better light, since its winning team may fairly be considered the amateur champions of the country unless they are challenged and beaten for the honor. The date limit set for such challenges, March 20th, is amply late enough for even the Western players to send a team East, if they decide to look for championship honors. The St. Louis Hockey Club has threatened to make an Eastern campaign in search of championship honors, while the Quaker City Hockey Club, of Philadelphia, may also challenge for the championship at the end of the season. The winners of the Intercollegiate championship might also furnish another aspirant, and then a championship tournament would almost surely be necessary at the end of the winter.

Both the St. Paul and Philadelphia clubs applied for admission to the A. H. L., but the league wisely declined to admit them to their championship series, since this would entail their transferring part of the schedule of games to these distant cities, and would ultimately threaten the game with the same spirit of professionalism that exists in baseball. When the

League would have a "circuit" and the players would have to travel so far to play schedule games, they could not well attend to any legitimate business and still play hockey. A similar point came up in the formation of the Intercollegiate Association, and Harvard and Cornell are both likely to stay out of this organization because of the distance their players would have to travel to play their championship games. The Intercollegiate schedule will probably include only New York, Brooklyn, and Philadelphia, and five clubs are expected to compete, Yale, Pennsylvania, Columbus, Princeton and Brown.

This question of generalizing instead of localizing the Leagues and their championship matches is one that involves the amateur life of the game, for it is only a short step from the purest amateur standing to full-fledged professionalism when a game attracts crowds to see it played, and the gate receipts are considerable. This step is generally first taken by the formation of a "circuit" schedule that requires players from one city to visit another to play. For the outcome of such a move it is only necessary to look at roller polo, which has become almost wholly professional within a year or two by similar steps; or basketball, to which the leech of professionalism has already attached itself.

The annual meeting of the Amateur Hockey League was held at the New York Athletic Club-house, December 8th. The following officers were then elected for 1899: President, Bartow S. Weeks, New York A. C.; Vice-President, William A. Larned, St. Nicholas Skating Club; Secretary and Treasurer, Howard Drakely, Brooklyn Skating Club; Executive Committee, A. Knowlson, Hockey Club of New York; W. H. Truax, Montclair Hockey Club; J. S. Garvin, Brooklyn Skating Club, and the officers above.

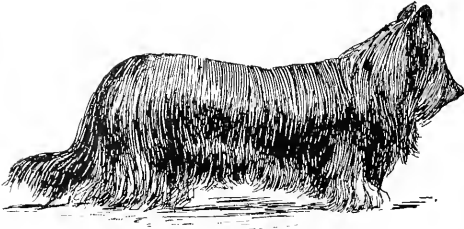
Three new clubs applied for membership in the League, the Quaker City Hockey Club, of Philadelphia, the St. Louis Hockey Club, and the South Orange Field Club. After considerable discussion, none of the three was admitted, but the following resolution was passed: "Resolved, That the winner of the League championship holds itself open to a challenge from the winners of any organized league in the United States, up to March 20th."

The schedule for the season follows:

- February 2—Montclair H. C. vs. Hockey Club of N. Y., at Brooklyn.
- February 7—Brooklyn H. C. vs. New York A. C., at New York.
- February 9—St. Nicholas H. C. vs. Montclair H. C., at New York.
- February 14—Brooklyn H. C. vs. Montclair H. C., at Brooklyn.
- February 16—New York A. C. vs. Hockey Club of N. Y., at New York.
- February 21—Brooklyn H. C. vs. Hockey Club of N. Y., at New York.
- February 23—New York A. C. vs. St. Nicholas H. C., at New York.
- February 28—Brooklyn H. C. vs. St. Nicholas H. C., at Brooklyn.
- March 2—Hockey Club of N. Y. vs. Montclair H. C., at New York.
- March 7—New York A. C. vs. Montclair H. C., at New York.
- March 9—St. Nicholas H. C. vs. Hockey Club of N. Y., at New York.

J. PARMLY PARET.

KENNEL.



DOGS OF TO-DAY—THE YORKSHIRE TERRIER.

THIS very pretty and rather smart little dog has a host of friends, especially among fashionable ladies, whose pet he has been for years. It may be the task of my lady's maid to bathe and comb the silken hair of the pet, or it may happen that my lady loves her dog to the point where she will herself attend to his toilet—in either event the Yorkshire terrier has a pretty good time.

He is, pre-eminently, a dog for the house. Small and vivacious enough to keep trotting about, up-stairs and down, he exercises himself, and in so doing keeps himself in good condition. While rightly ranking among the "toys," he is no pampered fool, for there is a good set of brains in his small skull. His description and scale of points are as follows:

In general appearance, a long-coated, well-proportioned pet dog, very compact in form, neat, spritely, and having a busy, important air. Coat straight and hanging evenly down each side, and showing a decided parting from nose to end of tail.

Head—Rather small, flat, not too round in skull, broad at muzzle. Nose black. Hair on muzzle very long, of bright, golden tan, unmixed with dark or sooty hair; hair on sides of head very long, and of deeper tan than on center of head. Eyes, medium size, not prominent, dark, with intelligent expression; edges of eyelids dark.

Ears—Quite erect; if not cut, V-shaped, small and erect, and covered with short hair. Mouth *even*, with sound teeth.

Body—Very compact; loins good, and level on top of back.

Coat—As long and straight as possible, *not* wavy; glossy, like silk, not woolly; extending from back of head to root of tail. Color, bright steel blue, not intermingled with fawn, light, or dark hairs.

Legs and feet—Legs quite straight; hair a bright, golden tan, a shade lighter at ends than at roots. Feet, round as possible; nails black. Weight (limit) 12 pounds.

Scale of points—Quantity and color of hair on body, 25; quality of coat, 15; tan, 15; head, 10; eyes, mouth, and ears (5), 15; legs and feet, 5; tail, 5; general appearance, 10. Total, 100.

WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB'S SHOW.

The Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-third annual bench show, February 21st-24th, bids fair to be the greatest event of its kind on record. Madison Square Garden will be filled

with the "400" of fashionable humanity, and many times more than 400 of fashionable dogdom; and "The nights shall be filled with music, and the curs that infest the day shall hold their benches in triumph and steadfastly yelp away." This isn't just what the poet said, but it goes. The man who wrote "My bark is on the sea," didn't know Madison Square in dog-show time, and the scientist who thought he could identify a tree by the bark on it was as far astray. Everything growing about Madison Square between February 21st and 24th is either dog-wood—or dog wouldn't—and that settles it.

However, the show bids fair to be the usual howling success. The gentlemen having charge of it include Messrs. George de Forest Grant, Winthrop Rutherford, B. R. Kittredge, and that best of superintendents and secretaries, Mr. James Mortimer. The specialty clubs will figure prominently.

The judges will be as follows: St. Bernards and Newfoundlands, Miss Anna Whitney, of Lancaster, Mass.; bloodhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, foxhounds, Chesapeake Bays, setters and pointers, the veteran John M. Davidson, of Monroe, Mich.; mastiffs, collies, sheep-dogs, bull-terriers, fox-terriers and Airedales, Mr. R. F. Mayhew, of New York; Great Danes, Mr. J. Blackburn Miller, of Newburg; borzois, Mr. E. L. Kraus, of Slatington, Pa.; spaniels (except toys), Mr. H. K. Bloodgood, of New Marlboro, Mass.; bulldogs, Mr. John H. Matthews, of New York; French bulldogs, Mr. John R. Buchan, of New York; Boston terriers, Mr. Fred G. Davis, of Boston; beagles, Mr. Geo. B. Post, Jr., of New York; dachshundes and bassets, the well-known artist, Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt, of Tuckahoe, N. Y.; Irish terriers, Mr. O. W. Dormer, of Milton, Mass.; dalmatians, poodles, terriers (not otherwise placed), pugs, whippets, Italian greyhounds, schipperkes, pomeranians, toys and miscellaneous, Dr. M. F. Cryer, of Philadelphia.

The entry list is very heavy, and all entries close February 6th, at the office of Superintendent Mortimer, 1123 Broadway.

CINCINNATI DOG OWNERS' PROTECTION ASSOCIATION.

In Cincinnati, Ohio, an association was formed in February, 1898, for the better protection of man's noblest friend, the dog. It has already done good work, and as it acts upon the principle that a good dog is a good thing and worth taking care of, dog owners will sympathize with its efforts. An article in its constitution says: "First, the protection of dogs; second, the securing of a distinct recognition of an unqualified property right in them, either by decisions under existing laws, or by the enactment of such additional ones as may be found necessary; third, the apprehension and conviction of persons stealing, injuring, or killing dogs belonging to members of the association; and, fourth, the testing, when deemed expedient, of any laws or ordinances."

This is good for the dogs, and anything which is good for the dogs is good enough to stand a fair trial.

NOMAD.

ROD AND GUN.



THE MEADOW LARK (*Sturnella magna*).

THE man who does not know this beautiful bird has never tasted the full joys of the fields in spring. The lark, with his yellow breast, black crescent and gamy-looking back, is one of the most pleasing features of the great out-doors during the mating season. While mainly of a terrestrial habit, he frequently alights upon the topmost twig of a tree, whence he delivers a thin, wiry note, or a characteristic twitter like a wee snare-drum, as he takes wing. This call may be repeated while the bird is a-wing.

But his vocal abilities amount to more than this, and he has a song—a sweet, rather high-pitched fluting—which he very frequently sings as he walks amid the young growing grass. “Nigger-can’t-see-me!” are the words an old darky once told me the lark said, and they fit the musical utterance fairly well.

The lark has a habit of lying close in the grass, like a quail, and quite often flushing only a few yards from one’s foot. Its flight is rather rapid, a hurried buzzing of the wings, alternating with a period of sailing. Upon either side of the tail are white feathers, and these, sharply contrasting with the general brown tone of the upper parts, are very noticeable when the bird is in the air.

The meadow lark arrives early in the spring, and during mild winters may remain North the year round. The nest is built upon the ground, usually in a tuft of rank grass. It is roofed with bent grass, and it sometimes has a tunnel-like entrance of bent interwoven grass-blades. The eggs, from four to six in number, are white speckled with reddish brown. There is a variety of the meadow lark found on the great plains of the West, which as a musician greatly excels its relatives of the East, its song being remarkably sweet and appealing.

The meadow lark is about the size of a quail, although lighter in weight. It winters from Massachusetts and Illinois southward. Far too many gunners treat this bird as a game-bird and shoot it upon every opportunity. Its close flush and whirring flight may somewhat resemble the noisy rush of the quail, but the resemblance is very faint, as the headlong

speed is lacking, and a duffer with a gun might kill five larks straight when he could not bag two quail for five shells.

The plea that the flavor of the lark warrants his destruction will not hold water, for, to be candid, the bird upon the board is unpalatable. Far wiser and better would it be to leave him unharmed upon his dearly-loved meadows, where he performs valuable service by destroying a host of grasshoppers and other troublesome insects. No true sportsman should shoot a lark; his buzzing flight is too easy, while his song and his services fairly entitle him to protection. My drawing will give a fair idea of the bird as he appears when perched upon a lofty limb and ready to take flight.

THE ARTIFICIAL PROPAGATION OF GAME.

The recent attempt to induce the Government to undertake the artificial propagation of various varieties of game, as has been done successfully in the case of game and purely food fishes, may prove worthy of serious consideration. So far as certain species are concerned, the idea embraces no insurmountable obstacles. The idea of fish hatcheries was at first laughed at, yet to-day we know better.

Under proper, scientific management, the modern fish hatchery does most profitable work, and millions of young fish of the most desirable sorts are annually sent to waters which require re-stocking. In the case of trout, for instance, were it not for the hatcheries and the “planting” of the fry, few rods would now arch over streams in which wild trout were once plentiful.

In England, as most sportsmen know, the supply of pheasants has for long ceased to depend upon the natural increase of wild birds. Pheasant rearing by artificial means has proved to be the only way by which to fully stock the covers.

In this country we have a greater variety of game beasts and birds to select from, and here, if anywhere, artificial propagation, if properly managed, should prove a success. The deer and elk may be bred as easily as cattle, under reasonable confinement, and experience might point the way to the more difficult problem of the moose and the caribou.

Among the feathered game, that best of birds, the quail, should be most easily managed with profit. The question of the pheasant has already been solved, as the bird has now made a home in perhaps more than half of the States in the Union. Certain species of ducks, too, might be artificially cultivated to advantage, while other varieties of upland and marsh game might be experimented with as the process developed. If the Government should take hold of this problem of game propagation and handle it as successfully as it has handled the fish, every good sportsman should rise up and call the Government blessed; and if, at the same time, or in advance, an efficient check could be put upon the game-hog and the fish-hog of to-day, the blessing would be doubled.

ED. W. SANDYS.

AMATEUR CYCLE RECORDS.

REVISED TO JANUARY 1ST, 1899.

COMPETITION.

ONE-FOURTH mile, standing start, competition, G. F. Royce, Paterson, N. J., July 4, 1894, 0.29 3-5.

One-third mile, Philip J. Bornwasser, Louisville, Ky., Sept. 4, 1897, 0.40 3-5.

One-half mile, Edward Llewellyn, Woodside Park, Pa., July 30, 1893, 1.00.

Two-third mile, E. L. Wilson, Washington, D. C., May 28, 1898, 1.21.

One mile, W. Robertson, Denver, Col., Oct. 2, 1897, 1.59.

Two miles, C. J. Wagner, Newby Oval, Ind., Aug. 12, 1898, 3.53.

Three miles, Harry A. Gibson, Newby Oval, Ind., Aug. 12, 1898, 5.52.

Four miles, C. J. Wagner, Newby Oval, Ind., Aug. 12, 1898, 7.47 1-5.

Five miles, Harry A. Gibson, Newby Oval, Ind., Aug. 12, 1898, 9.43 1-5.

Six miles, Forest H. Wilson, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 22, 1896, 12.58 2-5; 7 miles, 15.07 2-5; 8 miles, 17.24 3-5; 9 miles, 19.34 3-5; 10 miles, 21.47 4-5; 11 miles, 24.01 4-5; 12 miles, 26.07 4-5; 13 miles, 28.18; 14 miles, 30.24 2-5; 15 miles, 32.40 1-2; 16 miles, 34.39; 17 miles, 36.54 3-5; 18 miles, 39.07 1-5; 19 miles, 41.21 3-5; 20 miles, 43.37; 21 miles, 45.53; 22 miles, 48.03 3-5; 23 miles, 50.13 1-5; 24 miles, 52.24 1-5.

Twenty-five miles, Fred. Beauregard, Fall River, Mass., Sept. 5, 1898, 50.04 4-5.

Thirty miles, A. A. Hansen, Minneapolis, Minn., Aug. 15, 1895, 1.12.34 1-5; 35 miles, 1.24.34 4-5; 40 miles, 1.37.34 2-5; 45 miles, 1.51.40; 50 miles, 2.00.30 1-5; 55 miles, 2.22.00; 60 miles, 2.39.01.

AGAINST TIME, FLYING START, UNPACED.

One-fourth mile, E. E. Simons, Deming, New Mexico, May 26, 1896, 0.25 1-5; 1-3 mile, 0.33 3-5.

One-half mile, C. V. Dasey, Denver, Col., July 9, 1898, 0.58.

Two-thirds mile, J. G. Heil, Denver, Col., July 31, 1897, 1.21 1-5.

Three-fourths mile, F. B. Stowe, Springfield, Oct. 20, 1894, 1.37.

One mile, Harry C. Clark, Denver, Col., Oct. 17, 1895, 2.05 1-5.

Two miles, Joseph Heil, Denver, Col., Aug. 21, 1897, 4.27 3-5.

Three miles, O. B. Hackenberger, Denver, Col., Dec. 3, 1895, 7.03; 4 miles, 0.31 2-5; 5 miles, 1.56 4-5.

Ten miles, A. G. Kluefer, Racine, Wis., July 2, 1897, 24.19 2-5.

Twenty miles, Arthur J. Thibodeau, Chicago, Ill., Oct. 29, 1897, 0.52.07; 25 miles, 1.03.45; 30 miles, 1.16.45; 35 miles, 1.30.39 2-5; 40 miles, 1.44 42 2-5; 45 miles, 1.59.21 4-5; 50 miles, 2.14.05.

Fifty-five miles, Rudolph Lauricks, Boston, Mass., July 31, 1897, 2.48.38 2-5; 60 miles, 3.04.45 1-5; 65 miles, 3.20.58 4-5; 70 miles, 3.37.36 1-5; 75 miles, 3.53.33 1-5; 80 miles, 4.10.05 2-5; 85 miles, 4.26.09 4-5; 90 miles, 4.43.01 1-5; 95 miles, 5.00.35; 100 miles, 5.16.24 2-5.

AGAINST TIME, FLYING START, PACED.

One-fourth mile, E. A. Moross, Detroit, Mich., Nov. 8, 1897, 0.24; 1-3 mile, 0.31 1-5; 1-2 mile, 0.50 2-5.

Two-thirds mile, H. M. Sidwell, Chester Park, Ohio, Oct. 5, 1897, 1.09 3-5; 3-4 mile, 1.18.

One mile, H. G. Gardiner, Willow Grove, Pa., Sept. 11, 1897, 1.43 2-5.

Two miles, E. L. Wilson, Washington, D. C., May 19, 1898, 3.42 4-5.

Three miles, Ray Duer, Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 23, 1897, 5.53 1-5; 4 miles, 7.52.

Five miles, C. V. Dasey, Denver, Col., Oct. 2, 1897, 9.54 1-5.

Six miles, Ray Duer, Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 19, 1897, 12.05; 7 miles, 14.06 2-5; 8 miles, 16.13 2-5; 9 miles, 18.14; 10 miles, 20.19 2-5; 15 miles, 30.47 3-5; 20 miles, 41.24 7-5; 25 miles, 51.57 1-5.

TANDEM, FLYING START, PACED.

One-fourth mile, Haggarty-Williams, Waltham, Mass., Oct. 27, 1894, 0.25 4-5; 1-3 mile, 0.34 2-5; 1-2 mile, 0.52 1-2; 1 mile, 1.52 3-5.

FLYING START, UNPACED.

One-fourth mile, Earl Peabody and E. Llewellyn, Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 12, 1898, 0.24 1-5.

One-third mile, J. F. Finn and W. E. DeTemple, Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 27, 1897, 0.34 2-5.

One-half mile, Ingraham Brothers, Charles River Park, Aug. 31, 1893, 0.52 3-5.

Two-thirds mile, Davisworth and Mitchell, Louisville, Ky., July 4, 1896, 1.17.

One mile, F. A. Joseph and F. G. Hood, Detroit, Mich., June 18, 1898, 1.50.

Two miles, Geo. E. Dixon and Chas. Kraft, San Francisco, Dec. 5, 1896, 4.21 2-5.

Three miles, C. V. Dasey and Chas. Goranflo, Denver, Col., July 16, 1897, 6.24 2-5; 4 miles, 8.36 1-5; 5 miles, 10.46 4-5.

TANDEM, STANDING START, COMPETITION.

One mile, E. C. Hausman and G. H. Collett, Waterbury, Conn., Sept. 9, 1897, 1.55 3-5.

Two miles, Geo. H. Collett and E. C. Hausman, Waterbury, Conn., July 29, 1898, 4.09 4-5.

TRIPLET, FLYING START, UNPACED.

One-half mile, J. R. O'Mara, Geo. Walther, Charles R. Pease, Newby Oval, Ind., July 4, 1898, 0.50 1-5.

One mile, G. W. Connor, Jr., H. S. Russell, Walter Holland, Waterbury, Conn., June 23, 1898, 1.54 4-5.

Two miles, Perrie, Gracey and O'Neill, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 27, 1896, 4.17 1-5; 3 miles, 6.29, 4 miles, 8.43; 5 miles, 10.57 1-5; 6 miles, 13.12; 7 miles, 15.28 1-5; 8 miles, 17.42 3-5; 9 miles, 19.51 3-5; 10 miles, 22.13 1-5; 15 miles, 33.32 2-5; 20 miles, 44.50 1-5; 25 miles, 56.02 3-5.

TRIPLET, COMPETITION.

One mile, H. S. Russell, Walter Holland, G. W. Connor, Jr., Waterbury, Conn., July 4, 1898, 2.01 1-5.

HANDICAP RECORDS.

One-third mile, F. L. Kramer, Tioga Track, Philadelphia, Sept. 17, 1898, 0.41 4-5.

One-half mile, Edward Llewellyn, Woodside Park, Philadelphia, July 30, 1898, 1.00.

One mile, F. L. Kramer, Manhattan Beach, Aug. 27, 1898, 2.08 4-5.

Two miles, F. L. Kramer, Newby Oval, Ind., Aug. 13, 1898, 4.17.

TANDEM, HANDICAP RECORD.

Two miles, Geo. Collett and E. C. Hausman, Waterbury, Conn., July 29, 1898, 4.09 4-5.

TRIPLET, HANDICAP.

One mile, H. S. Russell, Walter Holland and G. W. Connor, Jr., Waterbury, Conn., July 4, 1898, 2.01 1-5.

HOURLY RECORD, FLYING START, PACED

One hour, 28 miles, 1,585 yards, Ray Duer, Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 19, 1897.

HOURLY RECORD, TRIPLET, FLYING START, UNPACED.

One hour, 26 miles, 1,373 1-3 yards, Perrie, Gracey and O'Neill, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 27, 1896.

CYCLING.

RACING AND THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN.



THE 1899 meeting of the National Assembly of the League of American Wheelmen will be held at Providence, R. I., during the second week in February. At that time the question of the retention or relinquishment of control over racing affairs in the United States will come up for discussion, and possibly for ultimate decision. For over two years past, differences of opinion upon this matter of League policy have troubled the entire organization; and the

minority sentiment in favor of abandonment was so seriously entertained at the last February meeting that, before adjournment, the Executive Committee was instructed to investigate, and report a year later, upon the feasibility of relinquishing the conduct of the sport to another organization, owing to the growing opinion among members that the two should be divorced. The text of that report is not, of course, available at this time, but the personnel of the committee, composed of officers known to hold decided and conflicting views, leaves little to be doubted that whatever recommendation is offered, will lack unanimity, and make it clear that the whole matter will be referred to the Assembly, with no show of progress toward settlement as a result of a year's debate in committee.

The national organization is singularly divided on the question of expediency involved. At a meeting held at Chicago in December, a number of mid-West League of American Wheelmen officials, among them Mr. George D. Locke, Mr. C. W. Mears, Mr. F. D. Valkenberg, and Mr. Wallace Sherwood, respectively chief consuls of Illinois, Ohio, Wisconsin, and Indiana, informally declared themselves in favor of the continued control of racing by the League. At nearly the same point of time, the board of officers of the New York State Division, in annual meeting at Rochester, practically declared against the retention of racing control. There was a spirited contest over the retention of the State racing board by the division; at the end of the discussion, the vote stood 33 against the retention of the State racing board to 8 in favor of it. A resolution was finally passed striking the words "racing board" from the constitution and by-laws of the division. Meanwhile, prominent clubs both East and West, passed resolutions favoring the one course or the other, a careful canvass of them showing, however, a decided preference for relinquishment, the usual form being that advanced by the Century Wheelmen, of Philadelphia, Pa., one of the best known League clubs in the country, as follows: "Resolved, That it

is the sentiment of the Century Wheelmen that the League of American Wheelmen abandon control of cycle racing."

Unless amicably and permanently settled, this problem plainly threatens the peace and harmony of the national body. A two-thirds vote is necessary to inaugurate a change; but if I were to risk a prophecy at this time, it would be to the end that such a majority would be forthcoming. The present inability of the national racing board, well officered and well equipped as it is, to govern the whole mass of racing men; and the difficulty or impossibility of sustaining its rulings on all occasions, together with the fact that more than one-half of the best tracks in the United States have been alienated from the League of American Wheelmen within the past twelve months, make inevitable a change, or a crisis of endless possibilities for harm to the sport. In Greater New York alone, Madison Square Garden, Berkeley Oval, and Manhattan Beach tracks have all been suspended from League of American Wheelmen privileges; and the sport in the metropolitan district, under the control of the League of American Wheelmen, has been practically smothered since the midsummer of 1898 in consequence. A like condition prevails in many other cities. The action of the board of officers of the New York State Division, already quoted, removes all mention of racing from its constitution and by-laws, and practically burns the bridge behind the resolution to relinquish in the most influential of divisions, and makes resumption a matter of extreme delicacy and difficulty.

It may earnestly be inquired in what hands amateur racing will find itself if divorced from the League of American Wheelmen. No definite answer can, at this time, be ventured. Its control should naturally be exercised by organizations representing the leading tracks, on the one hand, and racing men's organizations on the other—not by a body made up almost wholly of riders having no active connection with racing or track management. The recently organized National Cycling Association—so self-styled—waits the opportunity which it confidently expects will follow the February meeting of the Assembly, to assume direction over all branches of the sport. In the National Cycling Association, the interests of the leading track owners are dominant, but it is fortunate in having enlisted the active participation in its enterprise, of many of the most experienced and efficient men latterly identified with cycle racing in the United States; still the details of its plans are yet unrevealed, and League sentiment is somewhat incredulous concerning it. It is barely possible that the League of American Wheelmen will separate itself from attempted control of professional competition, and retain the government of amateur sport alone; or, if racing is divorced altogether, the American Amateur Union may be willing to accept the latter charge. It can scarcely be doubted, however, that if the League of American Wheelmen finally decides against retaining racing control, either wholly or in part, some means will be found to take up what it relinquishes, and adequately care for it.

THE IMPENDING ELECTIONS OF THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN.

President Isaac B. Potter, of the League of American Wheelmen, has definitely announced his unwillingness to stand for re-election, and the question of officers for the ensuing year has become a vital one. Pennsylvania and Massachusetts have already combined on Vice-Consul Thomas J. Keenan, of Pittsburg, Pa., as a presidential candidate. C. Frank Kireker, of New Jersey, who is also mentioned in connection with the same office, is handicapped by the fact that the present treasurer, who is booked for another year, is also from New Jersey, and is using official influence for Mr. Keenan. For the first time in the history of the National Assembly, Pennsylvania will have a larger delegation than New York—47 as against 46—which augurs well for Mr. Keenan. Candidates for other offices are still in debate.

CANADIAN WHEELMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

Montreal has already put in the field candidates for the highest offices in the gift of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association: Louis Rubenstein, the present Vice-President, and A. B. Rattray, chief-consul of the Montreal district, for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency respectively. The Province of Ontario men whose names have received the most consideration are E. B. Ryckman, of Toronto, and Dr. J. D. Balfour, of London, Ont. Mr. Ryckman is looked upon as the stronger candidate. For the Vice-Presidency, no candidate has yet been announced from Ontario, although the friends of H. B. Howson, chief-consul of the Toronto District, support him for that office.

PROPOSED SIDE-PATH LAW FOR NEW YORK STATE.

An act in relation to the use of bicycles on side-paths, for licensing bicycles, for the appointment of side-path commissioners, and to provide for the construction, maintenance, regulation, preservation and shading of side-paths, drafted by representatives of the wheelmen from all sections of the Empire State, will be presented to the present legislature as soon as the right opportunity offers. This bill applies to all the counties of the State with the exception of Albany and Monroe, which have already laws of their own. It gives the power of appointment of side-path commissioners to county judges, instead of to boards of supervisors, which were designated in the original draft of the measure, and provides that each commission shall consist of five members. The annual side-path fee to be collected from riders is fixed at fifty cents. The most important sections of the bill, not already noted, as it now stands are as follows:

Section 6. No person shall drive, lead, stand or hitch any horse, cattle, sheep, swine or other animals upon any side-path now constructed or hereafter to be constructed in this State.

Sec. 7. No person shall wilfully obstruct, injure or destroy any side-path or any portion thereof now constructed or hereafter to be constructed in said State.

Sec. 8. No person shall ride any bicycle on any side-path in said State at a greater speed than ten miles per hour. Bicycle riders traveling in opposite directions on said paths shall turn to the right in passing, and every bicycle rider overtaking another on said paths shall turn to the left in passing.

Sec. 9. The side-paths heretofore constructed and hereafter to be constructed in said State are hereby placed under the control and direction of the boards of side-path commissioners of the various counties in which they are located.

Sec. 10. Any board of side-path commissioners, with the consent of the commissioner of highways, or other officer performing similar duties, having jurisdiction thereof, may remove limbs of trees overhanging any side-path in the country wherein said board has jurisdiction, when in the judgment of said board the same shall interfere with the free passage of bicycles along said path.

Sec. 11. Any person who rides a bicycle on any side-path in this State in violation of any of the sections of this act, or does any of the acts by the provisions of this law forbidden, is guilty of a misdemeanor, and is punishable by imprisonment in any penitentiary or jail for a term not exceeding twenty-five days, or a fine of not less than five dollars or more than twenty-five dollars, or both such fine and imprisonment.

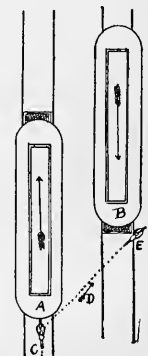
Sec. 12. Courts of special session having jurisdiction to try misdemeanors as provided by section fifty-six of the code of criminal procedure, shall have exclusive jurisdiction to try offenders in all cases occurring under this act, in the same manner as in other cases where they now have jurisdiction, and to render and enforce judgment to the extent herein provided; and said courts shall have jurisdiction of all said offenses committed within the county where said courts are held, in the same manner as though the defendant had been taken before a magistrate of a town where the offense was committed. THE PROWLER.

CYCLISTS AND ELECTRIC-CAR LINES.

The vacuum behind a swift electric car makes pedaling so easy for wheelmen that the temptation to utilize the car as a pacer is great. A common cause of bicycle accidents is due to a cyclist suddenly coming out from behind a car which he has followed, and attempting to cross the parallel track in front of a car moving in the opposite direction, as illustrated in Diagram I. Car A is going in the direction designated by the arrow. The wheelman is following at C. Riding is easy there, for the car takes off the force of the air. When the wheelman turns out he sometimes crosses as marked D, forgetting that a car (B) may be riding on the other track and in an opposite direction, with the result that he is either struck by the fender at E, or barely misses it. Of course, you can avoid riding behind electric cars on double-track systems. If you do ride, be sure that the other track is clear before crossing, or better leave the car on the opposite side to the track.

SIDE-PACING.

Some cyclists get practically the same benefit from a speedy electric by hugging its side, as shown in No. II. Car A is moving as indicated by the arrow, and the wheelman (C) is running along the line B. If the wind is right, and the bicyclist keeps in the right position with the car, the suction will draw him along and make pedaling easy. Many examples could be quoted of dangers from side-riding: for instance, a man riding on the front platform of the car dismounted at D, while the car was going, and the wheelman was unable to stop, and ran him down. In another case, car E was moving as indicated; a bicyclist (G) was keeping to the side of the car on the line F. Suddenly the front wheel of the bicycle encountered a flange rail at H, throwing the rider and breaking the wheel-fork. If the rider had taken the angle I in

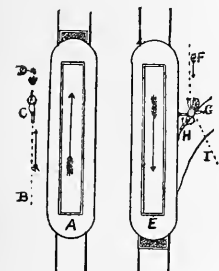


1 Dangerous Crossing

crossing, the front wheel would have passed the highest of flange rails.

UNEXPECTED SHAKE-UPS.

Odd things happen to riders who make a practice of reducing labor by following in the wake of electrics. Two cases witnessed by the writer are presented in Diagram III. Car A was moving at a rapid rate, and followed close by two wheelmen at B. This was on a country line where the cars often ran long distances without a stop. But in this case something caused the motor-man to apply the brake and reverse the motor when at high speed, resulting in the piling up of the two wheelmen against the rear dash-board. Both were hurt

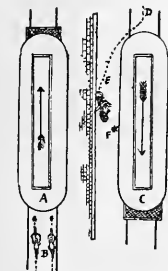


II Unforeseen Troubles

and the wheels were damaged. Such accidents are avoided by keeping ten or twelve feet in the rear of the dasher. Of course, thereby the full benefit of the suction of the air would not be had, but it is better to lose some benefit than incur unnecessary risk. The other accident happened next a car in which the writer was a passenger. This car is marked C, and was followed by a wheelman at D. A muddy section of the road was approached and the wheelman turned out of the tracks on the line E. There happened to be a curbstone there and one pedal struck this curb, throwing the rider and bicycle over against the side of the moving car at F. The wheelman escaped with a few bruises, but the frame of the wheel was ruined by being pressed out of shape between the curb and side of car.

SWUNG BY A WIRE.

In cut IV are two singular accidents which were described to the writer by witnesses. Bicyclist B was pacing car A. It seems that a cross stay-wire had previously broken from its fastening at D, and swung from C down to the tracks. The car struck this wire and swung it in such way that one end caught around a pedal crank on the bicycle of the wheelman behind. The wire was turned a number of times about the crank, drawing the wheel sideways, two or three feet, on the ground, and throwing the wheelman, bruising him, and damaging the bicycle. In another instance a wheelman was following car F in same way, when a cross-road was approached. Here the team H was in readiness to cross, and the driver being in a hurry, supposed that the coast behind the car was clear, and promptly whipped up the horse to cross. But the wheelman was there and the horse

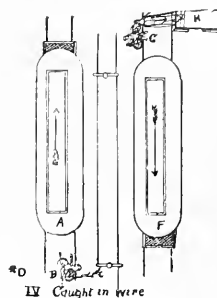


III Close Quarters

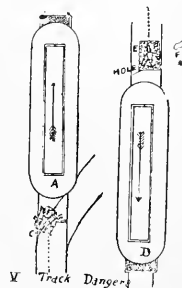
struck him at the point G, resulting in injuries alike to rider, horse and bicycle.

TRICKS OF TRACKS.

The space between car-tracks is not always safe to wheel over, for one cannot see the ground until right on it. The accident illustrated in sketch V happened to the writer, who was following car A, when the front wheel of the bicycle engaged with the frog in a cross-track at C, resulting in a spill in the mud and springing of the steering head of the bicycle. The next event happened to a wheelman who was pacing car D, and gave no thought to road conditions. An excavation was made at E by workmen and a flagman stood at F to warn teams and others. But no account was taken of cyclists speeding in the wake of cars, and consequently the wheelman referred to was surprised when his wheel dove into the ditch, bruising him and shaking up the bicycle generally. These are some of the dangers of using electric cars for pacing machines.



IV Caught in wire



V Track Danger

G. D. RICE.

NORTHWEST FROM CHICAGO.

The lake-sprinkled rolling lands of southern and central Wisconsin are now within four or five hours of Chicago by rail, or they may be reached in two or three days' easy riding by wheel. As the trip around the Chicago-Elgin-Aurora triangle is the most popular century course in the West, so is the journey from Chicago, northwestward, the most popular of tours. The particular charm of a cycle excursion in this direction is the nearness of the lake on the outward route and the excellent riding and change of scene afforded by taking the road further inland on the return. If the time available be one day, a leisurely tour may be made from Chicago to Evanston and return, a distance of about thirty miles; if two days, over the Waukegan century course, 100 miles northwestward, via Evanston, Wheeling and Libertyville, turning eastward at Saugatuck and southeastward at Waukegan, returning to Chicago via Lake Forest, Fort Sheridan and Evanston again. Three days will allow for a round trip to Milwaukee, about eighty-five miles each way, while a week will afford a splendid tour from Chicago to Milwaukee, with a return route through Oconomowoc, Waukesha and Lake Geneva, and thence down the superb Fox River Valley, past Huntley, Algonquin, Dundee, Elgin, St. Charles, Geneva, Batavia, Aurora, Downer's Grove and Hinsdale, paralleling for the last sixty miles the second and third sections of the Elgin-Aurora century course, outlined herewith.

The latter tour is approximately 250 miles in length, and is, in brief, a skeleton of the gigantic scheme cherished in the mind of the middle West, the great Sheridan Drive. This movement bids fair to accomplish more for good roads than any previous effort, however earnest and practical. While the undertaking may seem at first glance too stupendous to be attempted, a closer study of the situations and surroundings will convince any thoughtful person that all apparent obstacles may be easily surmounted, and that the eventual successful completion of the work is assured. By reason of the fact that the Lake Shore extension of the present Sheridan Road will connect by a fine boulevard the two great cities of Chicago and Milwaukee, and that for the greater part of the distance it will be within sight and sound of Lake Michigan, this eighty-five miles will undoubtedly retain its present fame and supremacy. But there are possibilities in the

western sections, where it winds through the wooded hills and valleys of the Fox and around the shores of many Wisconsin and Illinois lakes, which will make these portions of the completed Sheridan Drive fully as attractive from a scenic point of view. It may take the citizens of these townships longer to complete their portions of the work, by reason of less available funds, but when finished these sections will not suffer by comparison. At some places the sparseness of the population will not permit the speedy completion of the road on plans generous enough to be in keeping with its general character. This contingency has not been overlooked by the promoters of the enterprise, however, and, when the proper time comes, the citizens of Chicago and Milwaukee and other cities and towns will contribute to a general fund to be expended on such sections of the road as are fairly entitled to the co-operation of the general organization.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ANDREWS."—Differences in form in golf are often puzzling, and amongst women more than men. The result of the tournament for the championship of the Woman's Golf Association of Philadelphia was one of those surprises that are not uncommon in this sport. Miss Edith Burt, of the Country Club, who made such a good showing at Ardsley in the championship contest, and Miss Frances Griscom, of the Merion Cricket Club, who also played excellent golf on that occasion, were both easily distanced; and Miss Davids, the champion of last year, succumbed to the superior playing of Miss Elsie Cassatt, who at Ardsley was scarcely in the running.

T. B. F.—One hundred miles on the track were ridden in 3:11:01 1-5, by Constant Huret, at Paris, France, on October 10th. This marvelous performance was made possible, however, only by the employment of several electric pacing vehicles equipped with wind shields.

The 1898 English amateur championships, with their holders, are these:

One-quarter mile, T. Summersgill; one mile, W. A. Edmonds; five miles, A. S. Ingram; twenty-five miles, H. W. Payne; fifty miles, H. Chinn; two miles, tandem, Callaghan and Burand.

"MADISON."—If we look back to the days when bull-baiting and other brutal sports flourished, we will readily perceive why the bulldog always attacks the head and invariably retains his hold, no matter at what pain or peril to himself. The dogs were carefully bred to foster certain qualities of gameness, tenacity of grip, and endurance. Their business was to rush to the head of the bull, pin him by the nose, and then to hang on to him, no matter what happened. To secure the tenacious grip, peculiar developments of skull, jaws, and muscles were essential, and these were secured by a careful system of breeding in the direction of the points desired. In course of time the head, jaws, neck, and shoulders became so curiously fitted to their purpose that the bulldog possessed an ability to retain his hold and to endure punishment which has

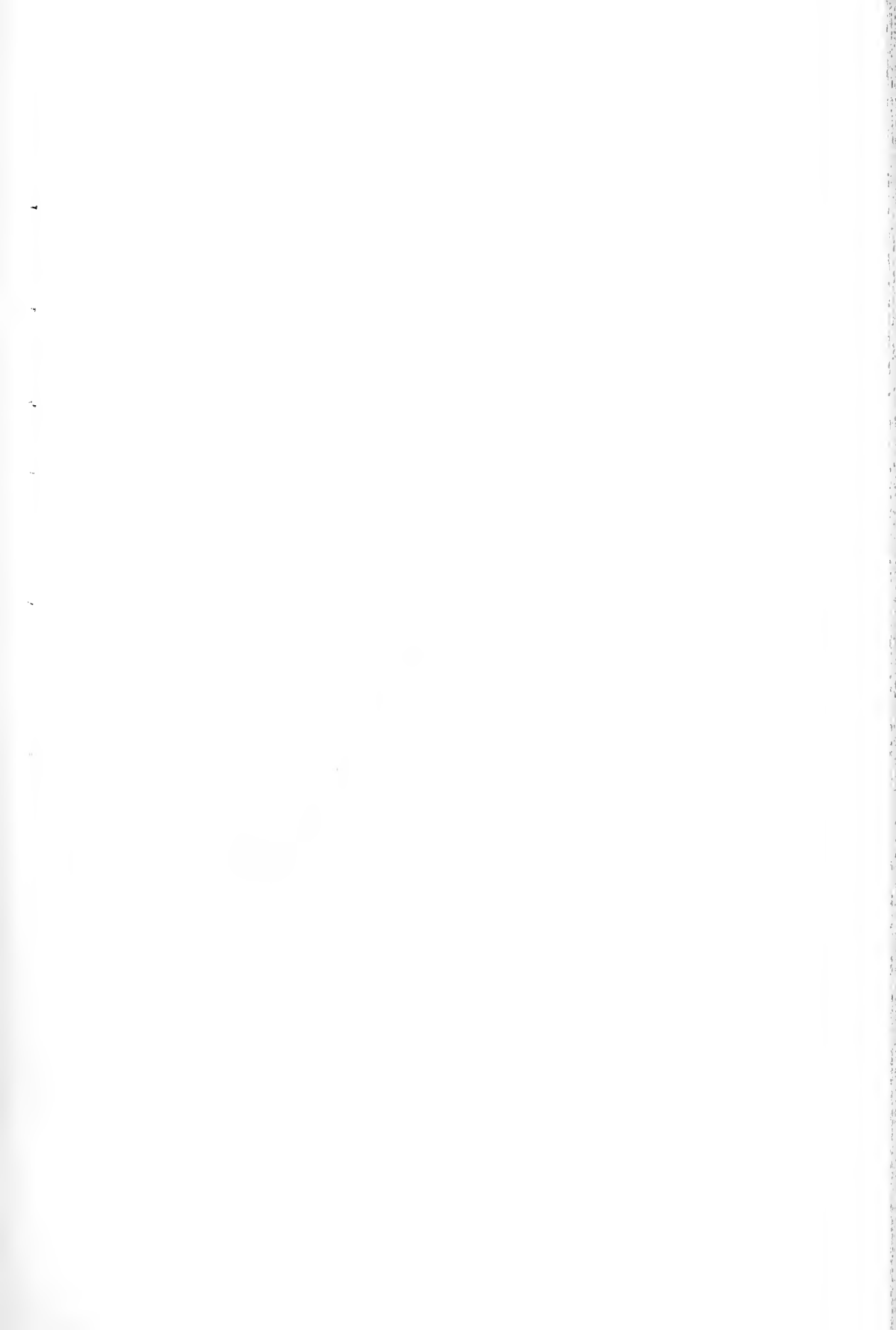
never been approached by any other member of the canine race which is without the bulldog cross.

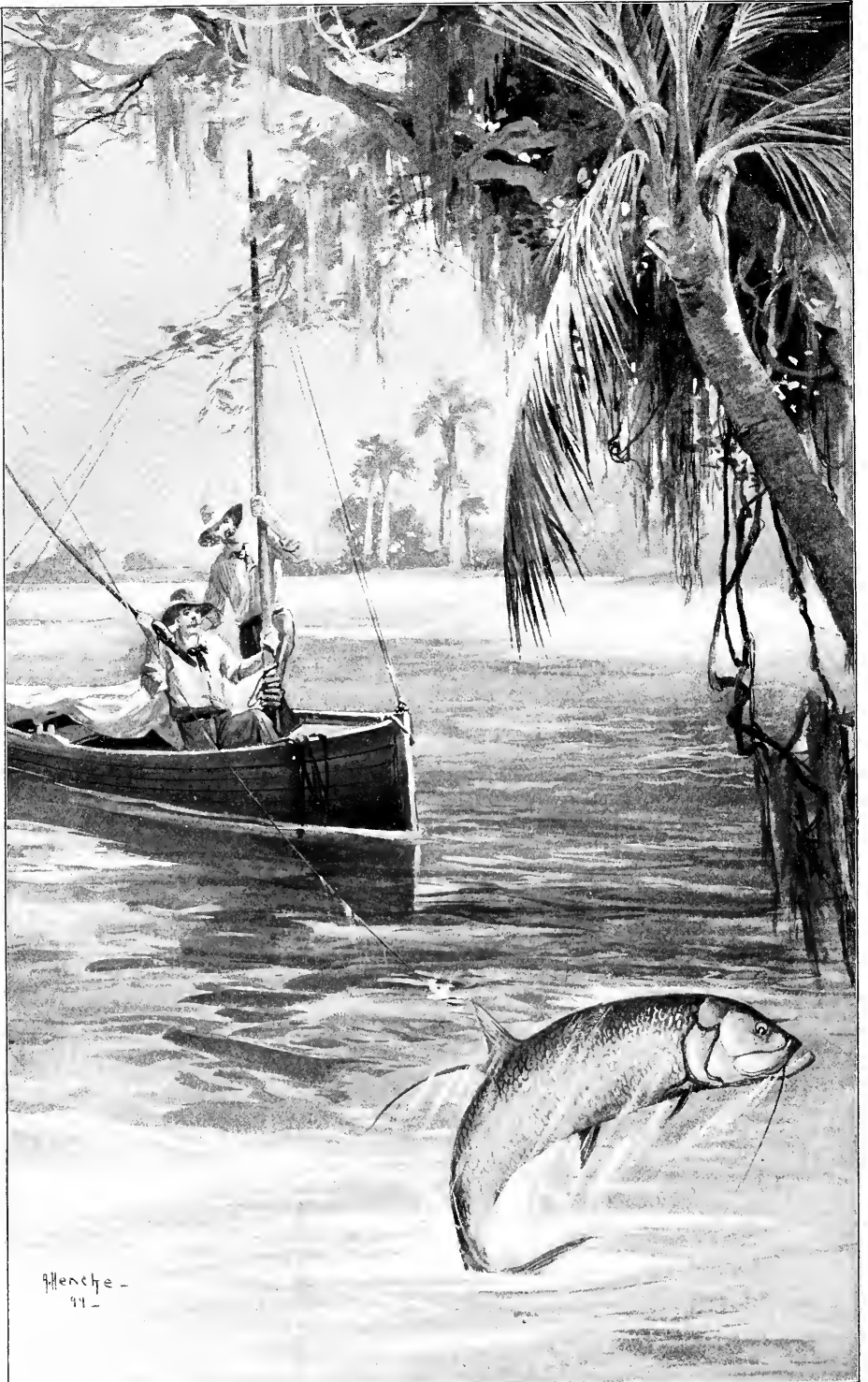
WEST POINT.—The expedition was certainly a most remarkable one, and a distinct triumph for the wheel. If the cycle can outstrip the horse, not only on the good roads of thickly settled communities, but in the wilds of the frontier, it must necessarily become a future military reliance whenever celerity of movement is required.

The other trip was around Long Island by twenty-eight picked men from Company E, Eighth Regiment, a record of 398 miles, ridden mostly in the rain. The squad started under the command of Capt. T. E. Lyon, with a cycle ambulance, a civil engineer to make maps, and a photographer. Each man carried his rifle fastened to his machine, a haversack, canteen and cup on his back, a bayonet and cartridge-box at his belt, and an army blanket strapped to the handle-bar of his wheel. The course followed was via Creedmoor, Babylon, Patchogue, Center Moriches, Sag Harbor, Greenport, Riverhead, Port Jefferson and Oyster Bay, the party camping and foraging for provisions along the entire route, as though traversing a barren country. The most meritorious feat of the trip was accomplished by Priv. W. H. Dixon, who was dispatched at seven o'clock on the morning of July 21st with a message to be delivered at Jamaica, one hundred miles distant, in seven hours. Under the most unfavorable circumstances he completed the run in about eight hours' actual riding time.

In reviewing the results of his trip Captain Lyon said, in part:

"I think that it has been shown that the bicycle can be made an important factor in military operations, particularly in the direction of reconnoissance and for the sending of messages. Several times the company was distributed over a large territory and easily collected by messengers sent out, while the ride of Private Dixon proved conclusively that under the most adverse circumstances a bicycle can accomplish much more than a horse."





Painted for OUTHING by Albert Hencke.

See "Fishing in Florida Waters." (pp. 604-606.)

"THE SUNLIGHT FLASHED ON HIS SILVER SCALES." (p. 606.)

OUTING.

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A NORTH GREENLAND WALRUS HUNT.

BY GEO. HARLOW CLARK,
Naturalist Peary Expedition, 1893-94.

“ Othere, the old sea-captain,
Who dwelt in Helgoland,
To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,
Which he held in his brown right hand.”
—*Longfellow's "Discoverer of the North Cape."*

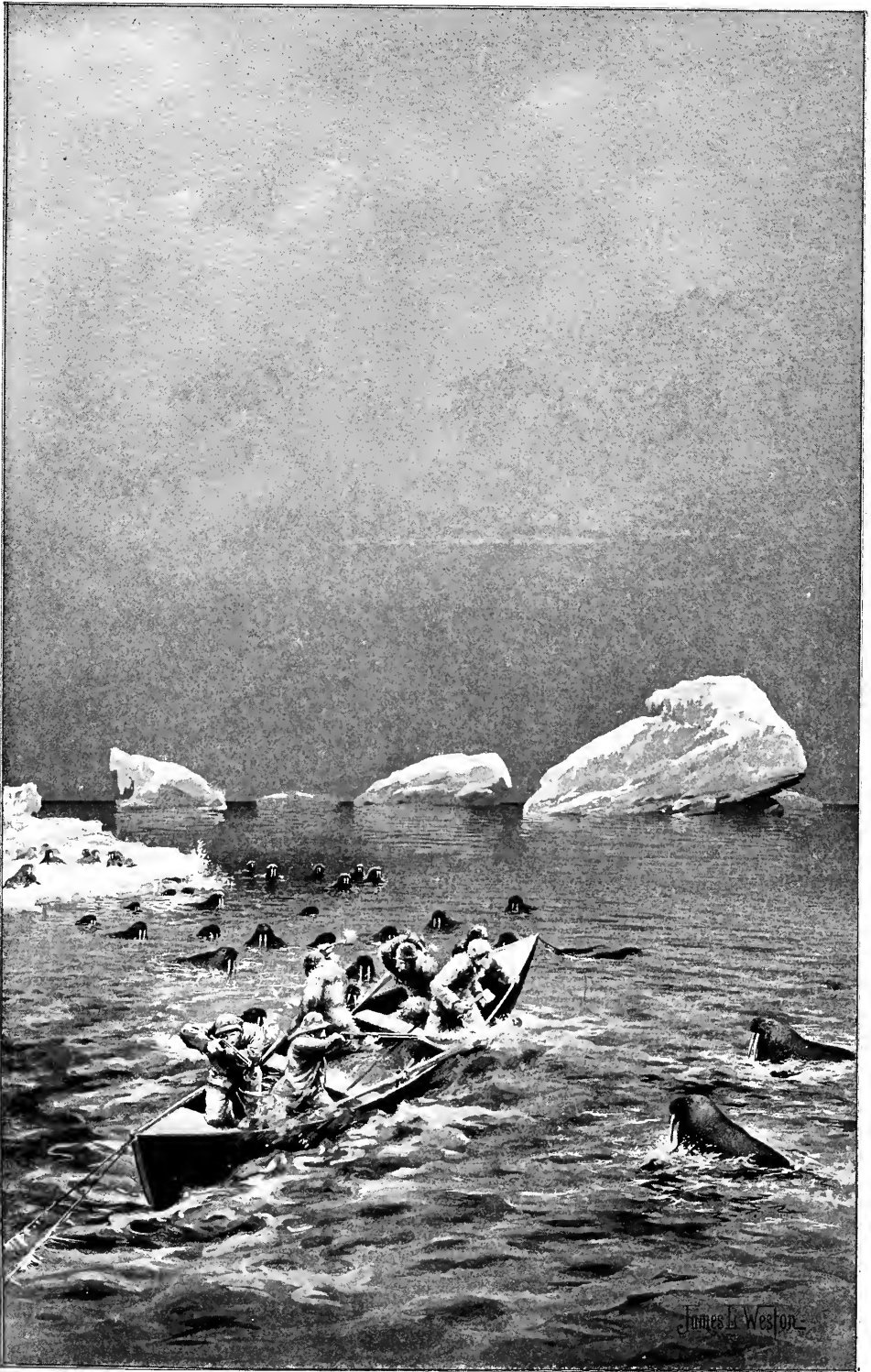
IT was perhaps a simple gift that Othere the Norseman brought to the great Saxon monarch, but it was one that he no doubt highly prized, for no product of northern seas was more eagerly sought by the ancient Scandinavian rovers than walrus ivory. Their chiefs delighted in adorning their weapons with it, and the sagas aver that King Magnus Barefoot's famous sword, Legg-bitt (Leg-biter), possessed guards of that material.

Nowhere in Greenland waters are walruses more abundant than along the coast between Capes Parry and Alexander, more than six hundred miles above the Arctic Circle. There, ex-

posed only to attack by a small, isolated tribe of Eskimos, they bid fair to escape extermination for many years to come.

As those who have been so fortunate—or unfortunate, as the case may be—as to come in personal contact with the walrus will attest, the chase of no other Arctic animal is productive of more thrilling excitement than that which usually attends the pursuit of this animal. Indeed, in point of reckless courage and ferocity, even the grim ice-bear, lord of the frost realm though he be, must surrender the palm to a wounded *ahwik*. It should be borne in mind, however, that I refer particularly to the Greenland walrus, and not to his amiable Alaskan cousin, whose motto, when he is attacked, seems to be *Sauve qui peut*.

Walrus was the game we sought when, shortly before midnight on August 30th, 1893, our long whale-boat, the *Faith*, glided seaward across the bar near the



Painted for OUTING by James L. Weston.

"THEIR GREAT FLIPPERS CHURNED THE WATER INTO FOAM. (P. 543.)

little Eskimo settlement of Karnah, out into the open water of Murchison Sound.

We were six in number. Besides my artist comrade, Mr. Frank W. Stokes, and myself, the *Faith* was manned by four swarthy long-haired Eskimos, Mya, Annowka, Nipsangwa and Arnagloo, all picked men and expert harpooners.

The sun had dipped for a brief space beyond the white swell of the inland ice behind us, and a light northerly breeze was ruffling the sound's dark surface as we headed southwest toward Herbert Island, which, ten miles away, reared its snow-capped crest high above the sea. Beyond it, a single star, the first we had seen during many weeks, twinkled in the broad blue band of sky above the southern horizon. Between the mainland and the island we knew that we would find walrus.

Floe-pan, with here and there an iceberg, were sluggishly drifting through the sound, and as we advanced we scanned them intently, momentarily expecting to discern walrus' dark shapes defined in silhouette upon their snowy surface. Except the faint noise of ripples set in motion by the boat, and lapping the sides of the gelid masses near us, the deep silence was broken only by the measured creaking of oars and the soft, musical splash of water dripping from the uplifted blades.

We had traversed perhaps two miles when suddenly we heard the resonant gurgling call of a walrus some distance ahead; but, although I was standing upright in the stern to steer, I strained my eyes in vain to catch a glimpse of the animal. The natives at once stopped rowing, and Nipsangwa volunteered to lure it to us. Accordingly, we posted Annowka on the small bow-deck with his harpoon poised to throw and with a forty-foot rawhide line, of which one end was attached to the harpoon head while the other was made fast to the boat's bow, coiled at his feet. Then, with Stokes and myself in readiness for quick shooting, Nipsangwa began his ventriloquistic performance.

"Ee-ook! ee-ook! ee-ook!" he cried, imitating to perfection the walrus' guttural tone. The first syllables were muffled, and sounded as if uttered under water close beside the boat, but the last were enunciated loudly and distinctly; still there was no response.

Once more he tried, that time successfully. His voice was still echoing amid the neighboring icebergs when a round, white-tusked head was silently thrust above the surface, not thirty feet away. Next instant Annowka hurled his harpoon, but owing, as he claimed, to the imperfect light, he missed his aim, and the walrus promptly dived.

The derisive remarks which the other natives addressed to the harpooner as he drew in his line and harpoon manifestly increased his chagrin at his failure.

Presently Stokes' keen eyes descried another walrus, a fine cow, lying on a small ice-pan some three hundred yards to westward. Approaching cautiously, we arrived within easy harpooning distance before the drowsy animal discovered us, and Annowka, anxious to redeem his prestige, buried his harpoon-head in her body. Simultaneously Stokes and I fired and scored. The stricken walrus rolled off into the sea, and the line, accompanied by a large ovoid sealskin float appended to it, sped out over the bow with surprising swiftness; for, however clumsy it may be on ice, the walrus is a remarkably powerful swimmer. Next second we were towed ahead at an exhilarating rate of speed. The fact that the combined weight of boat and crew was not less than eighteen hundred pounds will perhaps enable one to form some conception of the creature's strength.

As we swept past the ice-pan Annowka reached out and deftly snatched up the wooden harpoon-shaft, which was so designed as to detach itself from the head after the latter had been driven home.

The walrus' desperate effort to escape soon partly exhausted her. Our speed slackened, and, on a sudden, the float, hitherto completely submerged, bobbed into sight just as she turned and rose, so close at hand that her glistening tusks rasped harshly on the *Faith's* side.

We greeted her with several shots, whereupon she dived once more, but only to reappear a moment later on the opposite side of the boat. Throwing herself furiously upon the float, she punctured it with her tusks, rendering it useless for the remainder of our cruise; while the confined air thus released was hissing forth from it, a well-aimed shot terminated her struggles.

Pulling on the harpoon line, we drew the body up beside the boat, and Mya made two parallel incisions with a sharp knife in the tough, inch-thick skin, forming a flexible strip, a foot long and two inches wide, that resembled a leather valise-handle. He then selected one of the spare floats that we had with us, and, after expelling some of the air from it, he inserted it between the strip of hide and the underlying blubber, and then inflated it. This prevented our prize from sinking.

Meanwhile, we had made out three more walruses resting on a distant pan. So, delaying only to extract the imbedded harpoon-head, we left the dead one floating and slowly rowed toward them.

But they were not to be taken unawares. While we were yet too far away to hazard a shot, they saw us, and two of them splashed off into the water; but the third, which, we now perceived, was a small calf, made no attempt to follow.

Calling incessantly, the pair swam excitedly to and fro beside the pan, taking good care, however, to keep it between themselves and us, but the calf continued to stare stupidly in our direction and obstinately refused to budge. Hoping to capture it alive, we refrained from firing, but we increased our speed. Suddenly, one of the adults, presumably the calf's mother, placed her great fore-flippers on the edge of the ice, upreared half her huge bulk, and thrust forward so that with the tip of her short tusks she could almost touch the young one. What moral suasion she may have exerted we could only surmise, but her perverse offspring immediately rolled itself toward her and was apparently received on her outstretched flippers, for both went down together, and when, a minute afterward, we caught a parting glimpse of them, she was supporting it in that manner. At all events, the little fellow finally made his escape on such short order, and we were so intensely interested in witnessing this novel exhibition of maternal solicitude, that we had no opportunity to shoot, even if we had had heart to do so.

As no more walruses were then in sight, we put back to the one already killed. Taking it in tow, we resumed our voyage just as the sun came rolling into view from behind the mainland's *mer de glace*.

Shortly before 3 A. M., a family group of five walruses was seen basking on a floe. It was a mystery how the unwieldy beasts contrived to scale the vertical walls of ice, which, so far as we observed, rose on each side fully six feet above the sea. However, we did not linger to discuss this interesting problem, but, by rapid rowing, we succeeded in both shooting and harpooning an adult bull before he, together with the others, plunged into the water. A desperate though brief conflict ensued. Enraged by wounds and the smell of blood, and snorting and bellowing furiously, the walruses repeatedly charged the boat; and, although the Eskimos, hastily shipping oars and shouting vociferously, plied their lances with wonderful celerity while we distributed the contents of our rifles' magazines among them, it was not until we had finished the bull, and also a half-grown, tuskless *mikininni* (calf), that the survivors sank from sight.

Exciting though this contest was, it was merely a foretaste of what was in store for us.

During the *mêlée* one of our assailants struck the long steering-oar, which I had neglected to draw in, with its flippers, wrenching it so that the galvanized iron rowlock split in twain, but, fortunately, without breaking the oar. When I had replaced the fractured rowlock with a new one, we took the calf, which was nearly five feet long, on board and made the bull fast astern.

As, hampered by the two huge carcasses in tow, we laboriously rowed away from the broad patch of oily-iridescent, blood-stained water marking the scene of our encounter, a solitary walrus quietly rose to the surface far behind us. The Eskimos believed it to be one that was wounded too severely to recover, but, knowing that it would sink if we approached it, we did not put back.

Attracted by sight or scent of slaughter, rapacious burgomaster gulls, the white vultures of the frigid zone, soon flocked above us. Some remained circling over the dying walrus, but many followed the boat, swooping, with discordant, mournful cries, to skim and whet their beaks in its scarlet wake.

Two uneventful hours elapsed, and we were drawing near to the island, where we intended to land and cut up our quarry, when we beheld a floe-pan,

possibly a quarter of an acre in extent and slightly to the left of our course, which was literally covered with walruses basking in the early morning sun.

As I turned the *Faith's* prow toward the herd, the Eskimos slackened speed and began an animated consultation, the result of which was that they strenuously endeavored to persuade us to give the herd a wide berth, asserting that, while it was all very well to engage five walruses together, an assault on such a large number would prove to be an entirely different matter. Moreover, they averred that if the herd perceived those which we had already slain, and especially the calf, it would, without other provocation, attack us in overwhelming force.

Nevertheless, influenced by a desire for more hunting, and also by the fact of the herd's proximity to the island, where we could easily cache surplus meat and blubber, we rashly resolved to risk a battle. So, finding expostulation useless, the Eskimos pulled on, casting frequent apprehensive glances over their shoulders as they bent to their oars.

Being particularly desirous of obtaining a photograph of the herd, Stokes hurriedly arranged his camera and made a snap-shot, while I supplied the men with hatchets for use at close quarters and thus partly restored their confidence.

Although the walruses had in the meantime discovered us, they gave no indication of alarm, unless their subdued "ee-ook! ee-ook!" could be so interpreted. A few, rearing lazily upon their foreflippers, stared inquisitively at the boat, but the majority appeared contemptuously indifferent to our presence. They were so closely huddled together that it was impossible to count them, but we estimated that the herd numbered between sixty and one hundred individuals.

We were within forty feet of the floe-pan when the command to ship oars was given. The camera was again focused and a second quick exposure secured; and then, each selecting a choice specimen, Stokes and I opened fire.

At the first shot, the startled beasts nearest the floe-pan's edge plunged with a mighty splash that dashed sheets of spray far out on the ice, while those farther removed from the water floun-

dered after them, all bellowing loudly with pain or rage. Industriously pumping our weapons' levers, we hit several, but, failing to inflict wounds that were instantaneously fatal, all retained sufficient vitality to reach the sea, and the ice was quickly vacated. The one at which I had first aimed lurched off not six feet from our bow, the boat's momentum having carried her straight to the ice.

As the walrus dived, Nipsangwa harpooned it, but it sank slowly onto a broad ice-shelf protruding from the floe-pan's base, some eight feet below us, but visible through the pellucid water, where it expired almost immediately.

But now the infuriated walruses' deep-toned slogan resounded on every side, as, forming into squads comprising from a half-dozen to a score of warriors, they charged us, striving to hook their tusks over the boat's gunwales and bring them to the water-level. The uncouth, plethoric forms swathed in slimy, flabby skin, sparse-haired and deeply seamed with innumerable wrinkles; their great flippers churning the bloody water into crimson, soapy foam; the receding brows and thick-lipped, bewhiskered muzzles from which the stout, obtuse, gleaming yellow-white tusks flared downward with unpleasant suggestiveness; the sinister expression of the small, bulging, blood-shot eyes; the dilated nostrils, whence froth issued with every respiration; and, above all, the uncanny recklessness of wounds that they displayed—all these combined to give them the aspect of veritable marine demons. The cows came on no less desperately than the bulls.

The sharp reports of firearms blended with the dull clash of steel on ivory and the yells of the Eskimos, who, now that the fray was once begun, struck out like paladins with hatchets, lances and harpoons. Even the great burgomaster gulls seemed to share in the excitement, mingling their wild screams in the clamor, while a pair of ravens, flapping leisurely from the mainland to the island, paused to hover and croak hoarse encouragement to either our adversaries or ourselves until the uproar frightened them away.

Presently, four walruses, each fast to a line, were dragging the boat hither and thither, while we continued to beat off the rest as best we could.

We maintained a steady fire. Many of the beasts were wounded, and the blood and oil streaming over their grizzly heads and shoulders increased the hideousness of their appearance, and the sea was tainted by the effluvia they exhaled. But, like true believers in the Hebraic *lex talionis*, they were resolved on revenge and would not yield.

There is something in the walrus's countenance which, curiously enough, always reminds me of a certain caricature of a famous Prussian statesman, and assuredly the "blood and iron" spirit of determination that they evinced was worthy of him.

The *Faith*, as usual, leaked badly, and, as no man dared to desert his post to bail, we were compelled to stand ankle-deep in water, in which the dead calf swashed to and fro with the violent rocking of the boat. This made it difficult for us to retain our footing.

The Eskimos' transient valor was fast evaporating and we ourselves were longing for a Gatling gun, when suddenly, as if in accordance with a preconcerted signal, the vengeful horde vanished under water. Congratulating ourselves, on the supposition that we had effectually repulsed them, we bestowed our attention on the walrus secured to the harpoon-lines. We had dispatched two of them and made them fast astern when all at once the herd reappeared at some distance from the boat, but swimming aggressively toward it. We surmised that fresh recruits had joined them.

Panic seized on the natives, and before we could remonstrate they severed the two taut lines and released the struggling captives. Snatching up the oars, they attempted to row, but the dead weight of our booty was too much for them. One sprang aft to cut loose the four carcasses in tow, but I intercepted him. However, being no less anxious than the Eskimo to set foot on land, I permitted him to cast off two of

the walrus after chopping off the heads, which I wished to preserve. Then, just as the herd was closing in around us, we started for the island's shore, a mile away.

Although the walrus kept so near as to strike the oars and thus impede our progress, we succeeded in holding them at bay until, rowing and fighting alternately, we had traversed about half the distance to land. Then, to our relief, they abandoned the pursuit; but their derisive bellowing was still ringing in our ears when the boat's keel grated on the shore.

With the exception of another broken rowlock, a few scars on the boat's sides and gunwales, the loss of a couple of harpoon-lines and the expenditure of a good deal of ammunition, we were none the worse for the encounter. Although, as trophies, we had only two heads, we computed that at least twenty of our assailants had been slain. If victory was theirs, it was dearly won.

We disembarked on a sloping, wave-worn ledge forming a natural jetty, and, after mooring the boat by her grapnel, I got out blocks and tackle preparatory to beaching the carcasses we had retained. But the Eskimos, with characteristic aversion to physical exertion, pointed out that the tide was ebbing and that, if we hauled the walrus out into the shoal water partly covering the ledge, it would soon leave them stranded. And, sure enough, by the time we had finished cutting up the calf, the other two were high and dry on the ledge, and there we measured, skinned and dissected them.

We built a fire of dry, mossy peat, saturated with oil squeezed from the fresh blubber, and over it we cooked an abundant supply of walrus-liver, an appetizing Arctic tid-bit. On that, supplemented with tinned beef and hard tack, we breakfasted, and then, outstretching ourselves in the sun, on the gray, lichen-covered rocks, we slept.



A DAY ON CURRITUCK SOUND.

BY THE LATE THEO. MOORE BARNES, JR.



It was a cold afternoon in January when our party left Virginia Beach for the long drive down the coast to the shooting-box on Currituck Sound, where we were to try to kill wild-fowl.

The wind was blowing briskly from the north, and little flurries of snow whirled down occasionally, so that we did not need the driver's advice to wrap up well.

The level beach was as hard as a floor, and stretched away for miles, the only breaks in its flat surface being the tall masts of the numerous wrecks which lined the shore, or the flagstaff of a lonely life-saving station. The team easily drew the light wagon over the sand, and though the air was very cold the drive of twenty-five miles was not as monotonous as might be supposed. The sea was beginning to grow rather rough, and as we neared the end of our journey we could see the geese leaving the ocean and seeking quieter water on the flats or shallows of Currituck Sound.

Having arrived at the hotel, we were told that the birds were very plentiful, but that owing to bad weather and the number of gunners they were rather wild. Still every one agreed that now we should soon have some cold, snowy days, and that each of us would take home plenty of game.

It was decided that both J— and myself should shoot over old "Uncle Billy's" live geese on Abe's Island Point. After this had been finally settled, we had a nightcap for good luck, and turned in.

The next morning we found the wind blowing hard from the east, and the whole sky covered with lowering gray clouds. This was very encouraging, and it was in a most cheerful frame of

mind that we set out for our points, though it promised to be rather chilly sitting still. That would be a matter of little consequence, however, if the birds flew well, for no one was ever known to be cold while he was getting good shooting.

As the guard poled us through a little cove up to our point, the birds, which had come in there to feed during the night, got up in thousands just ahead of the punt. There must have been an enormous quantity of game in that little bay, and the noise the birds made in rising, with the honking of the geese, the quacking of ducks, and the calling of swan, made a perfect pandemonium of sound. As fast as they rose they would circle around as though loath to leave, and finally would go swinging off in great Vs, or long lines, straight out to sea. By the time we arrived at our point we were thoroughly satisfied that there were birds enough around, if only they would come back again to feed, and, incidentally, to let us get a shot at them.

The guard now left us to go further on to assist "Uncle Billy" with his geese, which had to be brought from some distance. While he was away we fixed up the blind, and placed our guns and shells where they would be handy. It was now beginning to grow quite light, and as I was glancing around I saw a swan flying directly toward us. I quickly called to J—, and we made a jump to the blind for our guns. The swan saw us and swerved off so as to pass inshore of us, about seventy-five yards away. I took a hurried aim as best I could in the awkward position I was in—the bird was directly over my right shoulder—and was more than pleased to see the swan's neck fold up and his head fall back at the report, and to finally hear him strike the mud with a resounding thump.

Turning with a triumphant smile to my companion, I beheld him leisurely extracting an exploded shell from his gun, while his face bore a look of ineffable happiness. After a little preliminary conversation of a rather lively nature, we came to the conclusion that the two shots had been fired so closely

together that we had each heard but one report. This question having been amicably settled we went to pick up our bird, each having a sneaking idea that the other fellow had killed him, and that the other fellow thought so, too.

In a short time "Uncle Billy" came in sight, with his geese penned up in huge boxes, whence came plaintive honks every now and then, as if in remonstrance at being squeezed into such close quarters. Greetings were soon over, and the two men proceeded to put out the decoys in the regular way, *i. e.*, in lines of four or five geese each, radiating from the blind like the spokes of a wheel, with about five yards of open water between the lines of birds where they were nearest to the shore. There were also a couple of live swan, and thirty or forty duck stool, so that altogether we had an array of decoys quite likely to attract the attention of even "trading" birds.

While we were waiting, "Uncle Billy" told us that he did not allow anyone to shoot the wild birds over his geese, unless they had first settled in the water. He said that his decoys would become frightened if a bird should fall in among them without warning, and he insisted that we wait until the wild geese lit and swam up to the stool, when we could shoot them either on the water, or as they rose.

Soon after his explanations were finished, we saw a line of about a dozen geese coming from the sea and headed

in our direction. The decoys soon caught sight of them and began to honk, while we crouched down in the blind, not daring to move. Soon we could hear the wild birds answering, until finally they were apparently directly over us, and stealing a cautious glance. I saw they were circling about as if undecided what to do.

All this time both decoys and wild geese were honking to each other at a lively rate, until it seemed as if every goose in the country was flying and

screaming over our heads. The wild geese could not resist the appeals our decoys made to them, and dropped lower and lower as they circled round, until, at last, they splashed into the water just outside our stool. We sat perfectly still and watched them through the blind, as they fed gradually nearer and nearer to the shore, seemingly not at all suspicious of our presence.

Just then I began to lose patience, and to feel that I could hold out no longer. The guard whispered "Now." J— and I rose up, he on his feet, I on my knees; and as the astonished birds rose slowly against the wind and swung off past us, I saw him knock down two with his first barrel just before I dropped mine, while with the second barrel we each got one more. This struck me as being pretty fair for a starter, but "Uncle Billy" was wroth, for he wanted us to shoot them on the water, and "git the hull lot on 'em."



HOME AGAIN.

No birds came along for some time after this, and as it was cold we all began to move about to get warmed up. All the guns were lying side by side in the blind, the guard's and mine being left unloaded for some unknown reason. While we were fooling around, J— suddenly shouted "Look out!" and made a dash for the blind, and there, almost over the decoys, were a pair of geese. As there was no time to get my gun I sat down and watched. J— picked up my gun, took aim carefully and snapped both barrels; then he did the same with the guard's weapon.

By this time he was talking pretty nearly as fast as the geese were leaving, which is saying a good deal, but he grabbed his own gun and killed both birds dead as a stone, right and left. I don't think anyone, the shooter included, did any more than stare at the dead geese, with eyes and mouth wide open, for at least five minutes. After that—well, it was a cold day and our feet were wet.

The birds were now flying fairly well, but were rather wild, though enough of them "cut" to us to keep us warm. One duck fell dead about two hundred yards away; and when he was picked up, it was found that a single pellet had gone clean through him, raking him from breast to back through almost the entire length of his body. How he could have flown so far with that hole through him was a mystery to us. Another time a swan lit in the water about seventy yards off, and as he would come no nearer, we each fired twice at him. The bird rose heavily and was called right over the blind about fifty yards high. We each fired twice again, and after the discharge of each

barrel could see the blood show red on his white breast, yet he flew nearly a mile before he settled on the water. I chased him in the boat, but he rose as we were trying to get to windward of him and flew slowly down the sound, getting only a few feet above the water. He was finally killed by a party several miles below us, as we heard later. We had used "double B" shot, and the bird must have been struck at least six times, and hard too.

We were extremely sorry to lose him as he was a particularly fine specimen, very large, old, and, of course, at that season in the perfect winter plumage. Well for him was it that his lower parts were thickly padded with snowy feathers and fleecy down, for without such protection our leaden hail must surely have brought him. Had one of the big pellets chanced to have struck the long, outstretched neck, things would have been different.

The flight stopped wholly about noon and did not commence again until after four o'clock, when the birds began to come in to the shallows to feed during the night. From then on until dark the geese and ducks came in almost constantly, giving us some of the grandest shooting it has ever been my luck to enjoy. The decoys seemed to be able to call anything in sight right to us.

When at last the decoys were taken up and we poled homeward in the rapidly failing twilight, we had to our credit two swans, twenty-six geese, and fifteen ducks; and while I do not believe that on the size of the bag depends the pleasure of the day, I must confess that I prefer a well-filled game-bag to an empty one.



UNCLE BILLY'S LIVE DECOYS.

THE BOSTON TERRIER.

BY H. W. HUNTINGTON.

IT has been contended, though without foundation, that we have done literally nothing toward giving the world any new breeds of dogs.

It might be retorted that, outside of the greyhound and the spaniel families and the collie, bulldog, fox-terrier and mastiff, the remaining breeds, which number about sixty-three, are all crosses of the pre-existing stock, and new-made breeds will undoubtedly appear from time to time. Indeed, we have proved this by the production of the immediate subject of this article, "The Boston Terrier."

The Chesapeake Bay dog too is ours, the result of a cross between Labrador dogs that swam ashore from a sinking vessel in Chesapeake Bay (from which body of water it receives its name), and an English water spaniel; and though he is a most useful animal for retrieving water-fowl from the bays, especially when they are filled with ice-floes or are very boisterous, he will never become popular on account of his disposition. As no one has ever disputed our title to this breed of dogs, let us proceed to analyze the "why and wherefore" of the now most popular and charming breed of pet dogs, known as the Boston terrier; a dog thoroughly Yankee bred as its name indicates, though some foreigners claim that it is identical with the "butcher's dog" of England.

Though the breed dates back some forty years, it was not until 1893 that the American Kennel Club recognized it as a distinct breed, and rendered it eligible for registration in the official stud-book. It had to go through the same ordeal as the new-made English breeds, viz.: six generations of perfect inter-breeding, or breeding to dogs that were characterized as being typical specimens, thus perpetuating the outline sought after.

The dog known to us now as the Boston terrier, and so acknowledged as a distinct breed by the American Kennel Club, claims to be the lineal descendant of Hooper's Judge and Burnett's Gyp. Where Judge came from no one knows, not even Mr. Robert C. Hooper, his final owner, but the general impression exists that he came from across the

water in one of the cattle-boats that ply between England and Boston. Those who saw the dog when he was in his prime, some twenty-five years ago, claim that he was possessed of a great deal of the English bulldog characteristics and form, and probably was the result of a cross of the English bulldog and a white English or bull-terrier.

This, however, is all surmise, though the outline, form, etc., would lead to the foregoing deduction. As far as size and weight are concerned, he would hardly be classed even as a light-weight bulldog and would almost come under the head of a toy bulldog, as he leaned to that breed rather than to the bull-terrier, and weighed at most not over thirty pounds.

Having assumed the premise that Hooper's Judge was three-quarters English bulldog and one quarter terrier, let us proceed to criticise Burnett's Gyp, or Kate, as she was very often called. While Judge was of a rich dark brindle color, with a broad, white stripe up his face, was rather high on his legs, giving him a cobby appearance, and possessed of a square head and an almost even mouth, Gyp was pure white in color, decidedly low on the legs, with a fine three-quarters tail, very stocky in build, and tipped the scales at about twenty pounds. In outline she was not unlike the old-fashioned bull-terrier, and considering her short, blocky head, she might to-day pass as a pure-bred Boston terrier, though by no means a good one.

In due course of time Burnett's Gyp was bred to Hooper's Judge. Each had a cobby body, straight tail, almost even mouth, and square head, the former leaning to the terrier and the latter to the bulldog type in matter of general contour. The product of this union was Wells's Eph, a dog closely resembling his dam, being a bit low-statured, maturing at about twenty-eight pounds, of a rich dark brindle in color, with even, white markings, and possessed, like sire and dam, of a good, nearly even mouth, which showed a predominance of the terrier over the bulldog blood.

Eph first saw the light of day about



WELLS'S EPH.

thirty years ago in "Boston town," and when about two years old he was bred to Tobin's Kate, a twenty-pound bitch, possessed of a rather short head, a straight, three-quarters tail, and of a rich golden brindle color, showing in the latter respect a throw-back of a decidedly bull-terrier tendency; in fact, she was throughout not unlike the old-fashioned bull-terrier that was in use in the pit some sixty or seventy years ago.

The result of the union was Barnard's Tom, the first dog to rejoice in a typical screw tail. This dog must be borne in mind as really and truly the progenitor of the Boston terrier, the father of the breed; and although he was distinctive from his predecessors, his form and outline, with various characteristics, were largely borne in mind, when not only the original, but the present Boston terrier standard was adopted.

To better show the evolution of the breed by beginning at the very root, we have, after much searching over the country, succeeded in obtaining a photo of Wells's Eph, the sire of Barnard's Tom. Though the photograph represents the dog in a recumbent position, enough of him, however, is seen to give one an excellent idea of what he was like. Certainly, the width of skull shows a bulldog formation, while the jaw was decidedly square and the muzzle short; and from the position of the legs the deduction is that the bulldog here again asserted itself in his loose shoulders and very wide front.

Now for the detailed description of the father of the breed, Barnard's Tom.

As will be seen by the accompanying photograph, he was possessed of a good strong, rather long body, heavy bones, standing decidedly wide in front and out at the elbows, heavy in neck and broad between the ears. In point of color, he was a dark rich brindle, with white covering nearly all the face, a fairly wide streak of white up his chest, and forefeet also white. His screw tail, however, was his greatest characteristic, and one which naturally helped to secure for him the title of the father of the breed. He fully earned the title, and though the parent stock in new breeds of dogs is rarely, if ever, as good or as great as what comes after, yet Tom could to-day beat many a dog that has a first prize to his credit, and really showed a great deal of quality. He would be classed now as a light-weight, as he tipped the scales at about twenty-two pounds, the limit of the light-weight class being twenty-three pounds.

Being the best specimen ever seen up to that time, he was naturally much used in the stud, and being strong both of bone and constitution, he transmitted these qualities to all his progeny. The acceptance of such a sturdy dog as the parent of the breed was a most wise one, for, had a very light-weight or weak-constituted dog been taken, the inter-breeding which has been resorted to of late years might have



BARNARD'S TOM.



BARNARD'S MIKE.

proved an almost unsurmountable obstacle to perpetuating the newly made breed, and eventually have caused its annihilation.

Probably the best results obtained by using Barnard's Tom at the stud were in breeding him to Kelly's Nell and Kelly's Old Nell, Robinson's Rose, Higginson's Belle, and Hagan's Nell. The nick with Old Nell was especially good, as it produced Kelly's Nell, who in turn, being bred to her own father, brought out Barnard's Mike, a light tan brindle and white dog of about twenty-five pounds, that, as soon as matured, at once jumped into popular favor as a stud dog.

Mike bred to Hook's Topsy; Hook's Punch was the best of the offspring, and he, bred to Mollie C., produced Phelps & Davis's Topsy, which, after she had entered the ring, soon became a noted champion of record, and was registered in the American Kennel Club stud-book on her winnings.

Barnard's Tom, bred to Higginson's Belle, brought out in the fourth generation Goode's famous Buster, while Tom, again bred to Robinson's Rose, produced in the third generation Goode's Muggins. The union of these two dogs brought to the light of the Boston terrier world perhaps the most perfect specimen ever seen, namely, Goode's Monte, a grand bodied and headed dog, of about twenty-one pounds, of a

tortoise-shell brindle, with even white markings up face, white on fore and hind legs, and a white collar and chest.

The value of Monte can well be appreciated when it is stated that repeatedly the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars has been offered for him and as often refused.

His Nibs, one of Dr. Kendall's dogs, brought one thousand dollars at the Westminster Kennel Club Show of 1897, which only goes to show how popular these dogs now are, and justly so, for the breeding of them has nearly reached perfection.

Barnard's Mike had among his progeny some of our best dogs, notably Evadne, which won two firsts in Boston in 1891 and 1894; Doctor, second prize, 1891; and Nancy, first, Providence, 1894; second, Boston, 1895; third, New York, and first, Philadelphia, 1896.

Commencing with Wells's Eph, we follow the evolution through Barnard's Tom, Barnard's Mike, Trimont King, Doctor, Nankin, Buster, Topsy, Commissioner II. and end with Monte, the typical Boston terrier of to-day.

In Wells's Eph we have the heavy, cloddy, very wide-skulled bulldog effect. This is greatly modified in Barnard's Tom, then exaggerated again in Barnard's Mike in length of head, showing the effect of terrier blood. Trimont King partakes of the bulldog front, back and loin, with still a terrier head. Doctor



CH. TOPSY AND COMMISSIONER II.

again throws back to some extent to the bulldog, in many ways. Nankin, Trimont King's grandson, still shows the same outline; while Buster, whelped in 1893, four years after the birth of Doctor, shows an entire elimination of the bulldog type, the true Boston there showing itself. This is perpetuated in Topsy, Commissioner II., Monte and other cracks of to-day.

To give to the reader an additional aid in determining the value of points of the Boston terrier, and assist him in ascertaining for himself how good a dog he may possess, or be on the eve of purchasing, the latest standard of the Club is herewith appended.

The Boston Terrier Standard.—The general appearance of the Boston terrier is that of a smooth, short-coated, compactly built dog of medium stature. The head should indicate a high degree of intelligence, and should be in proportion to the dog's size; the body rather short and well knit, the limbs strong and finely turned, no feature being so prominent that the dog appears badly proportioned. The dog conveys an impression of determination, strength and activity. Style of a high order, and carriage easy and graceful.

Skull—Broad and flat, without prominent cheeks, and forehead free from wrinkles.

Stop—Well defined, but indenture not too deep.

Eyes—Wide apart, large and round, neither sunken nor too prominent, and in color dark and soft. The outside corner should be on a line with the cheeks as viewed from the front.

Ears—Small and thin, situated as near corners of skull as possible.

Muzzle—Short, square, wide and deep, with-



MONTE.

out wrinkles. Nose black, and wide, with a well-defined straight line between nostrils. The jaws broad and square, with short, regular teeth. The chops wide and deep, not pendulous, completely covering the teeth when mouth is closed.

Neck—Of fair length, without throatiness and slightly arched.

Body—Deep and broad at chest, well ribbed up. Back short, not roached. Loins and quarters strong.

Elbows—Standing neither in nor out.

Forelegs—Wide apart, straight and well muscled.

Hindlegs—Straight, quite long from stifle to hock (which should turn neither in nor out), short and straight from hock to pastern. Thighs well muscled. Hocks not too prominent.

Feet—Small, nearly round, and turned neither in nor out. Toes compact and arched.

Tail—Set on low, short, fine, and tapering, straight or screw, devoid of fringe or coarse hair, and not carried above the horizontal.

Color—Any color brindle, evenly marked with white, strongly preferred.

Markings—White muzzle, blaze on face, collar, chest and feet.

Coat—Fine in texture, short, bright, and not too hard.

Weight—Lightweight class, under twenty-three, but not less than fifteen pounds. Heavyweight class, twenty-three to thirty pounds inclusive.

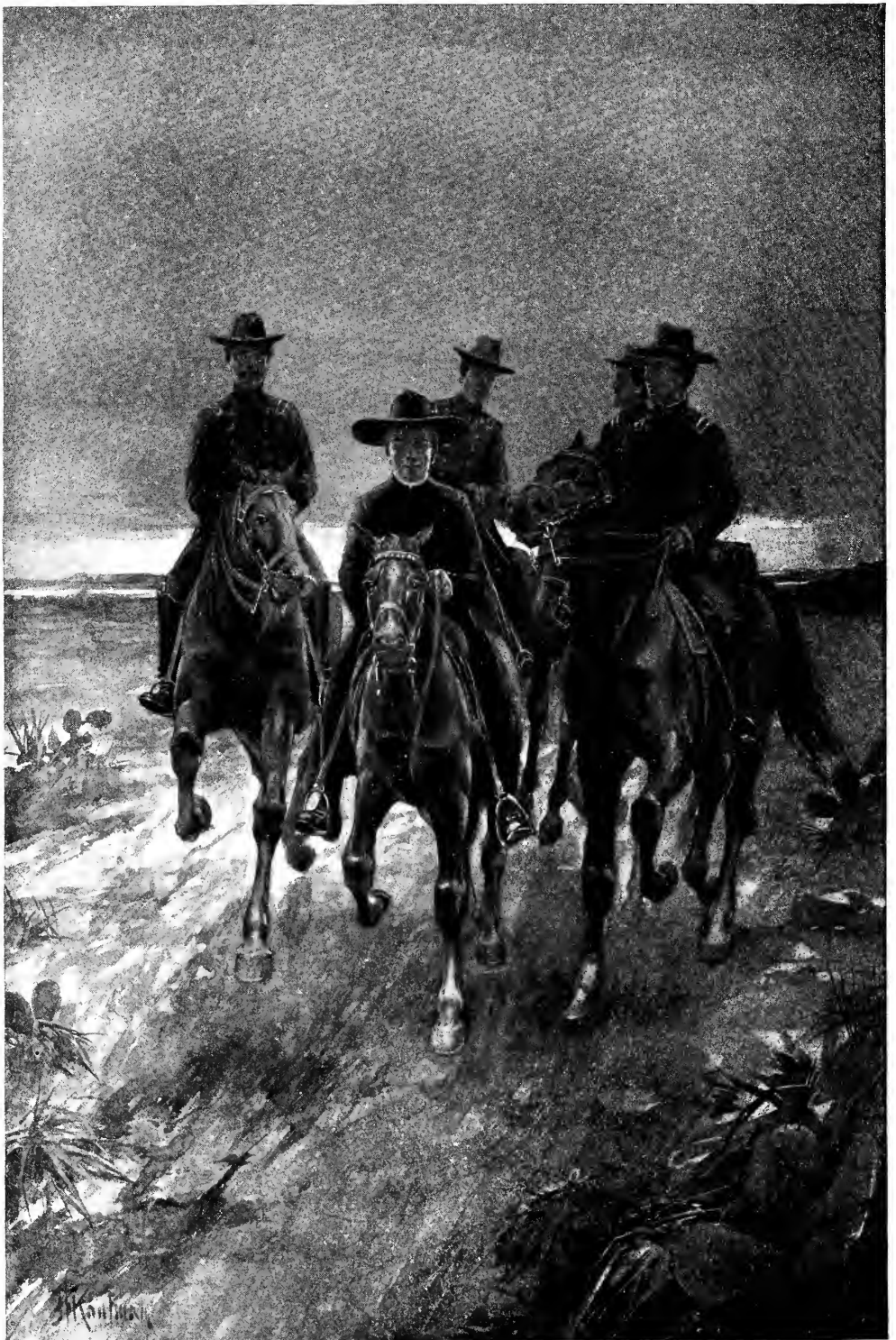
Disqualifications—Docked tail and any artificial means used to deceive the judge.

Scale of Points—Skull, 12; ears, 2; eyes, 5; stop, 2; muzzle, 12; neck, 5; body, 15; elbows, 2; forelegs, 4; hindlegs, 4; feet, 2; tail, 10; color, 8; markings, 4; coat, 3; general appearance and style, 10; total, 100.*



BUSTER.

* Many thanks are due Mr. Dwight Baldwin of the Boston Terrier Club and Dr. W. G. Kendall, for valuable aid rendered the writer of this article in tracing the earlier Boston Terriers.



Painted for *OUTING* by J. F. Kaufman.

"THE PRIEST WENT WITH US ON HIS PATIENT PONY." (p. 555.)

LA CASA DE LAS BRUJAS.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE BORDER.

BY MABEL BOYD.



WE had been camped more than a month on the bluffs overlooking the Rio Grande, guarding the fords against the approach of herds of stolen cattle. In those lawless days it was not at all an uncommon thing among men who had crossed the frontier for the good of the country they had left, to drive off large herds of cattle, cross the river into Mexico and sell the unwieldy booty at once. Sometimes, and in

the same manner, herds were brought back to the Texas side, and thus a double amount was secured.

The depredations had become so serious that four troops of cavalry had been thrown along the river front, their camps only a few miles apart, and a regular chain of pickets extended from one camp to another. Oddly enough, the junior subalterns in all four troops had known each other at the Point; and in the long, warm days of the Texas spring, and often during the starry, beautiful nights, we gathered together to talk over old times, to exchange histories of our various careers at frontier army posts since graduation, and to map out a scheme for exterminating the daring cattle-lifters.

But in the face of so formidable an array of the powers of law and peace, they had kept the eighth commandment scrupulously, and time began to hang heavy on our hands.

On our side of the river were low bluffs, broken only by the roads which led down to the fords; but across on the Mexican frontier was a fertile, irrigated valley, through which ran a stream glittering in the sunlight. Where this tributary joined the Rio Grande one could trace for a mile or so its clear waters, which came from the snow-capped

peaks of the range of mountains visible miles away, struggling to keep apart from the muddy, brown water of the great river.

We often crossed into Mexico and rode for hours among its beautiful fields. Not only was it more inviting than the naked Texas bluffs, but a knowledge of the roads on both sides would be useful should it become necessary to pursue smugglers. Owing to the seriousness of the robberies our government and that of our sister republic had tacitly agreed that to violate boundary lines to catch the marauders would not be an offense.

Frequently in our rides we passed a lonely, deserted Mexican house, about a mile inland. It was large compared with even the spacious squares of the Mexican houses belonging to the wealthiest merchants of the town which guarded the most important of the fords—the town of Piedras Negras. Around it were gardens filled with neglected giant oleander trees, and various tropical plants, running riot, could be seen from the road. Contrary to the custom with most deserted houses in that region, the doors were closely barred, and a huge padlock ornamented the entrance gates, which were set in an impenetrable hedge of the prickly palo amarillo.

The isolation of the place aroused our curiosity, and at last Archer, the most adventurous of us four idle youngsters—as the older officers called us—mustered his best Spanish to his aid, and held an interview on the subject with the bland, brown priest of Piedras Negras, a mile or so distant from the crumbling adobe mansion in question. Hunter, Carter, and I were at the interview, and although our conversational powers were not as fluent as those of Archer, yet we fully understood the little tale the priest told.

Years before, so the story ran, La Casa de las Brujas had been the seat of



a powerful and blue-blooded Spaniard, who had, with his sons, been driven from Spain for political reasons, and who owned in this far, lonely valley, those broad and fertile lands. But the family was an unlucky one. Tradition had it that they were cursed with tempers so high and fierce that often in hot anger they drew their swords on each other, and after a few generations the family dwindled to two men, a father and his only son. The father ruled the household and servants with an iron hand, and wished to rule his son in the same manner. Often there were bitter quarrels between the older and the younger man. At last, one night the servants heard a fiercer altercation than usual in the bedchamber of the son, a scream, and then silence. When they recovered sufficiently from their fright to dare try the door of the room it yielded to their touch, and on the moonlit floor lay the father, dead. The son had disappeared and was never seen again. It was supposed the father had followed his son to his room, had there been more than usually overbearing, and the tempers of both accounted for the rest. "That was twenty-five years ago, Señor," concluded our informant, "but the house has never been habitable since. The common people, as you hear, have given it the name of La Casa de las Brujas (the house of the witches). I myself keep the keys, for an evil spirit haunts it, from whom I must guard my people. And every day I say a mass for the repose of the troubled soul of him who died there in sin."

Catholic priests, as a rule, are well educated, and, even in most remote places, usually free from superstitions, but this good father evidently believed what he said, and that, too, though he was a well-informed, well-read Mexican.

Further inquiry among our few acquaintances in Piedras Negras confirmed the fact that everyone believed the house was haunted. It was said that the Mexicans who had been obliged to come or go by that road on a Friday night had seen, at midnight, the feeble glimmer of a candle. The route of the light was always the same. It appeared suddenly in the room which had been the father's bedchamber, and, threading its way along the hall, reached the son's

room; here for a moment there was silence, next the sound of a heavy fall, then the light went out.

We were delighted with the story, Archer especially. It seemed to us a very natural belief to spring up among the poor uneducated peons. But we were rather puzzled to find that several Mexicans who had read and traveled, who had been thoroughly emancipated from superstition, and whom we had found delightful companions, credited the tale. One young Mexican ranch owner, who had been years in Paris, told us gravely that he had seen the light. He was not a man whose word it was customary to impugn.

When Archer had established to his own satisfaction the unbelievable fact that nothing could tempt our young and blasé Mexican friend, who was thoroughly a man of the world in every particular, to enter the barred doors, he instantly conceived the project of himself spending a night in the old house, a Friday night, for it was only on that unlucky night that the ghostly visitor was ever seen, or, to be more exact, ever heard. There seemed to be no disposition to exaggerate the phenomenon, as is usually the case; and our informants stopped at seeing a single candle's beam along the corridors and in the two rooms, and hearing a single loud cry, or, oftener, a heavy fall.

Archer's project appealed to us, and even the older officers were inclined to think the idea of routing a ghost would not be a bad one. To get the consent of the parish priest, who was custodian of the property, was an easy matter, as our skepticism piqued him. Thoroughly convinced himself that there was something in those four walls which did not belong to flesh and blood, he was pleased with the idea of giving the Americans a salutary lesson in reverence.

The Friday night chosen for our vigil was a still, starry one. All four of us went, chiefly, I think, because we could not make up our minds which two should have the honor of laying the ghost, and the quietness of the river front made it possible for us all to leave our respective camps at the same time. We provided ourselves with candles, strapped blankets and canteens to our saddles, and took cards to while away the hours of waiting. We dined with

our hospitable friend the priest, and he went with us, on his patient pony, to unbar the heavy gate. Here he left us. Making our way up the weed-covered and disused pathway, we drove back the heavy rusty iron bolts of the huge oaken door. We were careful to make as little noise as possible, as we inclined to a skeptical belief that the visitant was an inhabitant of this globe and not of another. "Though," Archer said, when we first puzzled over the matter, "I can't think what attraction an old disused house on a lonely road would have for any *living* man."

The rusty hinges creaked in spite of our precautions, the door slipped from Hunter's hand, closing with a slam which shook the house, and we were in total darkness. We almost held our breaths to hear any sound there might be, but the stillness was absolute. Archer struck a light, and we found ourselves in the usual large living room at the front of the house, for, like all Mexican houses of the square style of architecture, it was built around a small court. Our tour of exploration developed the fact that all the doors and windows looking out into the court, as well as those looking to the outside of the house, were closely shut and barred, and evidently had not been opened in many a year, as the undisturbed spiders' webs testified. We decided not to disturb existing arrangements, Carter assuring us that it was his personal experience that no ghost would walk if his usual haunts were disturbed.

People of hotter climes than ours furnish their houses more simply, and there was very little left to show that living human beings had ever inhabited these lonely rooms. What we decided had been the dining-room still contained some rather decrepit and rudely made chairs and a table. On the hard dirt floor lay several well-preserved skins of the mountain lion. In one corner was the brazier, still filled with ashes, which had evidently warmed the room. Primitive means of heating still prevail in our sister republic. The climate does not warrant an expenditure for furnaces or steam pipes.

One other room alone was furnished. This was connected with the house only by a long hall, and at the other end of the hall was the dining-room. This isolated room most resembled the one

which had been described to us as having belonged to the parricide. In it there was a dismantled bed of the narrow type affected in the south, a few chairs, and two small tables. Here we planned to spend the night.

There was a chill in the air, for it was yet early in the spring, so the blankets which we pinned at the windows and doors were not ungrateful. We were careful not to hang our improvised curtains so that they would interfere with the entrance of the expected apparition; only so that our light would not show through the cracks of the door or the windows.

Lightly and jestingly we settled ourselves to wait, for it was only about nine o'clock when all our preparations were complete, and according to report we could expect no developments before midnight. Indeed, we had been told that this ghost was oftenest seen by gay youths wending homeward just before dawn, and traveling to their fathers' haciendas in groups of three and four until La Casa de las Brujas had been passed.

Cards were our refuge against drowsiness. We decided the great national game of chance would not do, as we might grow deeply absorbed in it, and thus not hear or feel the approach of the supernatural. Then, too, it might be inconvenient to leave a jackpot. So whist was chosen.

The hours dragged slowly by, though we were fair players and fond enough of the game. Midnight came and went, one o'clock followed, and I for one was growing very sleepy and rapidly losing interest in our quest, when Archer started to his feet with a warning finger upraised. From somewhere in the house came the sound of loud, angry words in the Spanish tongue. Archer rushed to the door, threw back the blanket which covered it, and we followed as soon as we could rise. A faint light came from a chink in the dining-room door at the other end of the long hall, and toward this Archer was running rapidly. We were only a few feet behind him. He reached the door and threw himself against it. It yielded to his touch and he entered. The light went out, the door was slammed to in our very faces as we followed, we heard the bolt swing into place, there was the sound of a heavy fall, and then silence.

It took the combined efforts of all three of us to burst open the door, and though scarcely three minutes had elapsed since the sound of the fall it had seemed an hour to us. When finally we succeeded in entering, all was darkness and silence, as before. Hunter lit a candle, and we looked about the room. Stretched almost at my feet lay Archer, prostrate and senseless, across the body of a handsome, evil-looking Spaniard. From either our friend or our enemy came a narrow rill of blood, which soaked one of the lion skins in the center of the room.

To lift Archer and find that he was not wounded was the work of an instant. But to restore him was a different matter. The other man was dead.

He was evidently a person of importance among his fellows, for he wore the most expensive regalia a frontiersman and Mexican can afford. A knife wound over his heart explained the manner of his death, but the slayer was not to be seen, nor did we at first perceive any way by which he could have escaped, as the only visible entrance was the one by which we had come. Fearing, therefore, that the danger of an attack was not yet at an end, Carter kept his pistol cocked, while Hunter and I devoted ourselves to Archer. It was fully half an hour before he opened his eyes.

We carried him into the hall, but morning dawned before he was able to give an account of what had happened.

In the meantime Carter had thoroughly searched the room, and discovered, under the lion skin in one corner, a board. Lifting this he saw a narrow passage, with rude steps, cut out of the earth. It did not seem to be very long, for a dim light came from the other end. Exploring this, armed to the teeth to guard against surprise, he found it led down the slope to the tributary of the Rio Grande, which we could see from the American bluffs. The entrance was concealed by overhanging vines and shrubs. But he found no one. There was only a faint trail in the grass on the river bank, and a mark in the rushes in the river, evidently made by the prow of a flat-bottomed skiff, such as are used for crossing the Rio Grande.

About five o'clock our friend the priest appeared, to ask how we had passed the night. We took him into the dining-room and showed him the silent

object on the floor. He started back in absolute horror, and it was a moment or more before he could collect himself sufficiently to explain to us that this was the owner of La Casa de las Brujas —this was the son who had slain his father; twenty-five years older, it was true, but not changed very much. He had known him well as a boy. And in this very room had his father been slain.

The details of the story we could only conjecture. Archer could help us very little. As the door yielded to his pressure, he said, he thought he had seen two men making for the corner of the room, but of that he could not be sure. The light had gone out at once, and his first sensation, after that, was falling over the motionless body, drenched with blood. From that day of explanation to this, I have never heard him mention the affair, and we never speak of it to him. Soon after a tiny thread of white appeared in his dark hair, and at thirty, two years later, he was absolutely gray. Old heads on young shoulders, however, are not uncommon among men who serve on the plains, and therefore are taken as a matter of course.

After the murder of his father the son had evidently joined one of the bands of outlaws who infested the borders a dozen years ago. Old associations had no terrors for him nor for his fellows, and the house shunned by those who knew its story served well the purpose of the river thieves. They could come very near it by sculling up the little stream. They had tunneled the narrow passage Carter had found, into the room where both the murders were committed. Into this room they had moved the chairs and tables, which accounted for our supposing it was the dining-room. Here they had beguiled their hours of leisure or of enforced hiding with cards. The underground passage involved more work than men of the criminal classes usually care to do. But between the Mexican troops on the one hand and our regulars and rangers on the other, it had been necessary to have a very safe refuge. It had been to their advantage to encourage the stories of a haunted house, first attached to the place by the superstitious peons, and very easy when they were there to walk the passage with a candle. Truly a grim joke for a son to impersonate the spirit of the father he had slain.

The night of our vigil we had not

been discovered, probably because we arrived before the regular denizens of the house. Some of them evidently had stealthily come in later, and the thick adobe walls kept us from hearing their low-toned conversation until a dispute arose which we had at the time attributed to a game from the overturned table and the cards lying in confusion on the floor.

We went through a form of breakfast at the priest's house, and mounting our horses, which we had left there for the night, rode back across the river.

The eager curiosity of the camps had

the parricide. I have absolved and shriven him, and he, too, is dead." The fluent and eager Spanish of the priest, which I followed with difficulty, cleared up the story.

The son was the leader and captain of the Mexican contingent of the cattle stealers. His enforced suspension of his trade after the arrival of our troops had given the dare-devil spirits under him too much time to hatch the mischief which his Satanic Majesty is said to find for even the idle hands of the good. There had been murmurs of rebellious discontent and hints of treach-



"ARCHER RUSHED TO THE DOOR." (p. 555.)

to be satisfied. About a week after the occurrence our good friend the padre crossed the river on the flat-bottomed ferryboat, and mounted on his little pony called ceremoniously on me, perhaps because our troop was nearest to the ford and Mexicans are not overfond of exertion. He had learned the details of the tragedy. "Not under seal of the confessional, Señor, else I could not tell you," he said, "but from a man who was in the house that night, a man who was wounded by the man you saw lying dead—in truth, the man through whom the vengeance of God descended upon

ery in the band, which grew louder and stronger as the days went by. The leader of the malcontents was, naturally, the man next in command to the chief. The night we spent in the house, four of the outlaws had entered after an evening spent at some dance-house, where a quantity of meséal had been consumed.

They had begun a game of cards with the fumes of this most potent of liquors firing their blood. Some altercation over the hands dealt had started the quarrel, and soon the inaction and hinted treachery of the chief had been brought

up. At last he was openly taunted by the man who headed the mutineers, with either being afraid of, or having sold his authority to, the soldiers. It was at this moment that the loud, angry words had reached our ears in the room at the end of the hall, where we sat pursuing our game of whist. The sound of our running feet down the hall had confirmed the lieutenant in his theory. Instantly he conceived the project of killing the captain, who had, as he at once decided, betrayed them. But the captain was as quick as his opponent, and dealt a blow with his knife which pierced the lieutenant's side just as a dagger was driven into his own heart, and he fell dead just as Archer entered the room. The light was put out by one man who had presence of mind

enough to do this, while another shot the bolt of the door.

The wounded man escaped with the help of his two companions in the skiff in which they had paddled up to the garden of La Casa de las Brujas. But his hurt was mortal. He lived only a few days. Before his death he told the story to the padre.

Our adventure and the consequent departure of the band made our presence no longer necessary, and after another month of inaction we were ordered home. We had effected our object, though not by the methods we had hoped would bring us military glory; and the birds of prey ceased their depredations on either side of the line for many a day. The master spirits had effected their own annihilation.

A TAPIR HUNT.

BY GUY E. MITCHELL.



SEVERAL years ago, when I was at San Juan, Nicaragua, making collections in natural history, I made the acquaintance of a German, named Boltzen, who owned a ranch some miles up the San Juan River; and upon learning that I was interested in natural history and very anxious to obtain specimens of birds from different sections of the country, he invited me to accompany him to his ranch and spend a week or more with him. As the bird life of Central America is very diversified, and a slight change of locality will bring the collector into contact with many entirely different species of both bird and animal life, I gladly accepted his offer and prepared for the trip.

He had come down the river in a large canoe, bringing with him some hundreds of pounds of rubber, and his return cargo was to consist almost entirely of Jamaica rum. He informed me, during the passage, how he managed in trading his rum for rubber. His ranch was on a tributary of the San Juan River. It consisted simply of a

small clearing where he had growing some plantains, sweet potatoes, and a few coconuts; and there he lived with his wife and a couple of native negroes in a palm-thatched house, built of logs and bamboo. The surrounding country was extremely wild, and far back of the stream grew many wild rubber trees. Small companies of native Spaniards were constantly searching these forests, making a business of tapping the rubber trees from which they procured the mercantile article, passing Boltzen's ranch in their canoes in ascending the stream, and again in returning, laden with their cargoes.

The Dutchman's life was an easy one, spent in hunting, fishing, and swinging lazily in his hammock during the heat of the day; but he always kept a sharp lookout for any canoes returning to the coast town with supplies of rubber.

I greatly enjoyed the trip up the river; the current ran strong and swift, and the muscles on the bare arms and shoulders of the natives who paddled our canoe, rolled up in bunches as they threw their weight against the broad blades of their light paddles. It may be thought that mahogany is rather a heavy wood with which to construct paddles for all-day use, but as a matter of fact mahogany taken from the body

of the trees is quite light, and has the advantage of never becoming water-logged. The canoe in which we traveled was a dug-out, also made from a mahogany log. Mahogany is susceptible of a very hard and high finish under treatment with oil, which results in the impression that it is both heavy and hard, whereas it is neither.

Four or five hours of stiff paddling brought us to a point some twelve miles above the coast, when we switched off into a deep, narrow stream, on which the German's ranch was located. The latter we reached a couple of hours later. The passage up the dark waters of the Juanatassa was exciting and interesting. The impenetrable forest lined the shores, the low-hanging boughs of some of the trees being swept by the current, and in many places where the stream was contracted, the great trees formed a complete arch overhead. High up in these branches gay-colored birds fluttered and called to one another, paying but slight attention to us so far below them. Several times whole troops of green and yellow paroquets alighted on the trees close at hand and raised a deafening racket. Pairs of long-tailed macaws occasionally flew across openings in the foliage, uttering their harsh cries. We saw numerous alligators lying on small sand-spits at angles in the creek, and one of these I shot with my Winchester, striking him just back of the foreleg, his most vulnerable spot. The shot seemed a fatal one, but he simply dumped himself into the water and we saw no more of him. As plentiful as alligators are, it is really difficult to procure a skin, as they always roll off into the water and sink, no matter how deadly their wound.

In rounding one of the bends we came onto a broad expanse of water, quite shallow in places, and a thoroughly tropical scene greeted our eyes. Probably a thousand water birds of different kinds were engaged in feeding and sporting in the water. A couple of long-necked snake birds immediately plunged in the creek from an old snag near at hand, and dove out of sight. Farther beyond was a small group of giant storks standing in the water and watching for their prey. Near them a pair of beautiful roseate spoonbills stood pluming each other's feathers. A little beyond, a great flock of white egrets

and white and blue herons disported themselves in the water and flew about, alighting on snags and low branches of trees. The egrets rose in flight as we came in view, which was the signal for all the others to follow. Naturally these birds would have been very tame, allowing one to approach within easy gunshot, but since the Florida swamps have been depopulated of egrets, the hunters have taken to shooting the birds in Central America, and they are becoming very shy. Their feathers are highly prized for ladies' hats, and tens of thousands of these innocent birds are slaughtered yearly for this purpose. I chanced a rifle shot at one of the great storks, but without effect, except to start the whole flock of birds screaming and crying.

We reached Boltzen's ranch in the cool of the afternoon, and I found the place picturesque enough. We landed at a rude floating wharf with hinged steps leading up to the bank. The rivers in these countries are liable to rise with great rapidity, and if boats are tied in the ordinary way, they are in danger of being swamped and carried away by the flood, which comes on in a night. A plot of three or four acres was cleared away, and in its center stood the house. All about was the high wall of dark, impenetrable-looking forest.

I found Mrs. Boltzen a fat little Dutch woman. She greeted me in broken English and appeared delighted to see an American in "this heathenish civilization." Boltzen transferred his cargo of rum to one end of the cabin, which was closely barricaded and under lock and key. Then, after a smoke and stroll about the place, with a cursory view of the products of the tropics growing in their unrivaled luxuriance, we returned to a supper of rice and beans and hot tortillas, prepared by the frau, and supplemented with some excellent chocolate from Boltzen's own trees, prepared with condensed cream. Boltzen said to his wife and turning to me, "No tiene carne, Señora?" which I shall translate into "You have no meat, Madam?"

"Well, Herr Mitchell, to-morrow we will go out with Pedro here, and hunt some wari or wild hogs. I promise you good sport and plenty of meat, and perhaps we may fall in with a jaguar. I see you are a fair shot, but we had

better take our shotguns, as the bush is too thick for any long shots and the shotgun is best at close range."

"Thank you," I said, "I shall enjoy nothing better, but I think I will stick to the rifle if we are going for big game. I shoot better with a rifle, and I will let Pedro use my shotgun, loaded with slugs."

"Me no want gun," said Pedro, who was waiting on the table; "me take machete; no miss fire."

In the morning, after a hasty bite, we were out at daybreak, armed with guns and pistols, and a knife apiece. Pedro led the way, carrying only his machete. We plunged into the thick forest, following generally a small watercourse running between high banks, evidently a raging torrent in time of flood. In some places this spread out into a low swamp, supporting hundreds of great silico palm trees with shaggy trunks and immense fronds or leaves. I "paced off" one of these fronds which had fallen to the ground and found the mid-rib over forty feet in length. The rib itself was as large as a man's leg. We found many tracks of the wari under these trees. The hogs had been eating the palm seeds, of which they are very fond, although how they crack these ivory-like nuts is inconceivable.

Suddenly the Spaniard uttered a cry and started off on the track of a tapir, broadly marked in the soft mud. The great tracks led in an entirely different direction from our course, but we eagerly followed, hoping to get a shot at this noble quarry. The Spaniard dashed ahead at a rapid pace, cutting his way here and there among the vines and thick growth, and we followed as best we could, often sinking up to our boot-tops in the soft mud. After ten or fifteen minutes of this fatiguing work, the Spaniard proceeded more cautiously, uttering the single word "Close."

The sun by this time was well up and it was very hot. The woods seemed deserted and not a breath of wind stirred the leaves. I was completely soaked through with perspiration and was getting very thirsty, and in addition the mosquitoes were nearly eating us up. I was looking about for a water vine with which to quench my thirst, when the Spaniard gripped my arm like a vice and pointed to a dark spot in the trees. "Mountain cow," he whispered.

At this moment we heard a deep sigh of content, such as an old sow might utter; and moving ahead a few steps, there, in full sight, with her back to us, was an old tapir, lying in the cool mud, with a little calf about a month old playing about her, and splashing the mud on her sides. Every moment or two the mother gave a grunt of content.

The tapir is usually timid and extremely difficult to approach, but our experience proved the cow to be as courageous and dangerous in defense of her young as many a more vicious animal.

Boltden immediately rushed up and with a loud halloo discharged his gun at the old tapir as she lay in her wallow. The shot striking her in her broad back did apparently no damage, for she bounded to her feet in an instant and dashed off through the thick underbrush, making a swath like a mowing machine and bearing down small sapplings like reeds, as she crashed ahead. This animal, when excited, will go through a dense, tropical forest at full speed, bursting through tangled masses of vines and brambles that seem impenetrable. The calf started to follow its mother, but a shot from my rifle brought it to its knees. It vainly attempted to rise and follow the old one, but finally rolled over on its side, uttering plaintive cries of distress. I was about to dispatch it with another bullet when a renewed crashing in the forest announced the mother returning to her little one's assistance, and the Spaniard cried out:

"Look out! Mountain cow come back. She mad now; tramp you down."

"Gott im Himmel!" yelled Boltden, firing both barrels of his gun the instant the tapir came into view. But the shots took no effect, other than to further enrage the animal. She ran to her calf for an instant, nosing over it with her long snout, and grunted encouragingly; but it only moaned feebly, and then like a flash she bore down upon us, her small eyes gleaming wickedly.

I took a steady aim and planted a bullet between her eyes, but it never stopped her, merely leaving a red scratch. By this time she was within ten yards of me and coming down the line like mad. Boltden was useless; he could not get the empty shells out of his gun. I threw up the lever of my Winchester and forced another cartridge into the chamber. The



Painted for OUTING by James L. Weston.

"LIKE A FLASH SHE BORE DOWN ON US." (p. 560.)

enraged animal was coming straight at me and presented a miserable chance for a shot, only the head and rounded curves of the heavy-set body showing; and I had just had evidence of the thickness of the creature's retreating skull from my previous shot, which had apparently glanced off without damage. So I took accurate aim at the upper part of her foreleg, hoping to break or shatter the bone and get a chance to leap out of the way of her rush, and then get a shot at her side and reach some vital point.

If this shot did not succeed in stopping the animal, I judged that I would be trampled in the mud and the life stamped out of me. The tapir is built something like a small rhinoceros and has more strength in a rush than any other animal of the South American

continent. As I fired, I jumped aside as far as I could, dropping my gun and grabbing for my six-shooter. My aim, though, was true, and the tapir came tumbling toward me with her right foreleg broken and useless. But just at this exciting moment the Spaniard's form flashed in front of me; his keen machete gleamed in a blue circle above his head and descended on the neck of the unfortunate tapir with terrific force. On the instant he had leaped back and the tapir lurched over, the red blood gushing out from the great cut which the machete had made. The end was near. A bullet from my six-shooter, just back of the foreleg, reached a vital part and the brave animal stretched out in the soft mud with an expiring groan, dead; none too soon.



SPORTS OF THE SAMOANS.

BY LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

TIME is plentiful in the South Seas, and cares are few. For the idle islander the day goes lightly by, and, as the day, so glides life itself. A very little delving just to encourage a most lavish nature to yield up its store of food, a little fighting to give life a zest, a great deal of making of speeches. Even on such a lazy

schedule as this, there are great slices of time for which there are no pressing engagements. Part of the spare time the Samoan spends in sleep, part in watching the girls of the village at the dance, part in eating. Even then there is time to spare. Entertainment need interfere with no weightier concerns. Life has no engagement so important

that the islander will not cancel it at once on the plea of sport. With no incentive to be other than idlers the Samoans spend long days in playing games of many sorts, some calling for the mustered force of a whole village matched against that of another village for the credit of the community, some more quietly practiced by a few at a time and under sheltering roofs.

These island sportsmen are actuated solely by the enjoyment of the sport itself, or of the rivalry to which it gives rise. The nature of their social state, where the idea of individual ownership is absent, has acted to prevent the development of the ideas of prizes to be won by successful contestants, or of wagers dependent on the issue of the event. These are features of the games which have only lately been introduced by foreign influence, but the rapidity with which they are being taken up by the natives shows that the islanders needed only instruction to become gamblers. Even before the recent introduction of stakes and wagers and in the time when the Samoans were actuated by enjoyment of the sport, they were eager to make use of any means which should assist the victory. They have no comprehension of the idea of fair play in anything; cheating is considered not only legitimate but even an important feature of the game, whatever it may be. But as each side is as alert to prevent cheating by its opponents as it is to practice it for selfish advantage, the matter just balances, so that, quite unintentionally, a Samoan game is usually a practically honest contest. They have

not yet learned of the possibility of combined cheating to reap an advantage from spectators or backers. This it is proper to state at the beginning, for it is of application to games of every sort, whether those of strictly native origin or those which have been introduced by the foreigners.

There is another general principle observed in Samoan games which should also be mentioned before passing to particulars. It is foreign to island custom to engage in individual contests for

a championship. Two villages may meet to settle a rivalry in any one of several games; the event will be decided by the result of a large number of simultaneous contests of individuals, but the result sought is the victory of the community and not of the individual. Thus if each town had an individual who was known to be exceptionally skilful at whatever game was being played, the aim would be to prevent these two individuals from coming into a decisive contest, and rather to use each for the purpose of rolling up as many victories as possible against inferior opponents. But it should be



THE STICK-THROWER.

stated that the idea of teamwork seems never to have occurred to any Samoan community in its games.

Boxing is common enough now among Samoan athletes, but it is an introduced sport. Old customs of warfare never included any such thing as an empty-handed personal encounter. When men were fighting they were armed; they used the missile spear at the beginning of the attack, and when they came within arm's length the club was used, a heavy club with sharpened edges which

cut like an axe. If the men were not thus armed, there was no fight; the unarmed man scampered away. But, though boxing has been learned from white men, the islanders have taken to it most kindly; they show that they are capable of standing up bravely against hard punishment.

Wrestling, on the other hand, is of unknown antiquity among the islanders, and has always been a favorite sport of the strongest men. It could scarcely be expected that it would develop along the same lines as wrestling in other lands, and it has not. It would be hard to classify the Samoan style of wrestling. Any hand-hold above the hips is permissible, but a mere hand-hold is

But the great sport among the Samoans is now, as it has been for long ages, the village contests at stick-throwing. At this interesting amusement the islanders are content to pass many days of noisy feasting. Success at the sport is the most highly prized distinction a town can have; defeat is a stain which must be wiped out. Sometimes large wars have grown out of the fluctuating results of the sport.

The materials of the sport are simple. There is needed a long straight stretch of grassy ground, which is easily found on the central plaza of every native community, or, if not there, is never far distant in the cocoanut groves. This is the playing green. The stick is a treas-



THE NATIVE SHUFFLE-BOARD.

naturally of little value in grasping a man fully oiled, as are these people at all times. The fall is counted when one of the contestants is brought to the ground and his opponent is clear from contact with him. The falls are commonly very violent, and the sport is very rough at all stages, so rough that accidents are frequent. For that reason the Samoans have been glad to learn the less perilous methods of wrestling in vogue among civilized athletes. It is uncertain how the contest would result between equally matched experts in the two styles; among the Samoans themselves, when they have essayed a contest of the styles, the advantage has been with the rougher island method.

ured possession, for each player in time finds one stick which just suits him, and is very careful of the cherished possession. Then, too, the element of luck is a very strong factor among the Samoans in everything; they are firm believers that some sticks have a supply of ill luck, and when a judgment of that nature has been passed on a stick or any other article it is destroyed. The stick is a very simple affair; only a light wand about four feet long. As no amount of practice seems to give white people the knack of throwing in such a way as to come anywhere near the flight which Samoan players can give the stick, it is, of course, impossible to speak from experience in regard to minute

differences among the sticks used by various successful players. Samoan enthusiasts at the game say that it would never do to take any stick that seemed to be about the right size and weight. They say that there is only one wood which will result in a good stick. This is the "fau," or hibiscus, of which several varieties are common in American gardening. The wood is chosen green, selected among the growing stalks of the bush. The aim is to find a stalk of rather more than the required length which has a general thickness about the same as a man's finger. This is cut, peeled, washed in sweet water, and then immediately set to soak in a pool of salt water. After a soaking for two days it is scraped with coral and dried. Then it is hung point downward over a fire of coconut husks and dried for several days. This is the critical time for the stick; it may warp out of shape or it may crack while seasoning in the smoke. In either case it is useless and thrown away. If it passes through this ordeal it is scraped with shells and coral rasps until it has been reduced to the uniform thickness of one's little finger. At every stage in its treatment the utmost care is taken to secure its straightness, on which its value largely depends. Among the furniture of nearly every Samoan hut will be found a rock with a deep groove several inches long, in which to true up the sticks when from any cause they become defective in this particular. As the whole purpose of the game is to throw the stick as far as possible, one is surprised at the remarkable lightness of the implement. Of many hundreds examined, by far the larger number weighed little more than an ounce, and not one was noted as heavier than two ounces. One would think that heavier wands would carry farther, but the matter has been tested to a contrary proof. Expert players, natives who were noted for their skill, have been employed to throw sticks of the same dimensions, but of greater weight up to twelve ounces, and invariably came far short of their records with the light sticks. As no white man is known to have acquired the art of making a successful throw, it is not feasible to discuss why lightness of the wand is so essential.

Each player provided with his favorite stick and a supply of others to be used

in case of loss or breakage, the two villages meet at the appointed time and on the appointed green for the play. There is a great waste of ceremony, presentation of food and gifts of various sorts, drinking of the national beverage, the kava, speeches of great prolixity and, to any but a Samoan, of extreme dullness. These are the customary preliminaries to everything which happens in Samoan life. Speeches and feasts—without them Samoans can do nothing.

After all these delays have been passed the two sides are ready to begin the play. At the casting green the old men of the villages sit in the shade and smoke, and watch the game and make their comments on the younger men, who are the players. In their neighborhood are a crowd of men who sit upon the grass and sing and beat time on rolled-up mats, while others, decked with leaves and their faces smeared with black, dance grotesque and savage antics for the amusement of the players and the spectators. No matter how many days the match may occupy, no matter how many hours of play there are each day, these dancers and singers keep up the peculiar accompaniment so long as the play goes on.

After all this introduction of its accompanying features the game itself is simple enough. It is to throw the stick along the playing green in such a way that it may come to rest as far from the thrower as possible. Thrown directly at the mark and through the air, the light stick carries but a short distance, no matter how strong the caster may be. But when it is thrown so as to hit the ground a short distance away and glance thence into the air, the combination of strength and skill avails to send the stick a long distance before it comes to rest. The stick is held between the thumb and the tips of three fingers held close together, the index finger being at the same time pressed against the butt of the stick. The player stands back from the casting crease and takes a short run; at the same time he swings his arm backward over the shoulder, so that by the time his left foot is at the crease he is ready to discharge the stick from his right hand at the level of the hip. The most successful players cause the stick to glance from the ground about thirty feet away. This glancing on the ground gives much greater force

to the flight of the stick. It flies about head-high and may cover two hundred feet or more before coming to the ground again. In this secondary flight the head of the stick is seen to be directed slightly upward at a small angle above the horizontal; the butt is at the same time revolving in a circle of about three inches and with a slow motion. This position is maintained to the end of the second flight. When the stick comes to the ground the point is still a little elevated, and thus a few additional feet may be gained by a slide along the smooth turf.

In match-playing there is no limit to the number of contestants on each side. One side puts in all its players in succession; the stick thrown farthest from the crease is left on the green as a mark, while all which fall short of that mark are picked up. The opposing side next comes into play. The sticks which fall short of the mark are picked up without affecting a score. At the end the playing side counts as many sticks as may lie beyond the mark set by the other side. The most distant stick of this side sets a new distance mark, and the first side comes again into play. The game is commonly ten, and that is long enough in getting when the players are well matched; it is not to be had short of several days of playing.

Samoans are as much a water people as they are a land people. They have a game at sea which calls for skill and strong nerves and reckless disregard of danger. This is the surf-riding. Old and young enter on the enjoyment of this sport whenever they find the fortunate combination of a shelving beach of sand and a mountainous sea. The wilder the gale, and the more tremendous the rollers, the better the sport, so long as there is a beach of sand on which to land.

As practiced in Samoa, this thrilling sport is confined to canoes; no one uses the surf-board, which is commonly employed in this amusement by the Hawaiians. Samoans look upon the board as much too easy and secure a means of surf-riding, to give them the full amount of pleasure; they say it is only fit for young children. It is easy when one knows how; rather terrifying, until one has learned the art. But surf-riding in canoes is not an easy accomplishment to acquire; it never loses the spice of dan-

ger, no matter how expert one may become at handling the canoe in such circumstances. During all ordinary seasons of the year, when the trade-wind is steadily blowing, the sea never gets up high enough to admit of surf-riding. But there are three or four months in every year, the months commonly known as the hurricane season, and corresponding in the calendar to the American winter, when the weather plays tricks with Samoa, varying from deluges of rain in dead calms, to deluges of rain in fearful gales. In these seasons the ocean may suddenly prove propitious for surf-riding. There may be almost a hurricane blowing, or it may be a blank calm. All of a sudden the sea commences to roll in on the beach in lofty breakers. It makes noise enough to give all the warning that is needed. Every Samoan gets out his canoe, drags it down to the sand, and manoeuvres to get afloat in it, a task of much difficulty, only to be overcome by an equal amount of skill. If the islander can get his cranky craft out through the smother of foam breaking on the sands, his troubles have only just begun, for there remain three more rollers outside which may capsize his canoe or send him swiftly back to the beach he has just left, or perhaps do both. Once beyond the breakers and on the ocean itself, he waits for the coming of some great wave. He watches as it forms far out to sea; he quickly judges whether it will suit, and makes his preparations accordingly. If the wave will do, he times its rate, and just at the proper time heads his canoe for shore and begins to paddle as hard as he can. If he is paddling hard enough the wave gently overtakes him, he poises just under the forward edge of the combing crest and sweeps shoreward with the speed of the wind. He fills the air with joyful shouts as he feels the exultation that any man must feel in rapid motion; he comes shouting to shore, and is landed at the verge of the line of bubbles high on the beach. That is, he shouts and he lands, if he has caught the wave just right and has kept poised in the proper place. If he has failed in either of these particulars, he has no exhilaration to shout over; he and his canoe are overturned, and come to shore rolling, end over end, in whatsoever fashion the great wave may choose to deposit them. That is the

other side of the sport, a side which smacks not a little of drowning and bruises and broken bones. These canoeists of the Samoan beaches are so expert that they often poise on the very crest of the wave as it rolls in, and turn their canoes part way around and paddle along the summit of the wall of water. There is consummate skill in boatwork in such a thing as that; it is a thing which white boatmen would not feel like trying in a well-appointed whale-boat in anything like a sea. It may be that the sea will continue right for the sport for the better part of a day; more often there is an hour or so of great waves, and then the sea subsides as rapidly as it rose.

There are other things which the Samoans do, which might be regarded by white people as sport. Such are the several methods of fishing, or the netting of doves as practiced by whole communities for many days together, an art which has gone completely out of practice since the foreigners introduced fire-arms. But, inasmuch as these things are pursued for the food thereby obtained, and solely as a necessity, it would be scarcely proper to class them as sports of the islanders.

The game of "the bat and the rats" is often played by children, and sometimes by their elders, although this is rarely seen in communities likely to be visited by white people. It is in effect an inverted form of the game of tag as known to children of other lands. One player is pursued by many; the single player is called the bat, the others are the rats. The rats chase the bat and flog him with straps of the native cloth, crying all the time "Bat, give us back our wings," a reference to an old legend that the rats had wings until the bats stole them. Whenever the bat can wrest away the cloth from a rat, there is a change of parts in the play.

For evenings and rainy days there are indoor games. One of these is somewhat after the nature of checkers. The common mats which cover the floors of Samoan houses are woven in squares an inch each way. These mats afford a satisfactory substitute for a board on which to play. The boards are not composed of the squares of eight as in the familiar game, but are oblongs without an apparently fixed number of squares. Several games showed the employment

of a board twelve squares long and six across, the players placing two rows of counters at the long sides, advancing a single square at a time under all circumstances, and not jumping when capturing a piece. The game seems little played now.

Another game, which retains unabated popularity, is a sort of shuffle-board on a small scale, in which victory falls to the surest eye and the steadiest hand.

In preparing for the game a few cocoanut leaves are spread on the pebbled pavement of the house so that they form a special playing floor, level and springy. On this foundation is laid a mat made especially for the needs of this game. It is made of leaf strips evenly woven, soft yet strong. One quality it must have, or it is useless: when it is unrolled for the game and laid on the playing floor it must be free from any tendency to roll up again or to crimp at the edges, for the whole success of the game depends on the smoothness of the mat on which it is played. Its width is just what may be spanned from the tip of the little finger to the tip of the thumb at the fullest stretch; its length is about six yards, that is to say three times the distance measured by outstretched arms. The other implements of the game are two sets of disks, one set plain, the other plainly marked for recognition. In each set of four the three larger disks are made of cocoanut shell, the smallest is the flat seed of the Tahiti chestnut. The largest disk is just one-half of the cocoanut shell, the smallest is the size of a silver dollar. Four players are required for the game, two partnerships.

When the long mat has been set in place to the satisfaction of everybody, the players take their places, two at each end of the mat. One of the players sits cross-legged just at one end of the mat, one of his opponents sits beside him just around the right-hand corner of the mat; the other opposing player sits at the other end of the mat, and the first player's partner sits around the right-hand corner from that opponent. In each partnership, therefore, there is one player directly at the end of the mat and one at the side, the difference of position making some little difference in the play. The two players at the same end of the mat play in direct opposition, their respective

partners at the other end loudly encouraging them to their best efforts. As soon as all the disks have been thrown from one end the positions are reversed; those who have just played a round become the enthusiasts who encourage their partners at the other end whose turn has now come to play. Each player has his set of four disks; his object is to throw them or slide them, or in any other way get them, as close to the opposite end of the mat as possible and to finish the round with one or more disks nearer the end than the opponent can show. The play is complicated by the fact that the players alternate; each throws his disks in turn. The opponent may succeed in driving a disk off the mat. A disk which for any reason goes off the mat is dead and does not count. Also if the opponent's disk comes to rest nearer the end of the mat than any already thrown, all disks of the oppos-

ing side which are remoter become dead and must be removed. The count is made by the number of disks which one side has still alive on the mat after all the eight have been thrown. The game is twenty, and it takes some playing to make it, for it is not often the case when the players are at all evenly matched that it is possible to make more than one point in a round, and frequently a succession of rounds will add nothing to the score.

This practically completes the list of native Samoan sports, using the term in a strict separation from occupations which are carried on to obtain some tangible and material end, even though they are pleasurable. There are varieties in some cases of the sports herein described, but while the variation provides a different set of native names there is not sufficient distinction in the difference to interest other than antiquarians.

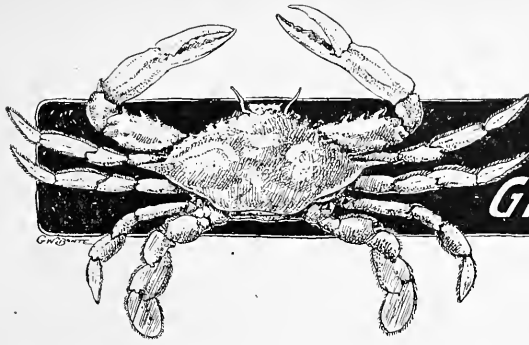


ALONE UPON THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE.

BY HERBERT BASHFORD.

A LONE upon the mountain-side—alone
 Am I in Solitude's wide realm where no
 Sound enters save at intervals the low,
 Deep roar of avalanche; gray leagues of stone
 The mighty hand of God has overthrown
 As He builds high His pyramid of snow—
 His stairway to the stars; alone I go

Across a white, white world that ne'er has known
 The taint of earth; and now I see, far down,
 The dreaming pines; I see an eagle sweep
 Athwart the blue; a gleaming river bind
 In silver braid the valley's golden gown;
 The cataract plunge from the beetling cliff
 And flutter like a ribbon in the wind.



CRABBING ON GREAT SOUTH BAY

BY I. K.

AMONG the many persons who delight in the delicacy of crab-salad and deviled crabs, comparatively few know with what heart-breaking work the gathering of these blue beauties is accomplished. I had been one of the many, but by rare good fortune I became one of the few, while I was spending a few midwinter weeks in Bay Shore, a flourishing town on the "South Side" of Long Island.

Being an enthusiastic, although a decidedly amateur yachtsman, soon after my arrival I wandered to the "dock" at the foot of Ocean avenue, and there made an examination of the famous "South Bay" boats. Enormous cat-boats and hardy looking sloops were to be seen on all sides, and I was fairly lost in admiration when I chanced to address a stalwart young man who courteously answered my questions and finally asked me to "come aboard."

I gladly accepted the invitation and was soon seated in the "after cabin" of the *Itakit*. This famous sloop is about thirty-seven feet "on top," and carries a big spread of canvas, as her spars showed at first glance. Of course "she's the fastest and ablest boat in the fleet." This after-cabin

was certainly a joy forever, although scarcely of great beauty. A low bunk, perhaps two and a half feet wide, on either side furnished the seats and beds of the captain and crew. A small coal stove, placed amidships of the forward end of the cabin, gave out a generous and grateful heat. On the side of the stove a little tea-kettle was humming merrily; and altogether, after we had lighted our pipes and fallen to talking, the cabin was as comfortable a place as I ever rested in.

Of course I heard many yarns of the bay and the various boats, to say nothing of their respective owners and captains—every man or full-grown boy in Bay Shore is a "captain." I also discovered that business was very dull, prices never so low, and money never so tight; the winds had never been so heavy at this season of the year, the

tides were unusually high and, in fact, everything was going to the dogs. But with all his kicking, my good host was an amiable and agreeable fellow; and as growling is a most necessary qualification for good seamanship, I was sure that my new-found friend must be a rattling fine skipper.

I discovered that at any time



"ITAKIT."

I should desire to accompany him on any of his numerous crabbing trips, I had but to make known my desire; and you may be sure I acquainted Captain Lester, for such I found his name to be, with the fact that I would go with him on the following day. Before I left the captain I had received my final orders to report to him by eight o'clock on the next morning, and his parting injunction was, "wear rubber boots and the warmest clothes you've got, for this ain't no half-rater race."

Next morning I reported on board at 7:50, and at eight we cast off and stood out into the bay. The wind was light and coming only in puffs from the northwest, but the general look of the sky betokened a blow before long, or to quote my skipper: "I guess we'll have a breeze of wind on the turn of the tide."

I soon found myself astride the wheel-box, in full command of the ship, and learned that my duties were to steer the ship, and whenever I felt cold to go below, smoke a pipe and drink coffee. The captain (ex-officio) was to do the "drudging," as all good bay-men call "dredging." Happily I was permitted to examine one of the dredges. They are made of wrought iron, the frame being of $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch rod. The dredge proper is a rake, consisting of fourteen teeth, about four inches long, and welded onto the flat base in spaces of two or two and a half inches. The frame is thus about three feet wide. Back of the rake is another frame, say three feet wide and eighteen inches deep, bolted to the base of the rake at the two ends. A strong net attaches to this frame and the base of the rake. The remainder of the dredge consists of another bar of half-inch iron, bolted at each end of the rake, and extending in front of it and at right angles to the teeth, and so bent as to form a loop in the center, say three and a half feet from the rake and net. Through this loop or eye the dragging line is rove, and made fast with an anchor bend. The other end of the drag is belayed to a ring on the boat's deck, or through a scupper-hole if more convenient. Thus, when the dredge is on bottom, whatever the rake stirs up lands in the net, and remains there when by the drag the dredge is hauled aboard.

The *Itakit* usually carried ten dredges, which gave two men just about all they

could do for a day's work. We soon reached the mud bottom, where the crabs "burrow" for warmth in winter, and Captain Lester sung out "hard-alee," and by the time I had the wheel rolled down he had six dredges over, and, in less time than the story takes, the mainsheet was let run, and with the jib trimmed fairly flat we started on our first "drift."

Of course I insisted upon pulling a dredge, and, "equally, of course," the skipper advised to the contrary, but my assurance of plenty of muscle and nerve won the cause for me. When the dredges had been overboard about two minutes Captain Lester went forward, and by his orders, as soon as he commenced hauling the forward dredge, I hauled the one on the weather quarter. It was blowing a good full-sail breeze now, and as the sloop easily slipped through the water, the hundred odd pounds of dredge and dredged made me exceedingly happy that I had not exaggerated my strength.

My first haul consisted of a great quantity of mud, seaweed and an old shoe, a pint flask of salt water, a live flat-fish, two scallops, a "Little Neck" clam and nine beautiful crabs.

I had better say right here that the crabbers move in fleets. Everybody knows everybody else. In these early morning hours all the men are as happy as schoolboys. Jokes are bandied about, all the popular songs are sung, and sometimes very well; one fellow whom they call Larry, has an excellent tenor voice.

When I pulled my first dredge I believe that all other operations in the fleet ceased, and that all eyes were turned on me. "Hello, Les," cried one deep bass voice, "where did you catch that?" (I was "that.") "Does that kind come very high?" cried another. I smiled complacently and thought that perhaps I could do my share with any of them at any time; but when I had hauled my dredge aboard and attempted to dump it on deck, I am sure that all the male inhabitants of Long Island united in one great howl of derision. But I dumped it—by proxy. After three or four hauls I succeeded in acquiring the proper twist of the wrist, and then the crowd stopped laughing and became very friendly, and I found them a fine set of men, too.

Our first "drift" netted us one and a half barrels, about three hundred crabs, and "Les" (I had now dropped the captain) said this was a great run, so he jammed the push-pole into the soft bottom and left it there to mark the spot. As soon as we struck "all trash and no crabs," we went hard-a-lee again, and stood off to the other end of the "farm." At about eleven o'clock we caught the full force of a winter's squall right out of the west-nor'west. Of course, I was at once for reefing, but "Les" said: "Oh! no, this old gal's a 'teeterer,' and we'll make them reef first, if we carry away the stick"—and "they" reefed.

We finished our drift, and then double-reefed mainsail and bobbed jib, and went at them again. We ate our luncheon between hauls, and kept up work until shortly after one o'clock, then stood in for home. When we reached the dock we had twelve barrels of crabs, all headed and tagged; these we immediately put ashore, and within fifteen minutes after our arrival they were on an express wagon and started for Fulton Fish Market.

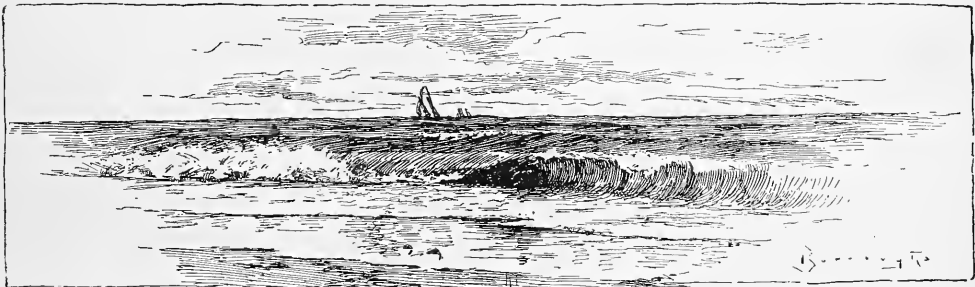
Then "Les" scrubbed down decks; this finished we harbor-furled sails, coiled down cables and drags, and went below for coffee and a pipe.

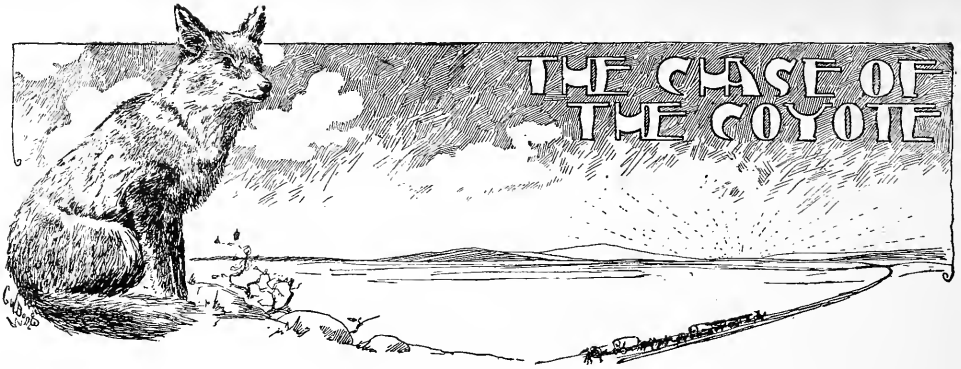
That evening I did not eat a very hearty dinner. I retired and went to sleep at seven-thirty, and slept through until eight the next morning. As soon as I opened my eyes I stared about to see just where I was, for during those

sleeping hours I must have caught more crabs than ever were born. I sailed a large sloop alone; this was easy enough except for the huge, square topsail and flat-headed balloon-jib, which troubled me greatly whenever "she went in stays." Then, too, the crabs climbed the rigging, and thousands of them spiked me, utterly ruining my new rubber boots. Then they laughed at me, and waved their innumerable claws in the most insulting manner, and it seemed as though one deep-voiced brute kept saying, "Where did you catch him, 'Les'?"

But when I was fairly awake I found I could scarcely move. I never before knew how many muscles I really had, and never imagined any of them could be so soft; every inch of my body was racked with torturing pains. But I had been "crabbing," and felt the game well worth the candle.

I have been crabbing several times now with "Les," and among the fraternity I am considered a "good thing," for my particular dredges seem to catch more crabs and less trash than any of the others. I like the experience and the unusual exercise in the bracing wintry air because I crab for fun; but I can say with a clear conscience that men who work, often in open boats, when the northwinds blow three-reefers, and when every drop of spray becomes a lump of ice before it strikes the deck, such men, I say, deserve far more than the paltry two dollars, which often is all they make for hours of back-breaking, rheumatism-breeding toil.





BY DAVID WAKEMAN FENTON, JR.

“WHO ever heard of hunting without a gun?” asked the tenderfoot.

“We’ll show you,” answered the sporting doctor. “A good pack of hounds and some fast saddle ponies are all you need out on these plains.”

At a little station on the Colorado prairie, one cold March night, seven eager coyote hunters stepped off the train from Denver with a pack of hounds. The surrounding country was infested with coyotes, often called prairie wolves—those lamb-stealers of the Western wastes. All the party were eager for some coursing, as well as to do the ranchmen a good turn by ridding the country of a few of these pests. Sitting around the big ranch stove of the party’s host, each one was anxious to tell the Eastern friend of the habits, the history and the legends of the coyote, which possessed the cunning of a fox, the look of a wolf, and a hound’s doggedness.

The young fellow from the East had hunted a bit to hounds, but he had never followed sight-running hounds. He had come West for experience. These hunters were going to give him a liberal allowance at the start. The conversation brought out some good points.

“What does a coyote look like?” came the unsophisticated question.

The lawyer of the crowd offered the technical answer: “The coyote has the muzzle of a fox, with a wolf’s tail and feet. He is two-thirds the size of that big gray fellow called the timber wolf, which haunts the forests. The coyote’s dingy white and tawny-brown coat takes the color of the brown adobe dust that fills his shaggy hair. A straight bushy

tail tells you which way he is going. At the slightest alarm, his slanting ears stand erect as a clipped bull-terrier’s. His long, lean body is mounted on short, sinewy legs, which handicap him as a swift runner. But he makes up for this deficiency in cunning, as his long, pointed, foxy nose clearly shows.”

“I hear he is a consort of rattlesnake and vulture, and lives in a hole in the ground. How about that?” queried the Easterner.

“The word is pronounced *ki’-o-te*,” came the information from the etymologist of the party. “The root *coy* means *hole* in the Nahuatl language. The coyote prowls around most of his time, trying to satisfy a craving hunger, but when hard pressed he will ‘hole up’ and it’s possible a rattler may be there to greet him. As to the carrion-eating vulture, the coyote takes to that habit only from direst necessity. He prefers farmers’ pullets, young turkeys, lambs, jack-rabbits, or even a saddle of antelope.”

“You can’t make me believe that a coyote—an animal no larger than a collie dog—can run down and kill an antelope!” protested the tenderfoot.

“Well, they can do it,” was the prompt answer of Billy Parks, hero of many a prairie hunt. “I have seen them. Out in this country it’s called ‘ham-stringing.’ The coyote relies on numbers and tactics; all his cunning, impudence and audacity are brought into play.”

“Did you ever actually see such a capture?”

“Yes, sir,” answered Billy in a tone of superior authority. “We were out hunting pronghorns one morning late in the fall. Ascending a rising knoll of the prairie, our ponies stood up their

ears and we sighted a band of antelope grazing below. Just then a crawling coyote came prowling over the opposite knoll. Singling out a small buck, feeding apart from the band, the crafty wolf gave chase, carefully turning the buck toward his partner, which was squatting behind a sage bush. The antelope was gaining rapidly, when up jumped the crouching coyote and took up the run. The sly fellow did not pursue, but made a cross-cut, turning the tired buck toward another colleague, and, will you believe it, behind a rise of ground lay a third coyote, which began a fresh relay. By this time the pronghorn was so exhausted that the coyote managed to catch up and plant his fangs around the buck's left hind tendon. Tenaciously he hung on until he severed the cord and the antelope was limping on three legs with little speed. The two accomplices came up and helped tear the buck to pieces—one at his throat, the other on his hams.

"Then ensued a savage fight among the coyotes for the meat, still bleeding and warm. They were maddened by hunger. It was a vivid picture of hamstringing, which they also practice on cows and young calves."

"That's true, all of it," spoke up the ranchman. "I have seen them hunt in packs of four or six, and occasionally as many as a dozen. When three or four of them are hunting jack-rabbits, the coyote in at the death greedily devours all the carcass himself, and without compunction lets his partners go hungry."

"I should think you would use poison, traps, or anything to get rid of such a pest," ventured the Eastern man.

"It is not so easy," continued this herder of cattle. "The coyote usually keeps away from all figure 4, steel, box or log traps. He's got too good a nose to tamper with them. Sometimes we get him by a 'drag.' We take a loin of beef, inject it with poison, and drag it along in a round-about route, leaving it some distance from the ranch house. Occasionally a dead coyote with a swollen belly lies near by the next morning."

"Don't you save the hides?"

"No; they're not good for much," lamented the ranchman.

"There is a bounty on the coyote's head," broke in the lawyer, "but the State's got no money to pay it, so what's the use skinning him?"

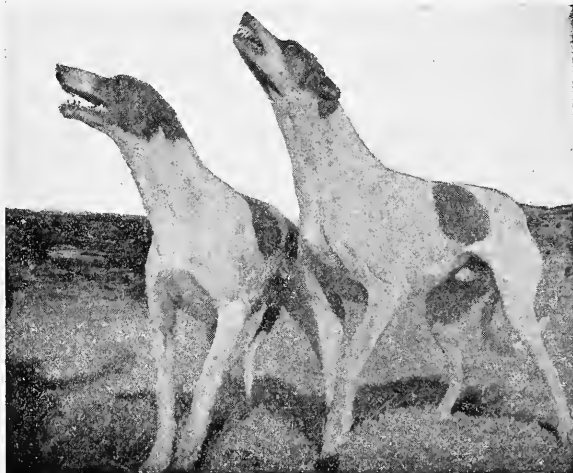
The next morning dawned as only it can in Colorado. The light covering of snow was evaporating under rays of clearest sunshine. The dry, tingling air invigorated and tightened every muscle; every breath seemed to reach to one's lowest depths. It was a perfect morning for coursing coyotes.

After breakfast the party mounted the string of dancing broncos. On the light spring wagon was a rack filled with the hounds; keen, lithe, smooth-coated greyhounds, fierce long-haired borzoi and shaggy stag-hounds, all packed in together.

"Why don't you let them run and limber up and try to catch a scent?" asked the tenderfoot, who was absorbing a vast amount of coyote knowledge with each question.

"Oh, they'll get enough limbering before the day is over," answered Billy Parks; "we let them ride to save them. As for scent, they haven't any. They have lots of long nose, but can't smell much. These hounds run entirely by sight."

The party were ascending one of those long rolls of ground which swell over the prairie in earthen waves, when the wagon in the van topped a knoll. There was terrific commotion among the tangled hounds. Down the valley scramble in all directions a band of seven coyotes. The dogs are let out and begin the chase



AN EAGER COUPLE.

in two packs, running in opposite directions. The riders divide. Each squad of hounds has a generous following. Keen-eyed these hounds run, never for a moment taking their glaring stare from the quarry, no matter how thick the thorny cactus grows. Silent; never a sound do they utter. Every energy is put into those long, slender, sinewy legs. Rapidly they gain, and make a short race of it. The swift greyhound, Leader, turns the snarling coyote, but is timid and dares not take hold. The next instant, two fierce borzoi hounds pounce on the shaggy gray-coat. They "string him out" amid growls, and flying fur. Three or four of the slower, stronger stag-hounds come up, and help crunch the bones of the limp coyote.

"This is royal sport," exclaimed the breathless fellow, who had been used to some rough polo riding at college. "But don't you save the brush?"

"And what's a *brush*?" asked the ranchman.

The tenderfoot showed him by dismounting and cutting off the coyote's much-mouthed tail. As there was no lady in the party, he dangled the bushy gray tail from his belt, and thus inaugurated a new custom among the coyote hunters.

Before the pack could be penned up again, the younger hounds started a jack. All the yelling and calling of screaming throats could not call them off. After a lively chase, the fleet hound, Fly, reaches the skimming jack; and as he turns, with one catching rip, the clasping jaws break his back. The jack dies without a squeal. The older dogs, trained by many a coyote hunt, let the smaller game go by, with nothing more than a sniff and erect ears. All the scattered hounds were corralled once more into the wagon-rack.

And now the party was trotting along in one of those huge hollows of the plains. Whenever the course crossed coyote tracks, still showing in the fast-disappearing snow, a clever little bitch, that was allowed to run, would bound up from the ground, trying to get a glimpse of the game. The rolling prairies are so formed that one never reaches their highest point. A prominent knoll in the distance, when reached, will always be overtopped by some higher point. It is this everchanging aspect and surprising nature of the seemingly monotonous plains that make them interesting.

The ponies were ascending just such a rise of ground, when the open view showed up a dog coyote, profiled against the blue sky. The hunters, as yet unseen, wound around an intervening knoll and came upon the coyote unawares. The dogs broke away. It was a short, sharp race, straight-away, without a turn. The animal was strung out and mangled before the riders could get up speed.

"That's a pretty quick catch, isn't it?" asked the college man, who was becoming the most eager hunter of the mall.

"Yes," answered Doc, as he paced it off with his eye; "that's only about a three-hundred-yard run, which is record distance."

"Stand off!" shouted the "fiend," as he focused his camera on the circle of hounds.

"My, he is a big fellow; how much will he weigh?" was the Easterner's next question.

The doctor dismounted, and began to drive off the dogs. It was all he could do to pull out the coyote and hold him up. "He'll tip sixty pounds," he answered with a strained voice. "He's an old offender, too. Look at his brown, spike teeth!"

"Hello!" said one, "there is a dog that got nipped; the one hobbling on three legs."

The dog-driver went over to the whining hound and drew out a cactus thorn from one of his paws, and added with a grunt: "He's all right now."

Hunger, made keen by the brisk air and vigorous riding, began to make itself heard by many side remarks. All agreed that this was a good place to camp for lunch. A neighboring ravine had given sufficient moisture to nourish a few struggling cottonwood trees. Some dead limbs were collected, and soon a curling tower of smoke announced camp to any wandering hunter. This midday meal, on cold turkey, fresh farm bread and butter, and clear hot tea, is one of the best parts of a hunting trip. All morning there is a delightful expectation, which one cannot quite define. It grows stronger as the noon hour approaches. We dislike to admit the fact, but lunch, no matter how plain, brings the expected satisfaction and a more contented spirit. A camp-fire warms the body and arouses conversation. Its crackle is sure to bring out some stories.

"You know," Judge began, "the coyote figures in the myths and religious history of the native races of the West and Southwest, like the reynard of European folk-lore. The coyote's secretive disposition, his cunning, craftiness, and his tendency to prowl around at night, naturally appeal to the imagination of superstitious races."

"Yes," spoke up the man versed in folk-lore. "Among the Mexicans their greatest mythological figure was Tezcatlipoca, who was thought to have created heaven and earth. The crafty coyote was dedicated to him, as presiding over darkness and all that is mysterious. In Central America the coyote was even honored with a temple, with priests devoted to its service, statues, and an immense tomb. Some of the Indians of the present day think the coyote created the world. We see them giving a divine origin to what most people consider a low pest."

Judge took up the conversation with some reminiscences about a tribe of Indians with the euphonious name of Gallinomero.

"While traveling among these Indians," he went on, "I learned that they considered the coyote responsible for pretty much everything that exists. Their legend is that a mighty flood drowned all living creatures except the coyote. Standing on a bit of high ground the crafty fellow collected the tail feathers of hawks, owls, and buzzards, as they floated by. These he planted, after the flood subsided, where wigwams had stood. The feathers sprouted, branched out, and finally turned into men, women, animals and birds. That's why we're here."

"You know the rest of the story, don't you?" asked Doc. "Well, seeing such famous results in the form of man, the coyote turned his efforts toward creating the sun and moon. He collected a ball of *tules* from a swamp and gave it, with some flints, to a hawk that happened to be soaring around. The bird flew up to heaven, touched off the ball of dry reeds and sent it whirling around the earth. This was the sun. The moon was created in the same way, only the *tules* were a bit damp and did not burn so brightly."

"The Navajo Indians attribute the origin of fire in part to the coyote," volunteered one of the circle. "Their

fable runs that fire belonged in common to the coyote, bat and squirrel. The brave coyote tied some pine splinters to his tail and dashed through the blazing fire. The splinters ignited. He turned homeward, but soon got out of breath, when fortunately the bat relieved him of the fire and flew till he dropped. Then the squirrel took up the torch and carried the blaze into the camp of the Navajos."

"That reminds me," said Billy Parks, "of what an old Navajo buck once told me. He said, after the sun and moon had been made, the 'old men,' his ancestors, began to embroider the heavens with bright stars of beautiful and elaborate patterns, like the Navajo blankets. When each star was in its proper place, the coyote rushed in and contemptuously scattered the lines of stars broadcast over the whole heavens, just as they now lie up there. Whenever there is a shower of meteorites, these Indians think a coyote is making another such scattering."

"It is curious," went on the expert in Indian mythology, "how strongly the red men cling to their hereditary superstitions about animals. Even their bows and arrows have a divine origin. To this day the Karoks believe the Deity once commanded the animals to appear on a certain morning to receive bows and arrows with which to hunt. The most powerful animal was to receive the largest bow, and so on, down the scale. The night before, all the animals went to sleep as usual. Not so with Mr. Coyote. He stayed awake all night in order to appear before any of the rest and receive the largest bow. Alas! he outdid himself with ingenuity, and fell asleep just before dawn. When he arrived, only the very shortest bows were left. But the god, Kareya, took pity on the coyote and gave him cunning ten times greater. This is how he became sharp-witted above all other animals of the plains."

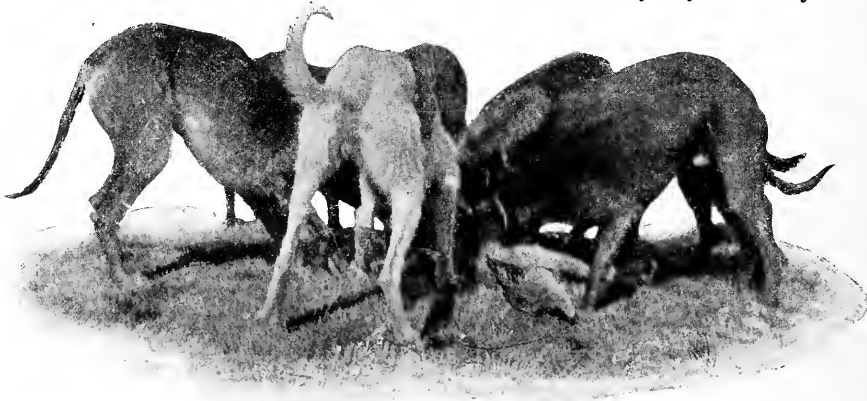
"I guess that's right," added the cowboy of the party, "for a Miwok myth I once heard gives the coyote great cunning. They say the animals created man. Previous to this creation, the coyote called a council of all the animals. In the constitution of man, he advised taking the good parts of each animal and uniting them into a superior being: strong voice from the lion, lack

of tail, like a bear (since tails are only homes for fleas), the sharp eye of the elk, etc. 'In wit,' said he, 'I am supreme. Let him have cunning and craft from me.' Each animal wanted the pattern after himself, so the council broke up in a row."

"Let us break up," laughed Doc, "not in a row, but a ride."

Each man found his pony, browsing

About a quarter mile back the others had dismounted. They were stooping over the athletic student of the hunt. His horse had stumbled into one of the few holes that exist on the prairie. The fall winded him. The bottle for medicinal purposes only brought him round to consciousness. This was a final signal for the return. It was growing late anyway. The injured man,



THE END.

near by on the dry, brown grass. At once conversation was changed to keen watchfulness as they cantered along.

"I am going to be in first at the death this time," came the proud assertion of the tenderfoot, whose lower appendages were becoming tougher the more his mind was enlightened.

The horses bounded after the whole pack of hounds that had been let loose on a far-away coyote. Here was a chance for some stiff riding: down a ravine, up a sloping hill, across a little valley, and then open, clear running. The coyote turns, the ponies answer, as they are all galloping at full speed. A fierce borzoi is first to double the coyote, which is strung out flat the next instant. The riders follow after in reckless speed, with the Eastern friend winner by a narrow margin.

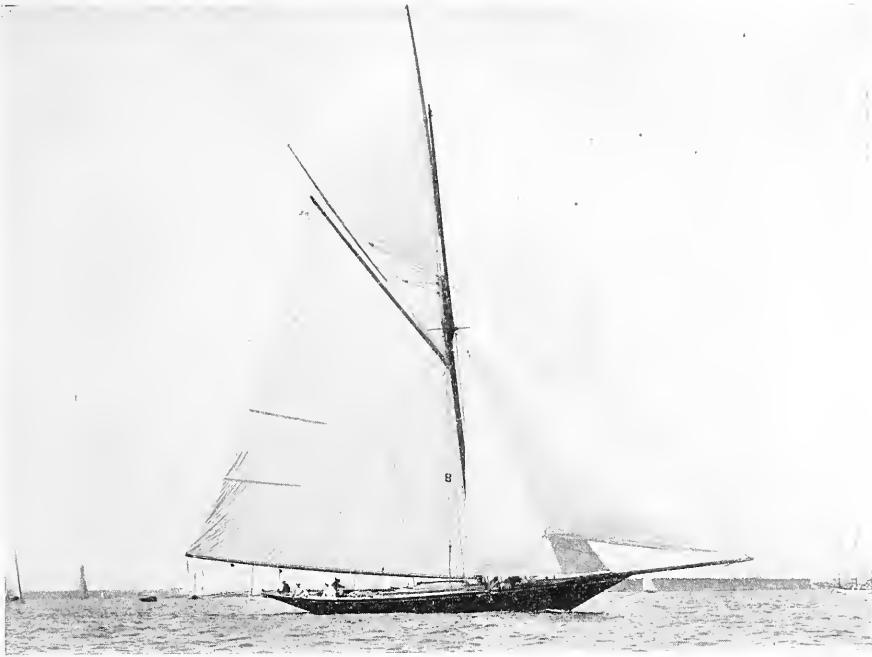
who was pretty well shaken up, rode home on the dog-wagon. The hunters trotted homeward, chatting, jostling, and careless of surroundings.

"They're off again!" shouted Doc. And so they were. Bounds, leaps, legs, hanging red tongues, white rows of teeth—all mingled together in a mad rush for another coyote. In a few minutes more, there lay the fourth and last coyote of the day's hunt.

As the hunters neared the ranch-house, and the prospects of food, the injured rider revived more and more. There was just time enough to swallow some red beef, smoking potatoes and hot coffee. No dish could taste better.

They all tumbled into the night train, with a good-bye wave to the ranchman. It was a happy, tired, satisfied crowd that rolled into Denver that night.





"GLORIANA."

THE TYPE OF YACHT.

WHAT SHALL SHE BE—KEEL, CENTERBOARD OR BULB-FIN?

BY CAPTAIN A. J. KENEALY.*

WHEN we come to consider the type of yacht most desirable to buy or to build, the problem is perplexing. We must in every case be guided by circumstances. For instance, a deep bulb-fin boat for racing or cruising on the shallow waters of the Great South Bay would be manifestly out of place. Nor would a sharpie be the most desirable class of craft for use on the deep water of the lower Hudson. Locality is what must guide us in our choice. Build or buy a boat suitable for the work she is intended to do.

Remember that nearly every type of craft, keel, bulb-fin, centerboard or double-huller, has some good qualities to recommend it. For cruising, a keel yacht of moderate draught, so as to be able to enter harbors where the water is comparatively shallow, may be recommended. A centerboard vessel for the same purpose, to those who prefer the type, holds further inducements. A wholesome knockabout for general pur-

poses, fishing and class-racing affords lots of sport. A modern fin-keel for racing only cannot be surpassed. So out of these various types you have only to choose. It is not necessary in this connection to sing the praises of the keel type. It speaks for itself. For speed and safety it is equally adapted. In war and in commerce as well as in yacht racing it has made its mark.

There are a number of yachts which without exaggeration or affectation may well be characterized as epoch-making vessels. First comes the schooner *America*, which revolutionized yacht naval architecture in Great Britain. Then follows *Evolution*, the parent of the bulb-fin type of to-day. Next comes the Scotch cutter *Madge*, which was responsible for the decline and fall of our unwholesome "skimming-dish" type. *Puritan* is next—a compromise between the two extremes of deep cutter and shallow centerboard. It should be remembered in connection with this boat

*From the Author's forthcoming book "Yachting Wrinkles."

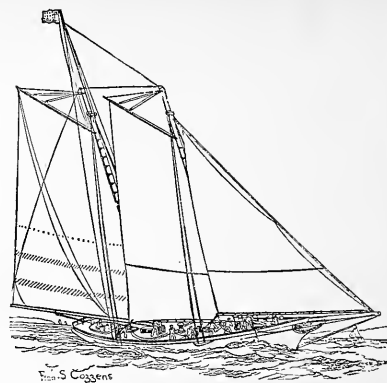
that she combined the factors of outside lead, moderate draught and ample beam, and was in every way a new departure, reflecting great credit on her talented designer Mr. Edward Burgess. *Gloriana* was as pronounced a departure as *Puritan*, her famous spoon-bow and immense overhangs arousing all the British designers and causing them to steer a new course. Her influence was quite as great as that of *America*. She made Nat Herreshoff famous.

The remarkable feature of *Gloriana* was that while her length on the load water-line was 45 feet 3 inches (she was built for the 46-foot class), her length over-all was 70 feet. As the fullness of the bilge extended to bow and stern, the more she was inclined, the greater was her water-line length. I never saw a stiffer yacht. Her record for her first season (1890) was eight starts and eight first prizes. *Dilemma*, the Herreshoff fin-keel, may also be described as an epoch-maker as her form and her fin were speedily adopted and adapted by British designers.

It will be noticed that all the yachts enumerated, except *Puritan* and *Dilemma*, are of the keel variety.

The long reign of what may be termed the demoralized centerboard type is happily over. It is really a matter of marvel that the shoal hulls of great beam, destitute of a safe range of stability, and carrying a dangerous spread of sail, did not oftener turn turtle and cause a greater loss of human life.

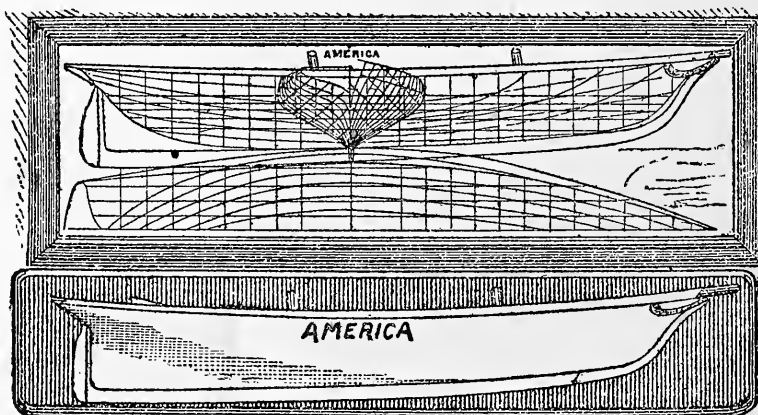
The Hudson River freight sloop was a safe and well-built craft, well-adapted not only for the commerce of our coasts



"AMERICA."

but also for long ocean voyages. So far back as 1785 the *Albany* 84-ton sloop, Stewart Dennis master, made a voyage to Canton, returning with a cargo of tea. Between 1790 and 1800 there were about a hundred sloops plying in the freight and passenger trade between New York and Albany, and proving fast and able. These packets flourished until steam drove them out of the business.

The centerboard, an improvement on the Dutch leeboard, first used on the Hudson about 1830, has always been a necessity of the shallowness of some of our harbors; and there is no reason why it should not continue to be popular, if the model is of sound design and the construction strong. Every objection against the centerboard system may be met by the argument that a large proportion of our coasting schooners on the Atlantic seaboard are fitted with centerboards, and ply their calling winter and



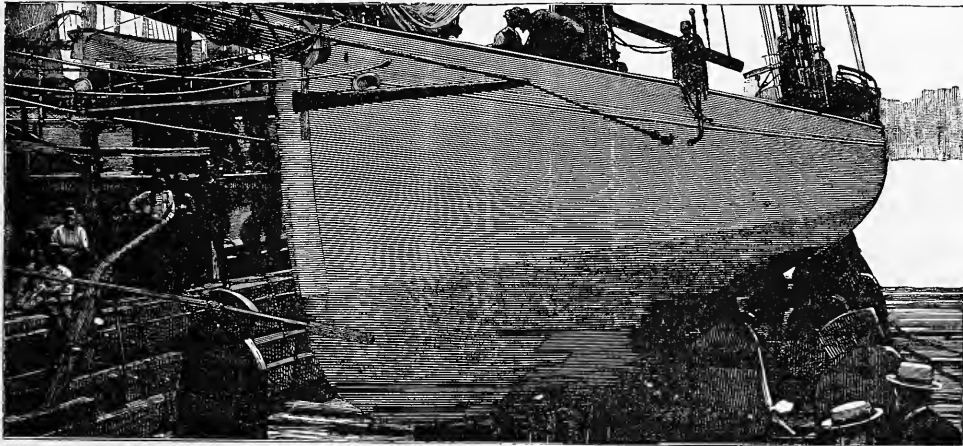
"AMERICA'S" LINES.

summer, in storm and calm, and the unerring test of their seaworthiness is that the underwriters do not look upon them as greater risks than those of the keel variety. A marine underwriter is generally shrewd and business-like, and keeps a close watch on the statistics of maritime losses. If it were proven by the wreck returns that centerboard vessels were more prone to succumb to the perils of the raging main than the craft not built with a movable fin, the inference is obvious, the premium of insurance would be graded to meet the risk.

I think that this argument will appeal to all people of common sense, and will settle the question of the relative safety and seaworthiness of the two types. But there is this to be said on the subject, that very much difference

depth which is essential to a safe range of stability, mere sail-carrying power being derived from an excess of beam, which was but an additional element of danger. In the search for speed under special local conditions, mainly those of summer racing, the true principles of naval architecture, so apparent in the work of George Steers and others of the earlier designers, were utterly ignored, and a most dangerous and vicious school of designing prevailed throughout American yachting.

"Taking the centerboard sloop and schooner as they were up to 1880—dangerously shoal and wide in model; often clumsily built of soft wood, with the poorest of fastenings; faultily ballasted with stone and iron inside; the hull inherently weak in form from the great



By courtesy of Harper Bros.

"PURITAN," THE "AMERICA'S" CUP DEFENDER OF 1886, ON DRY DOCK.

exists between a craft constructed for carrying coal and another built for the purpose of pleasure. I think it may be averred without error that the early centerboard yachts were, as a rule, modeled by shipwrights who had a due regard for the factor of initial stability as well as strong hulls scientifically put together. But, step by step, a school of naval architecture came into vogue so far as centerboard yachts are concerned, in which most of the sound principles of naval architecture were totally ignored. Mr. W. P. Stephens, in an interesting and scholarly paper read before the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers in 1895, well says:

"The centerboard lent itself as a willing accessory to the sacrifice of that

beam and lack of proportionate depth; the entire middle portion of keel and floors cut away, with the familiar 'hinge joint' where the mast was stepped, just forward of the trunk; and with the deck construction made worse than useless as an element of strength through the absence of all beams in the middle portion of the vessel and the presence of a great superstructure, the cabin trunk—the accepted law of naval design and construction fail to give any reason why such craft capsized no oftener and kept afloat as long as they did; and we can only fall back for an explanation on the doctrine of a special providence."

Mr. Stephens is not only a naval architect, but also a practical shipwright,

and therefore, his scathing arraignment of the centerboard type must be taken as emanating from his ripe judgment and long experience. It must be remembered, however, that he is a pronounced advocate of the keel type, and has long waged war against the centerboard. So far as his denunciation applies to the vicious and exaggerated variety I agree with him, heart and soul. But I am not prepared to condemn the whole class because of the glaring imperfections that are to be found in examples.

It must be borne in mind that without the aid of the centerboard the pastime of yachting would be impracticable on innumerable sheets of shallow water, both salt and fresh, to be found in North America. With that point in view, the abolition of the vicious element in the type, and its succession by a sound and seaworthy class of pleasure craft, should be the aim of all yachtsmen. And since the year 1880 great strides have been made in that direction. I have witnessed with joy the decadence and abolition of the "sandbagger," a craft of immense beam, shallow draft, and big sail plan. The sandbagger was the ideal racing machine of twenty-five years ago. Its place has been taken by the fin-keel. I wonder if the fin-keel is destined to be succeeded by the double-huller, such as *Dominion*, which made her debut in Canada in 1898?

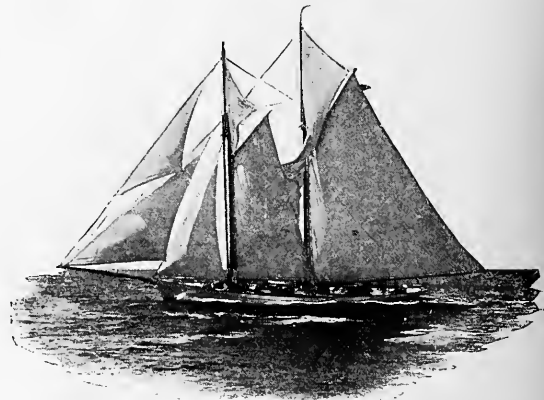
In the course of the same paper Mr. Stephens also says: "To us familiar with it [the centerboard] from our earliest knowledge of the water, the striking characteristics of the type appeal with little force; but if, with our knowledge of the sea, of naval instruction, and of the strains and stresses to which every vessel is subjected, the idea were laid before us for the first time of a vessel with the entire backbone and floor construction cut away for the middle third of her length, devoid of deck frames almost from mast to rudder-post, with a great box amidships open to the sea, and with a thin, movable plane projecting deep below the bottom, it would be strange if the majority would not condemn on sight a combination so unmechanical, so lubberly, and so dangerous."

But Mr. Stephens gives the other side of the question also. He says: "In the

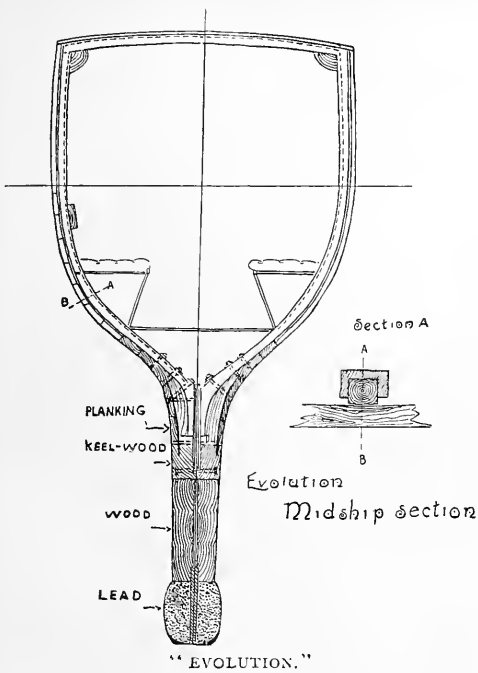
hands of competent and honest shipwrights the centerboard coasting schooner has disproved all theories as to the non-utility of the type for sea-going purposes: in a hull of moderate first cost and running expense it has carried swiftly, safely and profitably its cargoes of coal, lumber, sugar, firewood, barley, bricks, or general freight, both on the lakes and on the Atlantic, up and down the 'Beach,' across Nantucket Shoals, and around Hatteras in winter, light or loaded, taking in and landing its cargoes in localities inaccessible to the keel vessel. In the ocean coasting trade it has been and still is a powerful factor for good; and in the local trade it has been a Godsend to the small farmer or miller or lumberman, carrying his product cheaply and safely from his own small creek or bay to a profitable market. In the face of such practical results all theories as to the initial weakness of the centerboard type or its inferiority as a sea-going vessel must stand aside; numerous instances of bad design and construction may be found, it is true, but they prove nothing against the type itself in capable hands."

This last extract gives a fair presentation of the whole question. It is by practical results that the centerboard yacht must be judged, as well as the centerboard coaster. I believe that the centerboard has been beneficial to the sport of yachting. I will go further, and will say that without the board yachting could not possibly have attained the great popularity it now enjoys in this country.

Viewing the subject broadly, I see no reason why the centerboard should not



"IROQUOIS."



vessel of the type aboard which I had been, if well-found and well-manned, was equal to any keel boat of her size that I had ever sailed on.

As a matter of history it may be mentioned that the centerboard schooner *Vesta*, in the midwinter ocean race of 1866, and the centerboard schooner *Iroquois*, in the March blizzard of 1888, both acquitted themselves admirably, much to the surprise of the devotees of the keel type.

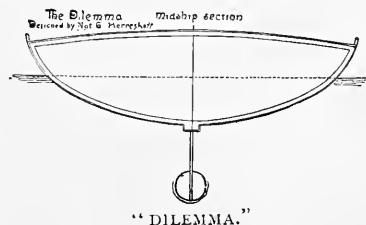
The popularity of the catboat as a racing craft will never die out in this country. The horseless carriage may supersede the hansom-cab in our city streets, and the electric launch may usurp the place of the Venetian gondolas, and drive the gay gondoliers to adopt some other means of livelihood. But the catboat is destined to survive all such revolutionary changes, and a century hence it will doubtless be more in vogue for pleasure, sport and business than it is to-day. In hull and sail plan it will probably be much improved, but its general type will remain unaltered. For cruising as well as racing it will never fail of an array of enthusiastic admirers.

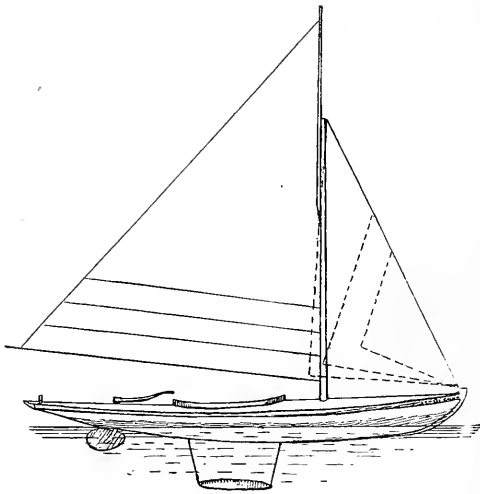
be good for centuries to come in honest cruising and racing, especially in classes of moderate size. The keel will probably bear off the palm in the larger classes of cutters and schooners, but for craft in the thirty-foot class and under, the center-board has advantages which the bulb-fin in my judgment does not possess. Those who care for speed alone and whose ambition it is to acquire a stock of more or less inartistic silverware, will continue to pin their faith to the fin. Others who like to enjoy a modicum of comfort when afloat may safely swear by the centerboard.

When I was a young man I had an unconquerable prejudice against the centerboard. My opinion of the type was often expressed in language of great warmth and strength. Mind you, I was not so utterly devoid of common sense as to be blind to the advantages of the "board" in shallow water. I had, however, a fixed idea that the average centerboard sloop was no good in a blow. This view has been considerably modified in the school of experience. It once fell to my lot to be an eye-witness of the excellent seaworthy and speedy qualities of a centerboard sloop in an easterly gale on Long Island Sound. When we reached port I was perfectly willing to confess that a

Of catboats there are many varieties. They are plentiful at all waterside haunts, and as they glide gracefully to and fro they look so tempting and so easy to handle withal, that the visitor from the woods or the mountains longs to be afloat in one of them, grasping the tiller with his left hand, while his strong right arm encircles the slender waist of his trusting but slightly timid sweetheart. The average catboat is as safe as a church when sailed by a man who knows how, and the art of sailing her may soon be acquired. But when a lubber undertakes to handle her she may become as stubborn as a balky mare and as perilous as the bottomless pit.

Many who have no liking, inherent or acquired, for the modern racing freak, whether in the 15-foot, 20-foot or 30-foot





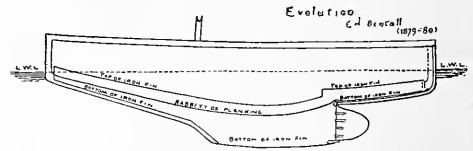
"DILEMMA."

class, need not give up their hopes of acquiring fame in mosquito craft racing. A good, fast catboat is never out of date, and there are various classes of these wholesome little vessels in which there is always room at the top. The best of the racing cabin-cat is that she has not yet degenerated into a mere machine, but has certain modest accommodations which permit her to be used for pleasant cruises.

The heavy sand bags, or shot bags, which a few years ago necessitated so much laborious toil and the carrying of

such large crews, are now, happily, out of date, shifting ballast being barred in nearly all clubs. The modern cat carries outside ballast, which makes the sailing of her a pastime, not a perspiration-compelling task, while for handiness in rig the cat cannot be surpassed.

By many ingenious methods and contrivances the mast is so securely stepped



"EVOLUTION."

and stayed that there is now no danger in carrying a press of sail in a piping blow or a steep head sea. The boat can be sailed along and permitted to feel the full strength of the breeze without any fear of springing the mast or straining the boat forward.

Catboats of many kinds there are, from the craft common in the Great South Bay, with its pleasant but rather flimsy summer cabin, to the robust boat of Cape Cod, which bravely dares the steep seas of a stormy coast, and is at her best in a vigorous blow. I don't know of any craft of such light draught that can compare with the "Caper" for bad-weather qualities and general all-around



THE HERRESHOFF CATBOAT "WANDA."

13 Starts.

May 16th.—Norwalk.
 May 30th.—Norwalk.
 June 25th.—Indian Harbor.
 July 2d.—New Rochelle.
 July 4th.—Larchmont.
 July 9th.—Riverside.
 July 14th.—Seawanhaka; won in 30-foot class by eight minutes actual time.
 July 23d.—Norwalk.

13 Firsts.

July 30th.—Indian Harbor; won on resale.
 August 13th.—Horseshoe; 30-foot class by twenty-six minutes.
 August 20th.—Huguenot.
 August 26th.—Huntington.
 September 3d.—Atlantic.
 25-foot cabin catboat *Wanda*, 21ft. oin., 1. w. l.; 30ft. o. a.; beam 12ft. Designed and built by the Herreshoff Manufacturing Co., Bristol, R. I. Owned by F. T. Bedford, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.

usefulness. She is by no means pretty to look at, but her appearance can be materially improved without detriment to her sterling attributes. Mr. F. M. Randall has introduced to New York a modified "Caper."

All his boats have been built by the Crosbys, of Osterville, Mass., who now have a branch shop in South Brooklyn. They have been highly successful, and with *Ethel*, *Presto*, *Step Lively*, and *Scat*

seventeen firsts. She is now owned in Galveston, Texas. She is 27 feet over all, 20 feet on the load water-line, 9 feet beam, draught 2 feet, mast 30 feet, hoist 19 feet, boom 33 feet, gaff 21 feet, and sail area 700 square feet.

The racing catboat is such a fascinating theme that a whole volume might be devoted to its advantages and possibilities. No finer craft in which to learn the rudiments of yacht racing



"VESTA."

Mr. Randall won pretty nearly everything he tried for.

Not less successful was the catboat *Kittie*, designed and built for Mr. Hazen Morse, by Captain Thos. R. Webber, of New Rochelle. She has a lead shoe on her oaken keel, through which works her centerboard of Tobin bronze. Launched in 1894 and sailed by her owner, *Kittie* won fourteen first prizes that year, and in 1895 she carried off

can be chosen by an amateur; and there are several classes, large and small, in which eager rivals compete from the beginning to the end of the yachting season, offering many opportunities for the winning of prizes.

A successful racing cat is the 25-foot cabin craft *Wanda*, designed and built by the Herreshoffs, for Mr. F. T. Bedford, Jr., of Brooklyn. She is 30 feet over all, 21 feet 9 inches on the load water-line,

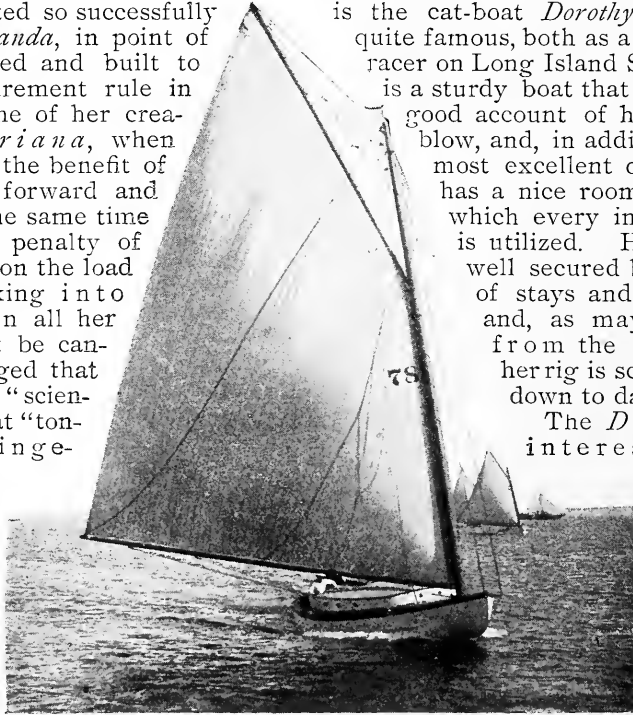
with 12 feet beam. Her record for 1898 was thirteen starts and thirteen firsts.

By a glance at the illustration of *Wanda* it will be seen that Mr. Nat Herreshoff, her designer, has introduced the modified form of fin keel which he exploited so successfully in *Vigilant*. *Wanda*, in point of fact, was designed and built to elude the measurement rule in force at the time of her creation. Like *Gloriana*, when heeled, she gets the benefit of long overhangs forward and aft, while at the same time she escapes the penalty of excessive length on the load water-line. Taking into consideration all her features, it must be candidly acknowledged that she is the most "scientific" cat-boat that "tonnage-cheating" ingenuity ever devised. Both the principles of yacht designing that worked so admirably in *Vigilant* and *Gloriana*, namely the large lateral plane and the increased water-line length, when heeled, have been embodied in *Wanda*. The result has been a gratifying success. Cat-boats of the olden time used to

measure about the same length over all and on the water-line. It remained for Mr. Herreshoff to produce a boat 21 feet on the water-line with an over-all length of 30 feet.

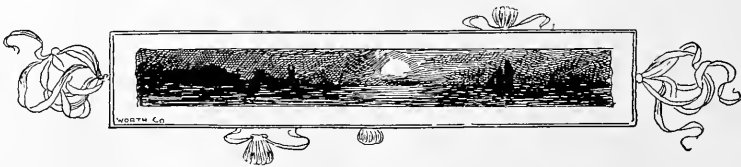
In marked contrast to the *Wanda* is the cat-boat *Dorothy*, which is quite famous, both as a cruiser and racer on Long Island Sound. She is a sturdy boat that can give a good account of herself in a blow, and, in addition to this most excellent quality, she has a nice roomy cabin, in which every inch of space is utilized. Her mast is well secured by means of stays and spreaders, and, as may be seen from the illustration, her rig is scientific and down to date.

The *Dorothy* is interesting as showing the transition stage between the old-fashioned cat-boat and the new *Wanda*, which is sure to



THE CAT-BOAT "DOROTHY."

become popular as a racing machine, but from her limited accommodations is not likely to be much sought after as a correct type for mere cruising.



THE SEAWARD HILL.

THE dawn winds blow o'er the seaward hill ;
They rollick and carol and breathe their fill,
And the broad blue spaces of ocean lie
Open and wide to hand and eye ;
Where the great waves toss and the sea-birds
call
To the wild, free life that woos us all,
Till the heart goes out where the keen winds be,
For over the summit waits—the sea.

And night comes down, but the seaward hill
In the sunset's glow stands grim and still.
And fair, though the foam crests dip and rise,
It lifts its brow to the sailor's eyes,
Forever the prow that breasts the main
To the seaward hill he turns again,
While the glad boat springs and swings through
the foam,

For over the summit waits—his home.
WINTHROP PACKARD

A ROMAUNT OF YE BICYCLE.

With Apologies to Maister Chaucer.

A MAYDE ther was that riden did ful wel
And semely, upon her bicycle ;
Ful daintie was her cloke and selken gowne,
And al did matchen wel her eyhen browne.
And as sche rid from out ye litel towne,
Sche met a knight ful faire in grene arraye,
The whiche I schal aboute a litel say.

He riden hadde moche biyonde the see,
He riden eke upon a centurie ;
And ones, so it ben said, with corage hie
He loken did a lyoun in the eyhe,
I say it as men telle, I ne was nigh
Yet this I ken : he passéd by the mayde
As sche her coolen did within the shade.

He stoppen did to speke : her eyhen felle ;
His corage fallen eke, and, sad to telle,
He nought coude speken that was freish and newe ;
But seid how fieldes ben so faire to view,
And moe so leik matere, the which doth shew
Love did what lyoun ne coude don, I trow :
And thus we hem al tweyne schal leeven so

MATTHEW PARK.

TO THE TOP OF PALI AWHEEL.

CYCLING IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

BY T. PHILIP TERRY.

OF all the citizens of the United States who have cause to view with favor the beneficent effects of the efforts of Uncle Sam to bring peace and good order into the Pacific, none will be readier to accord him higher praise than the wheelman

who has the good fortune to revel in the magnificence and magic of the Sandwich Isles, where, and not so long ago either, the presence of a wheelman would have been the occasion of a festival in which he would not unlikely have formed the dish of honor.



"A BEWILDERING PUZZLE OF STRAW-THATCHED HUTS." (p. 586.)

If there be one sensation of absolute contentment on this sub-lunar sphere it is that experienced by an enthusiastic, novelty-loving cyclist when on a perfect morning of spring, a friendly ship lands him on the long-dreamed-of shores of some fairy tropical isle, where, armed with a ten-hours' leave of absence and a tried and trusty bike, he wheels away through the awakening streets of some picturesque native village, down shaded avenues flanked by cocoa palms, and out into an unknown land, fresh woods and pastures new, an ideal tour of discovery.

The voyages of Marco Polo, of Captain Cook, and other benighted discoverers, who never owned a steely steed, shrink into nothingness when compared to this; and as you spin down the lanes and byways, happy in the thought of the home-like ship and the friendly faces which will greet you on your return, the golden dawn takes on an added tinge, and while the keen morning air kisses your alien cheek and brings a sparkle to your eye, supremest satisfaction fills your soul, and for the moment life holds no greater, subtler, more perfect joy.

If fresh from a northern clime and still shivering in the memory of ice-bound streets and frozen roads, the transition seems more complete.

Hour after hour we had steamed swiftly and silently past the sloping shores of old Kauai, its shadowy bulk looming gaunt and ghostly through the darkest hour which oft precedes the day; and now, softly, even timidly, we steal, with the morning light, through the encircling coral reefs, past the long line of creamy breakers banding the shore with a shifting film of lace from Barber's Point to Diamond Head, and as the last hidden tooth of old ocean swings astern, a dainty flush of tender rose flames o'er the darkened bosom of the bay, a glorious rim of golden light entwines the Punch Bowl tip behind the town, and Honolulu, rising spectrally from a bank of vanishing mist, stands blinking and twinkling before us.

The avant couriers of the sun drive with gilded rapiers the wavering shadows from the valley level; and by the time our ship is safely warped and bound to the friendly wooden dock, the last shades of night have fled timor-

ously beyond the hills of Waianae, and other shades, clad in diaphanous gowns and beltless "Mother Hubbards," wave wreaths of pinks and roses and mellow the morning air with Kanaka songs and shouts of welcome.

Along the crescent beach toward Waikiki, with its waving line of feathery palms, the fisherman plies his primitive craft, the sea-birds wheel, and fish, and scream exultantly.

The deep-toned resonant boom of the distant surf, the singing of the waves above the coral reefs, the strident skirl of circling kites, and the bubbling tide about the ship, speak volumes to the listening ear, for the song of summer and of the tropics is in the air.

The balmy morning breezes, fresh from the fields of ripening cane, stir the graceful palms into transient life, and they nod their plumed and silky heads in a languid southern welcome.

There are but few islands in the little circle of worlds resting like matchless green cameos on the azure bosom of the calm Pacific, that can compare in beauty to Oahu, of the Sandwich group. Few, if any, of the South Sea islands are as highly civilized; and this civilization, blending oddly with the semi-savage condition of the remaining natives, instead of wounding our preconceived ideas of what a South Sea island should be, serves but to increase the ideality.

The strange commingling of modern customs with those of bygone centuries, the curious undercurrent of Kanaka thought and action, and the odd sensation one experiences at the possibility of stepping from a modern trolley car, plying along a splendidly macadamized street, and, by plunging into a labyrinth of lanes and through a bewildering puzzle of straw-thatched huts, suddenly find oneself in the midst of the same civilization that greeted Captain Cook when he landed on these wave-washed shores, are nothing short of unique.

Honolulu is the half-way house between the north and the south, the past and the present; and the representatives of each, meeting here beneath the waving palms which shade Nuuanu avenue, cling so fondly and desperately to their own particular thoughts and ideas that the result is a jumbling of strange contrasts, of opposites and irreconcilables, worth going many miles to see.

The American and the Kanaka, the

white man and the brown, the modern warship and the primitive catamaran, the sea of blue and the sea of fire, the Presidential ball at the palace and the semi-nude Hula dances in the "Mosquito fleet," are conflicting features of Hawaii.

And never in the charmed spring days at home have you felt so gloriously alive as when, on your well-trying steed, propelled ahead by thews of steel, you glide noiselessly along the level roads, and the rounded stones, popping from beneath your humming tire, rattle like a mitrailleuse among the flying foliage and banks of green. The tropical bush is heavy and sweet with the morning dew. The on-rushing wall of distant surf, the stately palms which guard the crescent beach, the streaming notes of a sea-mew's call, enchant the eye and ear and awaken the soul to the touch of a new and nascent harmony.

Occasionally you pause to watch the bold Kanaka surf-riders in their marvelous catamarans; the seething breakers tumbling in a cascade of pearls upon the sand and sliding back, like sheets of glass, to overtake the receding waves; or observe the joyous groups of Hawaiian boys and girls as they tirelessly sport and swim in the azure waters along the shore.

Surprises, contrasts and novelties greet the eye at every turn.

Here the savage mosquitoes work in shifts, and the less savage Hula girls, deep-bronze mermaids of faultless form, bathe in the surf without them.

Mountain views alternate with superb ocean stretches, and the northern cyclist risks his own coconut against those which fall from swaying palms as he wheels along beneath them.

This is the home of "The King of the Cannibal Isles," and you meet his naked subjects as you wheel along the narrow jungle paths.

Unlike New Guinea, the Solomon Group and other doubtful isles of the southern seas, the present civilization here absolves the venturesome cyclist from being spitted on the gridiron frame of his own "safety," and nicely roasted before a sputtering fire; but this very hobnobbing with a folk who have doubtless, in times not long gone by, criticised the odor of a Frenchman, the toughness of an Englishman, or the all-round unseasonableness of a Dutchman served in a pot-piè, family style, adds

its own leaven to the spice of the occasion.

Trans-Pacific liners and vessels plying to colonial Australasia "coal up" at Honolulu, thus giving the cyclist bound for ports in the Southern Hemisphere and the eastern littoral of Old Cathay from eight to twelve hours in which to climb the distant Pali heights, wheel adown the flowery vales along the sloping sides of Waianae, plunge into the splendid surf rolling ceaselessly to the sandy shore of Waikiki, and turn back to the ship along the crescent beach or up a well-kept road which parallels the sea.

Nuuanu avenue is the connecting link which binds the port of Honolulu to the Pali, perched at the narrow head of Nuuanu valley, in the misty hills of Waianae.

Starting from Honolulu, for the first mile or so the road slopes gently from the sea and is flanked on either side by the trim sub-tropical homes and bungalows of the foreign residents. Unless particularly fond of climbing even well-graded hills under the pitiless glare of a tropical sun, the cyclist will prefer to walk and to trundle his wheel along the winding street aflame with tumultuous waves of Ponciana Regia, shaded by royal and banana palms, and dotted here and there with decaying emblems of native royalty. While pushing his mount through the outskirts of the town he can better enjoy the wondrous view of the blue Pacific as it broadens and stretches to the horizon so far below, and console himself with the thoughts of the splendid coast which awaits his criticism on the downward trip.

As the avenue leads out of the town and toward the distant hills the foreign homes are succeeded by the diminutive cottages and vine-covered verandas of the native Kanakas. Bewildering masses of blooming convolvuli twine about and droop from the whitewashed lattice fences. The broad lanais are decked with glowing patches of vivid hibiscus, and are hung with a wealth of trailing vines which climb upon and completely surround them, while blowzy groups of Kanaka maidens, sitting flat and gracelessly upon the verdant lawns, flippantly and pungent jests in mutilated English as you pass along.

Following these straggling native homes, clinging persistently to the skirts

of civilization, come liquid kalo patches and shelving stretches of upland green. Gangs of Japanese coolies work knee-deep in the watery slime wherein is grown the famed Hawaiian poi; and the watery fields, where the kalo thrives, look for all the world like the square rice paddies of old Japan.

As you approach the narrowing passes walling the triangular valley of Nuuanu, and which terminate at the Pali beyond, the hills take on a rugged tinge. Spots in the face of the verdure-covered walls, which, from below, looked but a deepening of shade against the vivid green, develop into miniature cañons and indented vales, whence dance diminutive streams and leaping waterfalls, spreading as they reach the plains, to scatter and purl away in the shape of endless rivulets, or, whimpering for a time along the roadside, hurry away to hide themselves beneath the twining myrtle and the tangled undergrowth.

Here the earth, continuously moistened by the trickling streams, expresses its satisfaction in a jumble of gorgeous wild flowers that would prove a revelation to one unaccustomed to the floral outbursts of the South Sea isles.

Hardy little cattle, scarcely larger than Kerry cows, stand knee-deep in the trailing vines and riotous vegetation.

The air is heavy with the sweetish, enervating perfume of countless tube roses.

Here the Kanaka maidens, riding astride their fleet-footed island ponies, dismount, and, before entering Honolulu, weave and bedeck themselves with garlands of grasses and necklaces of flowers.

As you trudge along the rising road, urging your wheel to the higher level, the perspective gradually changes. The complexion of the roadway alters from a glittering dusty white and blushes a dull and sombre red. The languidness vanishes from the thinning air, and it takes on a snap in which the faintest suggestion of frost is felt. Bits of lava and scoriated rock crop out at intervals along the road, and soon you are tramping between porous walls of volcanic stone, and an angle in the path shuts out the foothills below and the blue expanse of waveless sea beyond.

Fitful gusts of whitish mist sweep down from the neighboring peaks to

meet you, enveloping you in a cool and clinging cloud until called away by the shifting breeze.

Under the inspiring influence of the frosty air you step out more briskly, and thus sooner reach the Pali.

The Pali is to the hills of Waianae what Marshall Pass is to the Rockies, and Tiger Hill, at famed Darjeeling, to the Himalayan range.

It is the apex of a precipice whence you can look so far out into space that the eyes grow hot and tired with gazing, and you instinctively clutch the ground or place your back against some friendly crag for fear of plunging into the airy depths, stretching like a golden sea so far beneath you.

When you turn the angle of the road and step to the wall which protects the Pali brink, a whistling, hurtling wind that flattens your mustache twenty ways to your face and causes you to frantically grab your restless hat, goes humming and seething by you. It makes a vast Æolian harp of the ragged cracks and crags, and fills the air with a diapason melody, like the mysterious moaning of a hundred telegraph wires on a stormy winter's day.

Forty miles away the misty sky kisses the sea with lips of blue, while the crescent beach repels, with a glistening bank of sand, the line of plunging surf that breaks, and churns, and dies upon it.

For leagues the eye can trace the winding road, a twisting trail of dust against the vivid green. As it lolls away among the miniature fields of waving cane and past the straw-thatched huts and the native homes, it gives a strange and mystical touch to the tiny landscape, and recalls the microscopic gardens of old Japan, or Brobdingnag and the Lilliputs.

The coasting down from the Pali to the point near Honolulu where the road diverges to the left to skirt the Punch Bowl's sides is superb and worth coming many a mile to enjoy.

The splendid views from the Japanese coastal roads, the matchless beach encircling "Ceylon's Spicy Isle," the wonderful panorama which awaits the cyclist when he wheels around the sea roads environing Cape Town and along the Riviera, shrink into insignificance when compared to this.

For a thousand yards or more from the



"THE FISHERMAN PLIES HIS PRIMITIVE CRAFT." (p. 386)

Pali's tip the incline is abrupt ; then the roadway leads to the edge of the shelving plain and slopes gently Honoluluward. To say that the roadbed is ridable would be doing it but scant justice ; it is more. The Kanaka pedestrians are good-natured souls with a sneaking fear of the noiseless wheels, and they place a friendly taboo upon your mount by invariably according you an unobstructed right of way. Likewise do the island ponies.

They not only leave the road at the approach of a glittering wheel, but do not stop until they have placed a goodly mile between themselves and their inevitable successors. Everything is favorable to an ideal coast, the only drawback being that it defies a lucid description.

The ride from the edge of the foothills to the outskirts of the town is more like a vertiginous swoop than a sweeping, downward coast. So swift is the descent, when fairly under way, that the mountains appear to race behind and threaten to crash upon you at every revolution of the wheel.

The limitless plain of pale-blue sea, ever on a level with the eye, starts shoreward as you begin the downward scoot, and like a huge cerulean tidal-wave rushes madly to the encounter. Peak after peak wheels sharply around as if to get a better view, and the soft,

sticky atmosphere of the lowlands, heavy with tropical perfumes, rushes upward and slaps your chilly face like a cold and soggy sponge.

Kalo patches, vernal meadow stretches, Kanaka bungalows and Portuguese lanais stream past in a variegated streak ; and ere your mind can register a single beauty of the scene, you are whizzing through the city streets, along the Punch Bowl base, while

Kapiolani Park, and the sandy beach of Waikiki, spring briskly into view.

Kapiolani Park is a half-wild, semi-cared-for jungle, forming a sylvestrian faubourg to Honolulu on the south, and lying between the latter place and the bathing resort of Waikiki.

It is a delightful tangle of tropical vegetation and flowers, and pleasant lanes and roadways wind among its palms and by the borders of its artificial



"AND ROADWAYS WIND AMONG ITS PALMS."

cial lakes. It is the natural bower for Honolulu lovers, and noiseless wheels flit spectrally through the narrow lanes at eventide, while under the tropical stars, glittering like millions of burnished rapier points in the velvet of the sky, the bending fronds list to vows of plighted troth, and the shimmering waves, tremulously kissing the star-lit beach, mingle their murmur with words of love tenderly whispered to enraptured ears.



WINTER SPORT IN SWITZERLAND.

BY ALICE CROSSETTE HALL.

THERE are valleys and valleys; generally they are green valleys, but there is one the memory of which is always associated in my mind with white. I have seen it at all times of the year, parti-colored with the flora of spring, green with the verdure of summer, and red with the touch of autumn, but to me it is ever the "White

Valley," from its snowy basin to the top of its snow-crowned peaks. This valley lies in Switzerland, in the very heart of the Grisons, cradled among the towering Alps, at the top of the world as it were.

Up to this valley, which is in reality the valley of Davos, when it is about to don its white winter robing, go people



A "TAILING" PARTY.



RIVALRY—THE HOME AND FOREIGN BORN.

from all parts of the world; for it is then that the winds are stilled, and the air, at all times remarkably pure, becomes charged with a life-giving quality which holds out the promise, not of perpetual youth, or any other chimerical benefit, but of a fresh grip on life. It is the valley represented in "Ships that Pass in the Night," Petershof being the *alias* for Davos Platz.

Up to my "White Valley" years ago went Mr. John Addington Symonds, and there he lived and wrote, sending out from his mountain home, sufferer as he was, book after book, and with them a fame that traversed the globe. Thither, also, went Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, revolving fresh literary schemes, incited thereto, no doubt, by that inspiring climate, the result being, in the opinion of many, his best literary achievement.

Thither, too, only recently, Mr. Conan Doyle has been going to spend his winter in a happy admixture of literary work and Alpine amusements, sending back to his readers comical pictures in pen and photo of himself on his beloved ski, while on daring exploits among the high passes.

Many go for just the fun of the rare winter sports up there in that famous

valley. Indeed, Mr. Conan Doyle expresses his conviction that these sports alone will in future draw thither a large number of sport-loving people. The tobogganing, the skating, the sleigh-riding and all other winter pastimes are there indulged in to an extent doubtless unmatched by any other place of its size in the world.

When the snow has arrived, one sees that sight most characteristic of this little valley of the Grisons—a great white hollow below, a deep-blue above, and a sun that is doing its best to fill that hollow with a flood of light and strew it with crystals and diamonds as sparkling as the robes of royalty. Round about are the glorious white-crowned Alps, rising above their effective setting of dark-green firs.

If you fancy you have ever seen snow in its perfection, just wait until you have familiarized yourself with all its possibilities in an Alpine valley, most especially in the valley of Davos. But why attempt to describe this winter enchantment? Once *en rapport* with it, one never ceases to feel its fascination. Mr. Symonds speaks of it as being "like a spirit mood of Shelley's lyric verse." He says: "Language fails to reproduce impressions and moods of the mind which are thrilling enough in the midst



TOBOGGANING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.

of this austere simple nature, but which have nothing to do with common experience upon the highways of the world. It is as difficult to write adequately about the winter Alps as about the stormy ocean and sailors."

And yet language does not fail this graphic pen-limner when he attempts to describe these wintry scenes, every feature of which has come under the magic of his rare word-painting, equal in beauty to anything he has ever written upon more poetic seasons.

I fancy, however, that I hear my reader making the vehement protest that he or she cannot learn to love the snow. With a too vivid recollection of it as associated with my childhood in New England, I, too, felt the same; and it was with many a mental protest that I decided to renew its acquaintance, even with so lordly an accompaniment as the Alps. Ah, but *nous avons changé tout cela*. Remember only this, the quality of the snow is not like that to which you are accustomed, but so dry and granulated that you can shake it from your garments like so much sand. There is no humidity in the air to act as a softening agent. In fact, the only agency is that of the sun, and its influence is not of sufficiently long duration to prove effective. In other words, the days are so short that the slight softening process going on quite imperceptibly is quickly turned to that of freezing during the long cold nights, making a solidified mass which keeps on growing more compact as the season advances. In the typical Davos season this condition continues, with often no fresh installments in the way of newly-fallen snow.

With your feet well protected by heavy shoes or goloshes, with a wrap much lighter than you would ordinarily wear at home in winter, and with a straw hat or parasol to protect the head from the ardent rays of the sun, you are equipped for a whole day in the open air, whether it is to be devoted to the out-of-door fun and frolic, or a quiet walk, or a climb through the strange silences of the fir forests to the open heights above, to a world of whiteness, of sparkle, and of awe-inspiring Alpine beauty.

After you have enjoyed weeks of almost uninterrupted sunshine delicious in its genial warmth, under a sky whose

deep-blue arch seems ever to span the snow peaks, and in an air as stimulating as champagne, take my word for it, you will learn to love the snow, to associate it with warmth and to dread its departing; and when the winter is gone, wish, like myself, to live it all over again. Indeed, nothing would please me better than to be dropped down for two months at the height of each winter season into that little valley of Graubunden.

Each morning upon the first appearance of the sun, there is a general outpour of humanity upon the streets, all the big hotels, *pensions* and private houses emptying themselves of those who are eager to get into his cheery light. And, surely, it is a cheery sight the sun looks down upon: People of all nationalities and tongues moving up and down, to collect, perhaps the majority of them, in front of the portico of the Curhaus for the daily open-air concert, during which they promenade back and forth, or sit on the rows of seats lining the sidewalk; merry sleigh-riders whirl past, to speed away over the firm frozen roads, bordered with ice crystals, up the mountains, or down through famous gorges, with no piercing cold to nip the face or chill the feet; "tailing" parties, an original institution of the valley, file by in a curious cavalcade, a big sleigh or sledge with stout horses dragging behind a long array of toboggans or sleds with their occupants of grown men and women, bound for some high point in the Alps, to form an equally odd cavalcade on the return trip, when, after a picnic on the veranda of some deserted chalet, or even on the snow, while the sun is pouring his broadest rays, each one on his or her own sled will toboggan down the mountain, reaching home with tingling nerves and quickened pulses.

In the rink in the midst of the valley are the glint of steel and the merry laugh of the skaters, while in the long pavilion overlooking it and open to the south, sit the spectators, some watching the skaters and listening to the music, some reading, and others doing fancy work. Sometimes the rink and lakes of the valley are put to other uses, and made to serve as picnic grounds for some merry party. What! Picnics on the mountain; picnics on the ice; reading and sewing in the open air in midwinter! Surely, the sun sees false. Noth-

ing of the kind, for I, as well as the sun, have often seen it.

Over the miles of snow-cleared walks along the valley, or up the zigzag path leading to Schatz Alp, a thousand feet above the town, go the pedestrians, passing, on their way, groups of people filling the wayside seats, many of them reading their newspapers or books.

Down the various toboggan "runs" glide the tobogganers, with their cheery "Achtung!" (Attention!) ringing out on the still Alpine air. Groups gathered at intervals along the "runs" indicate that some exciting race, an almost daily occurrence, is in progress; or, perhaps, an unusual activity along the valley and a much larger crowd gathered around a grand stand and upon temporary seats or in open sleighs, a bit of the Derby or Grand Prix transplanted to the Alps in winter, proclaim the great international toboggan race, after which the victor is borne in triumph to his hotel, which, in honor of the event, suddenly blooms out in a bewildering display of flags, banners and brilliant tapestries.

When the sun has at last disappeared, having suddenly dropped behind some obstructing Alp, and the moon takes her turn at this friendly espionage, scarcely less animated is the scene which meets her gaze. It may be an "ice carnival" on the rink, with its flashing lights and general merriment, or a "toboggan torchlight procession," gliding weirdly down the mountain runs; while the big hotels, ablaze with lights, give unmistakable evidence of a "hop," concert, or other entertainment.

What animated views they are that the sun and moon look down upon in this Alpine sanitarium! Sad Petershof, is it? Nay, rather, gay, rollicking, fun-provoking Davos, Miss Harraden to the contrary notwithstanding.

Even for the invalids there is much to enjoy. After the cheeriness of the day is over, it is for *their* benefit that the evening diversions are planned—the dances, the private theatricals, the *bals costumés*, the concerts, especially the last, for music they have in abundance, outside and in, at all the hotels—music galore, in fact.

"Fun and frolic" are characteristics of the place, to an extent which sometimes provokes from the unthinking the undeserved epithet of "fast." In speak-

ing of this phase of life, Mr. Horace Brown, in his life of Mr. Symonds, says: "The stimulating quality of the Davos atmosphere keeps life at a very high nervous pitch, and occasionally provokes outbursts of spirits and escapades which to a dweller at a lower level might seem incompatible with the life of an invalid." Those familiar with the place will scarce be able to repress a smile at the recollection of some of these "outbursts." Miss Beatrice Harraden speaks of the peculiar quality of the air as having "the effect of getting into the head and upsetting the balance of those who drink deep of it."

Of the more serious pastimes for both the well and the ill, photography takes the lead, pursued with such persistence as provokes the epithet of "photograph maniacs." The photograph club is a permanent institution. A sketch club was at one time a prominent feature of the place; but whether it was because the members had not the mental stamina to endure the criticisms appended to each sketch as the portfolio made its fortnightly round of hotels and *pensions*, or for some other cause, the club was suspended, only recently to be revived. One winter saw instituted the "Davos Literary Club," still in existence; and I well remember with what virtuous interest those of us who helped to inaugurate it went into the enterprise as a possible antidote to, and a refutation of, the alleged "frivolity." Mr. Symonds, who was a member, contributed some of his charming essays.

Notwithstanding this commendable interest in other affairs, tobogganing is, after all, the pet pastime of the well, and the more hardy invalids, a distinction of classes which seems invidious in view of the fact that, owing to the effect of sun and snow, all look equally robust. "Asses on toboggans" was the disagreeable man's epithet for those devotees, but a more optimistic verdict would be "philosophers on toboggans," taking into consideration the inestimably beneficial results. The Toboggan Club used to have for its president Mr. Symonds, who was in that, as in all other interests of the valley, a dominant force.

The various races, the social functions accompanying them, the interchange of hospitalities between the Davosers and the Engadiners are all of absorbing interest.



The Buol, the favorite "run" of Davos, beginning on Schatz Alp, runs in long sweeping curves to the valley. Formerly there used to be a sharp turn at the Buol Châlet, at one time the home of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson; and one knowing the spot naturally conjectures to what extent he occupied himself in watching the skillful rounding of that hazardous curve by the tobogganers, and whether it proved a pleasing diversion to that other occupation of his—the writing of the "Moral Emblems" in conjunction with his stepson, of which collection he says:

"The writer and the printer,
With various kinds of skill,
Concocted it in winter
In Davos on the Hill."

Upon the "Buol" run of Davos, and the "Cresta" of St. Moritz, called the crack run of the Engadine (with its famous "Church Leap," and its speed of eighty

miles an hour, as is claimed), there have been enacted feats of skill and speed whose fame has gone out into all the world.

The present "skeleton" is an evolution from the original Swiss toboggan or "hand schlitten," through varying modifications, notably the American sled or "bob." Ah me, who that saw the introduction of that sled or "machine" with the heathenish posture required of its rider, will ever forget the apple of discord it threw into the peaceful ranks of the tobogganers—but it would take an entire winter to do justice to the tobogganing phase of those high Swiss health resorts.

Take it all in all—from the time of the "snow coming" to the time of the "snow melting"—the life of that little White Valley is as intense, as self-centered, as independent of the outside world, as is that of many another center of greater numerical importance.



IN REFLECTED GLORY.

BY MYRTLE REED.

WHHEELS! Wheels! Wheels! The boulevards were full of them, from the glistening, up-to-date mount, back to the antiquated '91 model with its hard tires and widely curved handle-bars. The sun struck the sheen of nickel and new enamel and sent a thousand little needles of light in all directions. Even the '91 model was beautiful in the light of that spring day, overtaken though it might be by the swiftly moving procession.

Wheels! Every man, woman and child in the city of Chicago who could beg, borrow or rent a bicycle, was speeding westward to the flagstaff at the entrance to the Garfield Park Loop. Every spoke and bar had been polished to its limit, and the long asphalt boulevard was a glittering, sparkling avenue of wheels.

Wheels! It was the day of the great Road Race, under the auspices of the Associated Cycling Clubs. The twenty-five-mile course had been smoothed and measured, the sky was blue and cloudless, and far away in Wheeling four hundred eager cyclers awaited the bugle call.

John Gardner stood at the door of his news-room and watched, with a wistful eye, the few hundred wheelmen who had chosen to ride on a rough business street. The orange and black of the South Shore Club fluttered from many a shining bar, and at the sight of the colors the old man's face grew tender. For it was Jack's club which boasted the orange and black—Jack Gardner, of the 'Varsity, '98, and his only son.

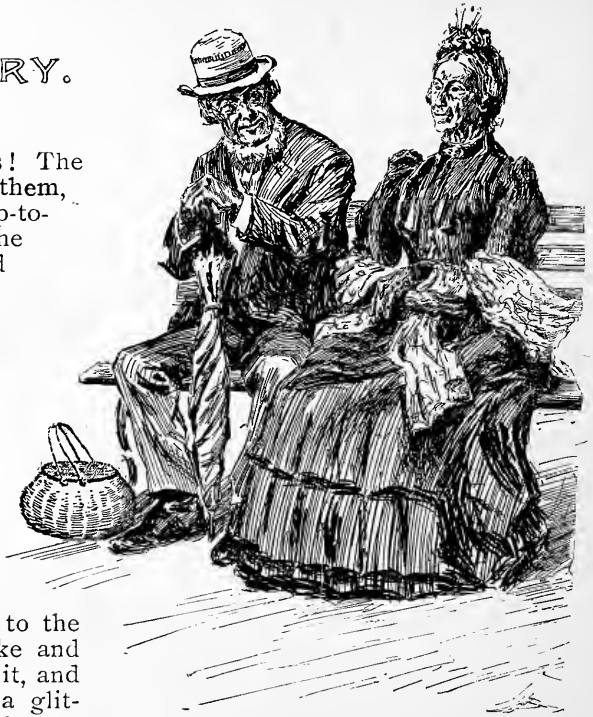
A touch on his arm made him turn his face within.

"Father," said a gentle voice, "why don't we go to the doin's?"

"Land sakes, mother, who'd take care of the store?"

"Guess the store ain't goin' to run away and we ain't been out in years. Let's go, father, and see Jack ride!"

It was John Gardner's way to oppose everything at first and then to generously give in. He liked to feel himself



"THEY MADE A QUEER PICTURE."

master in his own house, so he hesitated.

But the stronger will was fully settled upon going. "I'm a-goin', father, even if I have to go alone."

She vanished into the back part of the store and began to carefully brush her state gown, the brown silk, made after the quaint fashion of a bygone day. After a few minutes the old man appeared in the door.

"I reckon we'll go, Hannah," he said, with the air of one granting a favor, "but it do seem wrong to leave the store."

For many a year the little shop had been open on all holidays, as well as week-days and evenings, for Jack in school and college had needed money, and a startling amount of it. Old John Gardner never complained. Hampered and made ashamed all his life by his lack of "book larnin'," he had vowed that his son should have "a bang-up eddication, the best they is goin'," if he could get it for him.

To-day Jack was to ride in the Road Race, and imbued with solemn importance, Gardner senior robed himself for the occasion. They made a queer picture

as they stood on the corner waiting for a car. Hannah's brown silk was wrinkled and shabby, but her thin gray hair, arranged in tiny puffs around her forehead, looked, as her fond mate said, "right smart." Twenty years ago, when Jack was a little boy in dresses, his father had bought a silk hat to wear to a funeral, and it was this relic of past splendor which now adorned his head.

Once on the car a new fear presented itself. "Mother," he said, "sposin' Jack should see us!"

For an instant her heart stood still. "He won't," she said bravely; "he won't see anythin' but that bicycle of his'n, and we'll come home as soon as it's over."

"I don't know's we'd ought," said the old man doubtfully. "He might not like it."

"Like what?" demanded Hannah sharply.

"Our goin'!"

"Hush, father," she answered; "you know we don't see Jack very often, 'cause he has to live down where his school is. Lemme see—it's three months now since he's been home, ain't it?"

"Three months yistiddy."

"So what's goin' to hurt if we see him ride to-day? He'll never notice us among all them folks."

Two girls who sat opposite were watching the old couple with very evident amusement. "There's rural simplicity for you," said one.

"So I see," responded the other. "They appear to be attached to some Jack. Wouldn't it be funny if it was Jack Gardner!"

They laughed in unison and Hannah looked up into their faces. John's eyes followed hers and neither spoke for a moment. They saw nothing but the joy and happiness of girlhood and something blinded them both. Jack was forgotten for the moment in the memory of the little girl who lay in the Silent City beyond the smoke and dust of the town.

They left the car when the others did and followed the crowd. "I don't b'leeve Jack'll see us, mother," said the old man. "I ain't a-goin' to worry about it no more."

Twenty-five miles away Jack Gardner surveyed his wheel complacently. Every screw and bolt was tightened, his chain was just right, his tires were exactly mellow enough and his handle-bars were at the proper pitch.

He was none the less pleased with his own appearance, for he had written to his father that he needed a new suit, in the colors of the South Shore Club, in order to make a proper appearance in the race, and the money had been promptly forthcoming. He had searched the town for the orange and black and finally found it. The S. S. C. on his black chest could be seen as far as his wheel could, and he had topped the glaring outfit with a flaming orange cap, with a black tassel to stream in the wind behind.

"Get on to the oriole!" The champion of a rival club was inclined to be sportive at Jack's expense. He retorted with a fling at the green costume of the other, and then the bugle sounded for the flying start.

Anxious friends and trainers shouted final directions from behind the "dead line," as Jack called it. Another blare from the bugle, a sudden whir, a flash of shining spokes and they were off.

As the last group flew over the tape the train started back to the city. A South Shore clubman climbed up on the locomotive to "josh" the engineer. "You'll have to get a move on you if you catch Gardner," he said.

The engineer laughed, and looked fondly at his giant of steel. Perhaps an engineer enamored of his engine can understand the love of a cyclist for a new wheel.

The people around the Garfield Park Loop were beginning to get impatient. Most of them had stood for two hours holding their bicycles, and even a well-behaved bicycle is an awkward possession in a crowd. Pedals scraped the shins of utterly strange riders, handle-bars got tangled in watch guards, and front wheels got into mischief with unpleasant regularity.

Close to the course, and on the grassy bank, sat Mr. and Mrs. Gardner. Kindly souls had made way for them until they had at last reached the very front. The day and the multitude were almost spectacle enough, but a cry from the far north brought them to their feet.

Yes, there they were—a cloud of dust across the field. How small the riders seemed! Nearer and nearer they came—how the shining wheels flew through the sunlight! Tense, strained faces almost on the handle-bars; every man of them was doing his best, and the

crowd was cheering like mad. The band played merrily, and on they flew—past the judges' stand, over the tape and down, to the mingled praise and solicitude of their friends.

The old people were very much disappointed. Jack had not ridden in the race after all! Perhaps—but there was another cloud of dust and another cry from the north. On came another group of riders. They went by like a whirlwind, but no Jack was there.

"I sh'd have thought he'd got back somewheres near the front," said the old man. He was hurt to think his son was so far behind.

Group after group passed by, the old people watching anxiously; then Hannah gripped his arm suddenly.

See! Down the course, only a faint speck now, shone the orange and black of the South Shore Club. Perhaps—

Yes! Riding at the head of the thirty tired wheelmen, to the stirring strains of a Sousa march, their Jack, strong, superb, excited, nerving himself for the final effort.

Their hearts stopped beating during the instant he was flying by. "There," she whispered reassuringly, "I told you he wouldn't see us. My! Wasn't he fine!"

But John Gardner could not speak, for his eyes were dim with happy pride in remembrance of that superb specimen of manhood, six feet high—his Jack, to whom he had given the "edification."

They watched the rest of the race with little interest, for the best of it all had gone by.

When the last rider crossed the tape the multitude stirred to go. "We better stand right here, Hannah, till some of these folks gets away," he said. So they stood perfectly still and let the crowd surge around them.

Then a great huzza went up, the track cleared again, as if by magic, and down the course came a dozen men, shouting in unrestrained joy. Aloft on their shoulders they held—the old people craned their necks to see—yes, Jack—their Jack—looking sheepish and very much ashamed.

"Why, mother!" the old man cried, "he's won! Our Jack's won the race! Do you hear?"

Mother's eyes were fixed on the black and orange sweater, for Jack was once

again in regulation bicycle attire, and her heart was too full to trust itself to speech.

"Three cheers for Gardner! 'Rah for the South Shore Club! What's the matter with Gardner?" and the great field swelled and swelled again with bursts of applause.

And then—the crowd parted some way, and Jack saw those pathetic faces upturned to his.

It is said that when a man is drowning, in the flash of a second his whole previous life passes in review. Something like this came to him at the crowning moment of his twenty-three years. At that minute he knew, as never before, how those hands had toiled for him, how those lips had prayed for him, and how those honest hearts had loved him since the day he was born. A sudden lump came into his throat, for he had seemingly withheld the only reward they wanted for it all.

"Let me down, fellows," he cried, "there's my folks!"

Almost before they knew what had happened, he had rushed up to them with hands outstretched. "Why, father! mother!" he exclaimed; "why didn't you let me know you wanted to come?"

Just for a minute the old people doubted the wisdom of their course, then the gladness in Jack's face set all at rest. The men from the South Shore Club gathered around and were presented one by one. They shook hands with the old gentleman and told him how proud they all were of Jack, and doffed their caps to Mrs. Gardner, "just z' if I was a fine lady," she said afterward.

Then Jack said everybody was going down to the club for lunch and his father and mother must come, too.

"No, no!" gasped Mrs. Gardner in affright; "no! no!"

"Well, indeed, you are coming," said Jack, with a charming air of proprietorship. "I guess when a fellow's just won the race of the year that his father and mother will go to lunch with him." Then he squeezed her thin, wrinkled hand and whispered tenderly: "Dear little mother! To think you wanted to come and I didn't know!"

The hero of the day turned to those who were with him. "Will one of you fellows get a carriage? I don't think I

care for any more bicycle riding to-day, and I'll go down with my father and mother if one of you will lead my wheel."

It was an enchanted journey for the old people to roll down the broad smooth boulevard in a real carriage, with Jack sitting in front of them and telling them all about the race. The President of the South Shore Club, the son of a man known and honored throughout Chicago, had asked to be presented, and said he hoped Jack's father would be willing to be his guest for the day.

"I told him father would be pleased," concluded Jack, "and he wanted mother too, but I said I guessed not, that I was going to have my little mother for my own guest."

At last, when the carriage stopped before an imposing brown stone house, Jack helped them out and entered the

club with the shabby little brown figure on his arm. "Just wait here a few minutes," he said, "until I make myself presentable." He stationed them on a luxurious sofa and ran off to the dressing-rooms.

The old man looked after him fondly. "I didn't think Jack would be ashamed of us, mother," he said.

"No, father, and he ain't."

"My, ain't this a grand place!"

Half awed, they gazed at the rich furnishings in silence. "Seems like heaven, don't it?" he murmured.

"Makes me think more of the chapter in Solomon," she replied.

"How's that, mother?"

The little old lady looked up at him, her face shining with ineffable happiness, and repeated softly:

"He led me into his banqueting-house, and his banner over me was love."

SKIING TO DESOLATION LAKE.

BY W. H. ELMER

THE date was January 6th, and five weeks of walking and snow-shoeing was to be topped up with a ski run to Desolation Lake. Heavy woolen underwear, a sweater, and Mackinaw pants and coat, with full-tufted German socks and three-button arctics over heavy wool socks, completed our make-up, to which was added leather top-coat and canvas overcoat for staging, of which we were to have forty-two miles *en route*.

We were two thoroughly roasted beings when we lit from the train at McEwenville, the terminus, and were bundled into the bob-sled stage, which was waiting, bound for Granite.

The exhilarating motion of the sleds on the splendid road, the fresh, keen air and scent from the pines soon dissipated the fog from my brain, and I began to feel the pleasure of living and moving in the glorious atmosphere.

A drive of four miles took us to Sumpter, on Powder River. "One and a half hours to the summit," said the driver. When that was reached a signboard designated that we were at the head of Buck Gulch and still nine miles from Granite. Over we went, and coats were again buttoned as the cold air from the Greenhorn reached us, and away we traveled down

the mountain, seldom slacking pace until we hauled up in front of the hotel with appetites keen for a good dinner.

The snow-shoes of this country are the regulation Norwegian ski, a four-inch strip of wood eight and one-half feet to ten feet in length, fir wood preferably, with one end shaved thin and turned up, a strap a little in front of center of shoe into which the rider or shoer pushes his toe, the hollow of the foot resting on a cleat, against which the heel of the shoe pushes, though, in some cases, the rider prefers the cleat so low that when the step is taken the heel rises above the cleat, letting the toe-strap take all the weight. The motion is almost entirely a sliding one, when snow is good and the country not too steep, and a man may have as narrow a tread as possible.

Supper over, we saved an eight-mile walk by riding horseback up to the Humpback mill, where we found mutual acquaintances who advised as to our trail or course for the following day.

We spent the evening listening to tales of wonderful snow-shoeing trips, feats of packing on shoes, and long walks, and then rolled into blankets on the hard floor and slept soundly in spite of the lack of springs.

Daylight found us walking up the ore

road with shoes on our shoulders and a substantial lunch for the noon meal, which we expected to eat at the lake. In country where I had hitherto done snowshoeing, timber was exceedingly scarce, and the man who "straddled" his pole in descending a hill, no matter what its pitch, won disgrace forever in the eyes of the inhabitants. This summary treatment had made me willing to break my neck to equal the best, and as my one winter previous to the twenty days I had just spent on shoes made me feel old at it, I felt equal to the apparently easy task of riding down one and tacking up the next of the several mountains which lay before us, but alas, for my confidence! I had not reckoned on the timber, and if pride truly comes before all falls, much labor did I give pride to keep ahead of me that day before I reached Lightning Creek, a mile below where we left the ore road.

Feeling the assurance of the "old hand," I led the way, for thirty seconds, down the thirty-five-degree hill, and then threw myself sideways in the snow with just bare time to miss what seemed an impassable barrier of small tamaracks. My shoes were of oak, and ran like things of life, giving me no more than time to get started again and make one turn when I was into a growth of slim pines standing as thick as the needles on a fir bough, where I flung myself again into the snow.

F—, riding his pole, let himself down gradually, and smiled a soft, insinuating

smile, that made my nerves tingle, and said: "Better ride your pole, old man." "Not in a century run," I replied, and boldly steered for a moderately open spot, which I struck all steam on, and crossed at express gait, smashing up hillocks and off the opposite side over logs that an ordinarily turned-up shoe would never have taken, through the tops of firs nearly buried by snowdrifts, banging along, missing this tree by an inch, grazing the next, but unwilling to bury myself in the snow again, until

finally the close growth was again ahead and my down tactics once more saved my shoes.

F— was soon up with me, and, with all pride humbled, I meekly asked him how he did it. Thereupon I straddled my pole and made moderate time, accentuated at regular intervals by falls that were more in the line of instruction than of grace.

Crossing Lightning Creek, we took an old roadway, and on three and a half feet of snow moved on

our way with the happy consciousness that one-eighth of our distance was traversed, so we thought. A steep hill to climb, then down, and my friend lost his bearings, so that our next efforts were directed to a steep and high hill, which was apparently where we had been told to find the pass over the first divide. Our shoes were sticking by this time, owing to heat from the sun, and soon we were carrying double weight on our feet. For "dope" we had but ordinary soap, which from time to time we rubbed on



CONFIDENCE.

the bottoms of the shoes, thus making progress easier for a limited time, seldom greater than ten minutes, that is, until friction had rubbed the soap off.

Once I stopped, and, kneeling on one shoe, was soaping the other. I was in the shade of a large fir, and the snow was light. Losing my balance I dropped down into the snow to my waist, and, after regaining my feet, measured the depth of the snow with my pole, and found it to be five feet and not a drift.

Tacking back and forth on this hillside, looking for some blaze or sign, kept us until 10:30, when F— decided

a ridge
t h r e e
f o u r t h s
o f a
m i l e
s o u t h
o f u s
w a s
s u r e l y
t h e
p o i n t
w h e r e
t h e
o l d
r o a d
c r o s s e d.
A g a i n
w e
s t a r t e d,
t r a v e l i n g
v e r y
s l o w l y.
W e
f i n a l l y
r e a c h e d
i t,
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m e a n w h i l e
l a m e n t i n g
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sigs of a road yet, but F— was still confident, and led the way still south, where, at the end of a quarter, we were rewarded by sight of a clean line twenty feet wide, showing the snow exposed as if a giant had cut a swath.

Our road from this point ran through heavy timber. The snow was of less depth, so that after we had gone beyond the clear stretch and the roadway was lost in many turns, we could follow the blazes, the tops of which could easily be seen, and, in some places, the bark rubbed off by the single-trees of the summer tourist.

Two miles and a half from the point where we reached the road, F— blazed a place on a crooked pine, which jutted out over the roadway, and there recorded the date and altitude which his aneroid registered as being 6,275 feet above sea level. Another half-mile took us to the summit, and our watches told us the time was 3:40 P. M.

A recently built road had been cut out, which took a course down the ridge on which we were standing at nearly a right angle to the trail (reaching the lake in a roundabout way), which went down a steep hill by direct route, reach-

ing the lake just one mile from where we stood, making the prescribed eight miles supposed to be the distance from Lightning Creek to the lake, if the road were followed to this point.

As we had taken no food since daylight, and had gone no small distance out of our way in reaching

our present position even, I was strongly in favor of leaving the wagon road unexplored and trusting to the old trail to lead us to camp in time for wood getting, etc. In fact, I was afraid of the roundabout way, but F— said many trees had blown down during the last season, so he feared we could not go down with shoes, or without them, for that matter. This decided our course, so, sitting down on an upturned root, we used the last of our soap on the shoes and took our way down the hill, on the road, at a better gait than we had known since morning.



A CROPPER.

This, however, we were not fated to enjoy long, for soon the roadway verged into nothing, and we were forced to trust to the blazes, and, as our unknown predecessor had seen fit to blaze but one side of his signal trees, this was no snap. Finally, these ceased entirely, and we, supposing that the scarcity of trees and openness of the country had made it unnecessary for the summer wayfarer, merely followed the backbone down for nearly three-fourths of a mile farther to the thick timber, where we found neither sign of road nor a blaze, so turned to our left and hit off through the country, thinking to strike the road again at some point where it ran parallel to the ridge down which we had come. In a short time we reached a creek so hidden by fallen timber as to well deserve its name, which F— was confident was Lost Creek, and down which we steered fully three-fourths of a mile, hoping to cross the course of the road, which we now felt assured was below us, in spite of our former conjecture.

Stopping, F— beat down the four-foot snowbank of creek until he had a shelf for his shoe, then took the other shoe and pole and placed them for his hands, making a support of a kind so that, by aid of a little performance in the contortionist line, he was enabled to drink. I followed suit, and never appreciated water more.

F— was getting very weary and a little uneasy. Fortunately, his shoes were of light pine, or his lack of training would have told on him more severely than it did. His summer muscles stood him in fine stead, however, and right sturdily he led away again. As for myself, the greater length and weight of my hardwood shoes made my progress in the sticking snow a real labor and kept me warm standing up to F—'s pace.

Down another mile to the junction with a second creek, and the leader was much relieved, feeling assured that this was Lake Creek, and our destination but one mile up its course. Darkness was now coming on, and there was still no change in the temperature, so that our way up the creek bottom was made more than difficult, the snow being damper from moisture of creek; still, on we toiled until darkness had been down for an hour, when F— said:

"I'm done for. Let's find a good tree and camp."

By the marsh signs and lessened grade of the creek I was assured we were on Lake Creek, and that we could be but a short distance from its source. After scraping the bottom of my shoes for the purpose of freeing them from snow crystals, I pushed ahead, and after twenty minutes more of steady effort, saw through the trees a white expanse, which soon resolved itself into Desolation or Olive Lake, and well it deserved its first name, for a more desolate, though to us cheering, sight I never saw.

We made the echoes ring a merrier sound than the old lake had ever heard in January, as we crunched across its neck and up the opposite side, where in three hundred yards we found the cabin. Into this we staggered, having been on skis twelve hours, during which time not a morsel had passed our lips. The one window of the cabin was a wreck, but F—, with his belt axe, soon converted a ten-foot board into a shutter, and the draught was thus stopped, while I scraped and shoveled out the snow from a pile of stone in the corner, which was to do duty as a fireplace, and breaking up a pole bunk we soon had a cheerful though limited blaze going.

Then we sat down and realized our weariness. My frequent falls during the early part of the day had converted our substantial lunch, which we were to have eaten here at noon, into a shapeless mass of bread crumbs, pickles and boiled beef, but, ye gods, how it tasted!—that is, one half of it, that being all we tried. Then F— passed me a bottle, the contents of which, taken as prescribed and at such a time, do cheer and strengthen.

After splitting up the remainder of the poles from the first bunk, F— lay down to stretch himself, as he said. In thirty seconds he was playing all the important instruments of a successful snore, and I, not having the heart to waken him, threw my Mackinaw coat over his shoulders, and, breaking the legs off the table, propped up the top, and, leaning my back against it, fed the fire until nine o'clock, when, fearing that F— would suffer from the reaction if he were allowed to remain asleep, I wakened him, and we alternately fed the fire and cat-napped until 4 A. M.

I awakened from a heavier doze than usual to find my friend busily engaged in smearing tallow on our shoes by the firelight, using a candle, which he would melt and rub on the shoe, afterwards standing the shoe up as near the blaze as possible, in order that the wood might absorb as much as possible of the grease. Thus we occupied our time until nearly daylight, when we quickly attended to the water-right affairs, the object of F—'s trip, and after eating the remaining few bites of our lunch, mounted shoes and took our way down the creek on a well-defined roadway which turned up the ridge, and we crossed our trail of the day before at a point where the blazes had ceased, reaching the summit and place of intersection of the old trail and road in one hour and a half.

Our greatest error had been in following the ridge instead of turning at a sharp angle where blazes had ceased to be in evidence. From the summit of Lightning Creek was a delightful spin, which we finished ere the sun had grown hot enough to cause the shoes to stick. Then came the toil up to our starting point, tacking back and forth to the top, and, faint as we were from lack of food and

loss of sleep, it was the most painful and laborious of our hard trip, until we reached the summit, when schoolboy spirits again obtained, and down we went like streaks to the boarding house and the fat, jolly cook, who fixed us a meal as good and comforting as himself. This we sat down to at 2:30 P. M., having been out thirty-two hours with but his lunch of the day before. My blessing on all jolly cooks; may they cook long and well!

The next sunrise saw us making the pace back to Granite for two choppers who were said to be crack shoers, but whom we lost after the first four miles and who were not again in evidence until an hour after we reached Granite.

The morning was cold to the extent that when we reached Red Boy at 8:30 our coats and beards were covered with hoar frost, and the mercury registered 10° below zero, a marked difference from the preceding morning. At Granite our trip ended, and two fellows of good physique have good reason to appreciate their staying power, while both joined in praise for the good people and a jolly cook in a little mining camp on the Greenhorn.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

A SPRAY of trailing arbutus
To see, to scent, to touch.
None of these senses three are satisfied,
Till all have feasted much.

For who can see this fairy wand
Of rich, sweet, pink, white gems,
And stay the nose from nectarland
Down in their leafy stems?

To see—
What scenes are pictured to the mind,
The quiet woods and hills of long ago.
Green pastures where these pearls we'd surely find,
And favorite knolls wherein they'd richer grow.

To scent—
Again the freshness of the new-clothed fields we see,
The very breath of nature sweet returns.
Its perfume pure we scent with ecstasy
While every blade and flower its incense burns.

To touch—
Once more we stretch upon a mossy mound,
Once more we pluck the trailing, leafy shoot
And press its beauty with a sense profound,
Then raise the soul in praises full, though mute.

C. G. LE CRAS.



BY WM. WILSON DE HART.

DOWN the seaboard railroads we came until Fernandina in the upper portion of the State was reached, where the cypress trees stretch high into the heavens, and the oaks are clothed in mourning garments of Spanish moss. The streams run quiet and sluggish through low banks. An occasional black bass (called trout in the South) will rise to a fly, or chase a minnow, but the bream, the perch and the sunfish will seize the worm-hidden hook almost before it touches the water. The novice will find here rare enjoyment, an easy capture and a quickly filled basket. Nor are those hours with smaller fish to be esteemed too lightly by the adept, for the bream is not by any means a tame fish; and then the River St. Mary, with its beauty, its life and its unfailling charm, may well rank among the memories of bright days.

We stopped next at Mosquito Inlet, between St. Augustine and Palm Beach. Securing a small wherry, we rowed to the head of Turnbath Bay and up Spruce Creek, a narrow and weedy stream, with low and treeless shores, fringed everywhere with reeds and bulrushes, the harbor of coot and rail. We were seeking the favorite haunt of the green, or sea trout.

We spent the night under the hospitable roof of "old man Pisetti," whose door is open to all, especially the sportsmen; and next morning, just as the shadows were lifting from the low-lying lands and the soft gray vapor arose from the waters, we started again to the fishing.

From Mosquito Inlet, after a few days of grand sport, we headed for the famous lakes of Florida, the true home of the black bass. Hillsborough county, on the Gulf coast and half-way down the peninsula, is dotted with numerous small lakes which are well stocked with bass. Of these we visited Lake Butler, the Lake of Flint, where, tradition says, the Seminoles gathered yearly, for many generations, to fish and cut their arrow-heads, and Lake Valrico, about ten miles from the little city of Tampa. In this last lake, friend Merrin landed two handsome bass, of eleven and thirteen pounds respectively, after a play of a quarter of an hour apiece.

The black bass does not rank so highly among game fish as the brook trout, but he unquestionably holds the second place and is by far the "gamiest" fresh-water fish in the South. He is plucky, quick and vigorous, makes a desperate fight, calls forth all the art of the best angler, and in these clear Florida lakes, with a free run, makes the reel sing a lively tune. He is a noble fish and takes kindly to the artificial fly (which is the true sportsman's method), but less educated "rodders" take him easily by "spinning," "roving" with live minnows, and "trolling" with the spoon.

Would that I had time and talent to picture the beauties of these soft, sweet Southern lakes, as they appear between daybreak and sunrise. They lie as smooth as a polished mirror, and catch every tint of the changing sky as it merges from dappled gray to pink, and amber, and purple, and burning gold.

The lilies on the bank nod to their shadows. A heron stands, silent and watchful, with an eye to fish for breakfast. Startled by the rattle of an oarlock, he raises his long neck for a moment, then draws it in, and spreads his broad wings, trailing his feet behind in lines of broken silver on the glassy surface.

When the water falls in the lakes and becomes clearest, during the dry months of January and February, the bass retreat to the deepest holes, farthest from shore. Then the native resorts to an ingenious method, which I have seen only here in the floral State. The shadow of the boat, the moving rod, the flying bait, at such a time, will frighten the fish; so they are caught by gourd-fishing. A dozen or score of gourds about the size of a man's head are tied together on a line, fifteen or twenty feet apart; from each end of this line is suspended a leaded line, baited with live minnow. This line of gourds is then set floating in the center of the lake, making a shadow not unlike lily-pads; the fisherman retreats to the shore, and sits watching in his boat.

Presently a gourd begins to jerk and bob and skim about, the boat shoots quickly to the scene, and a ten-pounder is soon scattering the bilge-water over its occupants. A fresh minnow is set to the hook, and again the boat lies in cover. A gallant fight is made by these old deep water lurkers, frequently calling for the gaff and landing-net; but I have seen a fine lot taken in this way when every other means had failed.

We visited Lake Thonotosassa, so beautiful, with its ribbon of silver beach and crown of wooded hills, that it has been called the dimple on the fair face of Florida; and as we looked upon it for the first time, God was kissing the dimple with His sun-smile. Some former friends among the orange-growers here arranged for us the novel experience of a night on the Hillsborough River, spearing bass by torchlight.

Securing a broad, flat-bottomed boat that would not rock too much as the spear was cast, we hauled it to the river in a two-horse wagon. By sunset the pine-knots were cut for the iron basket in the prow, and the three-pronged spears were provided with long, heavy handles. Then we sat down for supper, and to wait for the darkness. The

shades began to creep among the solemn cypresses, and the circle of our fire-light to grow wider and wider. The cries of the water-fowl, startled from their roosts by our light, the hoarse notes of the frogs, the occasional call of a wildcat, and the deep-voiced bellowing of alligators, made me feel as if I had left the haunts of civilized man miles and years behind me.

At last the boat was launched, the basket fire lit, and we glided softly away. The only sounds as we moved up the stream, so deftly was the paddle handled, were the gurgling of water at the bow and the "sput" of the hot pitch as it dropped from the basket. The birds seemed to have sought other roosts, save now and then a frightened water-turkey dived from her perch; the frogs were silent, and the alligators had ceased their angry noise. In the flashing glare of the pine-knots blazing in the bow, weird pictures of rioting vegetation loomed up. Lilies and giant ferns and trailing mosses lay close on either hand, for the stream was narrow. Masses of tangled jungle, fit lurking places for strange and grotesque monsters, lay further back; while overhead were networks of winding vines and interlacing branches.

The water was like crystal, and the light penetrating it revealed the fish with great distinctness. We waited for the shallow places—three to four feet deep—and pulses leaped as the ghostly shadows of giant bass darted hither and thither. Occasionally they paused in wonder.

The spear flashed, the water boiled for a moment, and a magnificent specimen was lifted into the boat, with spear points penetrating just back of the gills. The stroke of a veteran by the hand of a novice! Ah! shall I ever forget that night?

The fad of fads with sportsmen of the Nat Winkle type, armed with costliest rods, is to catch a tarpon. The warmest desire of a true angler's heart is to fight with a tarpon, and his most prized of trophies is his majesty's silver scales. Truly, the "silver king" is a royal quarry, with huge bulk and imperious nature. His home is only in the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico; and while frequently found all along the banks of Florida, the rendezvous of his tribe is undoubtedly in Charlotte harbor.

Knowing this, we selected Punta Gorda for our next field. Here we found an excellent hotel in a grove of orange trees on the Gulf, and were sung to sleep by the soft music of the waves kissing the sands. After a delicious rest we were up at daybreak and ready for the coming battle. The morning was occupied in preparation of boat, lines and bait. At high water, a little before noon, we slipped our moorings and sailed away.

It was a perfect day. A soft breeze was blowing; the sun looked out of a clear sky, unflecked by a single cloud; the boat rocked with the swell. Suddenly the wind rose, and we danced merrily along to the grounds. The sail was lowered, anchor dropped, hook baited with liveliest mullet, and cast made.

Soon a tug at the line awakened my hopes. Another tug. Then a heavier, and the hook went home. I felt the solid tug against the spring of the rod, and that peculiar thrill which seems to run down the line, up the arm and to the brain, a thrill that only the angler knows.

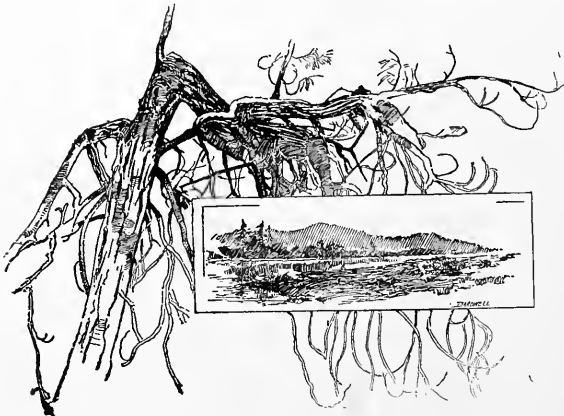
Great Neptune, how glorious! The reel fairly shrieked with joy and the

line cut the water with a whistle. Sometimes the king would leap high into the air, six, eight, ten feet, the sunlight flashed on his silver scales as on a polished mirror; then he would dive until it seemed as though the line must snap under the strain. I played him, it seemed to me, for hours.

The ejaculations, the directions, the cheers of my companions were lost upon me. The perspiration streamed from my face; my arms ached, and still he fought, fought with the fury of a viking. But while he was the king of fish, man is the king of all creation. He was armed with force and courage, man with reason and stratagem. Ere sundown he had worn himself out, was brought close to the boat, knocked on the head and hauled on board. "A hundred-and-forty-pounder at the very lowest estimate!"

The sun rested on the amber clouds of the west as we weighed anchor, and soon drew a somber robe across his face. The gray light of dusk sifted down around us, and as it darkened into night, one by one came out the lights along the shore. Our boat "hove to," the sail dropped, the chain rattled out to the dock, and the angler's tour was over.

IN THE STRONG, YOUNG SPRING.



SWAY and swing

In the winds of spring.

Bare boughs darkened by drenching rain.

Swing and sway,

The sky is gray,

But the blood of life wells up again

In your tinted twigs that have caught a tone,

'Neath the March wind's roar that their hearts have known

In the days gone by. You are fain, full fain,

To be tangled and tossed and to rudely fling

In the wild, rough airs of the strong, young spring,
If the thrill of growth you but so regain,
O, bare boughs, darkened by drenching rain.

AURILLA FURBER.

WATER-BICYCLES.

BY EMMETT P. BUNYEA.

A REVOLUTION in the method of aquatic propulsion is a thing of the near future.

Not alone in the matter of foot-propelled water contrivances for sportsmen has the modern inventor who devotes himself to this class of experiments been working. He has apparently pictured to himself the possibility of devising a leg-propelled boat for quiet waters that would prove profitable from a commercial standpoint in the lighter water-carried trade. Numerous patents of seeming practicability have been issued for small leg-operated freighters of this description.

One of the most ingenious inventions to date of this type is the combined land, water and ice bicycle. When, and if this invention comes into general use, it will be quite feasible for the man who lives, for instance, in Jersey City, to make use of the same machine in paddling himself across the Hudson River to New York, riding over the cobbles from his landing point to Central Park, and skating over the ice of the lake when he gets there.

Something over a hundred patents have been issued in the United States for various forms of cycle boats. About thirty years ago this field of investigation seemed to appeal to the imaginations of the inventors of that day as strongly as the aerial navigation problem appeals to the scientists of the present day. But the cycle-boat enthusiasm of a generation ago died out; and it is only since the universal popularization of the bicycle that the infinitely better-equipped inventors of the present day have devoted their attention, with such remarkable results, to the development of the marine cycle.

These boats usually consist of two hollow, air-tight tubes or floats, tapering at their ends to a sharp point, so as

to offer as little resistance to the water as possible. A light paddle-wheel is ordinarily mounted between the tubes, and operated by cranks and pedals to propel the craft.

The land, water and ice bicycle, illustrations of which are given here, is the invention of a Louisiana patentee.

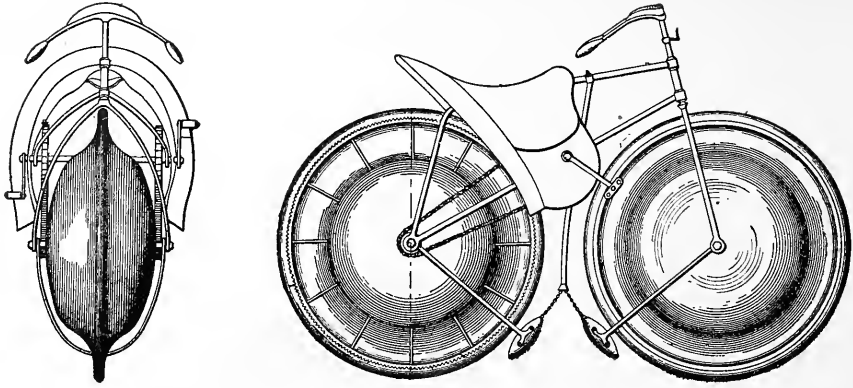
The wheels of this bicycle are made of thin sheet copper or other non-corrosive metal, of hollow and air-tight construction, as shown in the front view. The rear wheel has a number of paddles or buckets extending outward from the sides, near the tire, which serve to propel the machine through the water. The wheels, being filled with air, are sufficiently buoyant to sustain the weight of the bicycle and rider. Counterbalance weights, suspended from a central rod between the wheels, assist in keeping the device upright in the water. The saddle is large, and extends far over the rear wheel, to protect the rider from being splashed. Ordinary rubber tires are used on the wheels, and the machine may be operated in the ordinary way for land service. When it is desired to use the contrivance on ice, the rear tire is removed. The rim of this wheel is provided with a roughened or corrugated surface, having little points, which contact with the ice and propel the wheel. The machine has operated perfectly at several exacting trials of all three of its functions, and a good many of them will probably be seen in the larger cities during the coming season.*

A pedal-operated boat, designed for rapid riding and even racing, was recently patented. At one of the Southern coast resorts a millionaire with a penchant for testing new inventions, frequently attained a speed of over fourteen knots an hour with this machine. The boat is illustrated in side view.

*The reply of an expert to whom we submitted the foregoing article was as follows: Figure 1 possesses one glaring mechanical absurdity. Throw the crank around until it points upward, and the pedal will be about on a level with the top of the seat, for which reason the riding of it would be an acrobatic feat out of the ordinary possibilities of contemporary humanity. Nor does it appear by what method of construction the distance between the saddle and pedals could be sufficiently lengthened. The adaptability of one mechanism to land, water and ice, as claimed, by mere structural changes in the wheels, presents difficulties of which, carriage of parts

at times in use and at times removed, excessive weight, clumsiness, etc., would form a part. The "tread," shown on the front view of Figure 2, is wider than the extreme range of the handle-bars, and about equal to the diameter of the front wheel—say 28 or 30 inches. The reader will be effectively convinced of the absurdity of this construction if he will spread his feet even 20 inches apart, and imagine the delight of self-propulsion under these conditions. And there would seem to be no way of narrowing this tread while the wheels must be large and wide enough to hold sufficient air for the floating of machine and rider.

THE FROWLER.



COMBINED LAND, WATER AND ICE BICYCLE.

The hull or body of the boat is a thin, non-corroding sheet-metal tube, which, to render it buoyant, is filled with air. The bow end of the tube is flattened to serve as a prow, and a heavy metal keel is secured to the bottom to give stability to the craft. Just aft amidships the operator sits in a chair rising from the hull, and uses the foot-pedals, which revolve a propeller-shaft carrying a screw-wheel set in a recess in the keel. The rudder is operated by a hand-wheel within reach of the navigator. The great speed of this comparatively simple contrivance is due to its very slight displacement, its remarkable buoyancy, and its powerful propelling medium. Facing the bow, the rider has full control of the speed and direction of the craft; and men who have operated the machine say that it does not involve nearly as much fatigue as a ride on an ordinary bicycle over a country road.

The pleasure boat of this class which has already attained the greatest popularity is the hydrocycle, of which illustrations (No. 4) are here presented. It is a craft capable of seating as many persons as the ordinary launch or rowboat, and the difficulty of operating it is not great. Marine velocipedes of this general type have been in progress of per-

fection for several years, but it was only recently that the hydrocycle became a commercial possibility. The one here pictured embodies so many features of improved construction that it may be safely regarded as a generic invention.

The two bobbin-shaped tubes or floats are set at a sufficient distance apart to give great stability to the craft, and to make it absolutely safe, even in extremely rough water. Upon a small deck supported between the floats are seats for the two persons who operate the boat. Foot-pedals for operating the paddle-wheel are to be used by one person, and hand-levers may be used by the other. The rudders—one at the stern end of each float—are connected by sprocket chains to a handle-bar similar to those in use on bicycles. The craft responds instantly to the action of these rudders. The paddle-wheel is housed in, so that in the roughest weather there is no danger of the operators getting wet.

The sensation of riding a hydrocycle is exhilarating. Seated at an excellent altitude above the level of the water, and with a splendid range of vision; skimming along at a good speed, noiselessly, and without the jarring, and often nauseating, motion of a rowboat, there is a kind of enjoyment in this mode of



THE TUBULAR RACING MACHINE.

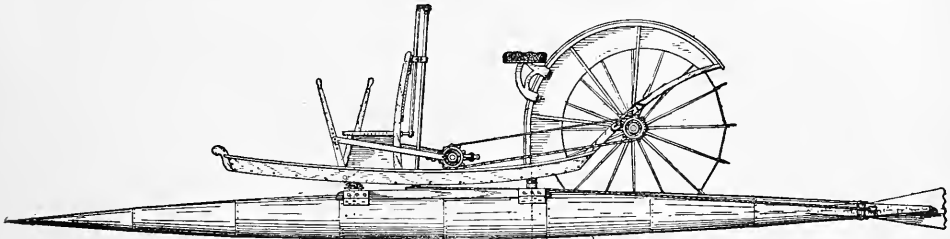
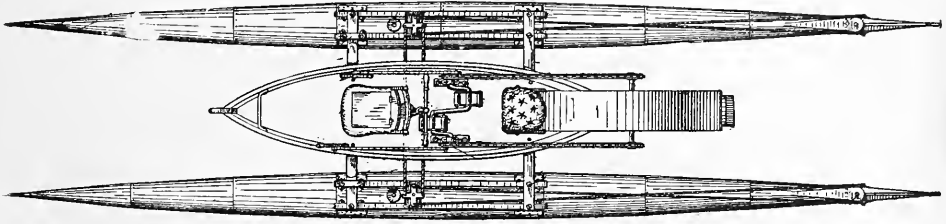
water-locomotion that the boatmen who are now wearing out their arms will be quick to appreciate when the hydrocycle begins to become a common sight. The craft is so easily controlled that it may

be completely turned about within its length. It can be propelled backward or forward with equal facility. The speed is both constant and accelerated at the pleasure of the rider.*

*The hydrocycle in some form or other, possibly approximated by the illustrations shown below, is plainly inevitable, both for purposes of sport and for service. In a successful type the rider must be kept entirely out of the water, as well as the main part of the propelling mechanism. The position of the rider must be different from that shown, for the power of the leg cannot be

economically or speedily exerted when the pedals are on a level with the seat. No great difficulty will arise, however, in the mere matter of adjustment of position. Several inventors are working along these lines, and, without doubt, practicable hydrocycles will be frequent sights on our inland lakes and rivers within a very few years.

THE PROWLER.



THE HYDROCYCLE.

WHOM THE GODS LOVE.

BY GEORGIA CUSTIS.

88 **W**HOM the gods love, die young." Ah, yes!
The words have deeper meaning than we
guess.

Whom the gods love! the brave, the pure,
The chivalrous, the patient to endure—

These the gods love, to these impart
The magic secrets of great Nature's heart;
Such grow not old, can never be
But young, come death however tardily.



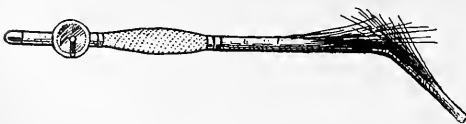
AMATEUR ROD-MAKING.

BY H. C. DANIELS.

ONE of the immediate results of an acquired appetite for angling is the desire to possess a good rod, and, in many cases, the wish to make one's own. Within recent years the brisk competition in rod manufacturing, the special machinery and facilities, enable a maker to turn out a dozen rods, time considered, for the cost of one to the amateur maker; but it is no mean accomplishment to be able to build one's own rod. The points of excellence are strength, lightness, and balance or "hang."

The prevailing woods are lance, beta-bara, maltese, greenheart, and dagama—all foreign woods. The last named is the best all-round wood for the amateur, because of its grain, or lack of grain rather, and the facility with which it can be worked up. It is of light yellow color, similar to lancewood, and can be planed from either end. It is of lighter weight than the others mentioned, and is susceptible of very high finish, while for elasticity, strength, and reliability it is not excelled. These woods can be bought of any dealer, in the "square" or turned, the former being preferable to one who desires to make his rod from start to finish.

It would be folly for the amateur to attempt to split a bamboo rod, in the face of the many makers who have the requisite machinery and facilities for turning them out mechanically perfect, where honest inspection is the rule. But it is not actually necessary to purchase any foreign wood to procure a good and serviceable rod. There is an American wood, everywhere common, which makes a rod which, for toughness and service, excels; that is the hornbeam, or more commonly known as ironwood. If a fisherman were compelled to limit himself to a single rod, his best reliance would be an ironwood, for the reason he would never be disabled to continue his day's fishing by reason of an accident to his rod. Ironwood seldom breaks. Under sufficient strain it splinters, like this—



and when this happens it can be straightened, wound with cord, and made to do service for the time being. This is sometimes a great desideratum when it is not convenient or desirable to suspend operations. Beta-bara and greenheart become weak and brittle with age and use, and the angler never knows what minute a rod of either make will fail him.

Let us suppose the choice of wood is made, the style of rod is then determined. That depends largely upon the character of the fishing. Assuming it is for inland lake and stream fishing, for trout, bass or perch principally, it is not hard to decide unless the rod is solely for trout fishing. All experiences demonstrate that Dr. Henshall, royal angler that he is, has set the appropriate pattern as to length—three joints of thirty-three inches each. Any material variations from this length are found, after trial, to be inadvisable.

To fish with the reel above the hand is at all times absurd, but with an automatic reel it is doubly so; and accordingly we will calculate in constructing our rod to place the reel-seat below the hand-grasp or at the end of the butt. The necessary trimmings are to be purchased, consisting of a reel-seat, ferrules, winding-check, rings or tie-guides and top. They are to be had in brass, nickel or German silver, the last much preferred for ferrules. The winding-check is not absolutely necessary unless the hand-grasp is wound.

We are supposed to have decided in favor of a rod similar to a "Henshall" bass rod with the variation of reel-seat below, instead of above, the hand. But this rod is a little "stiffish" for trout fishing, or for fly-fishing for either trout or bass. Let us try to remedy that by making the entire rod a trifle (and trifles in rod-making are not as light as air) lighter, aiming at seven-ounce weight; we will then add an extra fly-tip, a trifle longer than the bait-tip and a trifle slimmer. Thus we have a rod for the all-round purposes of bait fishing for bass; if from a boat it is not so long as to be unwieldy, while the fly-tip enables us to cast in boat or on shore.

An important factor in the enjoyment

of the sport is the "hang" of the rod. The aim is to have the weight as near the hand as possible, so that, with the reel in place, the rod would balance with the fulcrum at the winding-check.

There are two ways that can be employed in making the butt-piece, viz., by working down from the handgrasp on wood of sufficient diameter, or, by gluing on to wood of smaller diameter, pieces sufficiently thick for the handgrasp; the latter plan is preferable, except with ironwood. Some very artistic effects can be produced by pieces of fancy woods, mahogany, ebony, rosewood, or any close-grained wood glued upon the butt to be worked down for the handgrasp. The reel-seat can be three-fourths or seven-eighths in diameter, no larger; and the handgrasp should not be greater than one and one-eighth inches diameter at its thickest part, tapering to five-eighths, which is the largest diameter of the winding-check.

The female ferrule of the butt is three-eighths inch in diameter, inside measurement, thus permitting a gradual taper from the handgrasp to the ferrule.

Supposing the wood to be square we take dividers and strike a circle from the center of the ferrule end, of exactly three-eighths in diameter; that is the guide to work to. We commence at the mark previously made for the winding-check, with a sharp plane, and work off the corners systematically and in turn until that portion of the butt is reduced to a tapering octagon. Then we set the plane finer and work off the octagonal edges, thus securing the first stages of a perfect round. The next stages are scraping and smoothing. For a scraper we use an old table-knife that has been filed to a half-round in three sizes—one for butt, one for second joint, and one for tip, thus:



The edges of the scraper are beveled to the angle of an ordinary chisel. It is no easy matter to maintain a perfect round. The rule is to keep turning the wood to present a new surface to the scraper. The smoothing comes next; this is done with two grades of sandpaper—medium first, and finest lastly.

While the sandpaper in one hand is traveling back and forth, the joint should be rolled to and fro under the other hand on a flat board, table or bench, in a transverse direction. This takes practice and elbow-grease. It is best to provide grooved blocks of wood, seven inches or more in length, with large groove for butt and small groove for second joint and tip. When the sandpaper is laid over the groove the pressure conforms it to the surface of the rod equally.

Now the joints are shaped, but the rod is only commenced. There remain the fitting of the reel-seat and ferrules, the winding of the tie-guides or rings and top, and such intermediate windings as the fancy may dictate. The second joint should be a true taper from three-eighths inch to one-fourth inch. The tip should be a true taper from one-fourth inch to nothing, or the point. With three joints free from check or cross-grain, but the half of a reliable rod is secured. The other half lies in the good fitting of substantial ferrules. Here, let us say, the doweling of rods is relegated to back ages. It is a false notion that they are of the slightest possible benefit. They are detrimental; their tendency is to work loose and present unequal strain to sockets already weakened by boring out for dowels. The greatest strength is obtained where the inside ferrule butts flush against the wood within the outside ferrule. Take our advice and believe that dowels are a snare and delusion.

The tendency with the amateur rod-maker is to hurry the fitting of ferrules, with the inevitable result that the wood shrinks and has play within the ferrule. This should be avoided, and can be by patience and care. The barometer is concerned in the well-fitting

of ferrules. If the air is humid or moist the wood absorbs moisture and swells; ferrules fitted upon such a day will drop

off on a dry day, and the puzzled workman can't understand how it is "they went on so hard yesterday and now appear to be too large." We have no faith in water-proof ferrules with metal bottoms, for the reason that it is always best for the wood to push through and through the ferrule, thus securing a

visible fit and enabling it to be crowded a notch further in case of unavoidable shrinkage. The best water-proofing is pure whitelead applied the last thing when ready to drive the ferrule home.

The black bass of American waters is a great rod-smasher. Before he is landed, if you have a weak spot in your rod or tackle he will find it. It is said we are unduly strong under excitement, and when a man in average health finds that he has lost two or three "old sock-dolagers," as Sam Drake styled them, he doesn't feel the immense strain he puts upon his rod in his anxiety to make sure of hooking the next fellow.

But our rod is not complete. We have the three joints, snugly fitting, and we feel so far it is fit to cope with anything in the fish line. It must now be oiled and rubbed; take boiled linseed oil and apply with the bare hand, rubbing it in briskly. Now we have to decide the manner of the finishing. There are two methods; one is known as the hard-oil finish, which means unlimited and repeated rubbings with boiled oil, at intervals of not less than a day apart (more in damp weather), applied with a pad of cotton cloth backed by batting or wool, a very little at a time, and rubbed briskly until the pad commences to stick or get "tacky." With this process no varnish is needed for the rod proper, but shellac or other varnish is essential for the windings.

How your patience will be tried in the winding! As a rule, there cannot be too many rings upon the second joint or tip, provided they are adjusted evenly and in line; they not only strengthen a rod, but they distribute the strain when a fish is hooked. We like rings better than standing tie-guides; the latter are more permissible on the butt, care being taken to have them not too near the hand, as they interfere with the play of the line in paying out for casting. Two guides or rings are ample for the butt, say one at the base of the ferrule and the other six inches lower. There should be at least five rings upon the second joint and seven upon the tip, counting the top as one. As to tops, there is nothing equal to a plain pear-shaped loop bent to line with the rings. It is wound on neatly, like the ring-keepers, generally with scarlet *A corticelli* silk. The novice may be curious to know that the

winder lays a small loop of silk upon the rod where wound, winding it over for several times, after which the end of the winding silk is tucked through the loop and drawn in, securing the end completely without visible fastening, thus:



It is well not to pull the end entirely through, nor is it advisable to pull the catching loop entirely out, but, after drawing snugly under, take a pair of fine pointed scissors or sharp knife and snip off the slack close to the windings. A little practice is required to make neat windings. Care should be taken to have the windings equi-distant throughout the entire rod. This can be done by measurement and marking the points upon the rod as put together.

Extra fine finish upon varnished rods is obtained by rubbing each coat down with rotten-stone and oil, or the finest pumice-stone. Ample time should be given for drying between each coat.

Our rod is well-nigh finished. The handgrasp is at the option of the maker. It may be cane-whipped, wound in silk or thread, or not wound at all. If wound, of course the reel-seat and winding-check are to cover ends. Avoid hard ridges in the winding of the grasp, for if one fishes a great deal the friction will make a sore palm. On this account the best handgrasp we use is of ebony, which has been rubbed as smooth as a baby's cheek, with repeated applications of hard oil. The moisture of the skin enables a good grip and the rod handles better than any other.

A word also about the balance. It isn't the weight of a rod that makes it heavy; it is the distribution of that weight. It is sometimes advisable to add weight at the reel-seat by boring into the wood and filling with lead, thereby securing better balance. If you have a good rod, take care of it, wipe it clean after using it; have wood or metal stops for the ferrules; keep the joints in a grooved form or at least a bag, and don't let the rod lie in the hot sun until the varnish or finish is fried off. The enthusiastic amateur can make an excellent rod by following the method outlined, and the pride of possession of a rod made by one's own skill will amply repay the labor.

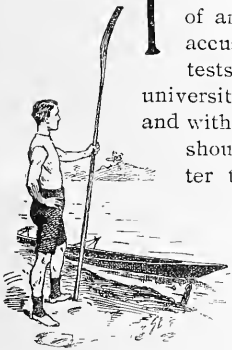
OUTING'S MONTHLY REVIEW

OF

AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

ROWING.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE PROSPECT.



IT is beyond the comprehension of an old-fashioned sportsman, accustomed to see athletic contests take place between certain universities as a matter of course and without fuss or feathers, why it should be such a difficult matter to agree upon a time and place for a boat race if all the parties really want one. That this is a country of magnificent distances is true. It is farther from Ithaca to New London than to Poughkeepsie; also true. It is also farther from New Haven to Poughkeepsie than to New London; more truth. Both Harvard and Cornell would have further to travel, in any event, than Yale; a geographical axiom. There is considerable room for argument as to which offers the better water for a race-course, the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, or the Thames at New London. I am more or less converted to the proposition that the Thames is the better water for training purposes, and the climate of New London better, for the same purposes, than that of the upper Hudson. From the old grad's point of view—the observation train—there can be no comparison. A better view can be obtained from the edge of the course than from the edge of water-covered flats and behind rocky promontories. I am also inclined to favor a straight course over uniformly deep water, as against a crooked one partly in deep and partly in shallow water. But, when all the *pros* and *cons* have been canvassed, there remains the thing without which it is not worth wasting brain tissue—the desire for a race. If there be that, what does it matter where the race takes place? This business of wrangling for months over the place where the race is to come off is not edifying. A brilliant thought! Why not submit the whole thing to arbitrators, agreeing to

abide by their award and to row wherever they say? Come, come, gentlemen, we want a little less diplomatic manœuvring and a good deal more common sense. A treaty of peace is not, but a boat-race, a form of amusement, is, being negotiated. In any event, we want to see you *race*. To do so will do all of you good. And, for old Neptune's sake, let there be an end of "championship" talk. Do you play for the championship every time you go around the golf links with a friend? Can you not enjoy a boat-race in the same way, for the sake of the noble sport and the splendid muscular effort it entails? You are amateurs, gentlemen amateurs, members of institutions whose design it is to turn out gentlemen as well as scholars. *Championship!* Leave that to the gents who also use up a good deal of ink in the selection of their prize-ring. Leave it to the rowdy baseball "leagues." But agree, and agree quickly, or get some one to agree for you, upon the place where you will meet for a friendly trial of strength and skill, eight good men against others equally good.

And now having preached a short sermon, let me go over the situation briefly, to find out just where we are. It may be gathered from what has been said that Cornell was invited by Yale and Harvard to join them in an eight-oared boat race, the invitation having attached to it a condition that there was no use in Cornell's considering it unless she would row at New London. The invitation was sweetly worded; but the condition smacked of the new diplomacy that lately found expression at Paris. Cornell felt unable to row at New London and keep her obligations to row at Poughkeepsie, too. And there the matter rests. Now, each side is at perfect liberty to do as it pleases. Neither is under any obligation to the other. The world will continue its career through space and some day will wobble into a sportsmanlike atmosphere, when college athletes will enter into play like spring lambs, glad to be alive and glad of any opportunity to play with each other.

It is quite too early to form a proper estimate of the make-up or capabilities of the crews which are to race, somewhere, next June. Cornell will lose most of the oarsmen who composed her splendid 1897 and 1898 crews. Yale will have substantially the same men as those who rowed last year. Harvard will have some, but not all of last year's crew. She will have last year's freshmen to fall back on, who, in their race, although they did not win, proved themselves one of the fastest of freshmen crews. Columbia has returned to the tutelage of Dr. Peet. It is said that he will instruct the men to row somewhat differently from the way the last crew he had charge of rowed. Poor Columbia! How many different "strokes" her men have tried to master of late years. No one coach seems to have the same ideas or system two years running.

The University of Pennsylvania crew, the doughty "champions" of 1898—we say it in all humility—are under the care of Ellis Ward once more. University of Wisconsin is expected to send a crew to the Hudson this year. Mr. O'Dea—whose "Yarra-Yarra" stroke, by the way, is *not* to be adopted by Harvard—will not be their coach, but I understand that one of his pupils is to be.

The Annapolis cadets will, in all probability, arrange races with Pennsylvania, and possibly with Columbia. Such contests are distinctly to be encouraged from the naval point of view as well as that of the interests of the sport.

This review of the situation, brief as it has been and devoted principally to the consideration of the Cornell-Yale-Harvard situation, would be inexcusably hurried if mention were omitted of two very interesting features of the coming season. Mr. Robert Cook will, for the first time in many years, have no hand or part, according to present indications, in preparing the Yale crews for their races. This is decidedly noteworthy. It would be, in some respects, ominous for Yale had not his long connection with her aquatic interests established a school of rowing which has turned out superb oarsmen, many of them excellent coaches, and all imbued with the same ideas as to "stroke," differing slightly, it may be, in minor details. Messrs. Hartwell, Cowles, Bolton, Ives and others are not one whit inferior to Mr. Cook in their knowledge of rowing and how to teach it. So the system built up by Mr. Cook will survive his departure.

The other interesting feature is the fact that Mr. "Ned" Storrow, who helped Mr. Lehmann last year with the Harvard freshmen, and who,

it is believed, is imbued with the latter's ideas to a considerable extent, is head coach, having Mr. A. O'Dea, formerly of Wisconsin, as his principal assistant. Thus, so far as one can tell at this time, the system built up in the last two years is not to be torn down altogether, but is to be continued with possibly some slight variation as to details, though not as to fundamental principles. Harvard has surely learned too bitterly the mistake of perennial changes of "stroke" and system, to try new ones this year. The showing of her freshmen in the race last year, and the splendid games her football eleven played last fall, ought to inspire her with confidence in the prowess of her men. Expansion is in some ways not a popular phrase, it is believed, at Cambridge. But expansion of confidence in one's ability to win ought not to be unpopular—it ought certainly to encourage renewed effort.

CHASE MELLEN.

ROWING.

During the past month rowing matters have taken a more settled form, and arrangements for the important events are almost completed. Cornell has declined the invitation of Yale and Harvard for a three-cornered race at New London, June 29th; and, considering the fact that Cornell has her crew racing in the Intercollegiate Rowing Association's Regatta, which is set down for the latter part of June, it is not to be wondered at that she finds considerable difficulty in preparing a crew for two races, on different waters and at different distances, within so short a period of one another.

At the meeting of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association, held in New York, January 21st, Poughkeepsie was selected as the course for the annual regatta. Cornell, Pennsylvania, Columbia, and Wisconsin will be represented. Toronto University have also been invited, but it is doubtful if they can arrange to come. Should they be able, the regatta will assume somewhat of an international aspect.

The committee of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, at their meeting in New York, January 21st, voted to hold the annual regatta on the Charles River, at Boston, July 28th and 29th. A strong effort is being made to secure the National Regatta of 1900 for New York. It is quite probable that some of the winning crews of that meeting will be selected to represent America at the Paris Exposition. Of course, no definite move could be taken, but there is little doubt that next year's regatta will come to New York.

VIGILANT.



ICE-YACHTING.

THERE has not been as good ice boating in the East for years as this winter. Orange Lake alone has had many weeks of good ice.

On January 10th, the thermometer marked six below zero as the boats lined up for the Higginson cup races.

It was a handicap of ten miles over a triangular course, open to all boats of the Orange Lake fleet. The wind piped free and strong from the north as the following yachts lined up for an old-fashioned start: *Windward*, H. C. Higginson; *Snow Drift*, Willett Kidd; *Cold Wave*, sailed by Captain James O'Brien; *Ice King*, Charles M. Stebbins; *Troubler*, Alderman Robt. Kernahan; *Flying Jib*, Gerard Wood; *Eolus*, George E. Trimble, and *Graziella*, by Henry J. Jova.

The fleet were all sloops with the exception of the *Graziella*, which is rigged as a lateen. The time limit was thirty-five minutes. The start was made at five minutes after four o'clock. Owing to the direction of the wind, there was much tacking and wearing over the course, sailed over five times.

The big *Windward* got away first, closely followed by the *Snow Drift*. As the race progressed it was found necessary to cover at least five miles on each lap, consequently slow time was made. The *Windward* made the fourth lap at 4h. 37m. 19s. The *Snow Drift* came just behind her, the others far away. The judges saw that the race could not be covered in thirty-five minutes, and gave the recall signal.

The first race of the Hudson River Ice Yacht Club was sailed over their course of eight miles for fourth-class yachts on January 10th. The start was from Roosevelt's Point. The entries were *Brisk*, by H. Vanderlinden; *Esquimaux*, by James Breeze; *Ariel*, by Archibald Rogers, and *Comet*, by Norman Wright. The *Ariel* won. Time, 30m. *Comet* second. Time, 30m. 20s.

After six years the race for the champion pennant of the world, known as "The Ice Yacht Challenge Pennant of America," was sailed for on January 21, 1899. This pennant is the emblem of supremacy of the frozen surface, and many hardy and daring struggles on the ice have been sailed to obtain it. Commodore Archibald Rogers's big sloop *Jack Frost*, carrying 716 square feet of duck, won it last on February 9 1893. Time, for 20 miles, 49m. 30s. Distance covered, 31.38 miles. Calculated rate per mile 1m. 34s. The distance between marks in that race was 2 miles, and the triangular course was sailed five times around.

A fair breeze blew from the south, the ice was hard, and every one was on the *qui vive* on the 21st of January, 1899, the day appointed for this year's race to take place, just above Poughkeepsie-on-the-Hudson. A course of 20 miles had been laid out, due north and south, starting from Crum Elbow to a turning mark north of the Poughkeepsie Bridge. The distance between the turning marks was $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, making four times around to accomplish the 20 miles, although the actual distance sailed, in wearing and tacking to cover the course, was nearly 38 miles. The time limit for the race was fixed at one hour and fifteen min-

utes, windward and return. All yachts to draw for positions at a line at the starting point at right angles, and the boats to be headed in the eye of the wind, and at a given signal to be shoved smartly over the line and fill away.

On the morning of the 21st the Carthage Club sent up five yachts, the *Maud N.*, *North Star*, *Hermes*, *Ranger* and *Whistler*. Just before the time set for the race the ferry which runs across the river at Poughkeepsie, below the bridge, broke through the ice, cutting off the five boats from the starting line above the bridge. *Ranger* and *Whistler* were taken around the ferry channel overland and set up on the ice above the channel cut by the ferry, but *Maud N.*, *North Star* and *Hermes* being too heavy and too large, had to be left. It was 12 o'clock when the *Ranger* and *Whistler* reached the starting line. The *Ranger* carries 525 square feet in a lateen sail, and was handled by the expert, Charles Merrett. The *Whistler* carries 400 square feet and is cat-rigged. She was sailed by her owner, the veteran ice-yachtsman, Commodore Irving Grinnell.

Drawn up at the starting line at Roosevelt's Point to meet them, were the following boats of the Hudson River Club: *Northern Light*, carrying 680 square feet of canvas, and sailed by her owner, Dr. Barron; *Iceicle*, 735 square feet, sailed by William R. Smith; *Blitzen*, 642, sailed by Norman Wright; *Jack Frost*, 716 square feet, sailed by Archibald Rogers; *Santa Claus*, 592 square feet, sailed by Herman Vanderlinden, and *North Star*, 440 square feet, sailed by George Ruppert. All the above are first-class boats, with the exception of *Santa Claus* and *North Star*, the former being of the second class, and the latter of the third class. The competing *Ranger* is a second-class boat, and the *Whistler* belongs in the third class. It was the old-fashioned line-up start, and positions were drawn as follows: *Ranger*, *Northern Light*, *Iceicle*, *Blitzen*, *Jack Frost*, *Santa Claus* and *Whistler*. At a dropped handkerchief and the shout "Go!" at noon the yachts were smartly shoved over the line, and filled away on the port tack. The wind was light from the southwest, but steady. The yachts hung pretty well together at the start, with *Iceicle* slightly in the lead. After turning the lower stake toward the bridge, the yachts sped up the river, heading for the starting place at Roosevelt Point. There the *Iceicle* led, with *Jack Frost* a quarter of a mile astern and the others further back, strung out in this order: *Ranger*, *Northern Light*, *Santa Claus*, *Whistler* and *North Star*. *Iceicle* covered the first five miles in 17m. 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; *Jack Frost*, second; *Ranger*, third. The *Blitzen* is considered a fast boat, but made a poor showing owing to a twisted plank, and withdrew from the race. The *Whistler*, of the Carthage Landing Club, broke her peak hal-yard block, and withdrew. At the distance of ten miles the time at this turn of starting line was: *Iceicle*, 36m. 59s.; *Jack Frost*, 37m. 11s. Then came *Northern Light* and *Ranger*, there being 5 seconds time between this pair.

At this stage of the race the ice began to soften. Commodore Rogers had the expert,

Charley Van Loan, in the box of the *Jack Frost*, while Smith was alone on the *Icele*. The weight of two men on the softening ice caused the rudder shoe of the *Jack Frost* to sink deeper into the ice than the *Icele*.

In the third time over the course the *Northern Light* carried away her jib-sheet and reluctantly retired. The 15-mile point was made by *Icele* in 54m., and *Jack Frost* 13s. later, *Ranger* a bad third.

The fourth and last time round, the *Icele* maintained her slight lead, *Jack Frost* being only a length behind as they rounded the last turning mark. The race was very exciting. It seemed as if the bowsprit of the *Jack Frost* overlapped the stern of the *Icele*. Both yachts finished on the starboard tack. *Icele* won. Time, covering 20 miles, 1h. 9m. 37s., with only 5m. and 23s. to spare below the time limit of 1¼h. *Jack Frost* came in second, just 27s. after her rival crossed the finish line. The lateen *Ranger*, from the Carthage Club, was so far behind that she did not finish. *Santa Claus* finished in 1h. 18m. 24s., and was barred out by time limit. The *North Star* was not in the race at any time. Thus the world's pennant is still held by the Hudson River Club, but it will adorn the residence of Mr. John A. Roosevelt, the veteran ice yachtsman and owner of the *Icele*.

This is the fourth time the *Icele* has won this champion pennant of the world, and *Jack Frost* has taken it three times. The first race for this pennant took place in 1881. It was originally put up by the New Hamburg Club of the Hudson River, and was won the first time by the *Phantom*, of New Hamburg Club, March 5, 1881, over a 12-mile course.

On the 20th of January there was a fair wind from the south on Orange Lake, with ice in prime condition, and two races were sailed. The first race called was for the Higginson handsome special cup. The boats entered were *Windward*, *Snow Drift*, *Arctic*, *Graziella* (lateen), *Troubler* and *Cold Wave*. The start was made at 1:30 P. M., and the race must be sailed in 35 minutes over the 10-mile course. The big *Windward* jumped ahead at the lead under the careful guidance of Commodore Higginson, and made a spanking race, never being headed at any time. She landed a winner as far as time was concerned, crossing the finishing line at 2:04:00, and covering the ten miles in a light breeze in 30m. 04s. *Snow Drift* 2:08:25, *Graziella* 2:10:22, *Troubler* 2:11:08, *Arctic* 2:11:30. *Cold Wave* did not finish. Although Commodore Higginson with the *Windward* won the race in good style, he would not claim it, owing to rule 12, as follows: "No ice yacht shall increase or diminish ballast during a race." This was occasioned by the *Windward's* having, on the second lap, while shooting along like a rocket and coming about, shaken off her 25-pound weight on the stern. The Commodore had not time to replace it and so lost the race, and the *Snow Drift* obtained it on the technicality.

The second race, on the same day, was for the challenge cup of '88, with a good breeze and ice. It was one of the most exciting races seen in years, as the winner was only ten seconds ahead of the second yacht. When the starting gun was fired, the following yachts were smartly

shoved over the line and filled away toward the upper end of the lake: *Cold Wave*, sailed by her owner, Commodore Higginson; *Snow Drift*, sailed by the Vice-Commodore's son, Will Kidd; *Graziella*, sailed by her owner, Henry J. Jova; *Troubler*, sailed by her owner, Alderman Kernahan; *Ice King*, sailed by her owner, Charles M. Stebbins, and *Arctic*, sailed by her owner, Elijah Walsh. The *Troubler* caught the wind first, and rushed ahead, but the wind shifted slightly, helping the balance of the fleet, and before the third lap *Cold Wave* and *Snow Drift* closed the gap and passed her. From the north to the west stakes it was hot work between the *Cold Wave* and the *Snow Drift*. No one could tell as the boats swung up the last lap which one would win. It was hammer and tongs with the two boats, causing their skippers to use every device in handling their yachts, gained by long experience. On they came, and at last it was seen that Commodore Higginson had the advantage, and the *Cold Wave* finished first at 4:11:50. Time, covering the course, of a triangle five times around, making a total of 10 miles, 33m. 50s. *Snow Drift* finished at 4:12:00, covering the course in 34m., thus making a difference of just 10s. A petering-out and shifting wind accounts for the slow time made.

On January 29th the ice was in prime condition. Two handicap races were sailed over the regular ten-mile course for club boats only. The first was for the Vice-Commodore Kidd pennant. The yachts lined up for the start were: *Snow Drift*, sailed by Captain Merritt, one of the very best ice-yacht handlers in the country; *Windward*, by Commodore Higginson; *Troubler*, by Alderman Kernahan; *Cold Wave*, by Captain James O'Brien; *Arctic*, by Elijah Walsh. The start was made at 9 minutes past 2. *Snow Drift* led, with *Windward* close on her heels. They crossed finish line as follows: *Snow Drift*, 2:52:42, covering the course in 43m. 42s. Time limit, 1h.; wind, light. *Windward* finished at 2:53:09; *Arctic*, 2:54:08; *Cold Wave*, 2:54:22; *Troubler*, 2:54:45. On corrected time, allowing one foot of canvas to the second, according to the time sailed, and making the big *Windward* as the scratch boat, it was found *Snow Drift* won, *Cold Wave*, second; *Arctic*, third; *Windward*, fourth; *Troubler*, fifth.

The second race on the same day was for the Van Nostrand Cup, presented by the late Gardner Van Nostrand. This also was a handicap race, with *Windward* as the scratch boat on sail area. The entries were as follows: Homer S. Ramsdell's *Ice Queen*, sailed by Will Kidd; *Snow Drift*, sailed by Captain Merritt; *Graziella*, sailed by Henry J. Jova; *Cold Wave*, sailed by Commodore H. C. Higginson; *Arctic*, sailed by Elijah Walsh; *Windward*, sailed by Captain James O'Brien; and *Troubler*, sailed by Alderman Robt. Kernahan. The start was made at 3:27:00. The race practically was between the *Snow Drift* and the *Cold Wave*. *Snow Drift* won. Time, 4:02:58; *Cold Wave*, second, 4:03:31; *Arctic*, 4:04:27; *Ice Queen*, 4:07:5; *Troubler*, 4:07:50; *Windward*, 4:10:08. The *Graziella* only made one lap and withdrew.

On Monday, January 30th, the Orange Lake Club was again ready, with the wind piping a

half gale from southwest, and yachts under double reefs for the Higginson special loving cup. The start was made at 3:22 00 P. M., and the competing boats were *Arctic*, E. Walsh at the tiller; *Cold Wave*, Commodore Higginson; *Graziella*, H. J. Jova; *Snow Drift*, handled by the expert Captain Chas. Merritt. *Cold Wave* jumped ahead through the increasing gale, and with her perfect sail balance and good handling led the fleet easily. Her time at finish was 3:46:41; *Arctic*, 3:46:56; *Snow Drift*, 3:47:15. This being a handicap race, by corrected time *Snow Drift* obtained second place. *Graziella* crashed into *Troubler*, which was not in the race, on first lap. Little damage was done, and *Graziella* was barred out. This trophy must be won three times. The *Snow Drift* has won it twice, the *Troubler* once, and *Cold Wave* once.

The second race on the same day (January 30th) was for the vice-commodore's pennant, known as the Kidd champion pennant. The starters were *Cold Wave*, sailed by Captain James O'Brien; *Snow Drift*, sailed by Captain Merritt, and *Arctic*, sailed by E. Walsh. The *Snow Drift* led until Captain Merritt made a miscalculation and ran under the bluff on the west shore and lost the wind. Walsh with the *Arctic* got the full force out in the lake and rushed ahead, and won over *Snow Drift* by 18 seconds. *Arctic's* time was 32m. 10s., *Cold Wave* third. After the race *Cold Wave*, being alone, had a race of her own. She broke loose, ran down the *Take Care*, damaging the yacht, took a skip over to the club-house to see Boxer, and after ripping off several clapboards, returned to her anchorage as docile as a lamb. Strange to say, she sustained but slight damage. No one was on board.

The first race this season for the Walker International Ice Yacht Cup was sailed at Kingston, Canada, on January 30th. Next to the champion pennant of the world the Walker Cup is most coveted by ice yachtsmen. It was donated by Hiram Walker, of Walkerville, Canada, and is an international trophy to promote ice-yacht racing on Lake Ontario, the Bay of Quinte and River St. Lawrence.

Last year the ice was not in a suitable condition to lay out

a proper 12-mile course. This year, January 30, 1899, was the day appointed for the race. Early in the morning every ice yachtsman was shaking a lively leg, either at the handsome club-house or on the ice, but down came a flurry of snow, causing even the crowd who race from the grill-room to the fire-place, to draw down

their faces to the shape of a "salvagee strap," and making the Regatta Committee shake their heads ominously. A meeting was held at 12.30, and a race was decided upon. A stiff breeze came piping free from due west, in the early part of the day, but petered out later, and it was doubtful whether the boats could cover the triangular course, sailed four times around, making a total of 12 miles, in the time limit of 45 minutes. The course was as follows: From a flag a mile out from the Yacht Club house, to the Penitentiary buoy; thence to a mark west of Simcoe Island, and home; to be sailed around four times, and all turning marks kept to port.

The competing yachts were *Dart*, sailed by Charles Shaw; *Shark*, by Wren Dodge, owner, and *Sprite*, W. E. Dodge. These three boats represented the Cape Vincent I. Y. C. The Kingston yachts were *Blizzard*, ex-Commodore Sandford C. Calvin; *Jack Frost*, J. Bell Carruthers, and *Breeze*, Howard S. Folger.

The racing committee was composed of the following well-known ice yachtsmen: Captain Frank Strange lined up the boats, W. O'Brien held the gun, J. Campbell Strange took time, and J. Conway and Alex. Horn were clerks of the course.

The yachts were lined up with their noses pointing in the wind's eye, and facing southwest, in the following order: *Dart*, *Blizzard*, *Shark*, *Jack Frost*, *Sprite* and *Breeze*.

The Kingston boys had learned a new point since the last race, when every man tried to make his yacht a winner, for in this race they all worked together for the desired end. *Jack Frost* and *Blizzard* carried full sail, and the *Breeze* a reef, so they were sure of at least one boat at the front, at the finish, should it blow light or heavy.

It was exactly 2:48:30 as the starting gun boomed out, and the six white wings dashed over the starting line, all on the starboard tack. Sandford Calvin with the *Blizzard* soon shook off the pack, and, with the *Jack Frost* in his wake, made a series of short hitches toward the first mark, gaining on every boat in the fleet. Howard Folger, with the new *Breeze*, coolly stood on a long tack and fetched the Penitentiary mark nicely. It was now seen that the three Canadian yachts were easily ahead of their rivals from New York State. The yachts rounded the first mark as follows: *Jack Frost*, *Blizzard* and *Breeze* (Canadian boats), *Sprite*, *Shark* and *Dart* (American boats).

It was a free run from the first to the second mark, and quickly accomplished. The Canadians gained on this leg also.

In making for the home stake the *Jack Frost* was obliged to make three short tacks, owing to the miscalculation of the helmsman, to avoid pinching the yacht. This lost her considerable time in manœuvering for the fetch of the stake. The *Blizzard* was handled in fine shape, holding straight for it and fetching it properly in a seamanlike fashion at 2:59:00; *Jack Frost*, 2:59:05; *Breeze*, 2:59:10; *Sprite*, 3:01:00; *Shark*, 3:01:15, and *Dart* at 3:06:00.

On the way over to the Penitentiary mark, *Jack Frost* and *Breeze* outsailed the *Blizzard*, and rounded first. From the start to the point the three Canadian yachts had all the time been increasing their lead over their three



THE WALKER CUP.

Cape Vincent rivals. The home buoy was turned, *Jack Frost*, 3:08:15; *Breeze*, 3:09:00; *Blizzard*, 3:10:00; *Sprite*, 3:13:00; *Shark*, 3:13:05. The Kingston boats were on the third time around before the *Dart* accomplished her second lap at 3:22:00, and she retired.

In the third lap *Blizzard* passed the *Breeze*, and again took her old second place. The third round was finished in this order: *Jack Frost*, 3:18:45; *Blizzard*, 3:20:00; *Breeze*, 3:20:30; *Sprite*, 3:28:00; *Shark*, 3:28:30. In the last round the Canadian three boats were so far ahead that they nearly lapped the two American yachts.

In the final round (the fourth) the *Sprite* and *Shark* were so far and hopelessly behind (nearly 3 miles) that they did not take the formality of rounding the stake, but put about for the home line. *Jack Frost* crossed the finishing line at 3:29:30, amid wild cheers of the congregated club men and their guests. *Blizzard* finished 3:31:00 and received an ovation; *Breeze* 3:31:45, with great applause and many kind words and compliments for Howard Folger's plucky race with reefed sails in a light breeze. The course was covered by *Jack Frost* in 41 minutes, giving 4 minutes to spare. One yacht over the line a second under 45 minutes makes a race for all. The ice over the course was rough in places.

The races for this cup now give one race to Cape Vincent, won on March 13, 1897, no count, and one to Kingston, won on January 30, 1899, counting.

On February 1st a light snow covered the ice at Orange Lake, N. Y. It was the last heat to be sailed for the handsome \$400 silver cup, gold-lined, and presented by Commodore H. C. Higginson. The following yachts of the Orange Lake Ice Yacht Club started over the 10-mile course: Elijah Walsh's *Arctic*; Commodore Higginson's *Windward* and *Cold Wave*; Vice-Commodore Willett Kidd's *Snow Drift*, and Alderman Kernahan's *Troubler*. It was a handicap race and started at noon, but owing to lack of wind had to be given up.

In the afternoon a fair breeze sprang up, and the following yachts lined up: *Cold Wave*, *Arctic*, *Windward*, *Troubler* and *Snow Drift*. The *Snow Drift* was sailed by Captain James O'Brien, and led from the start, never at any part of the race being headed, and landed a winner at 4:31:00, covering the four laps, making a total of 10 miles, in 21 minutes, and gaining the coveted Higginson loving cup. *Arctic* second, at 4:44:00; *Troubler* third, at 4:46:42; *Cold Wave*, 4:48:50.

The second round of the International Race for the Walker Cup, was sailed at Kingston, Canada, on February 1st, 1899. The race was called at 11 o'clock, A. M. There being no wind, the event was postponed until 2:30 P. M. At this time the wind clouds to the south gave good promise of a decent sailing breeze with a flurry of snow.

The wind was fair from the south, with a log of twelve miles per hour. The course was the same as sailed on the first heat. The following lined up for a start: *Shark* (Cape Vincent), *Jack Frost* (Kingston), *Dart* (Cape Vincent), *Blizzard* (Kingston), *Sprite* (Cape Vincent), *Breeze* (Kingston).

At 2:32:00, flat, James Conway fired the start-

ing gun, and the yachts headed for the first mark, known as the Penitentiary buoy. Howard S. Folger jumped away in good shape with the *Breeze* under his careful guidance, and the *Jack Frost* and *Blizzard* at short distance from his runner-post. The American yachts *Sprite*, *Shark*, and *Dart* closed the gap in order named. It was a short, free run, a hitch, and a dead thrash to Pen mark, a good test for an ice yacht. The *Blizzard* and *Jack Frost* out-sailed the *Breeze*, and all the Canadian boats seemed to outpoint and outfoot their American rivals. The first round was as follows: *Blizzard*, 2:41:30; *Jack Frost*, 2:41:50; *Breeze*, 2:42:10; *Dart*, 2:42:20; *Shark*, 2:42:30; *Sprite*, 2:43:10.

In the second round the *Jack Frost* went around the course in three stretches, doing the miles between Penitentiary mark and Simcoe Island mark in one reach. At this stage of the race a flurry of snow shut down the boats, and the helmsman had to keep his wits close-hauled, and it was difficult to find the mark; but the *Blizzard* held her lead over the course to the home buoy at 2:49:15, making the time in this round 15 seconds speedier than the first lap. *Jack Frost* rounded 2:49:30; *Breeze*, 2:49:50; *Dart*, 2:51:00; *Sprite*, 2:51:10; *Shark*, 2:51:30.

It looked as if two races were run at the same time between the Canadians and the Americans at the same period. In each bout it was a fight to the death.

In the third round *Jack Frost* outstripped the *Blizzard* and turned the stake at 2:57:00, thus reducing the time for lap to a minimum. *Blizzard* rounded 2:57:30; *Breeze*, 2:58:00; *Dart*, 2:59:00; *Sprite*, 2:59:30; *Shark*, 3:00:00 flat. The first over the finish line was *Jack Frost*, 3:04:00; *Blizzard*, 3:05:00; *Breeze*, 3:06:00; *Dart*, 3:06:45; *Sprite*, 3:07:30; *Shark*, 3:09:00.

In the last lap before the *Blizzard* reached for the home line, owing to ill luck on a shifting and cat-paw wind, she got a thrash to windward to get to finish. But the *Breeze* carried another paw free, and came home under a beam south wind. Thus the championship for the first race for the Walker cup is given to the Kingston Ice-Yacht Club, of Canada.

There has been some very fine sailing on Lake Minnetonka, Minn., and the fleet is in first-class condition. Only scrub racing has been indulged in. The ice is four feet three inches thick, and as blue as glass when cut. Theodore Wetmore, the father of ice-yachting in the West, now owns the smartest and best-equipped boat in the Northwest. She was designed by the author of this yarn, and is very much like the *Outing* design of February, 1898, the model of which is now at the home of Commodore Higginson, at Orange Lake. Commodore Wetmore's yacht is more powerful, carrying 625 square feet of canvas.

All through the East, with the exception of the Shrewsbury, we have had impromptu races. It seems, notwithstanding the new breakwater, the sea current works up the Shrewsbury River and cuts out the ice. This is also the case on the Hudson, with fresh water in the eddies and current swings at Hyde Park and Poughkeepsie, and under-currents eating up the ice from underneath. The sun, too, honey-combs the ice.

H. PERCY ASHLEY.

SKATING.



E. A. THOMAS.



C. L. McCLAVE.

THE National Amateur Skating Association held their annual championship meeting at Spring Lake, near Poughkeepsie, N. Y., January 26th, 27th and 28th. This year the committee arranged the distances in the championship events to conform with the European championship distances. By this means a closer comparison can be made between the champions on both sides of the Atlantic.

Last year's Canadian victories were not repeated. There were no such skaters as McCulloch to represent the Dominion, consequently the championships all remain at home.

The ice on the first day was in poor condition. The intense cold and wind of the second and third days provided good ice, but undoubtedly kept away many of the spectators, for the attendance was by no means as large as last year.

The first championship race, 500 metres, was an excellent contest between E. A. Thomas and B. McPartland, Thomas winning by not more than a yard. In the 1,500-metre race Thomas again distinguished himself; and when it is considered that he had only two weeks previously recovered from a severe illness, his performances were remarkably good.

The 5,000 and 10,000 metre races were won by the New York Athletic Club's representative, C. L. McClave. He judged the long-distance race specially well, keeping in fourth place until the last two laps, when he came out with a spurt that sent him rapidly to the front, where he finished.

One mile, novice.—Final heat: Won by H. McMillan, Newburgh; second, J. W. Shaughnessy, Cohoes; third, J. E. De Mander, New Haven. Time, 3m. 34 2-55.

Five hundred metres (546 8-10 yards), national championship.—Final heat: Won by E. A. Thomas, Newburgh; second, B. McPartland, N. Y. A. C.; third, W. H. Merritt, St. John, N. B. Time, 59 2-55.

Fifteen hundred metres (1,640 42-100 yards), national championship.—Final heat: Won by E. A. Thomas, Newburgh; second, G. Sudheimer, Hamlin, Minn.; third, W. H. Merritt, St. John, N. B. Time, 3m. 6 3-55.

Five thousand metres (5,468 1-10 yards), national

championship.—Won by Charles L. McClave, N. Y. A. C.; second, James Drury, Montreal A. A. A.; third, F. R. Sager, West Point. Time, 10m. 22 3-55.

Two miles, handicap.—Won by A. E. Pilkie, Montreal A. A. A., scratch; second, Fred Hoffman, Cohoes, 150 yards; third, F. R. Sager, West Point, scratch. Time, 6m. 38 4-55.

One mile pursuit race.—Won by A. E. Pilkie; time, 3m. 13 2-55.; second, Charles McClave; time, 3m. 18 2-55.

One mile, championship of the Hudson River Valley.—Won by E. A. Thomas, Newburgh; second, F. R. Sager, West Point; third, F. D. Gibbs, Newburgh, Time, 3m. 125.

One mile match race—Fred Hemmett defeated George Hare, both of Brooklyn. Time, 3m. 32 4-55.

Ten thousand metres (10,936 11-100 yards), national championship.—Won by Charles L. McClave, N. Y. A. C.; second, F. R. Sager, West Point; third, Harry Perkins, Hamlin, Minn. Time, 21m. 365.

The Canadian amateur championship skating contests were held Febr. 4th, on the open rink of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association. The weather and ice were all that could be desired, and favorable for the best possible skating, yet strange to say no new records were made. Over five thousand enthusiasts gathered to watch the races. The American skaters who crossed the border for the meeting were repaid in their own coin, for, like the Canadians who visited them the week previous, they had to journey home without a single championship. Even McClave, of whom the Montrealers expected much, could do no better than second place. J. Drury proved his ability as a remarkable skater by taking no less than four championship honors. His racing in the mile was fine throughout and he finished up a winner by a foot. In the three miles he defeated his club-mate, Pilkie, by about a yard. In the five miles he judged his field remarkably well, and just managed to pull out ahead of Sudheimer, who was a close second.

220 yards championship—Won by J. Branner, Shamrock A. A. A.; C. L. McClave, New York A. C., 2; F. J. Robson, Crescent B. C., Toronto, 3. Time, 215.

Half-mile backward—Won by Frank Stephen, Montreal A. A. A.; W. Thibault, Montagnard S. C., 2; R. T. R. Holcombe, Montreal A. A. A., 3. Time, 1m. 395.

880 yards championship; time limit, 1.25—Won by Jas. Drury, Montreal A. A. A.; A. E. Pilkie, Montreal

A. A. A., 2; A. Briere, Prince Arthur S. C., 3. Time, 1m. 23s.
 Half-mile, boys, 12 years—Won by Harry Denwood; Albert Brownie, 2; A. Morrison, 3. Time, 1m. 53s.
 One mile championship—Won by Jas. Drury, Montreal A. A. A.; Geo. Sudheim, St. Paul, Minn., 2; Bert. Spooner, Montreal A. A. A., 3. Time, 2m. 50s.
 Three miles championship; time limit, 10.00—Won by Jas. Drury, Montreal A. A. A.; A. E. Pilkie, Montreal A. A. A., 2; Bert. Spooner, Montreal A. A. A., 3. Time, 3m. 19 4/5s.

One mile, boys, 15 years—Won by Peter Alix; Albert Morin, 2; Jno. Stumps, 3. Time, 3m. 26s.
 220 yards hurdles—Won by F. B. Irwin, Montreal A. A. A.; R. S. R. Holcombe, Montreal A. A. A., 2; F. J. Robson, Crescent B. C., Toronto, 3. Time, 26 2/5s.
 Five miles, championship; time limit, 17.00—Won by Jas. Drury, Montreal A. A. A.; Geo. Sudheimer, Minneapolis, 2; F. R. Sager, West Point, N. Y., 3. Time, 16m. 0 4/5s.

VIGILANT.

CURLING.

THE fourteenth annual contest for the Mitchel medal, which is played for alternately in the East and the West, was this year played on the Thistle Club rink, at Hoboken, N. J., on January 19th and 20th. Of the local teams Yonkers have always stood high in this contest, having won the medal five times, but this year their team were put out in the semi-final by Van Cortlandt team, that finally won the medal. Eleven teams were on hand to draw for the first round. It was typical curlers' weather and the ice was in splendid condition.

The following are the scores by rinks:

FIRST ROUND.

St. Andrew's (1).....	18	Jersey City.....	8
Yonkers (2).....	24	Ivanhoe, N. J.....	8
Thistle (2).....	22	Empire City.....	9
Yonkers (1).....	20	Thistle (1).....	10
Caledonian.....	14	St. Andrew's (2).....	13

Van Cortlandt drew a bye.

SECOND ROUND.

Yonkers (2).....	21	Caledonian.....	10
Thistle (2).....	19	St. Andrew's (1).....	16
Van Cortlandt.....	15	Yonkers (1).....	9

SEMI-FINAL ROUND.

Van Cortlandt.....	22	Yonkers (2).....	9
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Thistle (2) drew the bye.

FINAL ROUND.

<i>Van Cortlandt.</i>		<i>Thistle (2).</i>	
G. P. Morosini, Jr.,	Alexander Frazer,		
J. Pepper,	T. Watson,		
P. F. Gilmartin,	John Watt,		
I. Frazier, skip.....	16	J. Thaw, skip.....	13

The seventh annual bonspiel of the Northwestern Curling Association was commenced on January 16th, at St. Paul, Minn., and continued for the rest of the week. Twenty-two rinks were entered, Canada being represented with seven. St. Paul supplied eight rinks. The other cities represented were Chicago, Milwaukee, and Baraboo, Wis.

The principal event of the week was the International trophy, in which the Canadians proved easy winners. The preliminary and first two rounds were played during the bonspiel, but the final, resting between two Canadian rinks, was contested for on the Granite rink, at Winnipeg, the week following, the scores follow:

INTERNATIONAL TROPHY—FIRST ROUND.

Assiniboines.....	17	Rat Portage.....	12
Granites (Kelly).....	10	Thistles.....	7
Thistles.....	13	Killarney.....	12
Granites (Harstone).....	17	Portage la Prairie.....	15

SECOND ROUND.

Granites (Kelly).....	13	Assiniboines.....	6
Granites (Harstone).....	12	Thistles.....	9

FINAL ROUND.

<i>Granites.</i>		<i>Granites.</i>	
J. H. Turnbull,	E. Nicholson,		
E. G. Barrett,	Thos. Johnson,		
J. Lemon,	W. Georgesou,		
S. G. Harstone,	Thos. Kelly,		
Skip.....	4	Skip.....	10

The St. Paul Curling Club trophy, contested for by American rinks only, was won by S. Hasting's Minneapolis rink, who defeated E. J. Marriott's Baraboo rink, by a score of 11 to 11. The Championship medal for the "skip" winning the greatest number of games was won by S. G. Harstone, of Granite rink, Winnipeg, with a total of nine games.

For the first time in three years the curlers of New York and New Jersey met in the Inter-State championship, and the Hamilton medal. The games were contested on the Hoboken rink, on February 1st.

Under the conditions on which Mr. J. L. Hamilton presented the medal in 1876, the "skip" on the winning side whose team makes the highest score is entitled to the trophy for one year, or until played for again, and this year it goes to T. Archibald, skip of Caledonian (No. 1).

Nine teams from each State were in the contest. It was the first match played indoors. The championship has been contested for eleven times, New York having six victories and New Jersey four, one of the matches won by New York not being counted.

A summary of the games by rinks follows:

<i>New York.</i>		<i>New Jersey.</i>	
Caledonian (No. 1).....	25	Newark (No. 1).....	17
St. Andrew's (No. 1).....	24	Jersey City (No. 1).....	14
Thistles (No. 1).....	18	Hoboken.....	12
John o'Groats.....	22	Jersey City (No. 2).....	16
Thistles (No. 2).....	12	Newark (No. 2).....	13
Yonkers.....	20	Ivanhoe (No. 1).....	11
Empire City.....	18	Ivanhoe (No. 2).....	10
Caledonian (No. 2).....	15	N. J. B. & C. C. (No. 1).....	11
Manhattan.....	19	N. J. B. & C. C. (No. 2).....	14
Total score.....	173	Total score.....	118

VIGILANT.

ICE HOCKEY.

THE Intercollegiate League has furnished some of the best games of the year, and the colleges will probably furnish plenty of championship material in future years, much of it equal to the imported variety. It is unfortunate that Harvard is so far

from the rinks used for the intercollegiate games that she could not be represented in the championship series; but her outside games against Yale and Brown will probably furnish opportunity for comparison of her skill with that of the best teams in the organization.

The games of the Amateur Hockey League in the latter portion of the season showed little or no improvement upon the roughness and rule-breaking so notorious in the earlier games.

The record of the Amateur Hockey League for the first half of its schedule follows :

Jan.	5—New York A. C., 2; Montclair A. C., 0.
"	6—Brooklyn S. C., 3; New York H. C., 2.
"	11—Brooklyn S. C., 0; Montclair A. C., 1.
"	12—New York A. C., 2; St. Nicholas S. C., 0.
"	17—Brooklyn S. C., 4; New York A. C., 2.
"	19—New York H. C., 6; St. Nicholas H. C., 0.
"	24—Montclair A. C., 5; St. Nicholas S. C., 1.
"	26—New York A. C., 1; New York H. C., 1 (tie).
"	31—Brooklyn S. C., 6; St. Nicholas S. C., 1.
Feb.	2—New York H. C., 2; Montclair A. C., 1.

The standing of the clubs at the end of the first half of the schedule was as follows :

Clubs.	Games			Goals Scored:	
	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.	For.	Against.
Brooklyn S. C.....	4	0	0	22	6
New York H. C.....	2	1	1	13	7
New York A. C.....	2	1	1	9	7
Montclair A. C.....	1	0	3	7	14
St. Nicholas S. C.....	0	0	4	2	19

The schedule for this month is as follows :

March 2—New York H. C. vs. Montclair A. C., at New York.

March 7—New York A. C. vs. Montclair A. C., at New York.

March 9—St. Nicholas S. C. vs. New York H. C., at New York.

J. PARMLY PARET.

ATHLETICS.

THE joint indoor meeting of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club and the New Jersey Athletic Club, held at Madison Square Garden, on January 13th, was from all points a great success. Over two hundred entries were on the programme, and the attendance was all that could be desired, notwithstanding the fact that the weather was far from agreeable. The track was laid out at ten laps to the mile, without any grading at the curves. The committee wisely set the general admission fee at twenty-five cents, and the result was well-filled galleries. If this popular fee were asked for admission to some portion of the grounds at all our athletic meetings, I think we should hear less complaints of poor attendances and lack of enthusiasm. The boxes and reserved seats were also well filled.

The principal features of the programme were the five-mile championship, the inter-city relay race and the sprinting events.

The sixty-yard intercollegiate dash brought out some very good performers, and was credited to the University of Pennsylvania, by their excellent representative, J. W. Tewkesbury. Tewkesbury improved on his performance of last year, when in the same building he won the sixty-yard handicap from 3 1-2 feet in 6 3-5 seconds. At this year's meeting he was off his mark like a shot from a gun and covered the full distance in 6 2-5 seconds, a new record for indoors.

The relay race between the Boston Athletic Association and Knickerbocker Athletic Club teams proved quite exciting. Boston was represented by a good team of ex-college runners, and had it not been for the valuable services of H. E. Manvel, who made his first appearance for the Knickerbockers, Boston would have been hard to beat.

In the half-mile handicap, which is Manvel's favorite distance, he found the handicaps more than he could overcome and finished third. The winner received forty yards, and second man forty-five yards. Manvel covered the distance in 2m. 5 3-5s. John Cregan had a very easy task in the intercollegiate half-mile. He kept close behind Mosenthal until the last lap, and then ran away from him, an easy winner by fifteen yards.

The half-mile inter-scholastic handicap brought out a promising lad as winner in J. E.

Perry, who ran well throughout the race, and finished in very good time.

The five-mile championship was an excellent race between the brothers Grant. Dick Grant led the way for the greater part of the distance, and at four miles and a quarter set out to spurt, and gained a lead of full fifty yards. His brother soon put on pace and gradually drew up, until at two laps from the finish he was not more than five yards behind. At the last lap the Grants put up a great race, both running as though it were the finish of a mile. About one hundred yards from the tape Alex went in front and finished a winner by five yards, but his time was not as good as last year in the same event, when he finished first in 27m. 20 2-5s.

The shot-putting event was carried out on an unusual plan for an indoor meeting. A piece of the floor was taken up, making a pit about two feet deep for the shot to drop into.

The summary follows :

60-yard handicap—Final heat, won by A. H. Kent, St. Bartholomew A. C., 0ft.; A. W. Wallace, unattached, 15ft.; 2; Frederic Flores, St. Bartholomew A. C., 6ft., 3. Time, 6 2-5s.

440-yard handicap—Final heat, won by Victor Andrews, Pastime A. C., 28yds.; C. T. Meyers, N. J. A. C., 18yds., 2; R. T. McKennery, Pastime A. C., 17yds., 3. Time, 53 3-5s.

220-yard hurdle handicap—Final heat, won by C. A. O'Rourke, N. Y. A. C. and Columbia University, 14yds.; Aug. Andersen, New West Side A. C., 14yds., 2; Charles McClellan, Jr., New West Side A. C., 18yds., 3. Time, 29 1-5s.

880-yard handicap, interscholastic—Won by John M. Perry, Kings School, Stamford, Conn., 40yds.; H. E. Taylor, Battin High School, Plainfield, 50yds., 2; N. Adam, Hackettstown C. S., 46yds., 3. Time, 2m. 3 2-5s.

Four-fifths of a mile inter-city relay race between the Boston A. A. and Knickerbocker A. C. of New York—Won by the Knickerbocker team: M. J. Waters, Jr., H. E. Manvel, G. B. Holbrook and H. D. Bannister. Time, 2m. 50 4-5s. The Boston A. A. team consisted of H. L. Dadman, F. W. Lord, T. P. Curtis and W. Mansfield. Time, 2m. 52s.

Four-fifths of a mile relay race for Y. M. C. A. of New York—Won by West Side Branch team 1. Time, 2m. 53 3-5s. West Side Branch team 2 was second; Young Men's Institute, 3. Time, 3m. 5 3-5s.

60-yard scratch, intercollegiate—Won by J. W. Tewkesbury, University of Pennsylvania; J. E. Mulligan, Georgetown University, 2; P. J. Walsh, St. Francis Xavier College, New York, 3. Time, 6 2-5s.

Putting 16-pound shot, scratch—Won by Richard Sheldon, New York A. C. Distance, 45ft. 8in. W. W. Coe, Boston A. A. and Harvard University, 2. Distance, 43ft. 5in. F. S. Beck, Knickerbocker A. C., 3. Distance, 43ft. 1/2in.

440-yard novice—Final heat, won by H. M. Edmonds, Bay Ridge A. C.; H. B. White, Y. M. C. A., 2; N. Adam, Hackettstown C. S., 3. Time, 59 1-5s.

880-yard run, scratch, intercollegiate—Won by John P. Cregan, Princeton University; H. O. Mosenthal, Columbia University, 2; E. A. Mechling, University of Pennsylvania, 3. Time, 2m. 7 4-5s.

880-yard handicap—Won by W. F. McLaughlin, New West Side A. C., 40yds.; G. E. Bahr, Jr., Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, 45yds., 2; H. E. Manvel, Knickerbocker A. C., scratch, 3. Time, 2m. 4 4-5s.

220-yard handicap—Final heat, won by H. W. Garthe, Knickerbocker A. C., 20yds.; P. J. Walsh, St. Francis Xavier College, 9yds, 2; F. Hines, St. Bartholomew A. C., 8½yds., 3. Time, 23 2-5s.

Running high jump, handicap—Won by James S. Spraker, Columbia University, 5in., with an actual jump of 5ft. 10in.; L. S. Jones, New York University, 6in., 2, with an actual jump of 5ft. 7½in.; C. B. Cleveland, Xavier A. A., 9in., 3, actual jump 5ft. 4in.

Five-mile run, A. A. U. championship—Won by Alexander Grant, University of Pennsylvania; R. Grant, unattached, 2; T. G. McGerr, N. Y. A. C., 3; R. Kennedy, Star A. C., 4. Time, 27m. 34 4-5s.

The indoor championship meet of the Central Association of the Amateur Athletic Union was held in the Exposition Hall, Milwaukee, on the evening of January 28th. This was the first winter athletic tournament held in Milwaukee, and brought together an audience of 5,000 persons. Many athletes and their friends from Chicago and the Northwest were in attendance. The home athletic club had to content themselves with third place in the point contest, first place going to the athletes of the First Regiment of Chicago with 27 points; Chicago University with 24½ points, second; Milwaukee Athletic Club, third, with 12 points; the students of Notre Dame taking fourth place with 8 points.

A good deal of interest was taken in the pole vault, which fell to the Milwaukee Athletic Club. Their representative, F. C. Franz, won with a vault of 10ft. 8in.; Drew and Herschberger of University of Chicago, Boyle of the Milwaukee Athletic Club, and Powers of Notre Dame tied for third place, Powers winning the place with a vault of 10ft. 5in.

The summaries follow:

75-yards run—Won by Phil Fox, Milwaukee A. C.; C. A. Klunder, First Regiment A. C., Chicago, 2; C. L. Burroughs, University of Chicago, 3. Time, 6s.

One-mile run—Won by L. W. Hogg, Westside Y. M. C. A., Chicago; H. P. Cragin, First Regiment A. C., Chicago, 2. Time, 4m. 40 4-5s. W. G. Uffendell, First Regiment A. C., Chicago, who finished second, was disqualified on a foul.

440-yard run—Won by S. E. Pedgrift, First Regiment A. C., Chicago; R. J. Bismarck, Milwaukee Y. M. C. A., 2; J. J. Heffron, S. A. A., 3. Time, 56s.

Running high jump—Won by J. C. Powers, Notre Dame University, height 5ft. 8½in.; Otto Koecke, of South Side Turn Verein, 2, 5ft. 8¾in.; F. C. Franz, Milwaukee A. C., 5ft. 6½in., 3.

75-yard hurdle race—Won by C. R. Manning, University of Chicago; W. S. Kennedy, University of Chicago, 2; C. B. Herschberger, University of Chicago, 3. Time, 11m. 1-5s.

300-yard hurdle race—Won by C. A. Klunder, First Regiment A. C., Chicago; C. B. Herschberger, University of Chicago, 2; W. J. Scott, Central Y. M. C. A., 3. Time, 41 3-5s.

Pole vault—Won by F. C. Franz, of Milwaukee A. C., height, 10ft. 8in.; F. A. Martin, First Regiment A. C., 10ft. 6in., 2; J. F. Powers, Notre Dame, 10ft. 5in., 3.

One-mile relay race, open to high schools—Won by Hyde Park; Eastside, 2; Westside, 3. Time, 3m. 45 2-5s.

Half-mile run—Won by W. A. Maloney, University of Chicago; L. W. Hogg, Westside Y. M. C. A., Chicago, 2; J. S. Murphy, Sodality A. A., 3. Time, 2m. 53 3-5s.

Putting the 16-pound shot—Won by George Riddle, University of Chicago, distance 40ft. ¾in.; J. F. Powers, Notre Dame University, 2, 38ft. 8½in.; Fred Hess, Chicago, 35ft. 6in.

One-mile open relay race—Won by First Regiment A. C., Chicago; University of Chicago, 2; Milwaukee A. C., 3. Time, 3m. 41 1-5s.

The two weeks' Graeco-Roman festival held in the armory of the Thirteenth Regiment, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the benefit of the building fund of the Kings County Medical Society, was brought to a most successful termination on the evening of February 4th, with an athletic meeting.

A track was laid out of ten laps to the mile. The programme, which included fifteen track and two field events, brought entries from most of the crack Metropolitan athletes. Richard Sheldon, the famous shot-putter, secured first honors with ease. The interscholastic high-jump champion, G. P. Serviss, of Brooklyn Latin School, was by no means pressed in clearing the bar at 5ft. 10in. The long-distance race went to the representative of the New York Athletic Club, T. G. McGirr, who judged himself well and finished the last fifty yards with a good spurt and an easy win. The two-lap chariot race, as usual, proved amusing. Three teams of four runners and a driver were entered, and the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, of New York, carried off the honors.

A summary of the events follows:

100-yard dash, handicap. Final heat—Won by A. W. Burlingame, Jr., 7ft.; Edward J. Scheldecker, 8½ft. 2; A. H. Kent, 5ft., 3. Time, 9 4-5s.

60-yard dash, interscholastic. Final heat—Won by G. P. Serviss, Jr., Brooklyn Latin; Samuel Millbank, Trinity, 2; Charles R. Frazer, Commercial, 3. Time, 7s.

880-yard run, novice—Won by E. Martin Frazer, Poly Institute; Paul W. Doll, W. S. Y. M. C. A., 2; C. Brady, Xavier A. C., 3. Time, 2m. 20 3-5s.

One mile run, handicap—Won by J. F. Malloy, Xavier A. C., 60 yards; W. F. McLaughlin, N. W. S. A. C., 65 yards, 2; R. L. Sanford, Central Y. M. C. A., 85 yards, 3. Time, 4m. 37 4-5s.

440-yard run, handicap—Won by A. W. Burlingame, unattached, 16 yards; H. W. Garthe, N. J. A. C., 23 yards, 2; F. J. Farrell, Pastime A. C., 27 yards, 3. Time, 55 3-5s.

880-yard run, handicap, interscholastic—Won by R. M. McNaughton, 35 yards, Montclair High School; John M. Perry, King's School, Stamford, 15 yards, 2; John Mahoney, St. Francis Xavier Academy, 38 yards, 3. Time, 2m. 8 3-5s.

75-yard sack race. Final heat—Won by C. M. Cohen, K. A. C.; William Calbraith, St. Bartholomew A. C., 2. Time, 11 1-5s.

Chariot race, 2 laps—First heat, Knickerbocker A. C. won from Thirteenth Regiment. Time, 53 3-5m. Second heat, Knickerbocker A. C. won from New West Side A. C. Time, 51 2-5m.

Three-mile run, scratch—Won by Theodore G. McGirr, N. Y. A. C.; J. J. Kelly, Pastime A. C., 2; J. J. Burke, X. A. C., 3. Time, 16m. 57s.

Putting 16-pound shot, handicap—Won by R. Sheldon, N. Y. A. C., scratch. 44ft. 1¼in.; R. J. Sheridan, Pastime A. C., 6ft. 6in., 2, 42ft. 8¾in.; Daniel Reuss, K. A. C., 8ft., 3, 42ft. 7¾in.

Running high jump, handicap—Won by G. P. Serviss, Brooklyn Latin School, 3½in., 5ft. 10in.; C. L. Duval, 2, 5ft. 7in.; J. A. Hopewell, Central Y. M. C. A., 8in., 3, 5ft. 3in.

There was a marked increase in the interest taken in the recent boxing and wrestling championships of the Amateur Athletic Union. The contests were held at the Lenox Athletic Club, of New York, and the classes were so well filled that three full evenings were occupied in bringing the events to a close.

The committees in charge have always a hard task to keep the entries free from the semi-professional, and this year they are to be congratulated on the fact that only one protest was lodged. If the authorities succeed in keeping the entry slate as clean in future, there will be no decrease in the interest of the followers of these two healthful sports.

The event was a great financial success for the Amateur Athletic Union, as well as being an excellent exhibition of both boxing and wrestling, particularly in the latter, where the performances were of a high quality.

BOXING.

105-pound Class—First prize, David Watson, Paterson; second prize, Henry F. Kenny, Roseville A. C.

115-pound Class—First prize, William Wildner, New West Side A. C. (protested); second prize, John Leddy, Pastime A. C.

125-pound Class—First prize, John Burns, New West Side A. C.; second prize, B. S. Choonover, Bay Ridge A. C.

135-pound Class—First prize, George Jansen, Pastime A. C.; second prize, Joseph G. Conlon, St. Bartholomew A. C.

145-pound Class—First prize, Percy McIntyre, Pastime A. C.; second prize, J. J. Dukelow, Rochester A. C.

158-pound Class—First prize, A. McIntosh, New West Side A. C.; second prize, Henry Fischer, St. Bartholomew A. C.

Heavyweight Class—First Prize, Joseph B. Knipe, Pastime A. C.; second prize, M. J. O'Connor, Pastime A. C.

WRESTLING.

105-pound Class—First prize, W. Nelson, St. George A. C.; second prize, R. Pfortner, Pastime A. C.

115-pound Class—First prize, Robert Bonnett, Jr., National Turn Verein, Newark; second prize, B. J. Hackett, Rochester A. C.

135-pound Class—First prize, Max Wiley, Rochester A. C.; second prize, E. Harris, St. George A. C.

145-pound Class—First prize, Max Wiley, Rochester A. C.; second prize, Nick Nilson, Norwegian Turn Society.

158-pound Class—First prize, A. Mellinger, St. Bartholomew A. C.; second prize, J. O'Connor, Pastime A. C.

THE OLYMPIAN GAMES OF 1900.

The committee in charge of the Olympic games, in connection with the Exposition at Paris in 1900, have arranged a preliminary programme which covers almost every branch of athletic, aquatic and equestrian sports.

The programme, as it stands at present,

includes the following: Track and field athletics, gymnastics, aquatics, bicycling, fencing, polo, archery, skating and games. These sections have been subdivided.

Under the heading of field athletic sports are running races (flat) at distances of 100, 400, 800 and 1,500 meters, and a 110-meter hurdle race; running broad and running high jumps, pole vault and putting the weight.

This section is concluded with a general championship, comprising four events, as follows: a 100 or 400-meter race, an 800 or 1,500-meter race, a running broad, or high jump, or pole vault, and, finally, weight-putting or discus throwing. The rules of the Union des Sociétés Françaises des Sports Athlétiques will govern.

The gymnastic section comprises competitions on horizontal bar, the parallel bars, the rings, vaulting-horse, rope-climbing and weight lifting.

Under the section of "fencing," which comprises foils, sabre, sword and single stick, are also included English and French boxing and Swiss and Roman wrestling.

The nautical sports include yacht races on the Seine for yachts under five tons, and yacht races on the open sea for yachts of twenty tons. These races will be governed by the rules of the Cercle de la voile de Paris and the Union des Yachts Français.

Other branches of aquatic sports are well provided for. Under rowing there are races for skiffs at a distance of 2,000 meters, and races for two four and eight-oared outriggers at 2,400 meters, swimming contests of 100, 500 and 1,000 meters, and diving and water polo.

Under the heading of "games" are included football (both Rugby and Association), cricket, golf (under St. Andrew's rules), lawn tennis, singles and doubles, croquet and hockey.

Equestrian section provides for polo under Hurlingham and Paris rules.

Cycling has not been very extensively provided for. The contests under this heading are 2,000 meters on a track without pacemakers, a race of 100 kilometers, with pacemakers (no mechanical traction allowed), and a tandem race of 3,000 meters, on track without pacemakers.

VIGILANT.

LAWN TENNIS.

AT the annual meeting of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association, held February 2d, at the Hotel Manhattan, New York, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. James Dwight, Boston, Mass.; Vice-president, Joseph S. Clark, Philadelphia, Pa.; Secretary, Palmer E. Presbrey, of Boston, Mass.; Treasurer, Richard Stevens, of Hoboken, N. J. Executive Committee: William A. Larned, Summit, N. J.; Robert D. Wrenn, of Chicago, Ill.; Oliver S. Campbell, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; L. E. Ware, of Boston, Mass.; J. P. Gardner, of Chicago, Ill., and the four officers named above. Of last year's board all were re-elected except Valentine G. Hall, of New York, the former treasurer, and Stevens was selected to take his place. Gardner was chosen

to fill the vacancy in the executive committee caused by the promotion of Stevens.

The special committee appointed to officially rank the players for last season reported the following list, which was accepted:

- Class 1—(scratch) M. D. Whitman.
 Class 2—(1-6 15) L. E. Ware, W. S. Bond, D. F. Davis, C. R. Budlong, E. P. Fischer, G. L. Wrenn, R. Stevens.
 Class 3—(2-6 15) S. C. Millett, G. H. Belden, J. D. Forbes.
 Class 4—(4-6 15) H. Ward, G. H. Miles, H. H. Hackett.
 Class 5—(15) J. C. Davison, B. C. Wright, R. H. Carlton, J. P. Paret, A. Codman, J. A. Allen.
 Class 6—(15 plus 1-6) A. P. Hawes, E. R. Marvin, R. McKittrick, R. Hooker, G. W. Lee, A. L. Williston, H. J. Cole, W. J. Clothier, F. Cross, R. D. Little.
 Class 7—(15 plus 2-6) H. L. Ewer, C. Whitbeck, W. K. Auchincloss, H. A. Plummer, S. P. Ware, W. Harris, H. E. Avery.

J. PARMLY PARET.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN VARIOUS COLORS.

PHOTOGRAPHY in natural colors, or in the colors of nature, has been written of *ad nauseam* without bringing us one step nearer than we were fifty years ago; but very little has been said about the monotony of the "photographic color," the various shades of purple browns of printing-out paper, varied only by the blacks and bluish blacks got by development; and yet to that monotony is due, to a large extent at least, the waning popularity of the silver print.

In a previous "Record" I showed how at least sixteen different colors or shades of color may be obtained by the employment of carbon or pigment printing; but although the simplest and most certain of all printing methods, the great majority of amateurs fight shy of it, the less experienced being content with the printing-out purple browns, and the further advanced with the blacks by development.

The favorite method, and deservedly so, of the latter is platinum, which is both permanent and brilliant, its only fault being its monotony, and that is sought to be overcome by various so-called toning methods. But to alter the color of a platinum print is to paint the lily and to do it badly. Platinum should be reserved for the beautiful velvety blacks, that it can be made to give; and other colors, obtained by other methods.

Some time ago the Eastman Company introduced a method of toning their bromide paper, equally applicable probably to all development silver bromide papers, that gives more or less satisfactory shades of brown and sepia, very effective for some subjects. It is known as the "hot alum and hypo" toning. A bromide print is made in the ordinary way, only carrying development further than is apparently necessary, as the print loses a little in the toning solution. The toning solution is made as follows: Ten ounces of hypo is dissolved in seventy ounces of water, and then one ounce of alum added. When the latter is dissolved, the solution is heated to the boiling point. A fresh solution does not work so well as one that has been for some time in use, but if a few waste prints, or a handful of trimmings be allowed to lie in it for an hour, it thereby acquires the necessary "age."

The fixed and washed bromide print should be placed for a short time in a saturated solution of alum, washed slightly, and placed in the toning solution previously raised to a temperature of about 110° or 120° F., and the desired color will be reached in from fifteen to thirty minutes.

This is all very well as far as it goes, but even various shades of brown are apt to become monotonous, and there are many subjects that may be more attractively reproduced in other colors. To obtain them, the older and I think simpler and more certain method of bleaching and redeveloping should be adopted.

The bromide print prepared as above, but well washed after the alum solution, is placed in the bleaching solution, which may consist of potassium bichromate five grains, acid hydrochloric ten minims, water one ounce. The print

remains in this till bleached, that is until the metallic silver of the image is converted into a chloride; and then washed till every trace of the chromic salt is removed, a result that will be more rapidly accomplished by adding a little sodium sulphite to the washing water.

The bleached and well-washed image may be redeveloped by quite a variety of materials, each giving a color peculiar to itself, and some of them, by various modifications, various shades of color. The Bartolozzi red, so suitable for portraiture, especially portraits of children, is obtained by a from ten to fifteen grain solution of Schlippe's salt; and various shades of red and reddish brown by the addition of varying quantities — a few drops only — of the stronger solution of ammonia.

A different class of reds and browns, including all that can be got by the "hot alum and hypo," and suitable for many subjects, are produced by redevelopment with ammonium sulphide; but as supplied by the dealers, this varies so much in strength that no suggestion as to the quantity employed can be given. It is a question of drops to the ounce, however, that can easily be settled by experiment, keeping in mind that the stronger the solution the darker the shades, and the deeper should have been the original development.

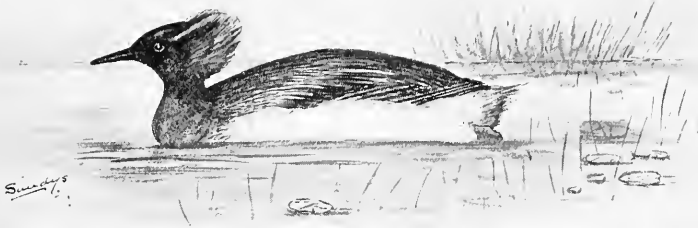
But aside from the opportunity of altering the color afforded by the bleaching method, its adoption by the bromide printer who cares only for black tones, would save many prints that otherwise would be thrown away. Printing from negatives of various densities and developing in the subdued light of the dark room results in considerable waste from over-exposure and especially over-development; and such prints may be bleached and in ordinary daylight redeveloped with almost any ordinary developer, if weak and well restrained, to just the desired extent. I say any ordinary developer, but on the whole, my experiments lead me to prefer either metol or ortol, with a leaning in favor of the latter.

It will be evident that in an over-developed print that has been bleached and redeveloped to a less extent, there will remain some unreduced silver chloride which if allowed to remain would darken by exposure to light and so ultimately alter the tone of the picture. To remove this a second application of the fixing solution will be necessary, followed, of course, by the usual washing.

THE FRENCH EXPOSITION OF 1900.

Readers of OUTING who are also photographers, and who intend to visit the coming great Exposition in Paris, will be pleased to know that the Executive have shown more liberality, and I think more sense, than did that of our great World's Fair in Chicago, in that instead of selling the sole right to photograph within the grounds, and thus giving the holder thereof the power to confine the amateur to snapping, and badger him very much even in that, it will give the right to all comers, and with any kind of camera, at daily or periodical rates, not yet decided on, but such as shall not be in any sense restrictive.

DR. JOHN NICOL.



ROD AND GUN.

THE HORNE GREBE (*Colymbus auritus*).

THIS curious bird is the showiest member of a very interesting family, which includes the well-known pied-billed grebe, also called "dipper," "dab-chick" and "hell diver." They belong to the family *Podicipidae*. They are wonderful swimmers, and popular belief to the contrary notwithstanding, they can fly well and rapidly when occasion arises.

The horned grebe migrates north and south in the spring and fall, breeding north of the Northern United States. The nest is frequently built upon floating vegetation, and the eggs are a dirty white, or more properly, white, tinged with buff. The grebe is peculiarly built, the legs being attached to the body very far behind. This conformation, while rendering the bird almost helpless when upon land, enables it, like the loon, to swim and dive in an amazing fashion. Being as much at home in the water as a beaver or a muskrat, the grebe has little to fear from the ordinary gunner.

But the generally believed stories of its ability to dodge shot are not true. A good gun, properly loaded and held straight, should instantly stop a grebe at forty yards, providing the bird is not watching the shooter. When upon the alert, a grebe can get under water very rapidly, and thus beat the shot.

The breast of this bird is remarkably pretty, the close-felted, practically water-proof feathers possessing a peculiar sheen, which is found in the plumage of but few water birds. Unfortunately for the grebe, the milliner has discovered to what uses the breast feathers may be advantageously put, and the result is serious trouble for the grebe.

The feathers will stand rough usage, and the skin is tough and strong, so the veriest novice in the art of taxidermy may successfully prepare a grebe's breast if he so wills. The method is as follows:

With a sharp knife cut across the neck of the bird and down each side as far as the flanks, and remove this best portion of the skin. Apply liberally to the flesh side of the skin arsenic as sold by druggists, and then dry the skin under moderate pressure, say, between the pages of a large book. A skin so prepared will keep, and may be used as a hat trimming or for various other purposes.

My drawing was made from a handsome

specimen in the male's full plumage of the breeding season.

REMEMBER THE QUAIL.

About the time when this number shall have reached my readers, one of the best of our resident game birds of the North, the quail, will be in sore straits for food in many localities. Of late the weather has been unusually severe and the snow deep, and many beavies must have perished. Now is the time for the man who can reach the haunts of the birds to prove his sportsmanship.

It is a somewhat troublesome task to carry perhaps in a sack upon one's back, food for starving birds, but those truly interested in the preservation of game should not shirk the labor. A brace of birds saved now may mean one or two fine beavies and, possibly, a pleasant experience next autumn. Toward the close of the northern winter the seeds of weeds and other natural food are scarce and of poor quality.

Buckwheat, corn, or wheat of inferior grade will admirably serve him, and a few bushels judiciously placed may accomplish a power of good. It also might be well to keep an eye upon the places where the food is deposited, for birds of prey, cats, foxes, etc., soon learn where the hand-fed quail resort and may destroy many. But now is the time for profitable action, for birds which have struggled along so far, may surely be saved by a little care.

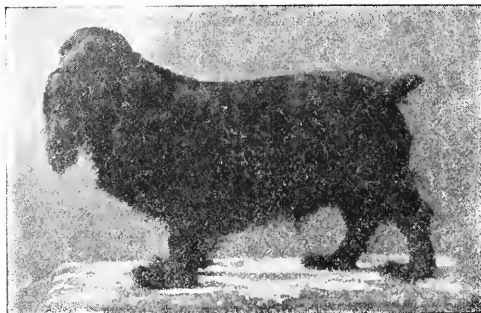
THE COMING SPORTSMEN'S SHOW.

The management of the coming Sportsmen's Show, to be held in Madison Square Garden, this city, March 2d to 11th, promises many attractive novelties as added features to a good show. The hitherto objectionable purely "trade" features are to be eliminated, and sportsmen are led to expect a show that will interest men and women who love outdoor life.

Those who enjoyed the pleasure of visiting the grand show at Boston—a sportsman's show in the full meaning of that term—stand ready to support a similar, or a better, effort here. We are promised a good show, and no doubt we shall see it. Gentlemen of Boston made a distinct hit and scored a big success by their liberality and energy. Gentlemen of New York can do at least as much if they set about it the right way. OUTING will do its part, and it wishes the coming show all success.

ED. W. SANDYS.

KENNEL.



DOGS OF TO-DAY—THE COCKER SPANIEL.

THIS beautiful small spaniel is, with the notable exception of the fox-terrier, at present one of the most popular members of the canine race. And right well does he deserve his popularity, for he is not only a dog of pleasing appearance, but a loving, faithful, and most intelligent companion.

In days gone by the old-fashioned cockers stood rather high on their legs and somewhat resembled small setters. They were much used by British sportsmen for all-round cover-shooting, especially rabbit-shooting, at which work they did yeoman service. They were, and still are, remarkably intelligent, while rather hard to control, owing to a natural vivacity, and they may easily be taught many amusing tricks. Quickwitted, alert, active, and always devoted to their masters, forever busy in their quest for game, they made excellent comrades for a day at mixed shooting. Naturally enough, they readily take to water, and some of their best work is in the line of retrieving from marsh and open water, and at the same time they are reliable and efficient upon dry land.

The advancement of the setters and pointers was perhaps the real cause of the downfall of the cocker as a sportsman's dog. Altered conditions demanded an increase of speed in the field work, and the cocker never was sufficiently fleet to hold his own in this respect with his larger rivals. Still, even the low-set modern type of cocker is useful as a worker in cover on cock and grouse and as a retriever, his small size making him a handy dog to have in punt or canoe.

Of late there has been a tendency to breed these dogs very short in the leg, which, while it fits the modern fashion and pleases the patrons of bench shows, practically unfits the dog for active work in the field, while not necessarily impairing his work as a retriever from water. Fashion has strange vagaries, and one of them is the cocker, as seen upon the show-bench of to-day.

The standard and points are as follows:

In general appearance a well-built, graceful and active dog, showing strength without heaviness. Any of the spaniel colors is allowable.

Weight is not more than 28, nor less than 15 pounds.

Head, of 'fair length; muzzle cut short and gradually tapering from the eyes; not snipy.

Skull, rising in a graceful curve from the stop, with same outlines at occiput, the curve being flatter while still curving at the middle of the skull.

Head.—Narrowest at eyes, broadest at the set-on of the ears. The "stop" is marked and a groove runs up the skull, gradually becoming less apparent until lost half-way to the occiput. Jaws level; teeth strong and regular; eyes round and moderately full, and corresponding in color with the coat. Ears lobular; set on low; leather fine, and well clothed with long, silky hair, which must be straight or wavy, without any tendency to curl.

Neck.—Muscular and sufficiently long to allow the nose to easily reach the ground; shoulder strong and sloping. Ribs, well sprung; chest, of fair width and depth; body, well ribbed, short in coupling; loins, strong, with length from tip of nose to root of tail, twice the height at the shoulder.

Legs.—The forelegs short, strong, muscular and straight; pasterns, the same. Hind legs, strong, with well-bent stifles; hocks, straight and near the ground.

Feet.—Of good size and round, turning neither in nor out. Soles, with hard, horny pads, with plenty of hair between the toes.

Coat.—Abundant, soft and silky, straight or wavy. Chest, legs and tail well feathered, but there must be no top-knot nor curly hair on the top of the head. The tail, usually docked, should be carried low, at least not above the level of the back.

Scale of Points.—General appearance, 10; head, 15; eyes, 5; ears, 10; neck and shoulders, 10; body, 15; length, 5; legs and feet, 15; coat, 10; tail, 5; total, 100.

WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB'S SHOW.

The Westminster Kennel Club's big show, the doggy function of New York, will be held at Madison Square Garden, February 21st-24th. At the time of this writing the show promised to be a grand success. The entries numbered over 2,000, which means 327 more than the record of last season. A number of recently imported and choice canines will occupy benches, chief among them the celebrated wire-haired fox-terrier "Go-Bang," for which G. M. Carnochan, Esq., of Riverdale-on-the-Hudson, paid \$2,500. "Go-Bang" may be considered the king of his family. He was simply unbeatable at all of the important English shows, and he may safely be considered the best wire-haired fox-terrier in the world.

Another high-priced canine aristocrat is the English bloodhound "Lellie," valued at \$5,000, and owned by the Winchell Kennels, of Fairhaven, Vt. Among the non-sporting classes are the mastiffs, owned by Dr. Lougest, of Boston; St. Bernards, owned by Frank Gould, Esq; collies, the property of Messrs. J. Pierpont Morgan and James Mortimer, the able superintendent of the Westminster Kennel Club; the corded poodle, Hector II., owned by Mrs. Walter Stanton, president of the Ameri-

can Pet Dog Club, and Messrs. Van Schaitt's and Rodman's Irish terrier.

Taken numerically, the entries about indicate the present popularity of the various breeds. They are as follows: Bloodhounds, 10; mastiffs, 16; rough-coated St. Bernards, 126; smooth-coated St. Bernards, 46; Great Danes, 84; Newfoundland, 7; Russian wolfhounds, 52; deerhounds, 7; greyhounds, 39; foxhounds, 10; Chesapeake Bay dogs, 5; English retrievers, 5; pointers, 107; English setters, 93; Irish setters, 49; Gordon setters, 25; sporting spaniels (all classes), 174; Dalmatians, 12; collies, 143, old English sheep-dogs, 6; poodles,

57; bulldogs (English), 112; bulldogs (French), 49; bull-terriers, 129; Airedale terriers, 37; Boston terriers, 90; beagles, 71; Dachshunde, 72; Basset hounds, 2; fox-terriers (smooth), 87; fox-terriers (wire-haired), 78; Irish terriers, 86; Scottish terriers, 12; black-and-tan terriers, 21; white English terriers, 1; Welsh terriers, 3; Skye terriers, 10; Bedlington terriers, 3; Dandie Dinmont terriers, 0; whippets, 3; pugs, 7; Schipperkes, 3; toy Pomeranians, 5; Yorkshire terriers, 12; Maltese terriers, 1; toy terriers of other varieties, 14; toy spaniels, 43; Italian greyhounds, 1; miscellaneous, 8. Total, 2,021. NOMAD.

GOLF.

THE far eastern and western seaboard, California and Florida, have (with the exception of Lakewood and Hot Springs, North Carolina, and a few other favored inland spots) mainly monopolized the play of the mid-winter season.

In the South the principal events of the season, the details of which have been made public, will be the annual tournaments of the Florida East Coast Golf Club. The play is to begin on the Nassau links on Thursday, March 2d. The next tournament will be played at Miami, commencing March 5th, and continuing for three days; the third, at Palm Beach, March 13th, 14th and 15th; the fourth, at Ormond, March 17th, 18th and 20th; the fifth, at St. Augustine, March 23d, 24th and 25th; and the grand finals in St. Augustine, March 27th, 28th and 29th. The first five tournaments on the five different links will be similar, except that the events at Nassau will be for the Royal Victoria Cup, Nassau Cups, Nassau Consolation Cup and Nassau Handicap Cup. At Miami the events will be for the Hotel Royal Palm Cups and Miami Cups. At the Palm Beach, for the Hotel Royal Poinciana and Palm Beach Inn Cups, and for the Palm Beach Cup. At Ormond, for the Hotel Ormond Cup, and the Ormond Cups. At St. Augustine, for the Hotel Ponce de Leon Cups and the St. Augustine Cups. The final tournament for the winter championship on the St. Augustine links will be for the Florida East Coast Golf Cups. In all, twenty-seven silver and gold cups of various sizes and designs have been put up as prizes for the six tournaments.

On the California coast the most important event of the past month was the open tournament of the Los Angeles Country Club, on February 7th. The winner was C. E. Orr, from a field of twenty-five, doing the thirty-six holes in 168, with W. Cosby second. The open tournament for women, eighteen holes medal play, resulted in a victory for Mrs. Hugh Vail, from a field of sixteen, with Mrs. J. D. Foster second.

Earlier in the season the first team match ever played in Northern California was played on the Oakland links, between teams of eight men representing the Oakland and San Francisco golf clubs. The match consisted of two rounds, eighteen holes. The play was very close, and the result was in doubt until the last card was handed in. The Oakland links afford several good natural hazards. The score was as follows, ties being denoted by asterisks:

OAKLAND GOLF CLUB		1st Round.	2d Round.	SAN FRANCISCO GOLF CLUB.		1st Round.	2d Round.
J. D. Greenwood	...	1	0	Dr. Hibbetts	0	0
F. S. Stratton	1	*	J. W. Byrne	0	0
W. P. Johnson	0	*	H. D. Pillsbury	1	*
A. Folger	0	0	C. Page	3	3
J. McKee	4	2	H. Babcock	0	0
C. P. Hubbard	0	0	E. J. McCutchen	1	1
E. R. Folger	0	2	S. L. Abbott, Jr.	1	0
C. P. Wingate	2	3	T. G. Roberts	0	0
Total	8	7	Total	6	7

The Oakland men thus won by 2 up.

The Oakland team, with three new players, afterward visited the links of the San Francisco Golf Club on the Presidio Reservation. The Presidio links have nine holes, but the course is rough, and the putting greens are in a very rudimentary condition. The visitors suffered a severe defeat, as the subjoined score shows:

OAKLAND GOLF CLUB.		1st Round.	2d Round.	SAN FRANCISCO GOLF CLUB.		1st Round.	2d Round.
E. R. Folger	0	0	S. L. Abbott, Jr.	7	5
G. D. Greenwood	0	0	Dr. Hibbetts	3	2
R. M. Fitzgerald	0	0	H. D. Pillsbury	1	1
W. P. Johnson	0	0	E. J. McCutchen	4	1
Geo. D. Gow	0	0	C. Page	5	4
P. E. Bowles	0	0	H. Babcock	4	2
J. A. Folger	0	0	J. W. Byrne	1	4
F. S. Stratton	0	0	T. G. Roberts	2	4
Total	0	0	Total	27	23

The San Francisco team thus won by 50 up; or, as it had been agreed beforehand to reckon the scores of the two days' play together, by 50-2, that is 48 up.

In April of this year, two more games will be played, one on the Oakland links, and the other on the grounds of the San Francisco club. The aggregate scores will then be reckoned, and the winning team will become the owners of a silver trophy. If the aggregate scores of all four games result in a tie, the tie will be played off on the links of the San Rafael Golf Club, which will be in good order in the spring.

The Men's Championship match play of the San Francisco Golf Club was contested at the Presidio links. Nine players entered, S. L. Abbott, Jr., drawing the bye. The first round resulted as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO GOLF CLUB, MEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP
MATCH PLAY.

Player.	First Round.	Second Round.	Holes up.
H. Babcock	3	0	1
E. J. McCutchen	0	2	0
J. W. Byrne	3	4	7
C. Page	0	0	0
A. B. Watson	7	1	8
L. F. Montague	0	0	0
H. B. Goodwin	3	*	3
C. P. Bells	0	*	0

* Denotes "all even."

Lieutenant T. G. Roberts, by defeating T. Binny by 1 up, qualified to play in the second round, on December 26th, which resulted as follows: H. B. Goodwin defeated A. B. Watson by 5 up; H. Babcock beat S. L. Abbott, Jr., by 2 up, and Lieutenant T. G. Roberts was victorious over J. W. Byrne by 1 up, but was afterward disqualified for leaving the course during the progress of the play. In the semi-final round H. Babcock, after tying at 18 holes with H. B. Goodwin, beat him at the nineteenth, which was played to decide the tie.

The annual contest for the Liverpool gold medal, of the San Francisco Golf Club, was held on the Presidio links, in a storm; yet of the dozen players who entered, all but one completed the two rounds, 18 holes. The scores are given below:

Players.	First Round.	Second Round.	Gross.
S. L. Abbott, Jr.	49	50	99
Dr. C. T. Hibbett	50	49	99
H. Babcock	52	51	103
H. D. Pillsbury	No returns.		
J. W. Byrne	52	54	106
C. Page	50	53	103
P. McG. McBean	59	54	113
H. B. Goodwin	56	49	105
T. Binny	56	51	107
A. B. Williamson	52	56	108
T. G. Roberts	54	51	105
H. A. Blackman	65	54	119

In playing off the tie, S. L. Abbott, Jr., won the medal, and Dr. C. T. Hibbett took second prize.

The Liverpool silver medal, which is awarded monthly, was contended for by twelve competitors—E. J. McCutchen taking the place of H. D. Pillsbury, who retired. The scores are shown in the table.

Players.	First Round.	Second Round.	Gross.	Handicap.	Net.
Dr. C. T. Hibbett	48	52	100	0	100
S. L. Abbott, Jr.	44	53	97	0	97
C. Page	50	54	104	6	98
P. McG. McBean	58	60	118	12	106
T. G. Roberts	54	51	105	6	99
H. A. Blackman	60	58	118	12	106
J. W. Byrne	Did not finish.			6	..
H. B. Goodwin	Did not finish.			6	..
H. Babcock	53	51	104	6	98
E. J. McCutchen	53	48	101	6	95
A. B. Williamson	54	47	101	6	95
T. Binny	57	54	111	8	103

The tie between E. J. McCutchen and A. B. Williamson was decided in favor of the former, the latter winning second prize.

S. L. Abbott, Jr., with a score of 196, won a special prize offered for the best net score at 36 holes, 18 in the gold medal competition, and 18 in the silver medal contest.

On Saturday, January 7, 1899, the Los Angeles links were in excellent condition. The open amateur competition for men, 36 holes, medal play, attracted twenty-five entries, of whom ten came from Los Angeles, three from Highland Park, two from Pasadena, two from Riverside, two from Redondo, two from Denver, one from Duarte, one from Santa Catalina, and two from places not named. C. E. Orr, of Pasadena, won the gold medal for the best gross score and the open championship with a score of 168, W. Cosby, of the Los Angeles Country Club, being second with a score of 177, and winning a silver medal for the second best gross score.

For the open competition at 18 holes, medal play, for women, there were sixteen entries, two from Santa Monica and the rest from Los Angeles. Mrs. Hugh Vail won the gold medal for best gross score and the open championship with a score of 130, Mrs. J. D. Foster being second, and winning the silver medal with a score of 133.

The open driving competition for men was won by C. E. Orr, of Pasadena, with a drive of 185 yards, W. Cosby being second with a drive of about 170 yards. The open driving competition for women was won by Mrs. Hugh Vail with a drive of 100 yards, Mrs. F. Griffith being second with a drive of 97 yards.

Winners of club championships have their names, scores, etc., engraved upon the club championship cups, and winners of the open competitions have their names, etc., inscribed on the Los Angeles Open Competition cups, the ownership and possession of the cups in all cases remaining with the Los Angeles Country Club.

On Tuesday, January 17, 1899, the Ladies' handicap competition for the Winslow medal took place on the links of the San Francisco Golf Club. The medal was won by Miss Ella W. Morgan, playing at scratch, with a score of 161; Miss M. B. Houghton, also at scratch, made a score of 169; Miss E. Carolan's gross score was 184 and net score 180; Miss G. Carolan received a handicap of 12, but made no returns.

On Saturday, January 21, 1899, a handicap competition at 18 holes, medal play, on the links of the San Francisco Golf Club, for a cup, was won by E. J. McCutchen, with a score of 99, 6, 93.

There is on Santa Catalina Island a golf club, with a nine-hole course and a good club-house. The distances of the holes, names of the greens, and bogey scores are as follows: first hole, 210 yards, Santa Cruz, bogey 4; second hole, 178 yards, San Miguel, bogey 3; third hole, 238 yards, San Nicolas, bogey 4; fourth hole, 280 yards, Santa Catalina, bogey 4; fifth hole, 167 yards, San Clemente, bogey 3; sixth hole, 230 yards, Anacapa, bogey 4; seventh hole, 100 yards, Santa Rosa, bogey 3; eighth hole, 230 yards, Santa Barbara, bogey 4; ninth hole, 185 yards, Guadalupe, bogey 3; total distance, 1818 yards; total bogey score, 32. The second score for the links is 35, made by Franc O. Wood, of Colorado.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

YACHTING.

THE AMERICA'S CUP.

ALL that is really known about the challenging yacht *Shamrock* is that work on her is progressing well at the yard of the Thornycrofts on the Thames.

Outsiders are not permitted to learn anything of the shape of the yacht or of the material used in her construction. The firm has special facilities for maintaining that secrecy which seem to be so eminently desirable concerning yachts built to sail for international honors, as many torpedo boats of unique design concerning which it was not expedient to permit any information to leak out, have been built by the Thornycrofts, whose reputation for turning out vessels of extreme strength, combined with the least possible weight, is deservedly high. The last guess at the *Shamrock's* construction is that her frames are of steel and her plating of some preparation of bronze. As to the American boat newspapers contain full and circumstantial accounts of the casting of the lead keel, the bending of the steel frames and the receipt of the bronze plates, of which it is supposed her underbody is to consist; but I am sorry that I cannot gratify the curiosity of my readers by giving them any authentic information about Commodore Morgan's defending craft. For that reason I prefer to maintain discreet silence rather than hazard guesses based on mere conjecture. At the same time, however, I cannot help expressing my unfeigned admiration of the artist who in a daily newspaper gave the sheer-plan of the new boat overlapping that of *Defender*, and a column or so of erudite text pointing out the salient differences between the two vessels, with a learned disquisition on lateral plane. How I do envy the prophetic attributes of the author of the article in question! The only thing I really do know about the yacht is that unless she is ready for sea early in June the Herreshoffs will have to pay a heavy daily penalty to Commodore Morgan. Contrary to general opinion Captain Charles Barr will be skipper of the new craft. The crew will be from Deer Island, Me., where *Defender's* sailors of last season were chosen. *Defender* will have a ship's company of Scandinavians and great rivalry is expected to be developed between the two crews. Prize money will be distributed and no expense will be spared in tuning up both ships.

Mr. Butler Duncan will have charge of the *Defender* while she is acting as pace-maker for the new craft. The competition between the two boats will be keen, and it is within the bounds of probability that *Defender* may be chosen to meet *Shamrock*, as the new vessel may not prove a better all-round boat than the old one. Personally, I believe that *Defender* will be outclassed by the Morgan boat, but many yachtsmen of skill and experience think otherwise.

As a matter of record it is worth mentioning that *Defender* was refloated from the Herreshoff's shops on January 14th, 1899, and made fast to a buoy in the bay. The work on her plating was completed on that date.

The new boat will have a steel boom and a

steel gaff, just as *Defender* had in her races of 1895. Her sails will be of specially woven duck which will not stretch so much as the ordinary brand. The sails will be made at the Herreshoff lofts. It is worth noting that the expense of repairing *Defender* and running her as a pace-maker, will be borne by Commodore John Pierpont Morgan. The new boat will not be named until the commodore's return from Europe.

THE CANADA'S CUP.

The competition for the *Canada's* Cup this year promises to be brisk. The Chicago Yacht Club, which is the challenger, will hold its trial races from July 4th on through the week, \$1,000 having been appropriated for prizes, the winning boat receiving \$500 and the remainder being divided according to the number of boats competing. Entries must be made by the clubs to which the owners of the respective yachts belong, on or before June 15th, the Chicago Yacht Club reserving the right to refuse any entry that may be tendered.

The trial races will be sailed off the port of Chicago, and all the yachts must be measured by the Committee of the Chicago Yacht Club before the day of the first race. No yacht shall be eligible to contest in the trial races unless she shall be built in accordance with the rules of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, and the agreement made between the Royal Canadian Yacht Club and the Chicago Yacht Club. The yacht selected to represent the club shall be the one which in the judgment of the committee shall be the best adapted therefor, and not necessarily the winner of a majority of the trial races. Additional races may be ordered sailed by the committee between such contestants as they may select. All races shall be sailed under the racing rules of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes.

The Chicago Yacht Club, after selecting the representative yacht, will take her entire control and management until after the match race at Toronto, and agrees to return her in good condition, ordinary wear and tear excepted. The club, however, will not be held responsible for injuries that may happen on account of ordinary perils of the sea, on account of the fault of the yacht's crew or because of faulty construction.

The Toledo Yacht Club in my judgment was a little too hasty in declining to build boats to take part in the trial races of the Chicago Yacht Club for the *Canada's* cup. The clause stating that the committee need not select the winner of the trial contests to assume the rôle of challenger seems to have been the rock upon which the split occurred. As a matter of fact the same or similar conditions have governed all international yacht trials in the United States.

The object of the trial races is to pick out the best all-round craft to bear the brunt of the fray, and an intelligent committee is guided by the general behavior of the boat in all sorts of weather conditions that may confront her, and not by the factors of a lucky fluke or other condition which may have caused the least fit craft to win.

It is unnecessary to expatiate on this theme,

the arguments are so obvious. The committee which has the selection of the challenger is perfectly fitted for the work in hand and may be relied upon to discriminate fairly. I hope that the Toledo Yacht Club which has so sportsman-like a reputation may reconsider its determination not to build. There is plenty of room on the lakes for many more 35-footers! At present it seems likely that there will be a fairly representative fleet to compete on Lake Michigan for the honor of fighting for the *Canada's* cup on Lake Ontario.

The Rochester Yacht Club will build a prospective challenger, a syndicate having been formed, the shares being \$10 each. Messrs. Watson & Sibley have subscribed \$1,000 each, and the following committee has been appointed: Commodore, A. G. Wright; Vice-Commodore, Norman E. Compton; J. G. Averill, Frank T. Christie, J. E. Burroughs, T. B. Pritchard, James S. Watson, Fred. S. Rogers, James S. Graham, Arthur T. Hogan, J. R. White, Frank S. Peer, E. N. Walbridge, Buell Mills, and Albert E. Vogt.

Mr. Duggan, the Canadian designer, has made plans for a 35 footer to sail in the trial races for the choice of a defender of the *Canada's* Cup, the commission having been given him by a syndicate of Toronto yachtsmen. The boat will be sailed by Mr. J. Wilton Morse of Toronto. Mr. A. G. Cuthbert has designed another defender, and others are being discussed.

In addition to the Duggan craft, I hear that three 35-footers are being built at Hamilton, Ont.: one at the Robinson & Burnside yard for a syndicate consisting of Messrs. F. E. Walker, William Burnside, R. C. Chilman, and F. Carpenter; another is for a joint stock syndicate, the shares being \$50 each—Messrs. Fernside & Johnston are at the head of this corporation.

The Canadians are going to invite the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York to be present at the races. Special invitations will be engrossed and taken to England by delegates chosen for that purpose.

VARIOUS NOTES.

Mr. J. Rogers Maxwell has decided to go in for steam. The Pusey & Jones Company, of Wilmington, Del., will build for him to the design of Mr. H. C. Wintringham, a steel vessel 140 feet over all, 117 feet on the load water-line, 18 feet 6 inches beam, 11 feet depth of hold, and 7 feet draught. She will be rigged as a schooner, and be driven by triple expansion engines 12, 18, and 20 by 18 inches, with two boilers. Mr. J. R. Maxwell, Jr., is having a 25-footer built at Greenport, N. Y., from a design by Mr. C. H. Crane.

The schooner *Rebecca* was wrecked on the breakwater of the new harbor of refuge at the mouth of Delaware Bay on the night of September 21st, 1898, and became a total loss. Mr. Robert C. H. Brock, who owned the yacht, has begun suit in the United States District Court to recover \$12,450 damages from Hughes Brothers & Bangs, the contractors who are building the breakwater, the claim being that they are liable by reason of their negligence in displaying a light on the breakwater which was not visible above water, being just awash. Mr. Brock claims \$600 for the loss of property of the guests who were aboard the schooner at the time she stranded.

Commodore H. C. Rouse, of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, is having built for him at Marblehead, Mass., a fine 25-footer intended for day sailing or very short cruises. She will be 38 feet over all, 25 feet on the load water-line, 8 feet 6 inches beam, 5 feet 6 inches draught, with 5,000 pounds of outside lead, and 730 square feet of duck. She will be rigged as a knockabout.

The schooner *Coronet*, victor over *Dauntless* in the transatlantic race, is cruising in West Indian waters. On her return her owner, Mr. F. S. Pearson, will fit her out for a cruise to Iceland and Greenland countries, whose beauties yachtsmen do not appreciate as they should.

A. J. KENEALY.

YACHTING ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The Oakland Navy, an organization of yachtsmen managed by a committee of five (one of whom is official measurer) and a referee, held the first regatta of 1899 on the San Antonio Estuary, Oakland, Cal., on Sunday, January 29th. The course is triangular and estimated at six miles. Boats, canoes, or yachts of any size, build, rig or measurement, may enter the races; the start is by a single gun-fire, and the first boat to cross the finishing-line is declared the winner. There are no time allowances. Eight boats entered, but of these the sloop yacht *Beatrice* did not reach the starting-line in time, the sloop *Flash* was disqualified for taking a man aboard after the firing of the preparatory signal, and the *Ah Wahnee* was distanced. The officials in charge of the regatta were H. C. Hinckley (vice-commodore of the Oakland Canoe Club), Charles Stewart, Jules Hartman, P. W. Hurdall, and Charles L. Taylor, Jr. R. R. l'Hommedieu, secretary of the Pacific Inter-club Yacht Association, was referee. The results are shown in the table:

Owner.	Boat.	First Round.		Second Round.		Finishing Time.		Elapsed Time.	
		H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.		
G. C. Lemcke.	Ninette.....	1:34:34	2:24:37	2:58:00	1:51:00				
H. S. Byxbee.	Whim.....	1:34:30	2:22:19	2:55:24	1:48:24				
C. S. Myrick.	Gnat.....	1:35:30	2:22:32	2:59:31	1:52:31				
P. Caduc.	Zephyr.....	1:35:44	2:24:04	3:05:13	1:58:13				
H. C. Hinckley.	Surprise.....	1:42:00	2:33:00	3:15:35	2:08:35				

Zephyr and *Surprise* are small sloop yachts, *Gnat* and *Whim* are canoes, and *Ninette* is a boat of the half-rater type. The wind was light and variable. The second regatta of the Oakland Navy will be held on Sunday, February 12th, at 1.00 p.m.

The California Yacht Club, the headquarters of which are on the San Antonio Estuary, Oakland, Cal., has elected its officers for the coming season: Allin M. Clay, Commodore; A. C. Lee, Vice-Commodore; E. N. Walter, Treasurer; R. L. Ames, Secretary; C. E. Clark, Port Captain; J. J. Sherry, Measurer; Directors, L. S. Sherman, Carl A. Tarnberg, J. A. Burnham, A. R. Wilson, and C. J. Lancaster. The regatta committee consists of B. W. Robson, G. tum Suden, and R. R. l'Hommedieu. The Delegates to the Pacific Inter-Club Yacht Association are E. N. Walter, C. J. Lancaster, and R. R. l'Hommedieu.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

EQUESTRIANISM.

BELOW is given a table showing the best performances credited to the trotting and pacing horse to date.

ONE MILE.			
Trotting race:			
Alix, b. m., by Patronage.....	1894	2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Directum, blk. s., by Director.....	1893	2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Azote, b. g., by Whips.....	1895	2:05 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Pacing race:			
Lenna N., b. m., by Sidney.....	1898	2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Star Pointer, b. s., by Brown Hal.....	1897	2:00 $\frac{3}{4}$	
Robert J., b. g., by Hartford.....	1896	2:02 $\frac{3}{4}$	
Trotting against time:			
Alix, b. m., by Patronage.....	1894	2:03 $\frac{3}{4}$	
Directum, blk. s., by Director.....	1893	2:06 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Azote, b. g., by Whips.....	1895	2:04 $\frac{3}{4}$	
Pacing against time:			
La Belle, b. m., by Lockheart.....	1894	2:10	
Star Pointer, b. s., by Brown Hal.....	1898	1:59 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Robert J., b. g., by Hartford.....	1894	2:01 $\frac{1}{2}$	
To wagon—Trotting race:			
The Abbot, b. g., by Chimes.....	1898	2:12 $\frac{1}{4}$	
To wagon—Pacing race:			
Joe Patchen, blk. s., by Patchen Wilkes.....	1896	2:11	
To wagon—Trotting against time:			
Grace Hastings, ch. m., by Bayonne Prince.....	1898	2:09 $\frac{1}{2}$	
To wagon—Pacing against time:			
Joe Patchen, blk. s., by Patchen Wilkes.....	1897	2:04 $\frac{3}{4}$	
Under saddle—Trotting:			
Great Eastern, b. g., by Walkill Chief.....	1877	2:15 $\frac{3}{4}$	
Under saddle—Pacing:			
Johnston, b. g., by Joe Basset.....	1888	2:13	
Double team trotting race:			
Sally Simmons, br. m., by Simmons; Roseleaf, br. m., by Goldleaf.....	1894	2:15 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Double team pacing race:			
Belle Button, br. m., by Alexander Button; Thomas Ryder, br. g., by Alexander Button.....	1892	2:16 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Double team trotting against time:			
Belle Hamlin, b. m., by Almont, Jr.; Honest George, b. g., by George.....	1892	2:12 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Double team pacing against time:			
John R. Gentry, b. s., by Ashland Wilkes; Robert J., b. g., by Hartford.....	1897	2:08	
Triple team trotting:			
Belle Hamlin, b. m., by Almont, Jr.; Globe, b. g., by Almont, Jr.; Justina, b. m., by Almont, Jr.....	1891	2:14	
Four-in-hand trotting:			
Damania, ch. m., by Nutmeg; Belmont, ch. g., by Nutmeg; Maud V., ch. m., by Nutmeg; Nutspra, ch. m., by Nutmeg.....	1896	2:30	
With running mate—Trotting race:			
Frank, b. g., by Abraham.....	1883	2:08 $\frac{1}{2}$	
With running mate—Trotting against time:			
Ayres P., ch. g., by Prosper Merrimee.....	1892	2:03 $\frac{1}{2}$	
With running mate—Pacing against time:			
Flying Jib, b. g., by Algona.....	1894	1:58 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Yearlings—Trotting:			
Pansy McGregor, ch. m., by Fergus McGregor.....	1893	2:23 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Adbell, br. s., by Advertiser.....	1894	2:23	
Yearlings—Pacing:			
Belle Acton, b. m., by Shadeland Onward.....	1892	2:20 $\frac{3}{4}$	
Rosedale, b. s., by Sidney.....	1893	2:22	
Rollo, gr. g., by Jerome Eddy.....	1891	2:28 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Two-year-olds—Trotting:			
Janie T., b. m., by Bow Bells.....	1897	2:14	
Arion, b. s., by Electioneer.....	1861	2:10 $\frac{3}{4}$	
Fred S. Moody, ch. g., by Guy Wilkes.....	1895	2:18	
Two-year-olds—Pacing:			
Extasy, b. m., by Baron Wilkes.....	1898	2:10 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Directly, blk. s., by Direct.....	1894	2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Three-year-olds—Trotting:			
Fantasy, b. m., by Chimes.....	1893	2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$	
Arion, b. s., by Electioneer.....	1892	2:10 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Who Is It, g. g., by Nutwood Wilkes.....	1898	2:12	
Three-year-olds—Pacing:			
Miss Rita, ch. m., by J. J. Audubon.....	1895	2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Klatawah, b. s., by Steinway.....	1898	2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Agitato, b. g., by Steinway.....	1896	2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Four-year-olds—Trotting:			
Fantasy, b. m., by Chimes.....	1894	2:06	
Directum, blk. s., by Director.....	1893	2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$	
John Nolan, b. g., by Prodigal.....	1898	2:08	
Four-year-olds—Pacing:			
Aileen, b. m., by Gazette.....	1895	2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Much Better, b. m., by Charles Derby.....	1898	2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Online, b. s., by Shadeland Onward.....	1894	2:04	
King of Diamonds, b. g., by Velocity.....	1897	2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Palmyra Boy, blk. g., by Grattan.....	1897	2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$	
TWO MILES.			
Trotting race:			
Monette, blk. m., by Monon.....	1894	4:45	
Pacing race:			
Defiance, b. g., by Chieftain.....	1872	4:47 $\frac{3}{4}$	
Longfellow, ch. g., by Red Bill.....	1872	4:47 $\frac{3}{4}$	
Trotting against time:			
Greenlander, blk. s., by Princeps.....	1893	4:32	
Pacing against time:			
Chehalis, blk. s., by Altamont.....	1897	4:19 $\frac{1}{4}$	
To wagon:			
Dexter, br. g., by Hambletonian.....	1865	4:56 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Under saddle:			
Geo. M. Patchen, b. s., by C. M. Clay.....	1863	4:56	
THREE MILES.			
Trotting race:			
Fairywood, b. g., by Melbourne.....	1895	7:16 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Pacing race:			
James K. Polk, ch. g., pedigree not t'd.....	1847	7:44	
Trotting against time:			
Nightingale, ch. m., by Mambro King.....	1893	6:55 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Pacing against time:			
Joe Jefferson, br. s., by Thos. Jefferson.....	1891	7:33 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Under saddle—Trotting:			
Dutchman, b. g., by Tippoo Saib, Jr.....	1839	7:32 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Under saddle—Pacing:			
Oneida Chief, ch. g., by Kentucky Hunter.....	1843	7:44	
To wagon—Trotting:			
Prince, ch. g., breeding unknown.....	1857	7:53 $\frac{1}{2}$	
To wagon—Pacing:			
Longfellow, ch. g., by Red Bill.....	1898	7:53	
FOUR MILES.			
Trotting race:			
Lady Dooley, br. m., by Black Hawk.....	1869	11:05	
Pacing race:			
Longfellow, ch. g., by Red Bill.....	1869	10:34 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Trotting against time:			
Senator L., b. s., by Dexter Prince.....	1894	10:12	
Pacing against time:			
Joe Jefferson, br. s., by Thos. Jefferson.....	1891	10:10	
Under saddle—Trotting:			
Dutchman, b. g., by Tippoo Saib, Jr.....	1836	10:51	
FIVE MILES.			
Trotting race:			
Bishop Hero, b. s., by Bishop.....	1893	12:30 $\frac{3}{4}$	
Trotting against time:			
Pascal, blk. g., by Pascal.....	1893	12:45	
Pacing race:			
Fisherman, b. g., breeding untraced.....	1874	13:03 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Six miles—Trotting against time:			
Long Time, b. g., by Jack Rowett.....	1893	16:08	
Ten miles—Trotting race:			
Controller, b. g., by Gen. Taylor.....	1878	27:23 $\frac{1}{4}$	
Trotting against time:			
John Stewart, b. g., by Tom Wonder.....	1867	28:02 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Twenty miles—Trotting:			
Capt. McGowan, r. s., breeding untraced.....	1865	58:25	
Thirty miles—Trotting:			
Gen. Taylor, gr. s., by Morse horse.....	1857	1:47:59	
Fifty miles—Trotting:			
Black Joke, blk. g., breeding untraced.....	1835	35:7:00	
One hundred miles—Trotting:			
Conqueror, b. g., by Bellfounder.....	1853	8:55:53	
All the records for a mile at either gait have been made since the introduction of the bicycle sulky in 1892, with one exception, that of two-year-old trotters.			
No attempt was made during 1898 to lower the distance records. Many of these have been standing for years, and many could be reduced by the trying.			

CYCLE TRADE REVIEW.

Introduction.

PAPER I.

CAREFUL survey of the wheel products of 1899, as exhibited at the January cycle shows in Chicago and New York, proves the capacity and fertility of mechanical resource of the American manufacturers thoroughly sustained for another year, and shows how great variety of parts and equipments—especially the former—may result from the earnest strife among so many establishments to evolve novelty and detail improvement from the seemingly fixed lines of design in chain-driven machines. Admitting the chainless to be the one great and far-reaching departure in construction of the contemporaneous industry, and detracting nothing from the merit of the marked and original progress of each accepted chainless type, one is compelled to recognize, willing or no, the chain cycles as still the source of a majority of those new features which give distinctive color to the season's products. It might also seem as if the vigorous and healthy trade, far from resting at the popular belief of finality already achieved, had roused every effort and spared no expense to demonstrate the advance of its thought over the expectations of its patrons. 1899 improvements in their individual application are separately noted in that part of this paper devoted to the offerings of different concerns. It is OUTING's purpose at this point to touch broadly upon the general features of the new models.

FRAME OUTLINES—30-INCH WHEELS—TANDEMS.

Round D-shaped, oval, and tapered tubings enter into the framework construction of 1899 bicycles, the order named indicating relative extent of their use. Corrugated and fancy styles of tubing occasionally seen in the past, have almost entirely disappeared. D-shapes well hold their own; oval and taper designs show slight gains, although in one notable instance, upper rear stays of round straight tubing are substituted for the D-shaped curved stays of 1898, making upper and lower stays alike.

Flush joints retain their former lead, and though as yet far from universal, the clean-cut appearance of the modern high-grade bicycle frame is unmistakably due in no small degree to their use, and to other neat and effective connections perfected in the effort to obtain equal results by different means.

Curving of the rear tubes in at the seat-post cluster is widely practiced. The favored method appears to be to curve the stays and join them at the seat-post, although not a few have what may be termed a double curve at this point. Likewise, the lower stays are curved immediately in front of the tire, and then run straight to the crank-hanger.

In drop-frames the surprise of the season is in the almost entire disappearance of straight

tubes for the forward portion of the frame, giving way to the swan's-neck type. Thirty-inch wheels are catalogued by a large number of manufacturers—usually at slightly higher than 28-inch wheel prices—and their sales will doubtless be considerable, especially for very tall persons. They differ from former standard models, however, only in wheel sizes, and show only such accessory structural changes as the enlargement of diameters demands.

Fewer makers offer tandems for 1899 than before for several years, and signs are not wanting that their popularity is suffering a considerable decline as compared with 1897 and 1898—and this in spite of the fact that prices on tandems have been reduced fully as much as the lists of single machines. Nevertheless, all the former styles and a few additional models are offered by several concerns.

CRANK-HANGERS, BEARINGS AND THREADS.

That the novelties of 1899 are not the result of the adoption of extremes is abundantly proven by several current trade tendencies—notably the degree of drop to crank-hangers, than which no other subject has provoked more spirited discussion for two years past. Extremely low hangers and very short heads—both very common in 1898—admittedly do not add to the symmetry and trim appearance of the average machine; and in several instances reactions in these two particulars have materialized, resulting in the lessening of the drop in hangers from 3 to $2\frac{1}{2}$, or from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 inches, and in the addition of one or more inches to steering-head lengths. One, two and three-piece crank-hangers are in wide and satisfactory use, each method having been perfected until assembling, dismantling, and adjustment have lost their former mysteries and difficulties.

Bearings, *per se*, are practically unchanged; but methods of fastening and loosening, both in crank-hangers and hubs, ball-retaining devices and adjustments, display a high type of ingenuity.

Oiling devices are fitted to the bearings of the highest-grade machines, many of which now have means for regulating the supply of oil, and carrying it directly to the balls. In some cases, reservoirs are provided which hold several months' supplies of oil, and carry it to the proper place as becomes necessary.

Disk-adjusting hubs, lately all but universal, have disappeared from most 1899 models, giving way entirely in such cases to cone adjustments. The conservatism of the trade is again demonstrated in the matter of widths of thread. Very narrow threads have for some years been demanded, and makers have vied with each other in attaining extreme results in this direction. Some adopted the method of placing the crank within a $\frac{1}{4}$ inch of the chain line, only to find that the limit of narrowing was decided by the limit of hub width, and by the clearance given the chain alongside the tire. It is probable the strife for narrow threads has run its course. The trade has gradually come to the belief that extremes are to be avoided, and that $4\frac{1}{2}$ or even 5 inches is narrow enough for

all practical purposes. On racing machines and specials this may be sometimes lessened a trifle. The good of the narrow-thread agitation remains, however, and the machine of to-day is better, both mechanically and in appearance, by reason of it.

FORK CROWNS, HUBS AND CHAINS.

The forks and crown of a bicycle constitute one of the most important groups of its parts, and at the same time offer conspicuous opportunity for the display of individuality and originality in design and manufacture. For this reason, great variety of structure is shown—notably, the single and double-arched crown in multiples of individualized forms, the tubular, square reinforced, double-plate, double and triple truss, etc.

The barrel hubs and tangent spokes of 1898 retain their leadership—nothing radically new being shown by either, though commendable ingenuity is displayed by several makers in methods of attaching spokes to hubs.

Sprocket wheels are offered in great variety of design, and, by optional combinations of teeth, supply any reasonable height of gear desired. With the exceptions of those concerns which have brought out special chains of their own, the block type maintains its lead, with the roller designs next in order. In widths, $\frac{3}{8}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, and $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch predominate, according to the weight and other equipment of the machine fitted, though both narrower and wider ones are seen.

MISCELLANEOUS CONSTRUCTION.

Cycle gears have now reached that point beyond which the sheer limitations of strength and endurance make it impossible to materially go, averaging most probably 78 for men's machines and 72 for ladies, with special instances ranging from 90 to 104 not uncommon. It is the consensus of opinion among physicians and others of competent judgment that the figures here named as present averages ought to mark extremes; yet, after all, this matter is one for individual decision.

Cranks on light roadsters and track machines are perceptibly lengthening, as if in the attempt to secure additional propelling power when heightening of gears has become no longer practicable.

Many varieties of brakes, hand and hub, braking devices combined with coasters, etc., find only a limited demand; and although the needs of effective means for quickly checking cycling speed in emergencies are as evident as ever, and many lives are annually imperiled through oversight of the dangers of uncontrolled machines, the majority of cyclists neglect to equip their mounts with the slight accessory which would in most cases inspire confidence and prevent disaster.

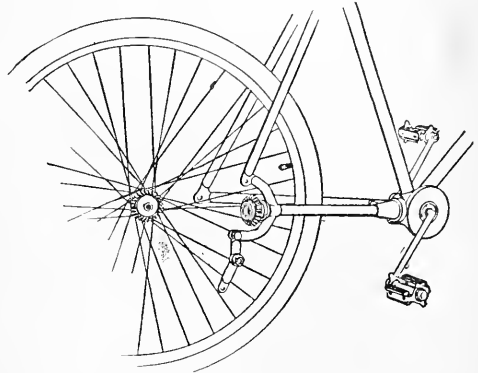
Simplicity of construction characterizes all accepted 1899 pedals, the only marked modifications being in those of the swinging type, by the use of which a greater leverage is yielded on the downward stroke; and there are two or three new types of the stirrup pattern.

Prices of 1899 chainless bicycles range from \$60 to \$75; of chain bicycles from \$20 to \$100, varying according to make, style and equip-

ment. Between the wide extremes offered in construction and in list every reasonable taste may be met, and all purchasing powers accommodated. Wheel equipments and accessories, such as tires, lamps, bells, etc., will form the subject matter of a second paper, to be published in *OUTING* for April.

CHAINLESS GEARS IN CONTRAST.

Three radically different types of chainless gears are at this time (February 15th) accepted by one or more prominent American makers, and purchasable by the public: (1) The bevel gear, controlled by the Bevel Gear Wheel Co., and used under license by the Western Wheel Works, A. G. Spalding & Bros., the Pope Manufacturing Co., the Sterling Cycle Works, E. C. Stearns & Co., and others; (2) The Sager Roller Pin Gear, controlled by the Sager Gear



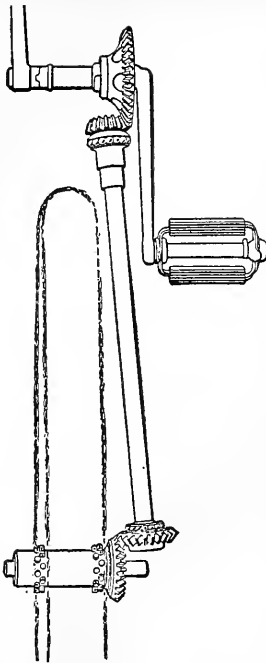
REAR SIDE VIEW OF THE BEVEL GEAR CHAINLESS.

Co., and used under license by the Union Cycle Manufacturing Co., Iver Johnson's Arms and Cycle Works, H. A. Lozier & Co., the Waltham Manufacturing Co., Relay Manufacturing Co., Olive Wheel Co., and others; and (3) The Victor Spinroller Gear, controlled and used exclusively by the Overman Wheel Co. Other practical forms of chainless gear will doubtless develop during the present year, but the foregoing will figure mainly as fitted to 1899 cycles.

The fitting of the same kind of gear to the products of several manufactories has resulted in many pleasing variations from the original types, and in the invariable embodiment of some special individualities belonging to different chain products into the associated chainless models. The first chainless bicycle was of the bevel gear pattern, placed on the market in the autumn of 1897, at which time *OUTING* gave full description and complete illustration to the same. For the year thereafter no other chainless type appeared, but the advent this season of the Sager and the Victor Spinroller gears lend additional interest to the matter, and afford the first opportunity for contrast.

THE BEVEL GEAR.

The method of propulsion general in this type is that of bevel gears on both the front and rear sprockets, connected by a rod meshing into each. The miter gears at the back are connected with those on the front sprocket by a shaft which runs on all ball bearings, and a



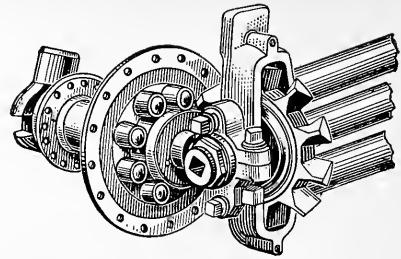
MECHANISM OF THE BEVEL
GEAR CHAINLESS. VIEW
FROM ABOVE.

the forward pinion disconnected and the thrust-bearing backed off, when the shaft, to which is fixed its back miter gear, is pulled back and out of the fork side. The difference between these and chain styles is confined entirely to the driving mechanism, to three sides of a parallelogram having the rear axle and the crank-axle as its ends, and the shaft as one side. Ball bearings are introduced wherever they can be placed to advantage. The side shaft is provided with such bearings near each end, the strength and firmness of the tubing permitting the utmost precision in placing them, and insuring exact work under any reasonable strain, and this with a complete absence of complicated devices.

THE SAGER GEAR.

This is a roller gear revolving in direct line contact with the curved surface of solid cut teeth, giving but the friction of a roller, while at the same time the teeth are in contact with the rollers throughout their entire length. One of the principal advantages claimed for this arrangement is based on its line contact, the teeth and the rollers bearing on each other continually throughout their entire length while in contact, thus affording an abundance of wearing surface. In all angular pin gearing heretofore, only point contact has been secured. End pressure on the bearings is avoided to a great extent in the Sager. The rollers revolve into mesh very easily and give a small end thrust. Another positive advantage claimed for this type is that it can be adjusted as easily as a chain, and will, even without casing, run more freely in mud or dirt than the chain. The

two-piece case thoroughly protects them, the adjustments being made at the rear races. The pinion at the forward end of the connecting shaft meshes with the crank-shaft gear, which is contained in a case made with the hanger, and provided with a cover-plate containing the cup for the right crank-shaft bearing. The rear wheel is held in position by a tubular crossplate connecting the two arms of a yoke at the rear end of the right fork, and a lug at the junction of the left fork and stay. To take out the rear wheel its shaft is removed, and the yoke opened. To displace the connecting rod, the crank-axle and its gear are removed in the usual manner,

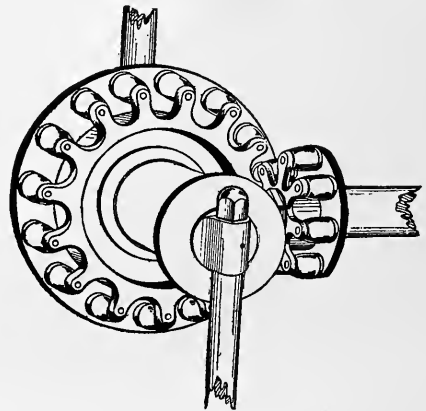


THE SAGER CHAINLESS GEAR.

gear covering should be fitted to it, however, and is of benefit as it keeps the rollers and teeth entirely clean, and thus reduces the wear, while making it possible to lubricate freely.

THE VICTOR SPINROLLER GEAR.

This is another roller gear, but radically different from the Sager. The plan consists of two sets of intermeshing, rotary roller teeth, each tooth curving inward to its axis. The rollers are supported at their outer ends by a plate with finger-like projections, which holds the rollers rigidly and prevents them from springing when pressure is placed upon them. In order to obviate pulsing sensations in the feet, such as may be caused by spring or crank-hanger if gears intermeshing with line contact are employed, the Spinroller is so constructed that when one roller rolls against another, the working surfaces are in point contact, and for this reason will stand any required degree of deflection. With its simple mechanism the line of contact is always vertical, upward at one end of the shaft and downward at the other. This gear is very responsive to the slightest pressure applied to the pedals, the back-lash is extremely small, and no adjustment to take up wear is ever needed. The Spinroller is built for durability, is entirely protected, easily taken apart, and in case of accident, any part may be quickly replaced at very slight cost. The Victor chainless is the same as the regular Victor model in all respects save the gearing, and is furnished as an option at \$25 additional.



VICTOR SPINROLLER GEAR.

CYCLING.

The 1899 Cycle Models Illustrated and Described.*

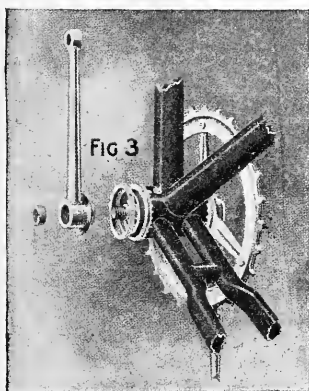


CRESCENT MEN'S CHAINLESS, \$60.

WESTERN WHEEL WORKS.

THE Western Wheel Works (Chicago and New York) have, for 1899, centered all the energies and facilities at their command upon the production of six Crescent models, in place of the larger number of styles heretofore manufactured, and are confident of being able thereby to offer greater value, proportioned to list prices, than ever before. Crescent No. 15 (\$35) is the full-sized men's chain model, strictly new for 1899, and built expressly for all-round road use. Large sprockets and 7-inch cranks are regularly fitted, and insure for it easy and smooth running qualities. With 20 or 22-inch frame, and light equipment, it is, moreover, suitable for either fast road or track use. No. 16 (also \$35) is the companion of No. 15, designed with a

special view to comfort for ladies' riding. It is difficult to see how the design of the bicycle could have been improved. The low drop of the crank-hanger brings the pedals closer to the ground than formerly, and the shape of the frame aids in giving the best position for the rider, and the



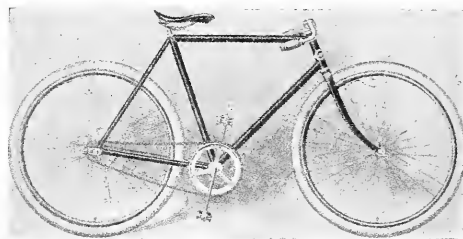
CRESCENT CRANK-BRACKET AND DETACHED CRANK.

* In the absence of the opportunity the cyclist has in former years enjoyed at the many public annual spring exhibitions, and in view of the advent of many new features, we have thought it in the interest of our readers to give this full review of the novelties and features of the prominent cycles of 1899. It has been prepared by an expert in no way connected with any manufactory, and we believe it to be thoroughly reliable.

THE EDITOR.

greatest ease in mounting and dismounting. Crescents No. 3, for boys, and No. 6, for girls (both \$25), are juveniles of exceptional value at the prices named, and exhibit a surprisingly large number of features expected to be found only in the adult machines. Men's Crescent Chainless, No. 17, differs in design and construction from the adult chain model, only where necessary to accommodate its special driving mechanism. All the advantages of the chain model are here enhanced by the fitting of the bevel gear, which is positive in action, strong

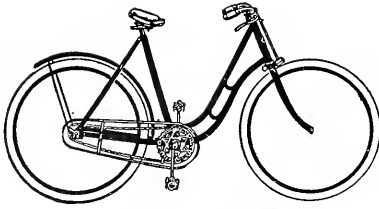
and durable, clean and easy running. Ladies' Crescent Chainless, No. 18, is a companion to No. 17, and is similar thereto. Both chainless styles list at \$60, and show the perfect results of Crescent experiment and workmanship upon the original bevel-gear principles.



MEN'S CRESCENT, \$35.

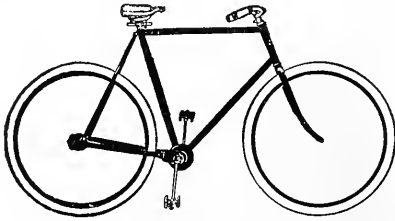
A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

The Spalding line consists of five different styles of two or more models each. Heading the list are the bevel-gear chainless machines, handsome in design, and displaying many points of detail construction above criticism from a mechanical standpoint. The men's chainless has either 22 or 24-inch frame. With the exception of the substitution of a 2½-inch drop in the crank-hanger in the place of the 3-inch previously used, these machines are, outwardly, but little changed. The central-driving construction of the bevel-gear is retained, giving the maximum of rigidity, while permitting the rear portion of the frame on the driving side to be constructed on practically the same lines as the chain machines. The ladies' chainless, 22-inch frame only, is finished in two styles. The ladies' chainless embodies the same general mechanical features found in the men's models. The lines of the frame have been carefully studied, and while exceedingly graceful, afford ample room for free and easy action in riding, and convenience in mounting and dismounting. Chainless, price \$75 through-out.



SPALDING LADIES', \$50.

The chain models list at \$60 for the racer and \$50 for the roadsters. The upper rear forks of all chain machines have been given a more decided curving immediately above the tire. Sprockets are furnished in the following sizes: front, 20, 22, 24, 25, or 26 teeth; rear, 7, 8, 9, or 10, allowing a wide range for choice in the matter of gearing. The sprockets have been embellished by a star-design in the center, while the well-known Spalding system of attaching the cranks and the former method of construction of bearings have been retained. The tire equipment consists of the Kangaroo, Goodrich, Hartford or League, with the additional option of Palmer tires on the chainless models and the racer. Eight different styles of handle-bars are named as options, including two adjustable bars. Christy saddles will be the regular equipment, with options of other standard makes.



SPALDING CHAINLESS, \$75.

WM. READ & SONS.

The reputation which the New Mail bicycles have held for many years is well sustained by the 1899 product of Messrs. Wm. Read & Sons, Boston, Mass. The New Mail men's model is a finer machine than ever before offered by this sterling New England house, embodying all the latest improvements in bicycle building, and a special and distinctive ball-retaining bearing. The ladies' companion to the above is an equally handsome and well-equipped model. Tire and saddle options include all leading makes of both. The Hanöver is a line of medium grade machines, listing at \$35, with the same general improvements as found in the New Mail, put forth to fulfill all the requirements of a good, moderate-priced wheel. High and medium grades carry the same guarantee for durability, and are fitted with the same type of ball-retaining bearings, by the use of which much friction is saved, and the balls kept from rolling out while removed for cleaning or any other purpose. A third line, consisting of models for men and women, retail at \$25, and are fully guaranteed as to material and workmanship.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

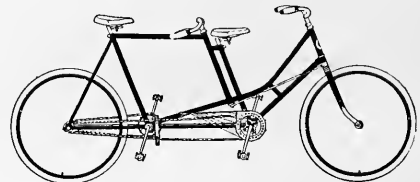
Description and illustration of the Victor chainless mechanism forms a part of the section of this paper given to chainless gears, page 638.

Details of 1899 Victor bicycles evidence further advancement toward perfect interchangeability of parts, in which purpose the Overman Wheel Co., of Chicopee Falls, Mass., has always and consistently persevered. Only one chain model for men and one for women is offered, each at \$50; and the chainless is in all essential parts the same as the regular styles, with the single exception of the Spinroller gear, which is fitted, optionally, at an extra charge of \$25. The rims, spokes, cups and cones are exactly alike, and the same may be said also of the cranks and pedals. The latter are secured and locked by a lock-nut and cone combined, which is both neat and ingenious. Two enameling colors are regularly furnished, black and green, both handsome and rich. The tread is one-half inch narrower than last year, and the hubs shorter, the width of the rear wheel being almost an inch less than formerly. The tubes of the upper rear stay have been brought closer together. Handle-bars are adjustable, and the internal binder has been so simplified that, by turning the nut on top with a wrench, the binder comes out of the head jacket, no hammering being required. The straight-line sprocket and the Victor well-known crank-hanger are retained. The weight of the men's model, complete, with tool bag and necessary equipment, is only 22½ pounds, and can be stripped to 21 pounds, for fast work on the road or track.

THE ADAMS & WESTLAKE CO.

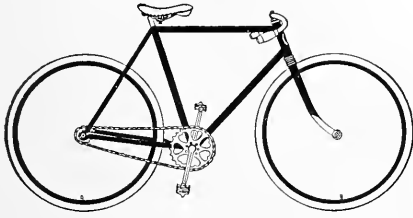
The Adams & Westlake Co., of Chicago, offer in all twenty models in two grades—the Adlake Special, in eleven models, at \$60 for singles and \$90 for tandems; the Adlake, in six models, at \$40 and \$45; and a cheaper grade, the Alaska, in three models, at \$30.

Among the noteworthy Adlake Special features are entirely new hubs, of the cup-adjusting pattern, in which the cups are screwed into the hubs and held by locking collars. Cones are fast on the axle, adjustments being effected by turning the left-hand collar and cup. Cones and cups are of the best tool steel, hardened and ground, the latter ball-retaining and dust-proof. Cranks are 6½ and 7 inches, of the diamond pattern, made from the best steel tempered in oil. They are two-piece, and fitted with bearings of new construction. Cups are ball-retaining, and the whole construction dust-proof. The chain adjustment is also new and extremely simple. By removing two bolts the rear wheel may be taken from



ADAMS & WESTLAKE COMBINATION TANDEM.

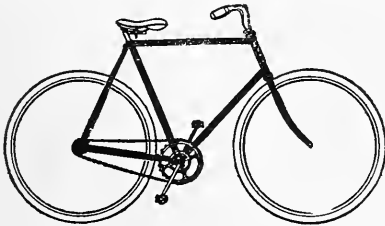
the frame without removing chain bolt or disturbing any adjustment; removal and replacement may be accomplished in thirty seconds. Anything that 8 or 9 teeth rear, and 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26 or 27 teeth front, will supply, is offered in the way of gear options.



ADLAKE ROADSTER, \$40

H. A. LOZIER & CO

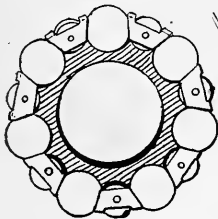
The leading models of the Cleveland line for 1899 will be: Special light roadsters for men and women, \$75; regular roadsters for men and women, \$50; racer, \$75; 30-inch roadster for men, \$85; tandems (racing, double diamonds, and combination), \$100; chainless, \$75. Perhaps the most notable mechanical feature is the new Burwell combination roller and ball bearing. The balls carry the strain between the cup and cone as usual, while the rollers act as separators for the balls, keeping them from rubbing against each other, but allowing them to impart



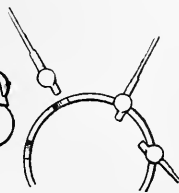
CLEVELAND MEN'S ROADSTER, \$50.

their motion to the intervening rollers, such sliding friction as is commonly caused between adjoining balls being obviated by the reverse rolling movement of the rollers.

The "spread" of the handle-bars has been increased, being nineteen inches instead of eighteen as formerly. The expanders have been improved, being released by simple operation of the expander bolt. The head of the men's regular roadster is made flush throughout; the ball-cups have been flushed into the head out of sight. Heavier tubing is used in the frame.



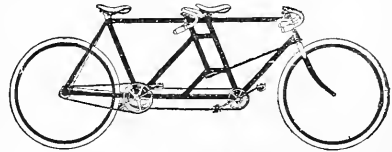
NEW BURWELL BEARING.



HUB AND SPOKE DEVICE.

The chain and rear-wheel adjustment have been somewhat changed, being now simpler, easier, and more positive. The fork stem is of 16-gauge tubing, reinforced, and is threaded and screwed into the fork forging and then brazed. The hubs of the higher-priced machines are formed from single pieces of cold rolled steel, and subjected to a number of special processes, resulting in the production of a hub of remarkably fine, tough, and straight-grained steel. No flanges are used, an entirely new direct spoke being introduced. The hub end of the spoke terminates in a ball of about one-quarter inch diameter, which can be instantly inserted in the spoke-hole drilled in the hub.

The Cleveland chainless model's driving gear is of the Sager roller pattern. Flush joints on the entire 1899 product are made with unusually long tapered reinforcements. The crank-hanger has been changed somewhat, the balls on the sprocket side being brought directly under the sprocket and in line with the chain. The Burwell self-oiling devices, the Burwell tire, and several other time-proved features are retained. Weights will be slightly less than in 1898. Cranks will regularly be $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches, with the option of 7-inch on men's wheels.



LIBERTY DOUBLE DIAMOND TANDEM.

LIBERTY CYCLE COMPANY.

A fact thoroughly recognized and well met by the Liberty Cycle Company in their 1899 product, is that the two riding positions, *i. e.*, that of the "scorcher" and the upright attitude, call for two different lengths of top tube. "The forward position, with drop bars, needs," say the Liberty makers, "a top tube at least two inches longer than does the upright position with up-curve bars;" and they give practical backing to their contention by offering, regularly, frames in two lengths of top rail, $20\frac{1}{2}$ and $22\frac{1}{2}$ inches, with lines of the main frame to correspond. In the upper rear forks of the flush-jointed machines, the top ends are brought closer together, with braces curved slightly, instead of being perfectly straight, imparting a trim appearance to this part of the bicycle. In addition to the well-known Liberty square fork-crown, another is offered in arched design, with the nickel finish carried down some three inches, well reinforced, and retaining all the strength of the square construction.



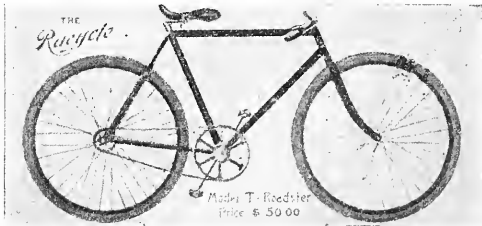
LIBERTY ARCHED FORK-CROWN.



LIBERTY FRICTIONLESS SPROCKET.

The Liberty frictionless sprocket is a device for which much merit is claimed. On this sprocket every fifth tooth is appreciably larger than any of the intervening four. There are five of these unusually large teeth in the regular models, and these alone actively engage the chain, the others merely guiding it. Taking out the binding bolt loosens the sprocket wheel, which may then be slipped over the cranks. The *raison d'être* of this idea is obvious, for there is no loosening of the chain adjustment, or disturbance of the chain bolt, when changing a gear or removing the chain or sprocket wheel for any reason whatsoever.

Among the offerings of the Liberty line for 1899 are the Liberty double diamond tandem, \$75; Liberty combination diamond tandem, \$75; Liberty track racer, \$60; ladies' Liberty, \$50; Liberty roadster, \$50.

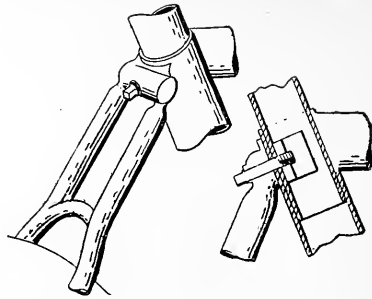


RACYCLE ROADSTER.

MIAMI CYCLE AND MANUFACTURING CO.

The highest-priced Racycles, the product of the Miami Cycle and Manufacturing Co., of Middletown, O., embody all the popular Racycle features of the past, though it is noted that the rake of the seat-post mast has been changed, moving the saddle farther back, giving more space between the crank-hanger and rear wheel, and rendering unnecessary the "dished" sprocket formerly used. All styles of this line have a distinctive and original seat-post clamping device, which always keeps the seat-post in proper alignment with the frame. The post is slotted up its rear side, forming a passage for the small clamping screw which engages a bored and threaded semi-circular block on the inside of the post. When this screw is tightened, the block is drawn against the back wall of the seat-post, causing it to bind against the frame tube. All machines have well-reinforced, built-up flush joints.

Model "R," light road racer, listed at \$75, is a bicycle of pleasing appearance, equipped with a 42-toothed front sprocket. The wheel base of this machine is 46 inches, affording sufficient clearance for its very large sprocket. A notable feature of this mount is the tapered head, which is $1\frac{3}{8}$ inches in diameter at the top and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches at the crown, allowing an advantageous strengthening of the fork stem. Model "S," light roadster, listed also at \$75, is the same as the model "R," except that the wheel base is shortened to 45 inches, and that a 30-toothed front sprocket is used. Both these machines, as well as those listed at \$50, have the quadruple, reinforced, arched fork-crown. Internal expanders are used and the well-known Racycle crank-hanger, whose essential features provide an unsurpassed width of bear-

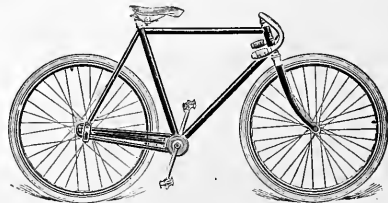


RACYCLE SEAT-POST CLAMPING-DEVICE.

ing surface, proportioned to the thrust of the cranks on either side. The bottoms of the bearings are carried to the extreme outer ends of the crank shaft, the ball races being, in fact, directly within the crank bosses, insuring stability and rigidity, while avoiding the wear induced by bearings placed too close together in the attempt to secure extremely narrow treads.

UNION CYCLE MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

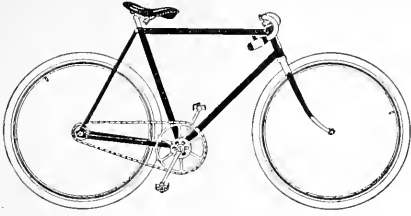
The Union Cycle Manufacturing Company, of Highlandville, Mass., continue the manufacture of the Union-Whitehead, with some decided improvements and the best equipment throughout; list-price, \$65. The Whitehead will also be built in a chainless pattern, in which the Sager roller pin-gear will be used; list-price, \$75. The makers of the Union will shortly be in a position to supply roller gears in almost any size, varying regularly from 72 to 108 gear. With Sager-Union gear, any rider may, if desired, have any number of gears, and change them to suit himself in a few moments without any difficulty. The Union-Redhead is an entirely new chain machine listing at \$50, built on much the same lines as the Whitehead, having flush joints at all connections, expander fittings to handle-bars and seat-post, drop forged arched fork-crown of new, light design, Fauber pattern one-piece cranks, and axle of Union manufacture, best quality Excelsior spokes, Kundtz rims, adjustable or stationary handle-bars, Record pedals, and a finish of lustrous black enamel.



UNION CHAINLESS.

STERLING CYCLE WORKS.

Special flush joints, short heads, large sprockets, low-dropped crank-hangers, and tubing of large gauge are found on all new Sterling models. The mechanism of the chainless is of the bevel-gear pattern, though varying from the usual type by reason of its slightly lengthened connecting shaft, allowing the shaft



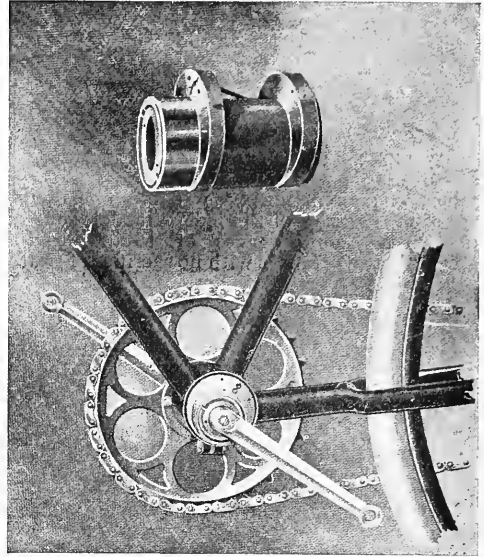
MEN'S STERLING.

pinion to engage the rear sprocket gears back of the rear hub instead of in front of it. The most noticeable change in frame design is the bringing of the rear wheel well up to the seat-post, in order to give a more erect saddle position and leave a shorter distance between the crank and rear axles. Mannesmann tubing, imported for the first since 1895, is used by the Sterling Cycle works. The Sterling people have been slow to adopt flush-joint connections, but a new special process now enables them to guarantee the perfect union of all members of the frame. The arch fork-crowns on all models have become famous wherever the bicycle has been introduced. The fork sides are one continuous piece of weldless steel tubing, reinforced at the crown with another piece of tube, and joined to the stem with a drop forging. The hubs provide for direct tangent spokes, the latter with a guaranteed tensile strength in the front wheel of 750 pounds, and in the rear 850 pounds. Rims are single-piece "Lobdell," made from selected rock maple, striped to match the color of the frame. Prices: Chainless, for men and women, \$75; racers, \$65; roadsters, for men and women, \$50; tandems, double diamond or combination, \$75 and \$85.

NATIONAL SEWING MACHINE COMPANY.

Eldredge "Extra" and Eldredge bicycles in two styles, for men and women, \$60 and \$50 respectively; the Eldredge Special Racer, \$50; Eldredge diamond frame for ladies, \$50; Eldredge double diamond frame tandem, \$100, and the Belvidere, in two styles, for men and women, \$40, make up the new list of the National Sewing Machine Company, of Belvidere, Ill. Besides being, individually, in every way strong and handsome, these machines possess special features of exceptional merit. Most notable of them all is the Eldredge "Extra" eccentric crank-hanger, which is a practical and successful form of chain adjuster and adjustable crank-hanger, light, compact, rigid, and uniformly satisfactory in operation. The advantages of this device are, briefly, perfect centering of the rear wheel, positive adjustment of chain, neatness of construction at the rear ends of the frame, and the fact that, by means of the eccentric fitted, the drop of the crank-hanger may be altered some $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch to conform to the wishes or requirements of the rider. Steel drop forgings are used in all the crank-bracket parts, insuring strength and safety, while affording an appearance of lightness and symmetry and safety very pleasing to the eye. The eccentric chain adjustment is positive in action; it does not and cannot wear loose or slip, and its principle of operation is so simple as to be readily understood. The speed qualities of the

Eldredge bicycle have been abundantly proven both in long and short distance contests on the road and track.

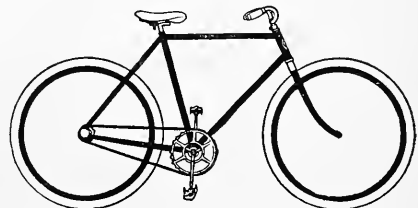


ELDREDGE "EXTRA" CRANK-HANGER AND ADJUSTING ECCENTRIC.

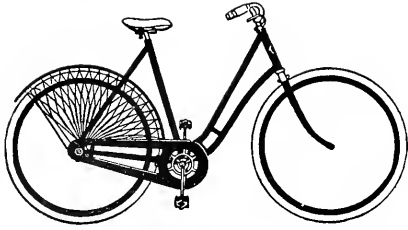
R. H. WOLFF & CO., LIMITED.

The special features that have always distinguished the Wolff-American cycles, among which are spring-tempered frames, self-oiling bearings, and eccentric chain adjustments, have been retained on the new models. The tread is somewhat narrower, and hollow oval crowns are used. The Morrow Automatic Brake and Coaster is offered as a desirable optional equipment.

The chainless, in both men's and women's patterns, is equipped with the Sager gear, and was shown for the first time at the January cycle shows. It is an extremely handsome mount, light and strong, and lists at \$75. The racer is finished in the new Salamander enamel, applied over full nickel, which, with white rims, lends to it a very rich appearance. The road models combine the two important requisites of elegance and durability, the frames being of $1\frac{1}{8}$ -inch tubing, carefully reinforced at every connecting point, with flush joints throughout. The upper rear forks taper gracefully at both ends, and form one piece

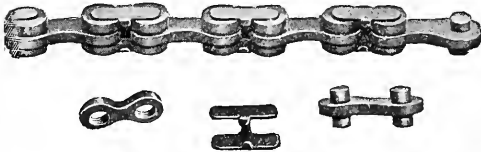


WOLFF-AMERICAN MEN'S ROADSTER, \$60.



WOLFF-AMERICAN LADIES' ROADSTER, \$60.

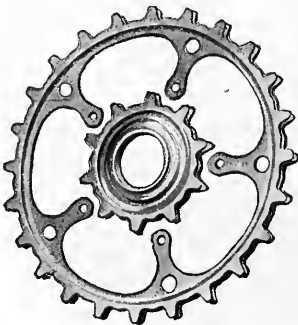
where they join the perch tube. The double drop in the frames of the ladies' models consists of two sweeping curves of tubing, giving strength and firmness with no sacrifice of graceful outline. The Wolff-American tandems are built in both racing and road patterns, single and double steering. A very graceful combination tandem has a special cable steering device permitting perfect control to be exercised by the rear rider. The Duplex, which affords the privileges of cycling to ladies and gentlemen unable to master a single bicycle, continues in favor of those to whose use it is adapted.



THE REMINGTON CHAIN.

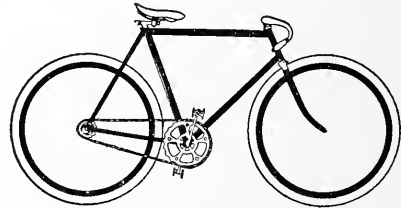
REMINGTON ARMS CO.

The Remington line of 1899 are of the chain-driven type, divided into two classes, listing at \$50 and \$35 respectively. The joints on the higher-priced line are flushed throughout, and the rear forks and stays are constructed of oval tubing, which runs straight from end to end. The main frame tubes are $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches in diameter, with the exception of the top curved tube in the ladies' mount, which is one inch only. The \$35 wheels, while listing at a popular price, are constructed of sprockets, handlebars, pedals, seat-posts, hubs, cranks and other important metal parts, made of first-class material in the Remington factory at Ilion, N. Y. The hanger is dropped $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ -inch tubing is used.



THE REMINGTON SPROCKET.

The form of the Remington chain differs materially from those commonly known as the "figure 8" or "B block" styles, and requires a special sprocket with the sprocket teeth divided, thus permitting the two outside links of the chain to come in contact with the teeth. By this construction there are two points of contact instead of one, and, as they are separated by the full width of the chain, there is no tendency to chain-twist or side-sway. Lateral vibration is still further reduced by having the rivets fit tight in the center links and free in the outside links, thus widening the pivotal points of the chain links, which has an effect similar to the widening of the driving face of the sprocket tooth with the ordinary chain. The theory of this chain is, therefore, a reversal of the ordinary chain and sprocket relation. The weight is materially reduced as compared with the ordinary 3-16-inch block pattern.



REMINGTON SPECIAL, \$50.

CRAWFORD MANUFACTURING CO.

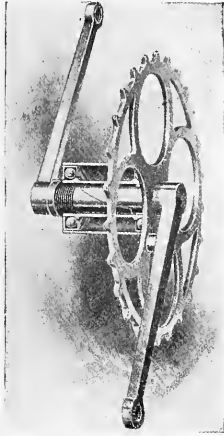
The 1899 output of the Crawford Manufacturing Co., of Hagerstown, Md., includes a large number of cycles ranging in price from double diamond and combination tandems at \$75 to 20-inch juveniles at \$20, intermediate lines listing at \$50, \$35, \$30 and \$25. The product as a whole is a comprehensive one, designed to suit the requirements of all ages and both sexes, and each model carries the popular price of its class.

The special road racer, at \$50, is a machine typical of the highest grades of Crawford manufactures, embodying several notable structural features, among them $42\frac{1}{2}$ -inch wheel base, barrel crank-hanger of best wrought steel, one piece and seamless, with 3-inch drop; direct tangent spokes, standard swaged, 15 gauge, nickel-plated; barrel hubs of improved pattern, turned from solid steel bar; detachable sprockets, front nickel-plated, rear colored; ball bearings positively oil-retaining and dust-proof; $1\frac{3}{8}$ -inch wrought steel head, one piece and seamless, with hardened steel cones cut from the bar; tubular front fork, with nickel-plated arched drop-forged hollow crown, and special weldless steel crown-tube, tapered gauge. The weight of this machine, complete for the road, is only $22\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, and the wide range in equipments offered renders it a very desirable all-around or touring mount.

OLIVE WHEEL COMPANY.

The Standard Olive machines are built for general use and may be relied upon when put to the severest reasonable test. The line consists of men's roadster. Its companion for women, which is fitted with a celluloid chain guard, offering absolute protection for the skirts,

both of which list at \$50. The track racer has an extra low drop at the crank-hanger. Complete, it weighs 22 pounds, and lists at \$60. The 30-inch wheel pattern follows in general design the lines of the racer, and lists at the same price. The Olive Wheel Company, of Syracuse, N. Y., offer in addition a chainless



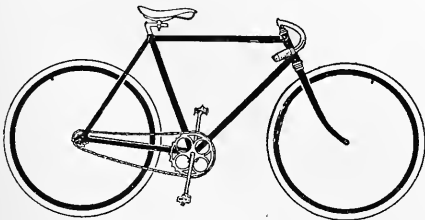
OLIVE TWO-PIECE CRANK HANGER.

tires are offered as options. Saddles and handle-bars include a wide degree of choice in each.

JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO.

The new Lovell Diamonds are as follows: Light roadster for men and women, \$50; gentlemen's road racer and ladies' companion thereto, \$65; combination tandem, \$100; double diamond tandem, \$100; juveniles, in options of frame heights, at usual prices for such types.

The Lovell fork crown is of the triple-arch design, strong, handsomely finished, and is an attractive feature of the long and favorably known line of bicycles offered by the John P. Lovell Arms Co., Boston, Mass.



OLIVE ROADSTER, \$50.

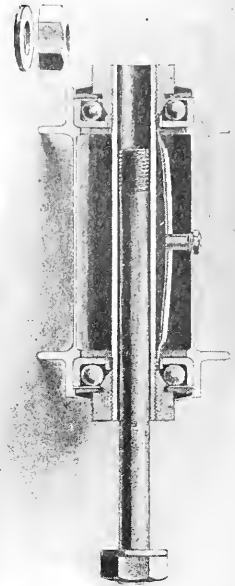
The Lovell interchangeable chain is so constructed as to prevent irregular stretch, friction and rattle. The two-piece crank-shaft is simple in construction, easy to dismantle, but guaranteed against working loose. To take the shaft apart, one has but to remove the screw in the center, then draw the cranks apart; or reverse the operation to assemble. The crank adjustment is not changed by this operation. The Lovell detachable sprockets are of new and

striking design, made from special dies, accurately finished. The spider which holds the sprocket is pressed on the crank-shaft. A prong on the crank passes through the spider, preventing it from turning on the shaft.

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES.

Schoverling, Daly & Gales', New York City, line of bicycles for 1899 consists of men's "Gales," \$35; ladies' "Gales," \$37.50; "Duane" 28-inch diamond, \$25; 28-inch drop, \$27.50, and the "Duane" Juveniles, 20-inch wheels, 16-inch frame; 24-inch wheels, 18-inch frame, listing at \$25 for diamond frame and \$27.50 for drop frame.

Among the features of the '99 "Gales" are one-piece bottom bracket, by which, on removing the crank and lock nut, dust cap and adjustment cone, the entire crank set can be easily removed—nor is it necessary to remove the chain from the wheel to do this; an improved design of frame, and a new patent detachable hub which obviates the necessity of spreading the fork sides, as the front or rear wheel can be readily removed by simply taking off the axle nut, pushing out the axle, and off comes the wheel.*



SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES PATENT DETACHABLE HUB.

THE PROWLER.

THE AUTOMOBILE.

The first general public exhibition of the latest addition to the modern methods of locomotion making man independent of the horse was at the fourth National Bicycle and Automobile Exhibition, in Madison Square Garden, New York, January 21-28.

That the automobile may become of the greatest possible use, not only as a recreation in park and city, but as an aid of considerable advantage to the country life so rapidly developing, is almost a self-evident fact. The automobile will perform with speed, comfort and certainty many of the functions now within the province of the horse. It will be available at any time without notice to transport the sportsman, the man of business, or the family

*NOTE.—Some of the leading manufacturers have not at date of this writing published sufficient particulars of their lines for the coming season, and some have come to hand too late for verification and consideration. It has, in consequence, been deemed necessary to divide the Trade Notes into two parts, and they will be concluded in April.

from point to point, say, for instance, in the country to the depot, the country club, the golf links or the hounds, or in the suburbs to the city, the opera, or to some social gathering; and can then be stalled without the necessity of an attendant, or the discomfort and anxiety of leaving a shivering horse to await the return trip or the conclusion of the play or the ending of some social function. It can be handled with perfect assurance by the proprietor and whisked home within a period of time that would be consumed in the preliminaries of getting horses ready to start.

There were in all fifteen exhibits, all of American manufacture, and of such excellence as to demonstrate the beauty of finish and perfection in design that makers in this country have achieved. This department of the show would have been more satisfactory had a few European exhibits been on hand to facilitate a comparison between the output of the Old World and the New. It was, however, very pleasing. The designs for the most part took the form of pleasure vehicles, driven by electricity or gasoline, and the carriage bodies were mostly modeled after the popular mail or park phaëton. There were also shown covered delivery wagons, patrol or ambulance vehicles, and parcel carriers. As a result of years of experiment and tireless research in the field of mechanics and electrical appliances, one of the leading exhibitors showed a vehicle of the dog-cart type, weighing about 2,600 pounds and priced at \$2,750, very highly finished; a Stanhope phaëton tipping the scale at 2,000 pounds and listed at \$2,500, and a covered delivery wagon weighing over 3,000 pounds, the price of it about \$2,250. Storage batteries supply the power, and have a thirty-mile capacity at a cost of about two cents per mile. The gasoline carrier was in box-like form on a tricycle frame, the man or boy seated on a bicycle saddle in rear; and when necessary, in case of gas becoming exhausted, or to assist when climbing hills, pedals were so placed that they could be easily operated. A very neat, small and light-weight carriage or trap was shown by another firm. This was driven by electricity and was voted one of the smartest motor carriages yet seen. This firm also showed one of the covered delivery wagons with electric power that a prominent dry-goods house in this city was using to good effect. Another firm showed a runabout wagon, exceedingly graceful in outline, not more than 1,000 pounds in weight and costing just \$1,000, large enough to carry two persons and travel twenty-five miles on a single charge of electricity.

The attention paid to these motor-vehicles at

the show by persons of all grades of society proved conclusively that interest is centered in this class of vehicle, and the subject is worthy of much more extended notice than present space admits of. It is not too much to say that if the bicycle of the future gives way to anything mechanical, the automobile is that vehicle.

A. H. GODFREY.

ANNUAL MEETING L. A. W.

The 1899 meeting of the National Assembly, L. A. W., was held at Providence, R. I., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, February 8th, 9th and 10th. The first day was devoted entirely to discussion and consideration of the good-roads work of the organization, and was followed by a banquet in the evening at which nearly all general officers, and others prominent in the national movement for better highways, were present. On the morning of the second day, the annual elections of officers were held, with the following results: President, Mr. Thomas J. Keenan, of Pennsylvania; Vice-President, Mr. Herbert W. Foltz, of Indiana; Second Vice-President, Mr. Robert T. Kingsbury, of New Hampshire; Secretary, Mr. Abbot Bassett, of Massachusetts; * Treasurer, Mr. J. W. Tattersall, of New Jersey.* Jacksonville, Fla., was immediately thereafter selected as the place of meeting for the 1900 National Assembly. The question as to the continuance or abandonment of control of racing was reached in Thursday's second session, and the lines of debate for the following day, preceding the vote, were agreed upon. Mr. Sterling Elliott, of Massachusetts, led the forces in support of the amendment declaring the divorce of racing from the League, and several delegates were heard in opposition thereto. Being put to a vote, the resolution to abandon was lost by the unexpectedly large majority of 100.

The above briefly summarizes the notable results of the assembly meeting, coming to an end as this issue of *OUTING* goes to press. The elections of officers for the ensuing year present no surprise, Mr. Keenan having been logically selected for the Presidency in advance, both by reason of his own eminent personal services and the present prominence of his division—Pennsylvania—in the affairs of the national body. Mr. Foltz was a member, last year, of the racing board from Indiana, and Mr. Kingsbury is well known and popular in New Hampshire, while the re-elections of Messrs. Bassett and Tattersall were assured. It is doubtful if the decision to retain control of racing at all hazards represents the thoughtful majority sentiment of the whole membership.

THE PROWLER.

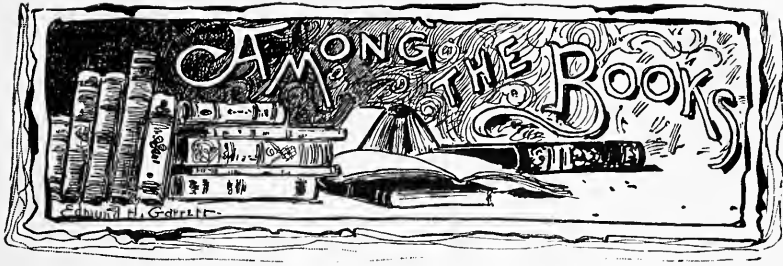
* Re-elected.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. G. B., Springfield, Mass.—The term "ace," as used in lawn tennis, means any earned stroke—that is, a point scored by a pass, a smash, or any other stroke that is impossible for the opponent to return. The word has been corrupted and is often used to mean only a point scored by an unreturnable service, but this is really an "ace on service," and all other earned points are "aces."

J. P. McP., Ottawa.—We think your rig is handy enough, but we would put more duck in

the mainsail and step the jigger-mast further aft out of the way. In fact, we would advise you to make her a yawl pure and simple. So far as we can judge from the drawing you have sent, the centerboard should be placed a foot or eighteen inches further forward. Have a lifeboat or pointed stern, both for the sake of appearance as well as seaworthiness. The sail plan is quite moderate for a boat of the dimensions described, if the model is a good one.



"KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL," a short and concise treatise on Golf, by H. R. Sweny.

There are many useful practical hints to beginners in this little treatise. Tricks that the author has developed to aid himself in his efforts to save the turf that the greens committees endeavor so hard to perfect, from many a "swat," "slash" and thump, are told and illustrated by pen and pencil. Although principally for beginners, it is by no means to be despised by those players who have reached the stage of a set of clubs.

[JAMES P. LYON, Albany, N. Y.]

"THE INDIAN CLUB MANUAL, WITH PROGRAMMES."

To those who desire to combine the movements of Indian clubs in almost endless variety this little work will aid with many suggestions. It will be a useful handbook for instructor and pupil in the coming winter, when the gymnasium is once again the field of active operations. To the wielder of the club for daily exercise, too, it will be helpful to vary the motions and thereby call different series of muscles into activity.

[FITCH BROS., Central City, Neb.]

"RUDDER, ROD AND GUN," poems of Nature, by Otto Stechhan.

Many a fisherman and sportsman will find echoes of days long past and pleasant expectations of days to come in Mr. Stechhan's poems of nature.

[CARLON & HOLLENBACK, Indianapolis.]

"WITH ROD AND GUN IN NEW ENGLAND AND THE MARITIME PROVINCES," by Edward A. Samuels.

Had Mr. Samuels confined the subject of his publication to his own adventures midst the woods and waters of the great north, he would have conferred an obligation upon brother sportsmen in less fortunate areas, who can only in spirit follow the trail and track of that favored region. He has done more, and generously admitted to his pages contributions from other Nimrods and Waltons of equal fame. To merely mention the list of contributors is to assure the book a warm and wide welcome. Amongst them are Charles Hallock, Frank H. Risteen, Archibald Mitchell, Dr. James A. Henshall, J. Parker Whitney, Warren Hapgood, Major Fred Mather, Hon. Hubert Williams, Charles J. Maynard, A. N. Cheney, Hon. H. O. Stanley, Hon. John W. Titcomb, Frank Balkes, Esq., Benj. C. Clark, Henry H. Kimball and Arthur W. Robinson—a galaxy of author sportsmen whose contributions are always welcome and doubly so when accompanied by copious illustrations and portraits.

[SAMUELS & KIMBALL, Boston.]

"THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NAT FOSTER," by A. L. Byron-Curtiss.

The hero of the work is an old hunter and trapper of "John Brown's Tract," who died in 1840 after a wonderful career of adventure, extending from his boyhood to his old age. He was born in New England, where he lived until he was fifteen, during the later half of which his father was away, fighting for the freedom of the colonies. His adventures there, together with a short sketch of the elder's adventures, are given. At fifteen his father returned home and the family emigrated to New York, when his exploits in the Adirondacks begin. They are many and savor constantly of danger and daring. The author is a young Episcopal clergyman given to spending his vacations in the Adirondacks, hence the "woody" character of the book is fully up to expectations. The author does not claim for his book the character of a novel, but the biography of "Nat Foster," whose name is still famous in the woods. He also advances strong arguments to support the idea that Foster was the original "Natty Bumppo" of Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales*. Altogether, it is a book that will interest both old and young, both those who visit the woods and those who do not.

"QUEER JANET," by Grace Le Baron, bids fair to be even more attractive than her preceding work. It is a case of *cela va sans dire* that Grace Le Baron loves the little ones, and her pen pictures them just as we know them—just as they are. "Queer Janet" is certainly an ideal character, but by no means an unreal one, and her beautifully unselfish life is the rare lesson of a little child who lives up to the Golden Rule. "Queer Janet" can be read by boys as well as girls with equal pleasure, and, like the *Hazelwood Stories*—by the same author—we may venture to say that older readers, too, can derive an enjoyment from it not always found in juvenile stories.

[LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, Mass.]

"HOPKINS' POND AND OTHER SKETCHES," by Robert T. Morris, is a series penned in spare moments to please the little coterie of friends who gathered about the author's open fireplace in long winter evenings. They are pleasant reading to the sportsman and angler of a wider circle.

[G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, N. Y.]

The second annual report of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests of the State of New York is a worthy successor to the handsome initial volume. A series of beautiful colored plates, reproductions of many fine photographs, and a number of wash drawings, embellish a valuable work of reference for all interested in the field it covers.



A SCIENTIST'S OPINION.

MR. BILKINS (*looking up from the paper*): The eminent physician, Dr. Greathead, says there is no exercise so conducive to health in woman as ordinary housework.

MRS. BILKINS: Huh! I'll bet he's married.—*New York Weekly*.

A HARD TASK.

If you want to be appreciated, die or pay your debts.—*Adams Freeman*.

SAILING UNDER FALSE COLORS.

You can't tell how cheerfully a person pays his revenue tax by the size of the flags on his stationery.—*Washington Democrat*.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

It took a New Jersey man eighty years before he discovered the secret of prolonged life. Then he died.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE character that is positive has no difficulty in speaking a negative.—*Ram's Horn*.

A RARE CHANCE

"I wish," said the soldier in the trenches, "some military genius would think of a scheme to allow the man who goes to the front to leave his appetite in the rear."—*Puck*.

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL

"They say a carrier pigeon will go farther than any other bird," said the boarder, between bites.

"Well, I reckon I'll have to try one," said the landlady; "I notice a chicken doesn't go very far."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

DID NOT GROW.

"So he went West to grow up with the country, did he?"

"Well, he thought he did; but it proved that he went West and went up with the country"—*Puck*.

O, WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US.

When a man asks you what you think of him, fool him and give him your honest opinion.—*Atchison Globe*.

SOME people eat green apples and then sigh about their crosses.—*Ram's Horn*.

A SOFT ANSWER.

BARBER: I've got a preparation that will prevent your hair from falling out.

CUSTOMER: But you are baldheaded yourself.

BARBER: That's very true; but you overlook the fact, sir, that a baldheaded man is never troubled by hair falling out.—*Roxbury Gazette*.

TWO CIRCLES.

"I believes," said Uncle Eben, "dat de human race would be consid'able wiser an' happier ef you could git 'em to foller an ahgument as easy as you kin git 'em to foller a circus puh-cession"—*Washington Star*.

THE STOVE WENT OUT.

MISTRESS: Get dinner to-day on the gasoline stove, Bridget.

BRIDGET: Plaze, mum, I did thry, but th' stove wint out.

MISTRESS: Try again, then

BRIDGET: Yis, mum; but it's not come back yit. It wint out t'rough th' roof.—*New York Weekly*.

A COPYRIGHT ARGUMENT.

Literature would pay better if there were not so many dead men still in the business.—*Life*.

WITH GOOD CAUSE.

The lazier the man, the more he complains of hard times.—*Atchison Globe*.

EX POST FACTO.

MRS. CROSSWAY: I'd like to know what becomes of all the mean, stingy men.

MR. CROSSWAY: Why?

MRS. CROSSWAY: I declare, every man I read about that dies was never deaf to a call for charity and was an active worker in about half a dozen philanthropic organizations.—*Roxbury Gazette*.

OUR THEATRICAL PLAYGROUND.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, the snug little home of the drama beneath the shadow of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, has gone back to its first love, and after a lapse of fourteen years has reverted to the management of Charles Frohman, whose "Esmeralda" was one of its early successes. For the reopening of the present season he has secured the rights to "A Brace of Partridges," a comedy in three acts, by Robert Granthony, with the following London cast:

Lord Wallerton.....	Mr. Charles V. France
Colonel Rackett.....	Mr. Gordon Tomkins
The Hon. Arthur Partridge.....	Mr. H. Reeves-Smith
Alfred Partridge.....	
Stubbs.....	Mr. G. F. Leicester
Spiffins.....	Mr. George Shelton
Snap.....	Mr. Cecil Thornbury
Tom Ruston.....	Mr. Fred Dark
James.....	Mr. E. Ford
Lady Wallerton.....	Miss Mabel Lane
Evangeline Van Bock.....	Miss Sybil Carlisle
Peggy Stubbs.....	Miss Jessie Bateman

There is to be a regular stock company for the theatre, which will begin its engagement shortly, but as a sort of "house warming" Mr. Frohman opened on Sept. 7th a preliminary season, producing the aforementioned comedy trifle.

The play proved to be amusing, though of the conventional farce comedy pattern. Its closing act, the perilous point at which many a comedy's bright beginning has a dull ending, was the best of all, keeping the audience in great good humor.

EVANS & MANN's frisky novelty, "The French Maid," which ran one hundred and seventy-five nights at the Herald Square Theatre last season, has been running again at the Herald Square in all the glory of its exquisite scenery and costumes, sparkling comedy, character burlesque, catchy music and dancing novelties—the Bonbon and Promenade Ballets, Frolics Française, and Carnival Quadrille. The piece had a host of new features—songs, dances, comedy scenes, climaxes and character. The cast includes Olive Redpath, Eva Davenport, Yolande Wallace, Chas. A. Bigelow, Hallen Mostyn, George Honey, William Armstrong, Matthew Woodward, Richard Ridgley, E. J. Heron, Mamie Forbes, Edward Jose and Gerry Ames, and the chorus and ballet, consisting of forty male and female artists. The Herald Square Theatre has undergone repairs and general improvements, both as regards features of comfort and outward appearance. "The French Maid" will be followed by the new burlesque operetta, "Hotel Topsy-Turvy."

THE Empire had the good fortune to have had for its opening William Gillette, fresh from his London success in his old New York triumph, "Secret Service." The audience was demonstratively kind to the actor and as attentive to the play as though they had never seen it before. However, it is a piece that will bear repetition, owing to its positive merits of both technical skill and sentimental interest. The performance showed no change of manner in Mr. Gillette or his companions.

THE American, notwithstanding the September heat, got under quick and full headway with its new season of opera by the strengthened Castle Square Company. The commencement was with "Boccaccio," with a far more than generally competent cast, as in some of the members it was brilliant. New scenery had been provided and freshened costumes. A second season of unqualified success seems assured to this worthy and popular venture at popular prices.

At the Broadway Augustus Thomas in "The Meddler" has attempted the comedy of manners, character and verbal wit. His play is a fine answer to the charge that athletic farces are the limit which American writers are striving to reach. "The Meddler" fails only by a little to be a completely successful accomplishment. Mr. Thomas was so much concerned with language appropriate to the persons who spoke it that he was contemptuously indifferent of his story. The original merit of Mr. Thomas's comedy lies in the agreeable talk, the naturalness of the characters in their treatment of one another, and the sparkle which shows itself from time to time. He has a delicacy of imagination in scenes which hardly anybody else could have written. It is in his untheatrical views of his characters that his unique qualities are shown. "The Meddler" is a creditable attempt at the comedy of wit and manners. Nobody is more fitted than Mr. Thomas to make this form as popular here as it is in France. He lacks only the technique of the foreigners. Whether their plays be frothy or serious, the need of sound construction is recognized. The lightest of the contemporary French comedies have a framework built as carefully as though for a five-act melodrama.

THE KNICKERBOCKER's season began with "The Charlatan," by Charles Klein, to which J. P. Sousa contributed a wealth of melody, none catchy, perhaps, but all excellent. "The Charlatan" was admirably brought out. Nella Bergen was a too ample bride, but she sang in a way to win well-deserved applause. Alice Judson was pretty, quaint and pleasant as a girl in the disguise of a mischievous boy, afterward donning the garb of her sex. Alfred Klein was grotesque as the tragedian whom circumstances compelled to figure as a woman. No one would venture a rôle for Mr. Hopper without putting a great deal of hyperbole in it; also, passages in which he might berate his companions very volubly, besides opportunities for the extreme perturbation of cowardice. These essentials were all in the part of the fakir. He looked like the traditional devil in a horned cap, upturned mustaches, heavy eyebrows and long robe, when he first disclosed himself in the guise of his calling. Later, when he figured in the action as a pretended father of a princess, he wore an eccentric red wig and a French costume of the *directoire* period. At last he put on a convict's stripes. Mr. Hopper is an uncommonly able actor, with far more versatility than his public will let him utilize. He probably wants a change, but his audiences insist that he shall not make one.

ODDS AND ENDS.

IN these October days, when shooting is good, golf fine and yachting the very wine of sport, the devotees of every pastime on sea or land want apparel that will give comfort in its fullest sense. It is this quality that is possessed in high degree by Wright's health underwear. It is made of pure undyed wool, is soft to the flesh, and of light weight. It is an underwear that will wear, and it will wash without shrinking. Clothed with it, the lover of outdoors is ready for whatever comes.

TIME was when the crude work of the old-fashioned "stuffer" of birds and animals would satisfy the popular demand. To-day people know better, and only thoroughly artistic modern taxidermy is deemed worthy of recognition. Sportsmen wishing heads and trophies satisfactorily preserved should visit Messrs. Wm W. Hart & Co., of 47 East Twelfth street, New York City. Clever, artistic and up to date, this firm is very successful in the treatment of heads, antlers and the like. "The Challenge" shows an elk's head with an arrangement of small electric lights, which is at once beautiful and useful. This is only one of many attractive novelties by this firm.



THE justly celebrated firm of Parker Bros., of Meriden, Conn., has placed upon the market a new gun-barrel, which is especially suitable for shooting nitro powders. It has been named "Titanic" steel, and it closely resembles the Whitworth fluid pressed steel. It is a plain black barrel, and it will be found hard, tough and thoroughly reliable in every way. The brand of this firm upon a gun signifies that the arm is as perfect in shooting and wearing qualities as the best materials and labor can make it. One has but to turn to the scores of the more important matches to learn what the "old reliable" Parker gun is capable of.

A HUNTING trip is always entered upon with keener zest if one is sure he is well shod, so that there may be no fear of stones or briars, water, or anything else that is apt to lie in a sportsman's way. A shoe that gives the protection a hunter needs, together with the greatest comfort, is made by M. A. Smith & Son, of Philadelphia, and has been very aptly named the "Ideal Hunting Shoe." The practical knowledge of hundreds of critical sportsmen has been combined, in its manufacture, with the shoemaking skill of a half century. The result is a shoe as noiseless as an Indian's moccasin, as soft as a glove, and as strong as steel. In a word, it is just the shoe a sportsman needs in starting off on his fall hunting trip.

THE war has evoked many timely aids to the sick, and The Dr. Jaeger Co. received many valuable recommendations of their elastic abdominal bandages, a large quantity of which they furnished, free of charge, for distribution among our soldiers in the field. Many medical authorities gave their approval of the action, and have written favorably in regard to the benefit derived from the wearing of these bandages in the regions where fever attacks so many thousands of our soldiers. It is an invaluable adjunct to the hunter and camper.

OWNERS of fine guns, bicycles, skates, and other metallic sporting equipments will find a good friend in the "Champion" polishing fibre, which will preserve the attractive finish the goods had when they left the shop. The "Champion" polishes and cleans; it is cheap and always ready, and it wears well, with no powder, no paste, and no unpleasant odor. The use of this cleansing preparation is entirely free from all objectionable features. It is sold by the Champion Chemical Co., of 11 South Seventh street, Philadelphia, Pa. Consult advertisement in this issue.

THE well known firm of Hartley & Graham, 313-315 Broadway, New York, has secured a limited quantity of genuine Spanish Mauser repeating rifles, 7 mm. calibre, with knife, bayonets, and leather scabbards; also cavalry carbines, the same as used by the Spanish Army and largely by the Cubans. Samples of these arms, together with Mauser smokeless powder cartridges, may now be obtained of the firm. Messrs. Hartley & Graham can also supply samples of the U. S. Springfield rifle, 45 calibre, with angular bayonet and the cavalry carbine.

BICYCLISTS are finding something they have long looked for in the Corker Tires, viz., resiliency and practical non-puncturability. These tires have a narrow tread and an interlining of cork, which prevents punctures. So confident are the makers, The Clark Cycle Tire Company of Boston, that their tire is non-puncturable that they sell it with a six months' guarantee. As indicating the speed that is possible on this tire, Frank Waller, at Norwood, Mass., and Baltimore, Md., a few weeks ago lowered all the world road and track records from 1 to 24 hours, while riding Corker Tires. They seem, in fact, to be the tire of the future.

PLEASURE, TRAVEL AND RESORT.

QUAIL-SHOOTING is going to be fine in North Carolina this fall. Reports from all along the line of the Southern Railway in the State show that the birds are abundant. Their whizzing wings will give some rare sport during these October and November days. But North Carolina is by no means the only State in the South where hunters will find it worth their while to go. In all the States reached by the Southern Railway there is good shooting to be had. Sportsmen who are prompted to reach for their guns on this cheering information should first write to Mr. W. A. Turk, general passenger agent of the Southern, Washington, D. C., for a copy of "Shooting and Fishing in the South," which will be promptly sent to them. In it they will find the places where the game is plentiful and how to reach them, together with a great deal of other matter of practical value, relating to hotels, boarding-houses and farm-houses where one can find entertainment, the price of teams and guides, where needed, and the game laws of the various States. In fact, no sportsman should start South without this practical handbook as a guide.

DAME RUMOR is often untrustworthy, and there has been a great deal said in newspapers lately about the discontinuance of "The Lake Shore Limited," the New York Central's twenty-four-hour train between New York and Chicago. There is no truth in this rumor. "The Lake Shore Limited" will continue to run every day in the year over the New York Central and Hudson River and Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroads—the same tracks that carried the Exposition flyer between New York and Chicago in twenty hours for 175 days during the World's Fair. The New York Central and Hudson River Railroad have indeed in their fine train, popularly known as "The Lake Shore Limited," produced a service they may well be proud of. Every car is of great structural strength, is decorated with unexampled lavishness and fitted with every convenience and comfort that wit can conceive and money purchase. The observation car at the rear, with its outside platform of plate glass, is alone enough to mark these trains as among the wonders of railroad enterprise. Both the car and the platform are free to all passengers, and the grand panorama passing for hours, as viewed from this vantage ground, affords such varied and beautiful scenery as few other railroads in the world afford. Nor is the observation car alone in its perfection. The private compartment stateroom sleeping-cars, the parlor-cars, the buffet, smoking and library cars, make "The Lake Shore Limited" a service of unsurpassable comfort.

IN the golden autumn the mind naturally turns to vintages and thereby to the Germania Wine Cellars, of Rheims, N. Y., whose champagnes, still wines and brandies are world-renowned.

THE pneumatic principle has been applied to many forms where comfort and the loosening of the strain on the body are the desiderata; but

none of them equals in merit its application by the Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co. The mattresses made by this firm are invaluable for household use, for hotels, hospitals, steamships, yachts, sleeping-cars and for camping purposes. Its cushions obviate half the fatigue in the office, the carriage, the reclining chair, the row-boat and canoe. Their life and swimming collars will soon be found on every craft that floats, and their pneumatic cycle saddle is well named "Peerless."

UNRIVALED as a perfume and peerless in popularity is Murray & Lanman's Florida water. It is a veritable fountain of youth and an enduring delight. In the toilet and the bath of the athlete, the golfer and the huntsman it is as indispensable as refreshing.

"PURE" and "delicious" are well-earned terms fully justified when applied to that old-established favorite beverage, Walter Baker & Co.'s cocoa. Every traveler and sportsman knows the value of a cup of this refresher either at the beginning or the end of a long and wearing day.

THE Daimler Manufacturing Company announces that it has acquired all the real estate and personal property, plants, machinery, patent-rights and book-outstandings of the former Daimler Motor Company. The business will be continued with greatly enlarged facilities, and the present organization will devote every effort toward broadening its field and meeting the wishes of its many patrons.

PLEASANT wines, and medicinally valuable, too, are those of the Pleasant Valley Wine Co., of Rheims, N. Y. A medical man a few days back testified from Philadelphia: "I have had marked curative results in the use of 'Great Western Champagne,' made by your company, following the most severe attacks of 'cholera morbus,' toning up the stomach, bringing back its vigor and promoting appetite. One of the worst cases of this disease I have ever seen was under my care a few weeks ago. Though all the symptoms had been subdued by proper treatment, yet the patient, who had not partaken of food for two days, was fully restored as to appetite and strength in a most surprising manner by sipping small glasses of the 'Great Western,' made very cold by placing on ice. Observing this, I wish to inquire if you have any literature on the subject of the manner in which your brand of champagne is made, and the particular grape used. If so, please communicate with me, as I am interested in the matter not only in this particular case, but in several others of a like character where it has been put to the test. Very truly yours, C. Carleton Smith."

SPORTSMEN who love the scenery of the fall can pass through no better gateway to the Adirondacks in its coming glory than by the Rutland Railroad and its connections, and those who choose this portal of pleasure to the autumn glories will be rewarded a thousand-fold.



Campers and Yachtsmen

can have home comforts by providing themselves with our "PERFECTION" AIR MATTRESSES and CUSHIONS. Waterproof—Light—Convenient. Made in any shape or size desired.

Illustrated catalogue sent free on application.

MECHANICAL FABRIC CO.,
Air-Goods Department. PROVIDENCE, R. I.

**BORDEN'S.
CONDENSED
COFFEE.
THE
EAGLE BRAND**

An ideal preparation of Coffee for tourists, sportsmen and exploration parties. The finest grades of coffee combined with Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and sugar. Ready for use by diluting with water. If you cannot obtain it from your dealer write to the manufacturers.

PUT UP IN ONE POUND CANS.
NEW YORK CONDENSED MILK CO.
NEW YORK CITY

Chicago Office, 8 Wabash Avenue

Star Shirts



**ZEPHYR,
SCOTCH FLANNEL,
CAMBRIDGE,
MATTING OXFORD.**

The Best Goods Made. For sale by dealers everywhere.



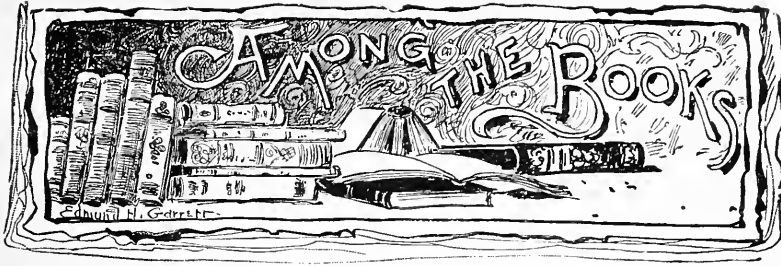
HUTCHINSON, PIERCE & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS.

THE STAR NEGLIGE SHIRT

TRADE MARK.

OXFORD & ZEPHYR

THE BEST MADE



"BICYCLE REPAIRING," by S. D. V. Burr. Illustrated.

After being able to ride with ease and comfort, the next most necessary accomplishment of a cyclist is to be able to appreciate exactly what has happened on a break-down and to see that the mechanic into whose hands the machine is placed also understands. To teach this knowledge and to apply it is the object of Mr. Burr's work, and it does it admirably. That a fourth edition should be called for is testimony sufficient on this point.

[DAVID WILLIAMS & Co., N. Y.]

"THE DAY'S WORK," by Rudyard Kipling, author of "Plain Tales from the Hills," "The Seven Seas," "The Jungle Books," etc.

The publishers of this collection of Kipling's prose stories have rendered a service to many who have already perused them in periodicals of the day, and to thousands who failed to see them in that fugitive stage of existence. They vary in their value as widely as in their subject and locale, but all bear the impress of the master's hand. None other could have indited "The Maltese Cat," the story of a polo match in India, or "The Walking Delegate," a shrewd and powerful criticism of the labor problem and trades unionism, in the guise of a horse story from the pastures of New England, or "William the Conqueror," a vivid pen picture of a corner of Madras in famine time, or, still more remarkable, "The Tomb of His Ancestors," an Indian military and tribal story of rare acuteness. Some of the other stories, such as "Bread Upon the Water" and "The Ship That Found Itself," are already classics. It may interest some readers to know that this volume will be sent, postpaid, to any address, on approval.

[DOUBLEDAY & McCLURE Co., N. Y.]

THE latest "little business book" of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co. is exceedingly acceptable. In these stirring times this company fills a position of stern need to the Government, but this complete catalogue is far from being exclusively a description of munitions of war. U. M. C. loaded and paper shells, which have increased so rapidly in popular favor, occupy an important place. Cartridges of every kind are so classified that each variety can readily be found. Among the new goods are grease-proof and smokeless card wads of improved material, for use over nitro-powders, and smokeless-powder cartridges in a large variety of calibres and styles. This exhaustive little book will be mailed to any address upon application to the New York office of the company, 313 Broadway.

"THE TROUT," with chapters on breeding by Colonel F. H. Custance, and cookery, by Alexander Innes Shand. Illustrated.

This, the latest of the Fin, Fur and Feather Series, meets the need for plain and interesting methods of description and education in the gentle art of luring from lovely streams the much fished-for and wonderfully wary trout. It was in its design prepared for English fishermen, but the ubiquitous trout of all our streams has the character of its British congenitor, and what is true of Derbyshire and Hampshire is equally applicable to Long Island and the trout streams of Pennsylvania. The chapters on breeding and the illustrations will help those, and there should be many, who would fain see our own depleted waters restocked. May the day be hastened by this publication.

[LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., N. Y.]

"THE BOYS WITH OLD HICKORY," by Everett T. Tomlinson. Illustrated.

This volume, which concludes the War of 1812 Series, covers the closing period of that struggle. The author, in his writing for young people, does not aim to be entertaining alone; and having studied boys carefully during his association with them as a teacher, he knows well how to arouse and maintain their interest while he depicts historical events on sea and land, and gives them correct views of the same. In the present volume they follow the further adventures of the Field and Spicer boys and Captain Jim, and make the acquaintance of "Old Hickory" and Jean Lafitte, the leader of the Baratarians. The heroes have their first experience on the ocean, taking passage on a privateer for the Gulf of Mexico, and after many adventures take part in the battle of New Orleans, of which a vivid description is given.

[LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, Mass.]

"MISTRESS NANCY MOLESWORTH, A TALE OF ADVENTURE," by Joseph Hocking, author of "The Birthright," etc.

Mr. Hocking has made himself widely known in England as a writer of dashing tales of adventure, and this story is perhaps more finished and convincing than anything he has yet done. The scene is laid in Cornwall in the days when the Pretender's claims were setting half of England in a ferment, and when romance was an every-day reality. Roger Trevanion and his desperate effort to retrieve his squandered fortunes—an effort in which he finds something better even than his ancestral estate—make a tale whose interest is absorbing and continuous.

[DOUBLEDAY & McCLURE Co., N. Y.]



THE SUMMER GIRL.

THE summer girl is coming home,
All brown and plump and rosy,
Prepared to make the winter seem
Extremely nice and cozy.

The flush of health is in her cheeks,
With fun her eyes are dancing ;
The flush of conquest in her heart
Makes life seem most entrancing.

She's bathed and danced and walked and sailed,
And read a book and flirted,
Till, to the young men she has left,
The whole world seems deserted.

Ah ! soon she'll be the winter girl,
And we shall bow before her,
For she was made to be adored,
And therefore we adore her.

—T. M., in *Truth*.

HIS JUST DESERTS.

SOUTHERN JUSTICE: Yo' are charged with stealin' youah neighbor's coon-dawg, suh ; but as the temptation is ve'y great, 'specially at this time of yeah, I shall on'y fine yo' one dollah, suh.

SHERIFF: Youah Honah, he is charged with shootin' his neighbor's coon-dawg—not stealin' it.

SOUTHERN JUSTICE: Yo' fiend fum Hades ! I fine yo' ten thousan' dollahs an' send yo' to State's prison fo' fifty yeahs ; an' the Sheriff will *not* exercise undue vigilance to prevent a lynchin', either, suh !—*Puck*.

ECONOMY IS A REVENUE.

MRS. YOUNGWON: George, you know that twenty dollahs you gave me to buy a hat ?

MR. YOUNGWON: Yes, dear.

MRS. YOUNGWON: Well, I've saved the money.

MR. YOUNGWON: How ? I see you're wearin' a new hat.

MRS. YOUNGWON: In order to be economical, George, I kept the twenty dollahs for pin-money and had the hat charged.—*Roxbury Gazette*.

"SPEAKING of getting a tooth pulled," said the Cornfed Philosopher, "that is one instance where a man is bound to stay and see the thing out."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

EMPLOYER: What ! I've just agreed to give you every Saturday as a holiday, and now you want an increase of salary ?

EMPLOYEE: Yes, sir, so I can enjoy my holiday.—*Polichinelle*.

"You children turn up your noses at everything on the table. When I was a boy I was glad to get enough dry bread."

"I say, pa, you are having a better time of it now you are living with us !" replied Tommy, consolingly.—*Northern Budget*.

MORE EXCITING.

SHE: Do you like MacLaren's stories ?

HE: No. I prefer golf. It's better exercise and not so hard to understand.—*Truth*.

THE DIZZIEST HEIGHT OF VALOR.

NO LAUREL wreath entwine for me,
My very name posterity
Shall never know. And yet, without
The slightest shadow of a doubt,
A hero brave, triumphant, free,
I've this day proved myself to be.

Not in the battle's crimson fray,
Not in the sight of men, I say ;
That which I did was braver far
Than any fearful feat of war—
Than any deed which song or book
Perpetuates. *I fired the cook.*

—*Truth*.

TEACHER: What is an island ?

JOHNNY TELLER: A body of land entirely surrounded by war-ships, ma'am.—*Judge*.

"BLYKINS has his own way in his house."

"Yes. But his wife always tells him what it is going to be beforehand."—*Exchange*.

MADAM: Mary, I do not approve of your entertaining your sweetheart in the kitchen.

MARY: Well, ma'am, it's very kind of you ; but he's too shy to come into the drawing-room.—*Tit-Bits*.

OUR THEATRICAL PLAYGROUND.

THE literary critics are rending the air with the relative merits and demerits of the rival translations of Edmund Rostand's French melodrama, "Cyrano de Bergerac," and apostrophizing to their hearts' content on this or that defect in the English rendering, or this or that beauty in the original, mainly, as it would appear, to air their own superior knowledge of the Gallic tongue; but however divided on this point, they unite forces in praise of the rendering of the character of the graceless Gascon by Mr. Mansfield at the Garden Theatre. It is no small thing to essay comparisons with Coquelin, but to have done so and succeeded is evidence of high merit. *Cyrano* would test the versatility, ability and stagecraft of the most accomplished actor; to add to that the need to compare with the great French master is to place a burden that might easily be beyond the strength of most. And yet it is rather by creating a new *Cyrano* that Mansfield has achieved his great success. Through each act he grew in power and intensity. From the quaintness, sometimes bordering on buffoonery, in the first and second acts, the exquisite appealingness of the third, the rattle of the camp in the fourth, to the last scene, where, old and worn, he comes to the feet of *Roxane*, he rose step by step in power and in public estimation. The play, although bringing into use half a century of characters, really revolves round four: *Cyrano*, a Gascon of the Gascons, quaint, irritable, arrogant, passionate and poor, secretly in love with *Roxane*, a beautiful "leading lady" of the period, who will have none of him, being enamored deeply with a soldier brave named *Christian*. Of course she is pursued by the relentless stage villain, in the guise of a noble, bad man, or rather a bad nobleman, through three acts, and ends by marrying *Christian*. Such a skeleton sketch as this, however, does no justice to the brilliant, volatile and inspiring play. Indeed, it is one of those compositions and representations that defy analysis and will not be represented other than to the senses on the stage. To all who seek the intellectual enjoyment of the highest form of melodrama and dramatic art, we say, go thou to the Garden and see and hear *Cyrano* Mansfield and his very able supporters.

FRANCIS WILSON is the good fairy of New York playgoers, if such a term can be applied to so material a body. At any rate, it has the attribute of truth, inasmuch as it is the function of a good fairy to make everybody happy. That is what the appearance of Francis Wilson does. We say appearance advisedly, because it is so. 'Tis no matter, or at least not much matter, what are the words of the play or what are the times to which some of it is set; Francis Wilson's fun is what the bulk of the audience have come for, and they get it at the Broadway in "The Little Corporal." Those who expect to find the Napoleonic hero in the flesh will be disappointed. Those who go to enjoy the passing hour under the magic influence of their old-time favorite will get their reward in kind. The story of "The Little Corporal" is clearer than is usual in comic opera. *Petitpas* is a

faithful Breton, who pretends to be a Republican in order to save the old castle and its treasure for his master, the exiled *Marquis de St. André*. He loves *Jacqueline*, but she has exchanged places with her mistress, *Adèle de Tourville*, and he thinks her far above him. The *Marquis* returns, and the royalist party are carried off to Egypt by the rough riders of Napoleon's army. There the *Marquis* is discovered to be an aristocrat, but a new uniform for Napoleon happens to be handy; *Petitpas* puts it on, is mistaken by the troops for "The Little Corporal," and saves his friends.

JOHN DREW, at the Empire, is meeting with the support he has so long and well earned. His present venture is "The Liars," by Henry Arthur Jones. It is a graceful comedy, if indeed that title is not too light for a theme that borders at times on the tragic. It is the old, old story; a foolish young matron who contemplates eloping, but becomes reconciled to her equally foolish and neglectful husband. Mr. Drew, as in the "Squire of Dames," is the good genius who prevents the climax of mutual misery. It is not by any means a character that calls upon Mr. Drew for his utmost, as did "The Bauble Shop," nor will it be handed down, like that, as one of the cherished traditions of the American stage, but in what he has to do he shows the subtle art and grace of a comedian whose place is individual and unrivaled.

KOSTER & BIAL's gather around them each fall the pick of the foreign vaudeville stars, and their patrons, whose tastes they know so well, will be regaled through all the winter nights with just the fare for their palate. Koster & Bial's is one of the off-nights for every visitor to Gotham, and many a New Yorker finds there the pleasure and diversion that a hard-worked brain requires. Koster & Bial do not burden their *clientèle* with problem plays.

DALY'S "Runaway Girl" is staying long. Beginning on the 25th of August, it still holds the boards, with no apparent falling off of satisfied patrons. There is scarce wonder for this, for it is bright and clear in story, the music is melodious, and the company, all round, satisfactory. It is a two-act musical play by Seymour Hicks and Harry Nichols, the music by Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton, the lyrics by Aubrey Hopwood and Harry Greenbank.

AT Wallack's Alice Neilsen was fortunate in starting her starring with the acceptable "Fortune Teller." The engagements of the Neilsen Opera Company will fill Wallack's, to all appearance, far into, if not through, the winter—a certain sign of meritorious renderings of good opera. Miss Neilsen plays the dual rôle of *Irma* and *Musette*, and the story is based on the amusing complications which ensue from the resemblance of *Irma*, the heroine (Miss Neilsen), to her twin brother, *Fedor*, a lieutenant of hussars, and to *Musette*, a gypsy girl. To escape from an odious marriage *Irma* dons her brother's clothes, and very dapper Miss Neilsen looked in the second finale brandishing her sword in the uniform of the Red Hussars.

ODDS AND ENDS.

THE quality of anything invariably regulates its price. It is a reasonable presumption that, all else being equal, the thing which costs the most is the best.

This is particularly true of Champagne, the wholesale prices of which are regulated for the entire world by the London market, in which the greatest connoisseurs and most discriminating judges are engaged. There Pommery invariably sells at a higher price than any other Champagnes. This is proof positive that it is considered by the best judges to be superior. In America its retail price is usually the same as other brands, but those familiar with the facts appreciate that they are getting better value for their money if they order Pommery.

LADIES who love to swing the golf club and handle the tennis racquet, or who are interested in any other of the diversions of outdoors, are always glad to know of a thoroughly high quality glove for street or evening wear. The Marvex Glove, made from the very highest quality of kid skins by the best glove makers of Europe, will admirably meet every requirement. It is remarkable for its easy and graceful fitting, and it is to be had in the most delicate shades. It is sold exclusively in America by B. Altman & Co., of New York.

THE output of Bailey's "Won't Slip" tire during the present year has been so satisfactory to the makers, and given so much satisfaction to the riders, that the manufacturers have been able to announce a reduction in their price—pretty good evidence of success.

THE DAIMLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S new catalogue of gasoline motors for boats, carriages, quadricycles, fire engines, street railways and vehicles of all kinds, as well as for stationary, manufacturing and other purposes, is picturesque and startling with novelties in application of modern inventions to practical purposes.

GOERZ'S TRIEDER BINOCULAR is indeed wonderful as a field and opera glass. It has eight or ten times the power of the old style, is small in size, and such a glass is simply indispensable for sportsmen, yachtsmen, travelers, for regattas and races, the track, the field and the theatre. Send to C. P. Goerz, Union square, New York, for descriptive catalogue.

No powder, no paste, no odors when polishing with the "Champion" polishing fibre, of the Champion Chemical Co., of Philadelphia. Cyclists, golfers, sportsmen, yachtsmen, and all who take a pride in the cleanliness, the brightness of the metal work, will appreciate it.

THE dog in captivity demands humane treatment and the modification of the ills that dogs are heir to. To keep your dog free from disease and in the pink of condition use "Sanitas" sawdust and softsoap. They are kennel necessities that no wise dog-owner or dog-lover will ever be without.

TROPHIES and prizes, artistic and appropriate, add value to the most cherished victory, and hand it down as a family inheritance. The Gorham Mfg. Co. pay special attention to this branch of the silversmith's art. Their established position as manufacturers of standard silver and sterling goods enables them to do so with assurance of perfection and economy.

THAT deservedly successful firm, the Hunter Arms Company, of Fulton, New York, has just issued a very neat catalogue, which contains much useful information for those who believe in strictly high-class guns like the famous "L. C. Smith." The \$60 ejector, with Damascus barrels, is a very popular gun. The new nitro-steel barrels and crown-steel barrels also have found marked favor among leading sportsmen. Every user of an "L. C. Smith" is its friend for life, and it is a pleasure to note that the Hunter Arms Company has never been busier than this month.

AMERICAN wines no longer need fear comparison with the best imported. Doubters on this point can be convinced by sending \$5 50 to the Germania Wine Cellars, of Hammondspport, N. Y., for a sample case, which will include, amongst other good things, some of their Grand Imperial Sec. The products of this company can well be left to speak for themselves.

BE the huntsman ever so circumspect he will be betrayed if he has not a noiseless boot. The ideal boot for still hunting is "The Ideal," manufactured by M. A. Smith & Son, of Philadelphia, Pa. They are made of the softest and toughest leather, will never harden, and are practically indestructible.

INDORSED by men of affairs, by artists, statesmen, singers, writers, scientists, and hosts in every land whose brains and bodies alike weary under excessive strain, Vin Mariani, for its nourishing, strengthening and refreshing qualities, is a tonic of deserved fame. Send for album of indorsements to Mariani & Co., New York.

By extending to coffee the principle so successfully applied to condensing milk, Bordens have met the wants of hunters, campers, yachtsmen, and all who go afield or afloat for business or pleasure. "The Eagle Brand" is known from Alaska to Patagonia, and appreciated as widely as known.

AIR in the place of solid substances for mattresses and cushions saves space, and provides comforts never before obtainable in camp or afloat. The Mechanical Fabric Co.'s mattresses are inflated in no time with a foot pump, and when deflated packed away in next to no space.

"HELPS IN BRAZING" are helps in a material point of manufacture. The Dixon Crucible Co. have just issued a pamphlet which all manufacturers should have, treating incidentally of brazing graphite, the application of which to bicycle tubes prevents the adherence of the spelter and effects a very considerable saving both in labor and in gas.

PLEASURE, TRAVEL AND RESORT.

THE Southern Railway Co.'s acumen and enterprise have done a notable service to the South, indeed to the whole country, by the publication of "The Empire of the South," its resources, industries and resorts. It is full in matter and illustrations, typographically perfect and elegant enough for a gift book. As an exposition of the resources and development of the South it is of more than local interest.

FOR the greatest ducking grounds in the world take the beautiful new steamships of the Old Dominion Line. They will take you to Currituck Sound, Chesapeake Bay, Albemarle Sound, the James River, and to all the gunning resorts of Virginia, West Virginia and North Carolina. Send to the Traffic Manager, New York, for *Pilot*, containing a description of short and delightful trips.

BEAN'S New Departure Trunk, manufactured at 73 Haverhill street, Boston, Mass., is a capital thing for campers, sportsmen and those who cross the ocean frequently. As a wall trunk, too, it possesses marked advantages. When closed, at first glance it appears like an ordinary flat-topped trunk, thoroughly well made and unusually strongly metaled. It can be opened without moving it from the object against which it rests or interfering with anything hanging above. By an ingenious device the open cover stands only about eight inches above the trunk body; it closes automatically, and no matter in what position it be dropped, the corner irons must receive the jar. A special style is made for sportsmen.

CONTINUANCE in cruising testifies the public appreciation, and again the Hamburg-American line announce a winter cruise to the Orient, of their superb twin-screw express steamer *Auguste Victoria*. Leaving New York January 26th, the cruise continues till the 3d of April. The itinerary includes Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Genoa, Villefranche (Nice), Syracuse (Sicily), Malta, Alexandria (Cairo and the Pyramids), Jaffa (Jerusalem, the Jordan and Dead Sea), Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, Palermo, Naples, Genoa, and return to New York.

WITH the first sign of color in the home forests, Bermuda rises to the mind of thousands as their haven from the coming strain. The Princess Hotel is opening its doors again and inviting its old patrons and many a new one to the comforts of home and the serenity, balminess and beauty of Hamilton and its surroundings. The finely appointed steamers of the Quebec line leave New York fortnightly until January 1st; after that, weekly.

"THE luxury of modern railway travel" is a fact on the New York Central and Hudson River system, yet the indefatigable general passenger agent has thought it worth while to explain in a pamphlet, which can be obtained for two cents, exactly the manner of it. There is nothing to equal it in all Europe, is the curt, voluntary, but truthful testimony of an American traveler.

THE ROYAL BLUE LINE has just issued No. 1 of second volume of the "Book of the Royal Blue," a worthy exponent, published monthly by the company, and guide to the commercial, historical and scenic features of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The text is interesting and useful, and the illustrations of the highest character. The "Book of the Royal Blue" should be in the hands of all travelers.

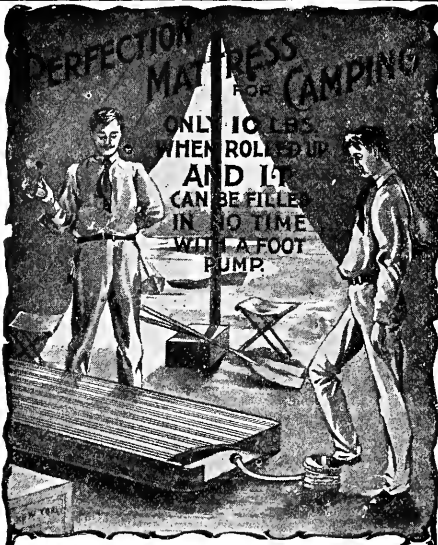
THE Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., Reading, Mass., have contracted with the International Navigation Co. to equip the *City of Paris* and *City of New York* (formerly the *Yale* and *Harvard*) with their Pneumatic Mattress, thus insuring their patrons not only a luxurious but a life-saving mattress. It is this progressiveness on the part of the management that makes the American Line so popular.

THOSE exceedingly clever taxidermists, Messrs. Wm. W. Hart & Co., of 47 East 12th street, have received a number of grand deer heads from northern points. The antlers are running unusually large and fine. Among the finer heads are a few in the velvet, which would indicate a later than ordinary completion of the antler-growing process. The firm's showrooms are now filled with beautiful work, and many rare specimens are on view.

DUCK and grouse shooting this season has been much better than the average at many Western points, and the cream of Minnesota, Dakota, Wisconsin and Iowa grounds is best reached by the popular Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway. This line caters to sportsmen. Dogs are carried free, and every attention is paid to patrons. Elegantly appointed trains afford every possible comfort, and they take you to shooting-grounds unsurpassed. A neat little publication gives all useful information as to distances, guides, expenses, etc. For a copy, write to T. W. Teasdale, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., or to any agent of the company.

SUCCESSFUL trapping, while one of the most fascinating of occupations for the man who combines the spirit of observation with the knowledge of wild things and their ways, yet depends to a very great degree upon the excellence of the traps. The standard steel traps of the Oneida Community are quick, smooth-working, strong, and perfectly adapted to their purpose. In addition to traps the Community make all kinds of steel chains, silver-plated ware, sewing silk, and are large packers of canned fruits and vegetables.

FOR all banes there is an antidote provided by nature. The difficulty under modern conditions is to find it. The Buffalo Lithia Water from the Virginia Springs has approved itself to thousands, upon whose good word its reputation is broadly and securely based. It needs but little else than to insure the circulation of their testimony to assure its wider use.



Campers and Yachtsmen

can have home comforts by providing themselves with our "PERFECTION" AIR MATTRESSES AND CUSHIONS. Waterproof—Light—Convenient. Made in any shape or size desired.

Illustrated catalogue sent free on application.

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Air-Goods Department. PROVIDENCE, R. I.

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CONDENSED
COFFEE.
THE
EAGLE BRAND**

An ideal preparation of Coffee for tourists, sportsmen and exploration parties. The finest grades of coffee combined with Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and sugar. Ready for use by diluting with water. If you cannot obtain it from your dealer write to the manufacturers.

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NEW YORK CITY
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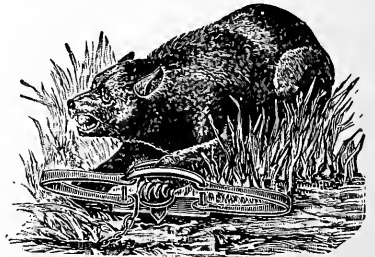
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Stiff, Strong Traps, carefully made and carefully tested.

See the Special Sizes in our Catalogue for Otter and for Wolves.

If you are trapping for business, get traps you can be sure of. Ask for Newhouse or Hawley & Norton, or write to the makers,

Oneida Community, Ltd.,
KENWOOD, N. Y.



"NAVIGATION AND NAUTICAL ASTRONOMY," by the late J. H. C. Coffin, professor of astronomy, navigation and surveying at the U. S. Naval Academy. Revised by Commander Charles Belknap, U. S. Navy.

That another edition of so highly technical, yet so indispensable a work as this, should be called for, is evidence of its popularity amongst those who go down to the sea. Time has necessitated a thorough revision, and Commander Belknap has performed the task with accuracy and fullness of scientific knowledge. The work has been brought fully up to date, all the examples being based on the ephemeris of 1898. Sailors and yachtsmen will welcome this new edition of an old friend.

[D. VAN NOSTRAND CO., N. Y.]

A "WORLD OF GREEN HILLS," observations of nature and human nature in the Blue Ridge, by Bradford Torrey.

Mr. Torrey's pen and style are so well known and highly appreciated that it needs only to say here that he has gathered in this volume, in handy form, many old friends from various sources. North Carolina and Virginia are his favorite haunts, and the six tours and chapters of "A World of Green Hills" disclose the reasons, and they are good ones. One wishes that "A Nook in the Alleghenies" were available for one's daily resting-place, and "In Quest of Ravens" the occupation.

[HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston and N. Y.]

"THE BOOK OF THE OCEAN," by Ernest Ingersoll. Illustrated.

This is a capital gift-book for boys and girls and a storehouse for the elders, full of information on scientific subjects, told in a way so attractive that the acquisition is a pleasure. The mere recital of some of the subjects covered is sufficient guarantee of the scope of the work. "The Ocean and Its Origin," "Waves, Tides and Currents," "The Building and Rigging of Ships," "Early Voyages and Explorations," "The Frozen North," "War Ships and Naval Battles," "The Merchants and Robbers of the Sea," "The Fishing Industries," and "Sea Plants," open a vista wide enough for the outpouring of the vast accumulation of facts and the flow of instructive idealism which are Mr. Ingersoll's special recommendation as a writer for the edification and delight of the rising generation and their forebears.

[N. Y. CENTURY Co.]

"HOME GAMES AND PARTIES," by various authors, and here edited by Mrs. Hamilton Mott, with a chapter on light refreshments for evening company by Mrs. S. T. Rorer.

This collection of miscellaneous games and amusements gives, in an exceedingly small space and handy size for the pocket, a mass of valuable information specially desirable for the coming season, although they range wide, from "Ring Games and Frolics" to "Home Parties for Children" and "Lawn Parties and Outdoor Fêtes," "Tableaux Arranging" and "Etiquette."

[DOUBLEDAY & McCLURE Co., N. Y.]

"FOUR-FOOTED AMERICANS AND THEIR KIN," by Mabel Osgood Wright. Edited by Frank M. Chapman and illustrated by Ernest Seton Thompson.

Under this somewhat fanciful title is hidden away the fact that this is a book in which the four-footed animals, wild and indigenous to our hills, plains and waters, are scientifically described in popular language and depicted by a master pencil. The grouping is sometimes erratic, but the truthfulness of the touch and accuracy of Mr. Thompson's drawings is most praiseworthy. Nothing equal to them has hitherto appeared, and were it for them alone this is a book for all nature lovers to be thankful for.

[THE MACMILLAN CO., N. Y.]

"UNDER DEWEY AT MANILA, OR THE WAR FORTUNES OF A CASTAWAY," by Edward Stratemeyer. Cloth. Illustrated.

In martial interest the story of Larry Russell and his fortunes, resulting in heroic service on the *Olympia*, reminds us of the famous "Army and Navy Series," by Oliver Optic. The sea stories that have so charmed young and old are to a certain extent obsolete, and Mr. Stratemeyer shows what a boy would find on a battleship of to-day. This, combined with a vivid and accurate description of the memorable contest at Cavite and the store of historical and geographical information skillfully presented, gives the book vitality and opportuneness. The chapter telling the story of Admiral Dewey's life is of special interest. The hero, while full of a life and vigor that render him abundantly able to take care of himself in his perilous adventures, is manly, true, and clean throughout, rendering the book wholesome as well as thrilling.

[LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, Mass.]



A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

SUITOR: I fear it is a great presumption on my part, sir, to aspire to your daughter's hand, as I only keep a shop.

HER FATHER: That does not matter, young man; the question is, does the shop keep you?—*Exchange*.

THE ARTFUL DODGER.

"Grandpa," said Kathleen, very seriously, "I want to ask your advice."

"Yes, darling. What is it?" asked the old gentleman.

"I want to know what you think it will be best for you to give me on my birthday."—*Tit-Bits*.

REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

Tears are more powerful with a lover than a club can ever hope to be with a husband.

A man who expects to do all his wife's thinking might as well marry a fool.

Married women will sob out their unhappiness on a girl's shoulder, and the next week ask her why she doesn't get married.

Womankind suffers from three delusions: marriage will reform a man, a rejected lover is heart-broken for life, and if the other woman were only out of the way he would come back.

A man will make a comrade of the woman who stimulates him to higher achievement; he will love the one who makes herself a mirror for his vanity.—*Myrtle Reed in Judge*.

NATURALLY.

MRS. YOUNGLOVE: These women who write about how husbands should be managed—do you suppose they manage their husbands any better than we do?

MRS. ELDERS: Do I? Why, pshaw, child! don't you know they haven't any husbands?—*Brooklyn Life*.

HARD-EARNED LAURELS.

"I understand that our friend now rejoices in the title of Colonel."

"Yes," replied Major Mott, rather disparagingly; "but he had to go to war to get it."—*Washington Star*.

"I asked her if she thought she could learn to love me. She said she couldn't, because she was already studying Spanish and learning to swim."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"We girls have been slumming."

"Yes?"

"Such dreadful poverty! We discovered a family whose bicycles had had no repairs whatever for more than a week."—*Detroit Journal*.

MRS. SPOOKS: Spooks said it was as much as his life was worth to go into that museum; and I guess he was right.

MRS. SNOOKS: What was the admission?

MRS. SPOOKS: A dime.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

A STORMY RUSH.

When fathers jump up and they holler,

"Here, Jim! you rascal, you scamp!"

And hustle you round by the collar,

And waggle their canes and stamp,

You can laugh right out at the riot—

They like to be sass'd and dared;

But when they say, "James," real quiet—

Oo—oo—that's the time to be scared!

—*St. Nicholas*.

SPOILED HIS CANDIDACY.

MRS. BARRENLANDS (*in Kansas*): So you got the nomination for the Legislature? I thought Thistlefields was workin' hard for it.

BARRENLANDS: He was, but I took a lung-tester right into the caucus and challenged him to a contest on the thing. That settled his case. Why, that feller couldn't blow a candle out without gettin' within two feet of it.—*Judy*.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

AUTHOR: Supposing this play should turn out a success?

ACTOR: I will pay you, and give it out that I am the author.

AUTHOR: Supposing that it should fall flat?

ACTOR: You will be the author.

AUTHOR: Supposing it should do neither one nor the other?

ACTOR: The good things will be mine, and the bad ones yours.—*Harlem Life*.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

How oft deluded people are,

And have been since the fall.

It's the man who really knows the least

That thinks he knows it all,

And the girl who thinks she sings the best

Whose voice is but a squall.

—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

OUR THEATRICAL PLAYGROUND.

HILARITY has its home at the Madison Square Theatre, and "On and Off" can claim comparison with any of its sidesplitting predecessors. Indeed, there is more plot and coherence, with no loss of vivacity, in "On and Off" than in many of the successes that have gone before. It is from the French, but its application is wider than its origin, for the complications and perturbations of wandering husbands are limited to no country and no time. Of course, as should be, it all ends happily, and everybody is reconciled; but there are bad quarters of an hour for *George Godfrey*, who continues after his marriage the gallantries of his days of more freedom and less responsibility. To obtain the opportunities for playing his double life he pretends he has become a conductor of a sleeping car. Unfortunately for him, he has assumed the name of a real live conductor, who seeks out the wife and conducts her to her faithless spouse, at the home of the lady of his attentions. To describe the complications rising from this situation would be to take off the edge of the pleasure of attendance. Suffice it that the play is rattling comedy, most excellent fooling, and entirely well played. To miss "On and Off" is to miss one of the most legitimate comedies of the season and the heartiest laugh of many a year. Mr. Charles Frohman deserves well of the theatre-going public for staging so good a play and introducing a company so excellent all around. More of such combinations would be welcomed by a public long suffering from the exaggerated radiance of "stars" not always of the first magnitude.

THE English translation of M. Henri Lavedan's comedy, "Catherine," at the Garrick Theatre, was one of the notable dramatic events of the month. It is not often that there is gathered in one company so many sterling favorites as are comprised in the following cast:

Duke de Coutras.....	Frank Worthing
George Mantel.....	Joseph Holland
M. Vallon.....	W. J. Le Moyne
Baron Frouard.....	J. G. Saville
M. Lucas.....	Robert Hickman
Frederic.....	Francis Sedgwick
Paul.....	Gretta Carr
Duchesse de Coutras.....	Sarah Cowell Le Moyne
Catherine Vallon.....	Annie Russell
Helene, Viscountess de Grissolles.....	Elsie De Wolfe
Baroness Frouard.....	Dora Goldthwaite
Madeleine de Coutras.....	Ethel Barrymore
Blanche Vallon.....	May Buckley
Jeanne.....	Georgie Mendum
Louise.....	Marion Kirk

Seldom has an author the good fortune to be so well presented. Even a weak play would have stood a fair chance of popularity by such association. But "Catherine" is not a weak play. On the contrary, it is a highly idealized and ingenious comedy, and with Annie Russell in the title rôle of the poor piano teacher, all ideality and sweetness, the author's intentions received the highest possible interpretation. Indeed, it is the apparent excess of devotion to her husband, and amiability on her part, after her marriage with the *Duke de Coutras*, that

makes the little rift within the lute upon which the main action depends. Elsie De Wolfe, as *Helene, Viscountess de Grissolles*, is the archtempstress who improves the occasion, and whose wiles for a time jeopardize the domestic harmony. The mother of the hero was delightfully depicted by Sarah Cowell Le Moyne, who divided with the heroine well-deserved honors. Indeed, it is hard, if not harsh, to specialize where all rendered, even to the smallest part, their mite to a general excellence seldom attained. "Catherine" may be marked down as another of the Garrick successes.

THE dramatic fashions of the day are sure to have their reflex and amusing counterpart at Weber & Fields', the emporium of merry-makers, to whom no play is too serious to become a source of mirth. "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "The Christian" are both successes sure to attract and provoke the humor masters who wield the pen that satisfies and amuses Weber & Fields' never-ending patrons. To be the subject of their good-tempered satire is a mark that any play has reached success.

STRONG situations, violent passions, moving scenes, pathos, and a plenty of it, are the ingredients that go to the making of a melodrama after the taste of those whose dramatic shrine is the old favorite Academy of Music. In "Sporting Life" all these are combined in unstinted measure, and represented with a force that adds to their realization. That "Sporting Life" meets the needs of many thousands is evidenced by its prolonged career. That it is a sterling and startling melodrama of the old familiar type of the Academy is its recommendation and its strength.

THE regular season of the Lyceum stock company on the 22d of November introduced the first of a series of new plays, a comedy in four acts by A. W. Pinero, entitled "Trelawney of the Wells." The company for the season of 1898-99 will include Mary Manning, Hilda Spong, Mrs. Walcot, Mrs. Whiffen, Katharine Florence, Elizabeth Tyree, Helma Nelson, Ethel Hornick, Rachel Ford, Adelaide Keim, and Messrs. Edward Morgan, Charles Walcot, William Courtleigh, Felix Morris, George C. Boniface, Jos. Wheelock, Jr., Henry Woodruff, John Findlay, C. W. Butler, Grant Stewart, Thomas Whiffen, E. H. Wilkinson and others. The public of New York have ever a warm welcome for the regular company of the Lyceum.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON's season at the Fifth Avenue has been followed by a striking change of bill. From "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Rivals" to "The Runaway Girl" is a leap indeed. Yet both find favor, or "The Runaway Girl's" long career at Daly's would not have needed the welcome asylum of its neighbor theatre, the Fifth Avenue. In its new home the play has lost none of its sparkle, and it seems as if the season would be old before the "Girl" did actually run away from Gotham.

ODDS AND ENDS.

HOW VALUES ARE ESTABLISHED.—In London, the recognized center of the wholesale champagne trade, the prices of all brands are regulated solely by quality. This is established by the leading judges and connoisseurs of the world. That in this market, under such conditions, Pommery should sell higher than other brands, tells the story of its superiority. While the wholesale price is higher the retail price is the same as for other wines, so the purchaser of Pommery gets better value for his money.

IN these winter months plans are often made for the outings of summer. If one decides to go to a lake, river or the seacoast, the thought of a launch is pretty sure to come, in which one can go plowing through the water speedily and safely. A launch that has won high favor among those who lay stress on simplicity, ease and quickness of starting, freedom from vibration, quiet running, safety and economy, is made by Murray & Tregurtha, South Boston, Mass. They have recently built a number of boats for Southern waters, and have already booked thousands of dollars' worth of orders for launches to be used in the North the coming season. The gasoline engine with which these launches are equipped is a model of mechanical simplicity and effectiveness.

WITH the approach of winter the question of shaving soap becomes an urgent one. The summer enables more or less variety, but winter demands a profuse and rich lather, and Ivory Soap provides it.

THE typewriting machine has conquered the civilized world of business and letters; and the Smith Premier by its simplicity, durability, and the ease with which its use can be acquired, has forced its way into every country and for every purpose to which it can be put. The title "Smith Premier" has become a passport on its merits.

THE Keating Bicycle for 1899 is on the market. It is the embodiment of the idealic in construction and of beauty in outline, combined with quality. The Keating Company are also building pneumatic-tired carriages of the highest order for strength, resilience and comfort.

THE cup that cheers but not inebriates is the cup of pleasure and safety afloat or ashore. Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa has both the virtues, and it is ever ready, and that too is a virtue.

SILVER is King in the gift season. It is the metal of joy, and never, since Ephesus was the headquarters of the silversmiths, has the craft been so artistic. A holiday gift from Spaulding & Co. is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

THE NEW SAVAGE RIFLE.

THE many friends of the Savage rifle and the sporting public generally will be pleased to learn of the success that the arm is meeting everywhere. The demand for the rifle has far exceeded the production. This wonderful de-

mand for a practically new arm has resulted in the equipping of one of the finest plants in existence with the most advanced type of machinery, especially adapted for manufacturing high-grade modern smokeless-powder rifles.

The rifle was introduced a little over two years ago, and from the first it has met with universal commendation. The fame of the arm has penetrated the most distant countries of the globe, orders having been received from out-of-the-way towns in Siberia, Java, Finland, and Japan.

The greatest criticism has been the fear that so small a caliber as the .303 would not answer for moose, grizzly bear and big game generally, but this has been disproved by experts who have used or seen the effect of the small expanding high-velocity bullets on flesh and bone.

Arthur W. Savage, the inventor of the Savage rifle, was the first sportsman to shoot big game with modern smokeless-powder small caliber cartridges. Twenty samples were secured of the first smokeless-powder cartridges manufactured by the French Government, and a chamber in a special rifle was made to take them. This was in 1889. At that time he proved to his own satisfaction that the new departure in calibers was satisfactory, but it was long afterward before American sportsmen awoke to the knowledge and merits of small caliber smokeless-powder rifles. To-day experts know all about the merits of the small caliber, and pin faith to it.

The Savage Arms Company, Utica, N. Y., has utilized the skill of up-to-date mechanics and competent business men, with the resultant perfection of product only attainable when conditions are right. All criticism on the Savage rifle, brought to the notice of the company for the past two years, has been carefully tabulated, and the result of this is the improved 1899 model. The general plan of the mechanism has not been changed. The peep-hole in the breech-bolt has been changed to an outside indicator that projects above the top of the bolt when the inclosed hammer is cocked, but is flush with the top of the breech-bolt when the arm has been fired or the inclosed hammer is down. The small retractor spring has been eliminated entirely from the gun, and a new retractor not requiring this spring substituted. The sear is changed somewhat in form and the lever lock has a larger thumb-piece, for the better convenience of a gloved hand. The amount of metal at the breech of the barrel has been added to, while the very finest material is put into every part of the gun. The metal and wood finish of the new arm is of a higher grade than that of the old model. The greatest attention is given to the inspection of the arm and the proof-testing, so that every rifle that leaves the establishment is known to be perfect and sound. Many little improvements have been added. The rifle will be constructed with a newly designed steel shotgun butt-plate and the regular metal rifle butt-plate, both of which can be had at the same price.

PLEASURE, TRAVEL AND RESORT.

THE Southern Railway have organized a new short line to Havana by the new direct steamship line between Miami and Havana in connection with the United States Fast Mail operated by that route. The same company are running a new Pullman service, New York to Augusta, on the Washington and Southwestern Limited, leaving New York daily at 4.20 p. m. Dining cars serve dinner and breakfast; and winter excursion tickets will be sold at greatly reduced rates for the winter resorts of the South. The service this year for reaching the winter resorts will be perfect in every respect. The trains operated by this system are most luxuriously furnished, and include dining, sleeping and drawing-room cars. For full particulars regarding the rates call on or address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern passenger agent, 271 Broadway, New York.

NIAGARA is the one natural wonder which no pen can describe and to which every traveler himself must perforce go. In autumn glory or winter's garb it is alike marvelous and fascinating. To this, the world's greatest cataract, the West Shore Railroad runs popular excursions at intervals during the year. Watch for their announcements, and you will have an opportunity to visit the Falls and return at the price of a single fare.

To tourists and sportsmen *Iago's* advice to "put money in your purse," is good if the purse is good. It is especially good when the purse or pocket-book in question is made by the Arms Pocket-Book Company, of Hartford, whose goods are of the highest quality. They are a combination of the best leather and the best skill.

TO INDIANAPOLIS AND CINCINNATI. — Four trains daily, via Monon and C., H. & D. Best line; best trains; best roadbed. Modern equipment. Luxurious parlor and dining cars by day; palace sleeping cars by night. City ticket office, 232 Clark Street. Depot, Dearborn station, Chicago.

To the home of the winter duck-shooting, famed Currituck Sound, Chesapeake Bay, Albemarle Sound, and James River, and the famous gunning resorts of Virginia, West Virginia and North Carolina, take the Old Dominion Line of steamers. Send for a copy of *Pilot* to the traffic manager, Pier 26, North River, N. Y.

ONE of the nearest, cheapest, most comfortable and fashionable routes below the frost line is a Clyde Line steamer from New York to Jacksonville. The round trip, first-class, is \$43.30, and intermediate, \$35.30. To Charleston and return the fares are respectively \$32 and \$24, whilst for \$3.75 extra you can take the round trip on the tropical St. John's River.

SAVE your time, your money, and your temper when in New York by staying at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite the Grand Central Station, and regulate your movements by the guide-book its enterprising managers have just published. It is complete, concise, convenient and reliable. Sent free on receipt of three stamps for postage.

MR. J. R. HEGEMAN, JR., recently killed a 240-pound buck, which for several seasons had puz-

zled the guides and sportsmen of the Mt. Katahdin region of Maine. It got to be so that old legends of "phantom deer" were circulating pretty freely before Mr. Hegeman managed to put a bullet where it would do most good. The shot was a peculiar one, as the ball was intentionally sent through a small pine in order to reach its mark. The buck in question is one of the queerest specimens of partial albinism ever recorded. The entire body is white, with the exception of a few reddish spots on the shoulders. The head is of a light reddish color mixed with white hairs, which predominate upon the nose and the under jaw. The feet are black. The antlers are very fine. This curious specimen has been artistically mounted by Messrs. W. W. Hart & Co., and will be exhibited at the coming Sportsmen's Show.

REPEATING gun, rifle, or shell bearing the mark of the well-known Winchester Repeating Arms Co., of New Haven, Conn., requires no further commendation. Every sportsman who has been West knows the merit of the firm's rifle, and trap-shooters and field-shooters are rapidly learning the marked capabilities of the "pump-gun." The firm makes a specialty of metallic and loaded and empty paper shells, which will be found the right thing in the right place. Send name on a postal card for the large new catalogue, which is well worth securing.

A VERY convenient and really useful article for sportsmen is the Tomlinson cleaner for shotguns. It is an up-to-date idea, and naturally it embodies the best features of previously introduced cleaners. The best thing about it is that it does its work, and does it well. It will fit any standard rod, and its principle of construction is such that it adapts itself to the gun-barrel for the entire length, irrespective of choke-boring. It cuts away all lead and dirt, and gives the barrels a lengthwise polish, the value of which will be at once appreciated by any sportsman. Consult advertisement.

GRACEFUL figure-skating, while one of the most pleasing of accomplishments, is one of the most difficult to acquire. Much depends upon the skates employed. A clever artisan will do his best work with the best tools, and your good skater naturally turns to the Barney & Berry blades, because these are constructed upon scientific principles, are of the best material, and are necessary if smooth and clever work is to be done. The Barney & Berry "Lock Lever," the firm's "Club Skate," the "Safety Edge Hockey," and the "Tubular Racer" have proved their merit, and are used by the leading exponents of figure and speed skating of the day. A pamphlet issued by the firm gives diagrams.

SPORTSMEN, horsemen, and cyclists, all pronounce the Swedish leather jackets sold by Wm. Reade & Sons, of 107 Washington street, Boston, to be the best of garments for defying the chill breeze of marsh and road. These jackets are handsome garments, they turn wind and water, and they do not shrink after a wetting. The firm also handles the best guns of English and American make and every article which an American gentleman might require for his shooting or fishing outfit.

SPORTSMEN AND OTHERS

Men whose success in whatever they engage depends on perfect physical condition, will be interested in the claims made for the

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A hotel man, Robt. Stone, of the famous Sportsmen's Inn, on the Wissahickon River, near Philadelphia, writes: "I don't want my place to become known as a Sanitarium, but the NIAGARA VAPOR BATH that I got for all night-guests' rooms are making just that sort of a reputation for the Inn. They are the greatest things in the world for drawing all the debilitations out of a man and clearing his head and body in good time for another day."

The NIAGARA VAPOR BATH, if used regularly, keeps a man in the most perfect physical condition, keeps his system aglow, his weight normal, his head free and clear, his muscles pliant and elastic and not only prevents—but also cures some of the most stubborn cases of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gout, and completely eradicates all the ailments arising from over-indulgence in liquor or food.

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Get one with a steel frame that stands on the floor. Get one with a thermometer attachment. Don't go it blind—a bath that is too hot or not hot enough will be of no benefit to you.

Get one that you can return and have your money back if not satisfactory in every way.

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"THE YARN OF THE YAMPA," by E. L'H. McGinnis. Illustrated.

Mr. McGinnis was fortunate in many things. He made the last Transatlantic trips in the world-famed yacht *Yampa* before she was purchased by the Emperor of Germany as a birthday gift to his consort; he made phenomenal passages in her across the Atlantic and back; he saw the cities of Hamburg, Stockholm, St. Petersburg and Moscow, Madeira and the West Indian Islands, under exceptionally pleasant circumstances. He has told the story in a way that all fellow yachtsmen and travelers will appreciate, and he has enriched the yarn with the product of a very ably managed camera.

[OUTING PUBLISHING CO., N. Y.]

"THE GOLFING PILGRIM ON MANY LINKS," by Horace G. Hutchinson.

Mr. Hutchinson's intimate acquaintance with the links of the world, his accurate knowledge of the game and its characteristic devotees, and his pleasant and facile pen, mark him as a worthy chronicler of the sport he loves so well and has done so much to popularize. Pilgrims the world over will thank him for gathering together these bright and entertaining sketches.

[Imp. by CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, N. Y.]

"FLASHLIGHTS ON NATURE," by Grant Allen, author of "The Story of the Plant," etc. Illustrated by Frederick Enock.

As a novelist Grant Allen has many rivals. As a student of natural history under the microscope, and a writer who can transmute science into popular and interesting articles, he has scarce a competitor. In text and illustration Mr. Allen's "Flashlights on Nature" will enhance his reputation, and afford pleasant and instructive matter for thousands to whom original investigation is, by force of circumstances, almost forbidden. It is a book for the million, and it is one of the volumes that will be sent on approval postpaid to any address by the publishers.

[DOUBLEDAY & McCLURE Co., N. Y.]

"A HISTORY OF ART FOR CLASSES, ART STUDENTS AND TOURISTS IN EUROPE," by Wm. Henry Goodyear, M. A., Curator of Archaeology and Fine Arts in the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

That this history of art has reached its eighth edition speaks more than words in its favor as a tried and trusted exponent of the elements and principles of the allied arts of architecture, sculpture, painting and music. It is clear, accurate, and precise in its information, and beautifully illustrated.

[A. S. BARNES & Co., N. Y.]

"IN NATURE'S IMAGE," chapters on pictorial photography, by W. I. Lincoln Adams. Illustrated.

Encouraged by the cordial reception given to his previous volume, entitled "Sunlight and Shadow," W. I. Lincoln Adams has supplemented that work, principally written and illustrated from the standpoint of out-of-door subjects, by the more interesting and more advanced work of figure composition and portraiture and still life. His subjects are well chosen, his text is instructive, and his illustrations are gems of photographic art. The world of the amateur photographer is under obligations for the lucid text and the admirable specimens, which do really more than the professed aim of the artists and author. "Hold the mirror up to nature." They idealize it and show that the line between photography and art has disappeared.

[THE BAKER & TAYLOR Co., N. Y.]

"REMINGTON'S FRONTIER SKETCHES," by Frederic Remington.

The title "sketches" for this beautiful set of finished water-color drawings is really a misnomer, to their detriment. They differ widely from the sketches which Mr. Remington supplies lavishly to the periodicals of the day, and are indeed a worthy record of the great master of the pictorial life of the plains. When the turbulent soul of the last Indian shall have passed to the Great Spirit, Remington's admirable pictures will abide, preserving for all time an unique likeness in a setting true to nature and worthy of the subject.

[THE WERNER Co., Chicago, Ill.]

"CANNON AND CAMERA—Sea and Land Battles of the Spanish-American War in Cuba, Camp Life and the Return of the Soldiers," described and illustrated by John C. Hemment, war artist at the front, with index and an introduction by W. I. Lincoln Adams.

At no period of photography has it had, in the national history of America, so important an opportunity as in the recent campaign. Few if any artists at the front had the opportunities which fell to the lot of Mr. Hemment, and fewer still had had the preliminary training to give them so masterful a control of the camera. The volume he has contributed to contemporary facts is a storehouse doubly welcome, from its artistic elegance and its perfect reliability. The camera has indeed become a most important news agent in stirring times, and an implement without which no correspondent can be said to be completely outfitted. When the camera is operated by so skillful and experienced a hand as Mr. Hemment's, it becomes more than a record, it passes into the region of art. "Cannon and Camera" will settle many a knotty point and become the index upon which contemporaries will rely and the historian in future generations will draw.

[D. APPLETON & Co., N. Y.]



THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY-MATCH.

When the snowy flakes are falling on the city pavements wide
 And a drift's accumulating on the fence's windward side,
 When within your cozy parlor there's a fire and ruddy glow,
 And the holly berries mingle with the clinging mistletoe,
 When the children hang their stockings, and expectant creep to bed,
 You smoke your pipe and linger o'er a memory that's dead,
 And while you're softly puffing you are dreaming in the gloam
 Of a turkey-match on Christmas in the old wood-lot at home.

'Tis a memory of the country in the winters long ago;
 You seem to see the rabbit-tracks a-dimple in the snow,
 The bare limbs of the maples, as you polish up your gun,
 And scores of noisy snowbirds, all astir to see the fun.
 The range was sixty paces, and the field was free for all,
 The weapons—anything with sights that carried patch and ball,
 And boys for miles around joined in, their hearts as light as foam,
 The turkey-match on Christmas in the old wood-lot at home.

There were rifles long and slender, there were rifles short and thick,
 With very battered stocks on which some knife had left a nick,
 There were Springfields fresh from duty on the fields of '65,
 There were old Kentucky rifles such as Boone used, when alive.
 But youth is past; you're mingling in the busy marts and ways,
 There's nothing in the city like the old-time holidays,
 And you'd barter fame, position, just a boy to backward roam
 To a turkey-match on Christmas in the old wood-lot at home.

ROY FARRELL GREENE.

TOO MUCH FAMILIAR BREEDS DESPISE.

NEIGHBOR: Did that artist who boarded with you paint your doors and windows?

FARMER: He did not. At first he refused to do such common work, and after I had seen one of his pictures I refused to let him do it.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"AND ALL UNCHARITABLENESS."

MRS. PRESSLEY: Mrs. Bingle says her husband has kissed her regularly every morning and every evening during the fourteen years of their married life.

MR. PRESSLEY: I have often wondered what gave him that expression of settled melancholy.—*Chicago News*.

AN UNKIND CUT.

MAUDE: Funny what curious eyes some people have. I showed my new photograph to the Nellisons to-day. He said it was awfully pretty, and she said it didn't look a bit like me.

EDITH: So it seems that husband and wife can think alike, doesn't it?—*Boston Transcript*.

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL.

The great beauty about the political incubator is that it gives every customer a majority of chickens.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

THE SOFT PEDAL.

"What a little drum-major that band has!" remarked Miss Gaswell. "He is a mere boy." "A drum-minor, so to speak," added Miss Dukane.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

FATHER USED TO MAKE.

Said a young and tactless husband
 To his inexperienced wife,
 "If you would but give up leading
 Such a fashionable life,
 And devote more time to cooking—
 How to mix, and when to bake—
 Then, perhaps, you might make pastry
 Such as mother used to make."

And the wife, resenting, answered
 (For the worm will turn, you know):
 "If you would but give up horses
 And a score of clubs or so,
 To devote more time to business—
 When to buy and what to stake—
 Then, perhaps, you might make money'
 Such as father used to make."
 —*The Schokharie Republican, in Life*.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

EDYTHE: Mamma says that my ancestors lived in castles and palaces. Did yours?

POLLY: I only have one aunt's sister, and that's my mamma.—*Judge*.



OUR

THEATRICAL

PLAYGROUND.

IN "The Head of the Family," at the Knickerbocker, Mr. Crane has found a part suitable to the versatility of his genius. It is an old subject and in reality an old play, but has been newly and judiciously made over from the German by Clyde Fitch and Leo Dietrichstein, and in a new form presents the old problem of a professor who has let the reins of the family coach slip through his hands until the happiness of his daughter and her impulsive and jealous husband has come nigh to wrecking. There is a judicious mixture of comedy and tragedy, which in one scene brings out to the best advantage the powerful side of Mr. Crane's capacity. In the result, peace and right triumph, of course. The lighter side of life is pleasantly sketched in the professor's effective cure of his young daughter's stage craze. It is not always so easy to disabuse budding ambition that it has chosen a wrong vocation. The play is well staged and all around is well acted.

* *

ARTHUR W. PINERO is always to be relied on to do dramatic justice to his theme, and the stock company interpreting "Trelawny of the Wells," at the Lyceum, to give him a worthy interpretation. *Trelawny* is the title of an actress, and "The Wells" is the name of an historical old playhouse dear to the memory of old London playgoers. *Trelawny* in the course of her dramatic career has an offer of marriage from a man of social distinction, but its consummation has to be postponed whilst she goes on probation into his set. The restraint of the position becomes irksome, and she goes back to the stage in the provinces. Her fiancé, too, goes into the profession. They meet by accident, and the deferred wedding becomes an accomplished fact. All this is very simple everyday matter, yet in the wizard hands of playwright and actors it becomes idealized. Mary Mannering was *Rose Trelawny*, gentle, sweet and engaging, ably supported by Mrs. Walcot, Miss Tyree, Hilda Spong and Mrs. Whiffen. Among the male actors are such standards as Charles Walcot, Edward J. Morgan, George J. Boniface, Wm. Courtleigh, Charles W. Butler, Grant Stewart and Henry Woodruff.

* *

MAY IRWIN, the Bijou, and light comedy, with a strong musical tinge, are inseparable, and a perpetual metropolitan feature. It matters little around what this popular actress strings her mirthful numbers, they always find

responsive audiences. This year it is "Kate Kip, Buyer," on the bills, but it is May Irwin in her admirers' hearts. *Kate Kip's* adventures are an assurance that there is one stage on which negro melodies are still appreciated, and the combination is one likely to satisfy metropolitan audiences through the greater part of the winter. Miss Irwin's new crop of ballads are "I've got him dead," "Ef you ain't got no money you needn't come 'roun'," "I ain't got nuffin' for him to do," and "Off ag'in, on ag'in, gone ag'in," which all go with their old-time zest. Perennial youth seems the attribute of both the actor and her chosen line of characters.

* *

"A DANGEROUS MAID," at the Casino, is far from dangerous to the popularity of the house. It is from the German, but the facile pen of Sydney Rosenfeld has enlarged it to musical and extraordinary dimensions. That it is near its fiftieth performance testifies that it is appreciated. Extravaganza within limits is a change in a season largely devoted to more serious themes, and those who wish to while away an evening amidst the lighter frivolities will find entertainment in "A Dangerous Maid."

* *

ENGLISH opera at popular prices, at the American, is well into its second season of undiminished success. Good singing and nearly weekly change of bill, varied by so phenomenal a success as the "Bohème," have proved the existence of a large demand for sterling operas in English. "The Bohemian Girl" has its 350th performance in English on Christmas Eve. In the week following, Wallace's "Lurline" will be given as a holiday production. It is a healthy sign of the times that the rank and file demands and supports the high musical plane maintained throughout at the American.

* *

It was inevitable that the play adapted from Marie Corelli's "Sorrrows of Satan," which has had so phenomenal a transatlantic run, should make its appearance at the Broadway. The plot bears on the wiles of Satan. It does not treat on Theosophy, but is intensely interesting, and makes up a production that admits of every possibility for effects. The "Sorrrows of Satan" was first produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre in London, where its success was great. The production here is staged and produced by Messrs. A. H. Chamberlyn and Ben Teal, and under the general direction of Mr. F. M. Chapman.

MRS. T. LYNCH,

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tre, \$15.00.

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tons, \$2.00.
With Diamond Centre,
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MONEY BACK IF YOU MAIL IT AND ARE NOT SATISFIED.



E. Howard, Waltham and Elgin Watches.

20 PER CENT. LESS THAN WHOLESALE LIST PRICE.

ODDS AND ENDS.

PORTO RICO has one gift for the American, especially seasonable, and that is a cigar made by hand from its choicest tobacco. T. H. Lucke & Co., of Court street, Cincinnati, will send on receipt of \$1 one hundred Lucke's rolls, a stock equal in favor to the costliest Vuelta.

THE ardent golfer, especially the young, will hail with delight the winter diversion of "Wood's Parlor Golf," played with all the features of the field game. It is manufactured by the Parlor Golf Company, of Chicago, and will be the popular winter indoor game. One may play against the mythical Colonel Bogy, two against each other, or four, two on each side. It is a great parlor game. Get it.

THE patrons of the National Sewing Machine Co., who will shortly be preparing to inspect their celebrated Eldredge Belvidere Bicycle, will please note the company's removal to 898 Broadway, New York. In their new and commodious storerooms old friends and new will find a superlatively fine selection of the Eldredge tandems, the Eldredge Lady Diamond, the Eldredge Special and the Belvideres at prices ranging from \$60 to \$100. It will be prudent to send for and study specifications.

IT is in the nature of public news to notice the approaching removal of Wm. Knabe & Co., the well-known pianoforte makers, to their magnificent new warerooms at the corner of Twentieth street and Fifth avenue, New York. In their present stock, at 148 Fifth avenue, are some bargains, slightly used, worth inspection.

THE aborigines, who knew nature better than we do, alleged confidently that nature had for every bane provided its own antidote. Buffalo Lithia Water is a standing example of the truth of their conclusion, testified to by the best known and most advanced scientists of to-day. Send for the company's illustrated handbook to the Buffalo Lithia Spring, Virginia.

AFORETIME the secrets of the make of best liqueurs was mainly jealously guarded by the monastic orders. American industry and ingenuity have made their manufacture possible, and in certain lines bettered their instructors. The Eagle Brand of Liqueurs of Cincinnati are unexcelled, and some of them unique. Twelve assorted bottles make a reliable and acceptable holiday gift.

PREVENTION is better than cure. It is better to fend off a cold than to master it. To keep the body nurtured with strength-givers is the safest method, and herein Liebig's Extract of Beef is invaluable. Fortified by a quickly made cup of this, travelers have an insurance against climatic changes, drafts and other winter risks, beyond price. It is economical, always ready, and procurable of all grocers and druggists.

THE Sanitas Company, Limited, who have done so much to make the rearing and showing of animals and birds healthy and pleasant, have brought out a new preparation in the shape of a Sanitas embrocation. We are not surprised to hear that it has already established its reputation amongst hospitals and private individuals. The company understands its business, and is ever on the lookout for reliable remedies.

THE Remington Cycle Company have announced that they are preparing for an in-

creased manufacture of the Remington Standard Bicycles, during the season of 1899, at prices ranging from \$50 to \$25. The well-known standard of "the wheels which bear the shield of the Remington will be maintained.

THE Parker Gun, in the hands of Master Guy Grigsby, of Louisville, Ky. (the thirteen-year-old wonder of the shooting world), is entitled to special mention. Master Guy won the Kentucky Futurity, a fifty live bird match, at the Kentucky Gun Club Grounds, November 24th, 1898, with 49 kills and one dead out of bounds. He killed 44 straight, losing his fifth bird dead out, hit hard with both barrels. He also won the Nelson County Fair Handicap, score, 14 out of 15. On November 18th, in another match, he killed 18 straight, all he shot at. On November 23d he won the Club gold button, killing 10 straight. Master Guy is small of his age, weighing seventy-five pounds, and has always shot the Parker Gun. He uses a 12 bore, 28-in. "Titanic Steel" barrel gun, weighing 7½ pounds, and in the Futurity had a twenty-five-yard handicap. He says the Parker Gun is correctly named the Old Reliable.

MESSRS. WM. W. HART & Co., the well-known Taxidermists of 47 East Twelfth street, have every reason for feeling triumphant over their showing at the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition at Omaha, Neb. The firm has just received the diploma of award of the gold medal for the finest exhibit of taxidermy, mounted mammals, game heads and mounted fur rugs. Hart & Co. win by scientific and correct work, such as sportsmen appreciate, and the firm has an unbroken record of victories. One of the firm's most highly prized possessions is a silver medal, of small intrinsic value, cast by the American Institute Society as a special award.



W. R. CROSBY.

THE genuine shooting qualities of the "New Baker" gun, manufactured by the Baker Gun and Forging Co., of Batavia, N. Y., have been finely illustrated by the trap-records of W. R. Crosby during the past season. At St. Louis he broke 148 targets out of 155; at Freeburg, Ill., 132 out of 135; at Alton, Ill., 361 out of 380; at Peoria State shoot, 96 out of 100, and won State championship, scoring 95 live birds straight; at Batavia, N. Y., 203 targets out of 205, and of the last 2,000 targets shot at he has averaged 90 per cent. He shoots a "Baker" 8-pound, twelve-gauge, and his fine showing proves what this excellent trap and field gun can do.

PLEASURE, TRAVEL AND RESORT.

THE winter cruises of the magnificent vessels of the Hamburg-American Line have taken their place permanently in the procession of the season, and there is no wonder who would not wish to leave New York on the 26th of January and hie them eastward on one of these floating palaces, to Madeira and Gibraltar, thence across to Algiers, to Genoa, Villefranche (Nice), Syracuse (Sicily), Malta, Alexandria (Cairo and the Pyramids), Jaffa (Jerusalem, the Jordan and Dead Sea), Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, Palermo, Naples, Genoa, and return to New York in time for the tulips and the best of the year's home delights.

BETWEEN New York and Washington the Baltimore and Ohio Royal Limited reduces travel to an absolute assurance in speed and punctuality, and makes the five hours' journey a pleasure to pass. Its parlor, dining and café, and smoking cars are equal to any hotel in quality of goods and in service, and moderate in charge withal.

OLD POINT COMFORT is a name to conjure with, and a visit to the Hotel Chamberlin, overlooking Hampton Roads, the rendezvous of the United States Navy, does not belie the suggestion of the local title. It is one of the most luxuriously appointed hotels in the South, fitted with every convenience for fresh or salt water bathing. The climate is tempered by the Gulf Stream, and Old Point Comfort at the Chamberlin is comfort in deed as well as name.

THE Californian Limited over the Santa Fé route leaves Chicago and Los Angeles alternately three times a week each, namely, every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. The train leaving Chicago at 8 P. M. reaches Los Angeles at 1:50 P. M. the third day following, six hours earlier than ever heretofore, and the return is equally fast. No extra charge is made, but only first class passengers holding Pullman accommodations are carried. The service is perfect.

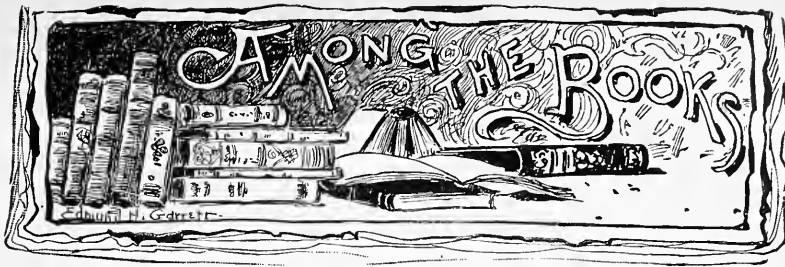
"SHOOTING AND FISHING IN THE SOUTH," just published by the Southern Railway, tells hunters where to go for deer, bear, quail, snipe and duck shooting. Copies mailed to your address upon receipt of two cents. And those in search of "Winter Homes in the South" will find valuable a booklet just published by the Southern Railway and ready for distribution, which tells you of the thousands of places where you can go to spend the winter. A list of hotels and homes that will entertain guests during the winter months shows where board can be had for from \$10 per month up to \$100 per month. For full information call on or address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, New York.

AIKEN, AUGUSTA, FLORIDA, CUBA AND CALIFORNIA.—All of these popular winter resorts are reached by the Southern Railway upon the quickest schedules and the most perfect service ever offered the traveler seeking a mild climate to spend the winter. Double daily fast trains are operated every day in the year, giving dining-car service. Through Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars from New York to Augusta (connection at Trenton for Aiken), Nashville, New Orleans, Memphis and Tampa. Commencing January 16, 1899, the third train,

known as the New York and Florida Limited, will resume service, and will be operated solid between New York and St. Augustine, composed exclusively of dining, library, observation, compartment and drawing-room sleeping cars. Special annex state and drawing-room sleeping cars leave New York every Tuesday and Saturday for New Orleans, where connections are made with the "Sunset Limited" for the Pacific Coast. On December 4th the East Coast Steamship Company inaugurate their twice-a-week service between Miami and Havana direct, making connections with the United States fast mail trains of the Southern Railway. The inauguration of the new steamship service shortens the time between New York and Havana. For full particulars, etc., call on or address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, New York.

THE WEST SHORE RAILROAD, ever alert to keep in the foremost ranks, has established a system on its line whereby passengers arriving or departing from its West Forty-second street terminal, New York City, are supplied with cab, hansom, coach or omnibus, as they may see fit to order. Westcott Express messengers are now on all through trains, to sell tickets and engage such vehicles as passengers may desire. New York City has been divided into six districts, each district having its own number and its own rates, in accordance with the kind of vehicle ordered and the number of passengers that the vehicle will carry; that is to say, District No. 1 will comprise all of the territory bounded by Twenty-third street on the south, East River on the east, Fiftieth street on the north and Hudson River on the west. The rate for cab for one or two persons to any point in this district will be 75c.; for a coach holding one to four persons, \$1.25. The Second District is the territory north of Fiftieth street to Seventy-second street, and on the south from Twenty-third street to Tenth street. The rates in these territories are 25c. higher than in District No. 1. The other districts are bounded in like manner and the rates proportionately higher. This new cab and carriage service will be maintained in first-class order, and it is the aim of the management to make it prompt and efficient. The vehicles are new and handsome in design, and are of the most modern construction. The wheels are equipped with rubber tires, thus insuring freedom from noise and jars incident to the old-style coupé. Passengers can rely upon the most careful service from the Westcott agents and their liveried drivers.

CHICAGO and New York and Boston, the centers of the East and West, are so inter-related, commercially, that the comfort and speed of the connecting train service is one on which more than the usual interest centers. The peerless trio of expresses, daily sent over the Nickel Plate Line, are unexcelled. The dining-car service and ventilated sleeping-cars enable the traveler to economize time and strength to the highest degree, and the rates are low. Particular attention is paid to the procuring of tickets from any station on the Nickel Plate Line to any station in the United States, Mexico or Canada.



"THE MANUAL OF THE CANVAS CANOE," and its construction, by F. R. Webb (The Commodore). Illustrated.

Practical and practicable are the two words that sum up this manual on the building of the canvas canoe. The methods of construction can be applied to almost any other model, but the main intention is to describe two models designed for cruising on swift, shallow streams, where only the paddle is used, and where small bulk and ease of handling are prime considerations.

[FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., N. Y.]

"FORTUNA," a story of Wall street, by James Blanchard Clews.

Mr. Clews, the author of this work, is one of the well-known Wall street bankers of that name, and a recognized authority on financial affairs, besides being a writer of considerable note on topics relating thereto. Under the above title he has written a financial story which embraces finance, politics, and love. Being a Wall street story the Stock Exchange and the dealings thereon naturally figure prominently and speculations from every standpoint are freely discussed—the author contending that practically everyone in business, from the farmer to the merchant, is subjected to the vicissitudes of chance or risk, and that even life itself is not exempt. Mention is also made of the humorous incidents connected with a broker's initiation into the New York Stock Exchange. Some prominence is given to the proposed Panama and Nicaragua canals as financial projects, and to the relations of England to Ireland and Canada—ruler and ruled—and the possibility of the last country some day becoming annexed to the United States. It is a book that presents a good opportunity for readers, who do not like dry reading, to become familiar with financial affairs without wading through a mass of confusing statistics.

[J. S. OGILVIE PUB. CO., N. Y.]

"CROOKED TRAILS," written and illustrated by Frederic Remington.

Mr. Remington is more than the Fenimore Cooper of the West, for, to a power of close observation and vivid verbal description, he has the capacity to depict pictorially with Hogarthian exactness. His works are perhaps the only satisfying mirror of several of the most remarkable, and certainly the most picturesque, phases of national life. The buffalo and the war trail of the Indian, the men and methods of the cattle-lifters of the borders, the early mail-carriers, and many pioneer characteristics have even now become remote and restricted. They will live for the future ages in the series of works of which "Crooked Trails" is the latest, but, it is to be hoped, not the last.

[HARPER & BROS., N. Y.]

ONE of the handsomest books of the year is "Wild Animals I Have Known," by that sterling artist, Ernest Seton Thompson. If Mr. Thompson errs at all in this work, the error is upon the rather unusual side of giving the purchaser more for his money than he is entitled to. And there is a story behind this book, which the author frankly states in his introduction. An artist is not necessarily a practical man, and in this case Mr. Thompson owes much to his clever wife. Grace Gallatin Thompson has left the imprint of her dainty fingers over a work which will succeed, as it deserves to. If a house divided must fall, so shall a united house stand, and in this case we shall fairly halve the honors. The book is a good one, and it is embellished with 200 sketches by one of the most clever of American delineators of wild life.

[CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York.]

"HERMANN, THE MAGICIAN; HIS LIFE AND HIS SECRETS," by H. J. Burlingame. Illustrated.

To the student of psychology, the man of the world seeking relaxation, or the schoolboy seeking wonders, Mr. Burlingame's book offers interesting data. Himself familiarly acquainted with all the mechanical contrivances used, and acquainted intimately with the great masters of magic, he has gathered together a fund of biographical knowledge and anecdote that fall to the lot of few men to acquire, whilst his explanations and illustrations enable the amateur to go far by himself on the road of mystification, of which Hermann, the Magician, was the High Priest. [LAIRD & LEE, Chicago, Ill.]

"ROUNDBOUT RAMBLES IN NORTHERN EUROPE," by Charles F. King, author of "The Land We Live In," "This Continent of Ours," etc. Cloth, illustrated.

In this beautifully illustrated volume the author gives an account of the travels of the Cartmell family through Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Russia. Great Britain, being so closely connected with our country by language, history, and ancestry, possessed unusual attractions for them, and they spent nearly a year in visiting that country. They are natural travelers in search of the beautiful, the interesting, and the wonderful, their great object in journeying being pleasure and education. The work is written in the narrative form, and no effort has been spared to have the information given correct and up to date, so that the book may be a safe guide to travelers. The illustrations, of which there are 238, are half-tones reproduced from photographs. A list of the best books to be consulted, as well as a list of poems connected with the places described, is given at the close of the volume.

[LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, Mass.]



GERMAN PHILOSOPHY.

Der man vot blows der mosd doan'd always vas aple to raise der vind. Am'd id vunderful how birds of a fedder vill not flock togedder ven a man he is ouid gunning?—Some young mens sdard ouid to be prodigal sons, bud dey gedts tvisted, und id durns ouid dot dey are blaying der calf.—*Baltimore American.*

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

Miss Maude Rondebush, the grand-opera singer who was upon the wrecked *Mohegan*, says, "I am alive to-day simply through the fact that my voice had been trained and I understood how to make my cries for help heard at a distance." Maude evidently had had experience with high C's before.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Mrs. TIPTOP: I am sorry you were not at my reception last evening.

Mrs. HIGHUP (coldly): I received no invitation.

Mrs. TIPTOP (with affected surprise): Indeed? It must have miscarried. I had among my guests three foreign counts.

Mrs. HIGHUP: So that is where they were? I desired to engage them last evening to wait on the table at our theatre-party supper, but the employment agent told me they were out.—*New York Weekly.*

WHERE BOSTON'S OFF.

The Boston *Transcript* says that if the missing link were a golf-link it wouldn't be missed.

HE KNEW.

KINDERGARTEN TEACHER: Tommy, when both hands are up, what time is it?

TOMMY (son of a prize-fighter): It's time to undercut.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

SUITOR: I fear it is a great presumption on my part, sir, to aspire to your daughter's hand, as I only keep a shop.

HER FATHER: That does not matter, young man; the question is, does the shop keep you?—*Exchange.*

"Grandpa," said Kathleen, very seriously, "I want to ask your advice."

"Yes, darling. What is it?" asked the old gentleman.

"I want to know what you think it will be best for you to give me on my birthday."—*Tit-Bits.*

REFUSED TO RISE.

MR. LAWHEAD: Why do you treat me so coldly? Why didn't you answer the note I wrote you last Thursday?

MISS BRUSHLEY: Sir, I don't wish to have anything more to say to you. You began your note by saying you "thought you would drop me a line." I want you to understand that I'm not a fish.—*Chicago News.*

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

FIRST ELMIRAN: How's your boy Zeke gettin' along down in Noo York?

SECOND ELMIRAN: Waal, I hain't heard from him in a long time; but I guess he's gone into the noospaper business, 'coz I read in the paper that he wuz correspondent in a big lawsuit down there.—*Binghanton Times.*

THE SNUB DIRECT.

"But can't you learn to love me?" persisted the wrong man.

She shook her head gently.

"I've learned a good many difficult things," she replied, "but they have always been things that I wanted to learn."—*Life.*

IT IS TRUE, TOO!

WILY MONEY-LENDER: You want one hundred pounds. Here's the money. I charge you five per cent. a month. And you want it for a year; that just leaves forty pounds coming to you.

INNOCENT BORROWER: Then if I wanted it for two years there'd be something coming to you, eh?—*Judy.*

NOTHING ESCAPES HER.

She's such a desperate little flirt

That I believe she'd try
To get up a flirtation with
A rain-beau in the sky.

—*Judge.*



OUR THEATRICAL PLAYGROUND.

"NATHAN HALE," by Clyde Fitch, at the Knickerbocker, marks a turn in the tide in the dramas depicting phases of the military life of the nation. Of recent years these have run mainly in the South and of the period of the sixties. "Nathan Hale" transports us to the earlier struggle for liberty in the North. It is timely, and, at a period when the stage is likely to be invaded with scenes from our more recent military operations, it is wholesome to remember that there were heroes before Hobson, to whom came, indeed, the martyr's crown. Hale's pathetic and patriotic story is too well known to need explanation. It is only needful to say that the author has, for good dramatic reasons, introduced some characters not altogether historical. He will be readily forgiven, for no more delightful sweetheart for *Nathan* could have been delineated than the one Mr. Fitch has evolved from the little schoolmarm of New London. The whole story of his courtship and self-sacrifice for his country is simply and graphically told, and is interpreted by Nat Goodwin as *Nathan Hale*, and Maxine Elliott as the heroine, in a manner highly creditable, and, to many of the former's old friends, surprising indeed. "Nathan Hale" should become one of the standards of the American drama. It has elevated both the dramatist and the actor to a welcome plane higher than either has hitherto occupied. From the rise of the curtain when, as a schoolmaster, *Nathan* woos and wins his fascinating pupil, to the final scene of his passing in the sunlit orchard of Long Island, it holds the audience with interest and rings with the truest sentiment and highest patriotism.

THE GARRICK, in "*Zaza*," has a play which will be the talk of the town, indeed of many a town for many a day, by reason, not only of the dramatic skill with which Mr. Belasco has wrought the French material, but from the revelation of the great actress into which Mrs. Leslie Carter has developed. Intensity and pathos we had learned to expect from her by reason of her previous efforts, but the versatility and depth of feeling with which she envelops the impersonation of *Zaza* were scarcely to be expected. Nor does she owe any of her success to the attributes of the character. On the other hand, the conditions surrounding a frivolous music-hall artiste of not too scrupulous morality are of a nature to raise a prejudice which only the author's skillful ending, in which he has departed from the French original, and the superb personality with which the actress has redeemed the situation, could save. The woman is forgotten in the powerful delineation of her redemption, and pity is followed by a higher emotion. It is not given to every actress to be able to raise such a character from

the prejudice into the region of compassion, and when one is found who can elevate it to the sphere of ecstatic sympathy, it premises the possession of the highest dramatic talent. The comparisons, freely indulged in, with Sarah Bernhardt and Duse were not exaggerated. Mrs. Leslie Carter has taken her place amongst the strongest and most able dramatic artists of the day. She has waited long and worked hard for her high position, but she has attained it.

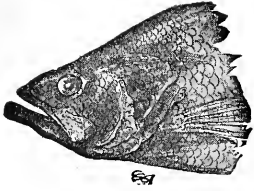
"*THAT MAN*," the new farce comedy, written by Mme. Vivanti Chartres, which Mrs. A. M. Palmer presents at the Herald Square Theatre, carries us back to the day of "The Pink Dominoes" for its equal.

The central theme of the comedy rests upon a man who, coming to New York, without friends, without money or prospects of any kind, hits upon a novel method of earning a livelihood. He is drawn in contact with several families, whose husbands have reached the neglectful state, and insist on spending more time abroad than at home. Jealousy on the part of the wives is the natural result, and *That Man* at once jumps into the breach and poses as one who comforts neglected wives and guarantees to arouse jealousy in the husbands. All the entanglements and misunderstandings that arise from this condition of things are most humorous.

OLGA NETHERSOLE is presenting at Wallack's a budget of favorites, beginning with "The Termagant" and including the much-criticised "Second Mrs. Tanquery," "Camille" and "The Power of Wealth." In so wide a field there must needs be diversity of judgment, but at the same time there is variety enough to satisfy all the various admirers of Olga Nethersole's undoubted ability.

At the Garden, Viola Allen continues her successful career in Hall Caine's "The Christian," and the fact that the standing order is that tickets are on sale for performances yet six weeks ahead, is sufficient indication that she has yet a mine of patronage on which to draw that bids fair to carry "The Christian" through the entire season.

PANTOMIME at Drury Lane, its London traditional home, has pushed from the boards one of the most successful of the season's plays, "The Great Ruby." London's loss is New York's gain, for Mr. Daly has secured the exclusive American rights of the strange adventures of "The Great Ruby," together with all the scenery, furniture and effects that helped to illustrate the play. The whole of his excellent company is required for its rendition, and when that is said, enough has been said to assure the most perfect representation of any play, whatever its inherent merits may be.



“Every True Lover of Angling

knows that the pleasure it brings with it does not end with the day's sport," but lingers in memory to charm many an idle moment. Thus do angling sketches revive time-sweetened memories, and the fisherman who has the most complete angling library, enjoys the greater number of happy days away from the mossy-banked stream or sylvan lake.

The American Angler

A Monthly Illustrated Magazine
Devoted to Fish and Fishing,
Edited by W. C. Harris,

will satisfy the appetite of all who fish for sport. In its 29th volume. If you have not seen a late issue of The Angler, send for sample copy, and at the same time let us have a list of your friends who love a day with rod and creel, in order that we may mail them samples, and make this journal a veritable sportsman's rendezvous, where all may exchange each month their camp-fire stories.

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The Outing Publishing Company
239 Fifth Avenue, New York



ODDS AND ENDS.

THROUGH THREE HUNDRED HANDS.

A BOTTLE of Pommery champagne passes through nearly three hundred different hands before it reaches the consumer. This gives some idea of the great care exercised in the manufacture of this celebrated champagne, which in all discriminating circles is accorded the choice as being the most delicate in flavor and finesse.

THAT good digestion may wait on appetite, and health on both, needs a digestive, nutritive, sedative, three qualifications united in the Eagle liqueurs, to be found at all the leading cafés and clubs. If they are not, or your dealer cannot supply them, write direct to Eagle Liqueur Distillers, Cincinnati, Ohio.

OF all the ills that flesh is heir to, none is more wearing to the nerves and the digestion than toothache. It is a boon to be able to provide against its interim ravages by the instant use of Dent's Toothache Gum. "A stitch in time saves nine," and this antiseptic gum acts like magic.

THE coming season of intense interest in matters aquatic will find many regretfully left in the lurch who have not had the precaution early in the season to provide themselves with the safe, simple and speedy naphtha launches of the Gas Engine and Power Co., of Morris Heights, N. Y. The company's capacities are extensive, but the season is rapidly approaching and it will be one of extraordinary demands.

THE Smith Premier Typewriter Co. are justified in their claim that the typewriter has been a veritable "Declaration of Independence" for women. Nature and educational technique had handicapped them in the race of life. The Smith Premier Typewriter has eliminated the difference, and opened the way to independence and self-support.

THE calendar crop is never short, as the post-office people will testify. We always get our share, and begin the new year with a great assortment, but the one we select "for keeps" is that of N. W. Ayer & Son, the keeping-ever-lastingly-at-it advertising men of Philadelphia. This one spends the whole year in our company. It is a piece of fine printing, but its good looks do not constitute its sole charm. It is clear and plain. Utility has been put first. He who seeks the date can find; he who writes may read. The matter on it interests more people every year, but the edition is limited. While it lasts, a copy can be obtained postpaid by sending 25 cents to the publishers.

SAILS that fit like paint to a post and last like heir reputation are the product only of firms with experience. J. C. Goss & Co. have twenty-five years of it, and have rigged and made sails for the leading yachts of the great lakes. The *City of Straits*, *Two Step*, *Minerva*, *Frances A.*, *Carrie B.*, *Olive M.*, and *Sutana*, all carried the canvas of this reliable firm.

IF their garments are ill-fitting, grown-up people can complain and explain, but children are in these respects largely dependent upon our skill and care. It behooves everyone to select experts in make, fit, and material, and Best & Co., New York, answer this description. The Lilliputian Bazaar has the children's comfort especially in charge.

THERE is an old sign in possession of the Western Society of Engineers at Chicago, with the words "Harper's Ferry," painted in black, standing out as boldly as when they were first formed by the artist's brush, while the wood around the letters, which was painted with white paint, has worn away about one-sixteenth of an inch; and it is asserted by the owners that no paint manufactured nowadays is equal in durability to that which was applied on the old sign. Mr. Wm. Hooper, of Ticonderoga, N. Y., does not see anything specially remarkable in the preservation of the old sign, and claims there is just as good a paint nowadays as then. He adds: "Dixon's Graphite mixed with pure linseed oil, will last as long, or longer, than any other paint ever known of or used."

NEARLY every trotting-horse man in this country knows the noted breeder, trainer and driver H. C. Woodnutt, either personally or by reputation, and a large majority of them know of his "Monogram Horse Remedies." Those who do not will consult their own interests by referring to our advertising columns where his advertisement appears, and ordering a sample lot of his goods. They are used by nearly all the leading stock farms, large breeding stables, prominent trainers and drivers, as well as the police department of New York City and the fire department of the city of Brooklyn, and every one that has ever used them endorses them. Try a sample lot and satisfy yourself of their value.

THE limits of the field of the bicycle widen year by year. The latest developments are contrivances for utilizing its propelling power over snow and ice. These seasonable contrivances, made by the Ice-Bicycle Attachment Co., of Chicago, are thoroughly practicable, easily adjustable, and easily removed. By their means the cycle, instead of being relegated to the storehouse on the approach of winter, is made an active factor in the season's pleasures.

THE cultivation of country life by men of means is marked by the ever-increasing interest taken in the acquisition of cattle of the most perfect form and grace. These attributes are combined in the Sisson Jersey herd, of Potsdam, N. Y., with the richest dairy products. The product of this celebrated herd may be found in more than half the States.

SIMPLE, efficient, easily fixed, easily removed and stored away in the smallest space, the Whitely Exerciser has become a family necessity. No age is too young to master its use, and none too old not to benefit by it. Its elasticity, freedom from strain and complete subjection to the will of the user are the factors of its popularity.

PLEASURE, TRAVEL AND RESORTS.

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY makes remarkable performances by remarkable trains, and offers South-bound travelers very good and very fast train service to Aiken, Augusta, Brunswick, Jekyl Island, and Florida, by either one of two handsome through trains leaving New York daily at 4:20 P. M., and 12:15, night. "The New York and Florida Limited," one of the handsomest trains in the world, is now in service. It leaves New York daily, except Sunday, at 11:50 A. M., and reaches Augusta and Aiken early the next day, and St. Augustine in time for lunch, making the run of 1,029 miles in but little over twenty-four hours. A remarkable performance by a remarkable train! Full particulars, literature, reservations, etc., of A. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, New York.

The Southern Railway's service provides just the accommodation needful to meet the necessities of the coming winter, by its direct service to Havana, Cuba, in connection with the Pennsylvania Southern Railway, Florida Central, and Peninsular and Florida East Coast Railway. The efficient steamships, *Miami* and *Lincoln* will make twice-a-week trips to Havana, leaving Miami, Fla., on arrival of through limited trains from the East. The steamships of the Florida East Coast Steamship Company are magnificent specimens of the up-to-date passenger ship, with ample and luxurious accommodations, and perfect cuisine, and make the fastest time.

The service of the Florida East Coast Steamship Company to Nassau will run semi-weekly, except during February and March, when three ships a week will leave Miami for Nassau. The Key West service from Miami is three times a week, leaving Miami Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights, on arrival of day train from Jacksonville. The steamer *City of Key West*, which performs this latter-named service, is a magnificent side-wheel steamer, and the trip through the Florida Keys is one of great interest. For full particulars call on or address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, New York.

THE Eureka Springs of Kansas have either been endowed with supernatural powers or they exude one of the most remarkable natural water-cures the world has ever discovered. Easily reached in the Ozark Mountains by the 'Frisco line, in a climate that may have an effect as beneficial as the waters, they are the Mecca of thousands whose cures in some countries would be considered miraculous.

CALIFORNIA in three days seems little less than a dream, yet it is accomplished with the regularity of clockwork by the Chicago and Northwestern Railway's "Overland Limited," the pioneer line west and northwest of Chicago. It is a through-car route to the Pacific coast, departing daily at 10:30 A. M., without change to San Francisco. It is as luxurious as it is swift, punctual and safe.

Good wine needs no bush, and Raymond & Whitcomb's tours only need announcing to ensure cordial support. Their special vestibule trains, consisting of sleeping, dining, library

and observation cars, will leave the Eastern cities in February, March and April for California and the Pacific Coast (with stop-over privileges), the Rocky Mountain resorts, the Yosemite Valley, and the Yellowstone Park.

THE traffic between New York City and Boston, and Chicago, the business hives of the East and the West, is a matter of high moment to the commercial interests of the world. Quick time, low rates, safety and comfort are assured by the "Nickel Plate Line." It is well established, its service runs with automatic smoothness, and its management is as bright as its popular title, "Nickel Plate."

It is now possible to make the journey to Havana, Nassau, Santiago de Cuba, Vera Cruz, or any seaport in Cuba or on the Gulf of Mexico with all the comforts of home or a first-class hotel. James E. Ward & Co. are making a specialty of excursions to these points during the present season, and a tour to the tropics by such conveyance is a treat to the pleasure seeker and balm to the invalid.

WE have received, with pleasure, the very handsome calendar issued by the Grand Trunk Railway for 1899. A limited supply will be mailed free to those who apply to Mr. F. P. Dwyer, the Eastern agent of the company, at 273 Broadway, New York city. The calendar is well worth securing, as this road leads to the celebrated wilds of Muskoka, to the Haliburton region, and to the Georgian Bay—districts where thousands of sportsmen found pleasure during the season of 1898. The territory contiguous to the Grand Trunk Railway offers rare facilities to the sportsman, canoe and camper, which will not be overlooked when the season for a woodland holiday again swings round.

THE well-known taxidermists, Messrs. W. W. Hart & Co., of 47 East 12th street, this city, have lately received a couple of quite interesting and very large moose heads from Alaska. One head has a spread of 64¾ inches; length of palm, 36½ inches to outside of brow antler; circumference of beam just without the burr, 9 inches. The second head shows a spread of 65½ inches; length of palm, inside, 42 inches; beam, 8½ inches.

A GOOD mechanic may do fair work with poor tools, but when he is granted the best of tools he should do the best of work. Those who utilize the skates made famous by the brand of Barney & Berry, know that they are skating on blades which, in curve and edge, illustrate the best of modern workmanship. For easy, graceful movement, in intricate or simple figures, there is nothing better than the Barney & Berry. The champion skaters of the world have used this blade, and novices had best follow the experts.

CHAMPAGNE is freely sold in America. There are innumerable inferior brands, and many positively bad. Discriminating judges—those who enjoy champagne for its own sake, and fully appreciate its finer qualities—nvariably pronounce Pommery an absolutely perfect wine.



OUR THEATRICAL PLAYGROUND.

“**A**T THE WHITE HORSE TAVERN,” at Wallack’s, is like the bracing air of the Alps in which its scenes are laid, bright, pure and invigorating. After so many plays dealing in a doubtful manner with more or less doubtful subjects, and some of them unpleasant, if not offensive, it is a delight to find oneself interested in the loves and lives of the simple, honest, everyday people who gather at the hostelry. It is a production that offers an evening of comfort and complete enjoyment. The setting of the scenes is admirable, as is also the acting. You can joy with the buxom hostess *Joseph* and laugh with a whole-soul laugh at *Giesecke* and *Liedler* and *Sutro*, or sympathize with poor little *Clara*, and every emotion raised by this delightful play will be pleasant, wholesome and refreshing.

* * *

At the Empire the stock company are presenting the light comedy, “*Lord and Lady Algy*,” which came with the commendation of a long metropolitan run across the water. It is light comedy of the sort that has so long and pleasantly held the boards of the Criterion in London. Its name-givers belong to an exceedingly fast set who live beyond their means and have separated on friendly terms before the action of the play begins. *Brabazon Tredway* and *Lord Algy’s* elder brother, the *Marquis of Quarmby*, are the crux of the piece, for *Algy* lends his bachelor apartments to his brother, who introduces to them the parvenu *Brabazon*. There *Algy’s* father discovers her, and so does *Lady Algy* and *Brabazon’s* husband. The consequences fall on the innocent head of *Lord Algy*, of course. In the end the whole business is straightened out as it should be, but there is the liveliest kind of a time in untying the knots.

* * *

JAMES A. HERNE holds the boards of the Herald Square with his latest product, “*The Reverend Griffith Davenport*,” and if literary ability and the playwright’s skill insure success, then “*The Rev. Griffith Davenport*” would become a picture as ever-recurring as the perennial “*Rip Van Winkle*.” The object of the author has been to depict the vivid characteristics of Virginia life in the early sixties. This he has done with a power and subtlety that come from a thorough knowledge of the period and a keen sympathy with the struggles and currents of thought that lay deep in the causes that led to the uprising for, and the subsequent emancipation of, the slaves. For popular reasons and for stage presentation the dialogue might with advantage be revised and some of the characters eliminated. What the play

would lose in thoroughness it would gain in dramatic force. It is needless to add that with the principal parts taken by the accomplished author and his wife the piece is excellently presented, and no lover of pure drama should miss seeing “*The Rev. Griffith Davenport*.”

* * *

THE third of Charles Frohman’s melodramas at the Academy of Music is a departure from his custom of presenting one of the season’s great London successes, as was the case in “*The Sporting Duchess*” and “*White Heather*.” It is a revival, true, but a revival of an old New York favorite of some fifteen years back, set amidst such well-known New York scenes as the City Hall, Printing House Square and the Pennsylvania R. R. Station, New Jersey. The story revolves on the temptations and crimes of *Martha West*, and the arrest and trial of the innocent hero, on his return from the war, for a murder which *Martha* ultimately confesses to. To add realism to the scenic splendors and to the home-coming of the regiment, the management have secured the attendance on the stage of a large part of the Astor Battery. The setting is gorgeous and realistic, and “*Her Atonement*” contains all the dramatic incidents upon which melodrama relies for its justification and patronage.

* * *

WEBER & FIELDS have scored more than their usual triumph, and that is saying a great deal, in their burlesque of “*Catherine*.” The burlesque, in fact, may really be said to be better than the original, and certainly where mirth only is looked for it succeeds. Whosoever enjoys a good hearty laugh over real travesty is sure of it in plenty over Weber & Fields’ “*Catherine*.”

* * *

“*BROWN’S IN TOWN*” is the clever title of J. J. Rosenthal’s latest farce, at the Bijou. Although the theme is not new, the author has treated it with so much cleverness, innocence, and seriousness as to make it funny. The action is rapid, and the incidents plausible. The complications are not brought about in the old-fashioned way, by the characters ignorantly mistaking one person for the other, but intentionally, though hastily, by the characters themselves. *Brown* visits a small village ten miles from the city to enjoy his honeymoon with his young and pretty wife, whom he has secretly married. A host of relatives and friends happen to visit the same place. Their coming and going, and the fact that *Brown* tries to keep his marriage a secret, make the story of the play.



"OVER THE ALPS ON A BICYCLE," by Mrs. Pennell. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell.

Mrs. Pennell dedicates her book to the Alpine Club, "to whom," she says, "I would like to point out that there is another and more delightful method of climbing." Mrs. Pennell actually pushed, pedaled, and coasted over nine Alpine passes in less than a week, including the Tête Noire, the Simplon, the San Bernardino, and the St. Gotthard. Any one can do it, Mrs. Pennell thinks, who is wise enough not to be run away with downhill and not to court weariness by riding up steep ascents. In five weeks of Alpine riding Mrs. Pennell met no English cyclists, but she saw many American wheelmen. The book closes with a number of valuable suggestions as to routes, etc. It is worth remembering that there are two approaches to every pass, an easy one and a hard one; one is the better to ride up, and the other to coast down, and Mrs. Pennell has found out the right way to go at all of them.

[THE CENTURY CO., N. Y.]

"HITTING AND MISSING WITH THE SHOTGUN," by S. T. Hammond, author of the "Hammond System of Shooting."

Mr. Hammond enjoys among his field companions the repute of being an unusually good shot, and one who is particularly successful in that most difficult branch of upland shooting, the pursuit of the ruffed grouse, or partridge. He is entitled therefore to write down for others an exposition of the methods by which his skill was acquired. The result is this original manual of "Hitting vs. Missing," explaining the expedients and devices adopted and the forms of practice followed in the Hammond system of shooting; they are set forth simply and intelligibly.

[FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., N. Y.]

"HOW TO BUILD A SKIPJACK," by Charles G. Davis. Illustrated.

Mr. Davis is favorably known to yachtsmen as a charming writer and a skilful naval architect. He can design a craft, build her, sail her, and when all this is done, can describe her doings most entertainingly. "How To Build a Skipjack" is practical. The descriptions are clear, the designs graphic, and the work of building a "skip" may easily be accomplished by one who follows the directions so admirably set forth by Mr. Davis. The craft designed has excellent qualities, and about a hundred have already been built to the plans shown in the book.

[THE RUDDER PUBLISHING CO., N. Y.]

"BY WAY OF CAPE HORN—FOUR MONTHS IN A YANKEE CLIPPER," by Paul Eve Stevenson, author of "A Deep Sea Voyage."

That "By Way of Cape Horn" is not the record of so pleasant a voyage as "A Deep Sea Voyage" is no fault of the author. It arises mainly from the difference in the officers with whom his lot was cast. Indeed, that he has sacrificed effect to truth is to his credit. It is a book which deserves to, and should, be more widely read than its more enchanting predecessor; for it is only by the discrimination of the facts related from such a source that a public opinion will be found strong enough to insure the passing and enforcement of the laws necessary for the protection of the sailors of our mercantile marine. It is given to few pens to be able to maintain unflinchingly the reader's interest from the start to the finish of a four-months' voyage. Mr. Stevenson has accomplished this twice.

[J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., Philadelphia.]

"PHIL-O-RUM'S CANOE" and "MADELEINE VERCHERES;" poems by Dr. W. H. Drummond.

A small, exquisitely illustrated volume from the gifted pen of Dr. William Henry Drummond, author of "The Habitant." In this work, Dr. Drummond tells us about "Phil-o-Rum's Canoe," and "Madeleine Vercheres," and needless to say, the stories are told with all the quaint vigor and truthful dialect which characterized the author's great success, "The Habitant." In this work, artist and publisher have done full justice to the writer, and the result of their combined efforts is a thing of beauty, well worthy of a place in the finest library in the land.

[G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York and London.]

"THE BUTTERFLY BOOK," by W. J. Holland, Chancellor of the Western University of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Holland is the authority on American butterflies. He has written this volume with the aim of popularizing their study, telling of their life and habits and pointing out to the amateur how they may be identified and collected. The forty-eight colored plates show hundreds of specimens, photographed directly from the butterflies themselves, and presenting to a marvelous degree, the exact tones and shades of the fascinating originals. The chapter on the capture, preparation, and preservation of specimens is especially valuable to beginners; and what boy has not, at some time or other, begun a collection?

[DOUBLEDAY & McCLURE CO., N. Y.]

ODDS AND ENDS.

WHAT'S the use of making flower beds, and weeding and watering, if your seeds fail to come up, or come up poor and spindling and never bloom? It is the "know how" that is necessary, together with reliable seeds, that will cause your garden spot to bloom perennially and prove a constant source of health and pleasure. You must begin, of course, with your soil—its quality and preparation—and then the seeds best adapted to your climate. Miss C. H. Lippincott, 319 South Sixth street, Minneapolis, Minn., is the pioneer seedswoman of America. Her catalogue is published, devoted exclusively to flower seeds, from which you can select a choice collection for your garden at very reasonable prices, if you will write and ask for it. If it does not contain all you want to know, you can write to her and she will be very glad to give you further information. She grows her own seeds, and they are reliable.

THAT the Gas Engine and Power Co., of Morris Heights, N. Y., should have 3,000 of their small power pleasure and naphtha launches in operation is high testimony to their world-wide appreciation. They are safe, speedy and simple. Send for illustrated catalogue of steam and naphtha yachts and launches. The same firm construct steam and sail yachts, steel and wood vessels, marine engines and water-tube boilers.

THE old-established and conservative firm of A. G. Spalding & Bros. have inaugurated a new method of merchandising; and manufacturers, jobbers, and retail dealers, all of whom have been sorely perplexed in determining upon a plan or policy of conducting their business on account of the new conditions of merchandising that have arisen in the past few years, will be interested in that new policy—distribution of their goods direct to the consumer through the medium of the retail dealer. This firm boldly announce that in future they will not avail themselves of the jobbers' facilities in distributing their goods as they have been doing in the past, but will go direct to the retail dealer; and by doing away with all jobbers' or middlemen's profits, commissions to sales agents, etc., and all complications attending this mode of distribution, will be enabled to better maintain the quality of their goods and furnish the consumer and retail dealer at lower prices than it is possible to do under the old system. It is the belief of the Spaldings that this plan will meet with the hearty co-operation and approval of the retail dealer, who, they claim, will be able to secure a reasonable and sure profit on this line of goods, to which he is justly entitled, as none of Spaldings' trade-marked goods will be sold to any dealer that cuts the established retail prices.

The firm's new catalogue, with reduced retail prices and special trade discounts, has been issued, and it will be sent to all legitimate retail dealers on request.

THE Twentieth Century Headlight revolutionized the character of the bicycle lamp. Thenceforth sperm-oil was dethroned, and now wherever, the world over, the wheel is seen, there flashes on it the Kerosene Headlight of the Twentieth Century. The same company, having for two years experimented with acetylene, are now offering the Twentieth Century Gas Headlight.

GRASS seeds and good seed selected by experts who know what is required to make a putting green perfection, the links a delight to the eye and a joy to the golfer, can be obtained of Peter Henderson & Co., of New York. The firm has had its representative study the Scotch links and apply his acquired knowledge to its grass seeds. Catalogue free.

It is not claimed that "The Daimler Motor" is the cheapest, but that it is one of the best on the world's market for yachts and launches. Its testimonials go far to justify such a claim.

THE handsomest catalogue received to date is that of the Andrew B. Hendry Co., which manufactures the justly celebrated "Hendry" reels. While our readers have long since learned to appreciate the smooth-running lightness and other desirable qualities of the reels, they may not know that the firm also manufactures the very best of bird and animal cages, chains, and other standard metal goods.

THE Empire Marine Motor is a new motive power machine for pleasure boats. It is a gasoline motor of the "four-cycle" type, but it differs materially from other appliances made for the same purpose. Absolute safety is secured by a clever automatic device, which renders a premature explosion impossible. The motor is started by simply opening a small valve and giving a turn or two of the fly-wheel by hand. The mechanical construction of the machine is the acme of simplicity, and its compactness may be best understood when it is stated that the six-horse-power motor is only twenty-six inches in height and about twenty-two inches square. The motor always starts promptly and runs smoothly, requiring absolutely no attention. The air supply is positive, without any attempt at regulation. As the exhaust is under water, there is none of the disagreeable odor sometimes noticed in using other motors. In fact, there is no smell whatever. No batteries are used in running the machine, though the ignition is electric. To generate the spark, a magneto, or small dynamo, is employed, of a durable and effective type; and users are thus relieved of the nuisance of recharging batteries. Other points of excellence are the facts that no moving parts are exposed, there is no heat, fire or smoke, and no necessity of government inspection. Users of this type of motor say they consider it safe, simple, economic, compact and in all respects satisfactory. Send for a free catalogue to C. C. Riotte Co., 1955 Park avenue, New York.

PLEASURE, TRAVEL AND RESORTS.

WINTER cruises not long enough to be tedious and landing you at will, and if you wish in the Bermudas, or in succession at Porto Rico, St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Kitts, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados and Demerara, can be enjoyed in the widest sense of that word by the New York and Bermuda Royal Mail, "The Quebec Line." The steamers sail every ten days from New York, and the West Indian round trip is most attractive.

FLORIDA and Cuba, via Pennsylvania, Southern Railway, F., C. & P. and F. E. C. The only route operating through Pullman sleeping-car service, New York to Ormond, Rockledge, Palm Beach and Miami. Connection for Havana, Key West and Nassau. Route of the "New York and Florida Limited," one of the finest trains in the world, operated solid between N. Y. and St. Augustine, composed exclusively of dining, library and observation, compartment and drawing-room sleeping-cars. Two other fast trains, 4:20 P. M. and 12:05 A. M. For detail information, apply to J. L. Adams, G. E. A., F., C. & P. R. R., 353 Broadway, New York, or A. S. Thweatt, E. P. A., Southern Railway, 271 Broadway, New York.

THE islands of the Spanish main thrown open by the enterprise of our naval and military forces, and made memorable by their deeds, can be reached in comfort by the superb fleet of the N. Y. and Cuba Mail S. S. Co., "The Ward Line." They sail regularly between New York and Havana, Santiago, Cienfuegos, Guantanamo and Manzanillo, with connections at Vera Cruz with the Mexican R. R. system.

SOUTHBOUND sportsmen should avail themselves of the Clyde Line steamers, which sail direct for Charleston, S. C., and Jacksonville, Fla. The excellent accommodations of these palaces afloat make a delightful opening to a huntsman's revel in Southern fields and sport. Dogs are carried free, and every arrangement possible for comfort and punctuality is made.

BERMUDA, more charming than ever, is attracting from far and wide her colony of tourists anxious to avoid the rigors of that most trying of periods, the lingering months of winter and the treacherous transition period. In the halls and gardens of the justly popular "Princess," of Hamilton, midst the scenes of the luxurious and genial tropics, on reading of the stress of the continental weather it scarce seems a credibility.

THERE is a season for all things, and Montreal in winter has attractions all its own. It is then one of the most charming resorts, where the climatic conditions are made the medium of delight, and winter is turned into merry time. Snowshoeing, sleighing, skating, and kindred sports are not, as further south, sporadic and often disappointing, but up to April are certain, continuous, and delightful. Go by the New York Central, America's greatest railroad.

THE Old Dominion Line is an old favorite to the South; its vessels have carried countless thousands in comfort and safety, and its popularity waxes with age.

To cross the Atlantic is often a matter of duty. It should always be made a pleasure, and is on the ships of the Hamburg-American Steamship Company, which ply with the regularity of clock-work and the perfect comfort of a first-class hotel from New York to Europe.

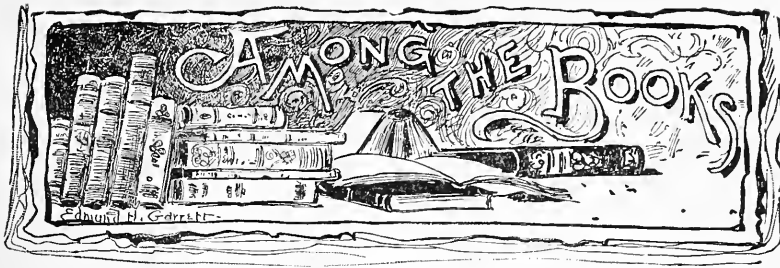
MR. L. P. SWEET, sporting goods dealer, of Norway, Maine, speaks in terms of extreme praise of the shooting qualities, handiness, and reliability of the now well-known "Savage" rifle. As Mr. Sweet is a regularly licensed guide and a woodsman and hunter of long experience, his words carry weight. He claims the "Savage, 303" to be the best weapon for all-round shooting in all sorts of weather that he has ever used. Intending purchasers may easily profit by the experience of a veteran.

THE Baxter camping outfit is one of the neatest and most compact ever invented for the use of sportsmen, miners, and those who camp out purely for pleasure. The outfit for six persons comprises 60 pieces, and packs within a stove measuring no more than 10 x 12 x 18 inches. It is easily transported, and it saves space, fuel, time and temper. Consult advertisement in this issue.

IF Nature had conspired she could not have designed a greater benefit than Lakewood, N. J.

Ninety minutes from the stress and strain of the great metropolis, where man's capacity is strained to the utmost, Lakewood spreads its charms. It is healthful with the breath of the pines, invigorating, yet protected by nature so effectually that it is a veritable semi-tropical belt set on the fringe of the Northern winter. Under the influence of its breezes and in the balm of its woods and sands the golfer, the huntsman, the man of society, the invalid, or the most robust can find exactly the recreation or rest most desirable. Nature has been aided in her beneficent mission by man's enterprise, and the Lakewood Hotel, conducted by the well-known lessee of the Oriental and Manhattan Beach Hotels, is warrant of the personal comfort to be found within its hospitable and merry walls.

EVERY water and every sport has its distinctive craft. The American Boat Works, of St. Louis, Mo., have long been distinguished for the variety of light-draft boats for pleasure, as well as for duck and hunting, and for rowing and sailing. In one sense they occupy a unique position, in that they will build the frame work and different parts of a boat by first-class mechanics, and leave the purchaser to set up and plank it. Their catalogue is one which will interest and instruct sportsmen, yachtsmen and all who love the water; it is full of illustrations and valuable information.



"BICYCLE REPAIRING," by S. D. V. Burr. Illustrated.

After being able to ride with ease and comfort, the next most necessary accomplishment of a cyclist is to be able to appreciate exactly what has happened on a break-down and to see that the mechanic into whose hands the machine is placed also understands. To teach this knowledge and to apply it is the object of Mr. Burr's work, and it does it admirably. That a fourth edition should be called for is testimony sufficient on this point.

[DAVID WILLIAMS & Co., N. Y.]

"THE DAY'S WORK," by Rudyard Kipling, author of "Plain Tales from the Hills," "The Seven Seas," "The Jungle Books," etc.

The publishers of this collection of Kipling's prose stories have rendered a service to many who have already perused them in periodicals of the day, and to thousands who failed to see them in that fugitive stage of existence. They vary in their value as widely as in their subject and locale, but all bear the impress of the master's hand. None other could have indited "The Maltese Cat," the story of a polo match in India, or "The Walking Delegate," a shrewd and powerful criticism of the labor problem and trades unionism, in the guise of a horse story from the pastures of New England, or "William the Conqueror," a vivid pen picture of a corner of Madras in famine time, or, still more remarkable, "The Tomb of His Ancestors," an Indian military and tribal story of rare acuteness. Some of the other stories, such as "Bread Upon the Water" and "The Ship That Found Itself," are already classics. It may interest some readers to know that this volume will be sent, postpaid, to any address, on approval.

[DOUBLEDAY & McCLURE Co., N. Y.]

THE latest "little business book" of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co. is exceedingly acceptable. In these stirring times this company fills a position of stern need to the Government, but this complete catalogue is far from being exclusively a description of munitions of war. U. M. C. loaded and paper shells, which have increased so rapidly in popular favor, occupy an important place. Cartridges of every kind are so classified that each variety can readily be found. Among the new goods are grease-proof and smokeless card wads of improved material, for use over nitro-powders, and smokeless-powder cartridges in a large variety of calibres and styles. This exhaustive little book will be mailed to any address upon application to the New York office of the company, 313 Broadway.

"THE TROUT," with chapters on breeding by Colonel F. H. Custance, and cookery, by Alexander Innes Shand. Illustrated.

This, the latest of the Fin, Fur and Feather Series, meets the need for plain and interesting methods of description and education in the gentle art of luring from lovely streams the much fished-for and wonderfully wary trout. It was in its design prepared for English fishermen, but the ubiquitous trout of all our streams has the character of its British congenitor, and what is true of Derbyshire and Hampshire is equally applicable to Long Island and the trout streams of Pennsylvania. The chapters on breeding and the illustrations will help those, and there should be many, who would fain see our own depleted waters restocked. May the day be hastened by this publication.

[LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., N. Y.]

"THE BOYS WITH OLD HICKORY," by Everett T. Tomlinson. Illustrated.

This volume, which concludes the War of 1812 Series, covers the closing period of that struggle. The author, in his writing for young people, does not aim to be entertaining alone; and having studied boys carefully during his association with them as a teacher, he knows well how to arouse and maintain their interest while he depicts historical events on sea and land, and gives them correct views of the same. In the present volume they follow the further adventures of the Field and Spicer boys and Captain Jim, and make the acquaintance of "Old Hickory" and Jean Lafitte, the leader of the Baratarians. The heroes have their first experience on the ocean, taking passage on a privateer for the Gulf of Mexico, and after many adventures take part in the battle of New Orleans, of which a vivid description is given.

[LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, Mass.]

"MISTRESS NANCY MOLESWORTH, A TALE OF ADVENTURE," by Joseph Hocking, author of "The Birthright," etc.

Mr. Hocking has made himself widely known in England as a writer of dashing tales of adventure, and this story is perhaps more finished and convincing than anything he has yet done. The scene is laid in Cornwall in the days when the Pretender's claims were setting half of England in a ferment, and when romance was an every-day reality. Roger Trevanion and his desperate effort to retrieve his squandered fortunes—an effort in which he finds something better even than his ancestral estate—make a tale whose interest is absorbing and continuous.

[DOUBLEDAY & McCLURE Co., N. Y.]



THE SUMMER GIRL.

THE summer girl is coming home,
All brown and plump and rosy,
Prepared to make the winter seem
Extremely nice and cozy.

The flush of health is in her cheeks,
With fun her eyes are dancing ;
The flush of conquest in her heart
Makes life seem most entrancing.

She's bathed and danced and walked and sailed,
And read a book and flirted,
Till, to the young men she has left,
The whole world seems deserted.

Ah ! soon she'll be the winter girl,
And we shall bow before her,
For she was made to be adored,
And therefore we adore her.

—T. M., in *Truth*.

HIS JUST DESERTS.

SOUTHERN JUSTICE: Yo' are charged with stealin' youah neighbor's coon-dawg, suh ; but as the temptation is ve'y great, 'specially at this time of yeah, I shall on'y fine yo' one dollah, suh.

SHERIFF: Youah Honah, he is charged with shootin' his neighbor's coon-dawg—not stealin' it.

SOUTHERN JUSTICE: Yo' fiend fum Hades ! I fine yo' ten thousan' dollahs an' send yo' to State's prison fo' fifty yeahs ; an' the Sheriff will *not* exercise undue vigilance to prevent a lynchin', either, suh !—*Puck*.

ECONOMY IS A REVENUE.

MRS. YOUNGWON: George, you know that twenty dollars you gave me to buy a hat?

MR. YOUNGWON: Yes, dear.

MRS. YOUNGWON: Well, I've saved the money.

MR. YOUNGWON: How? I see you're wearing a new hat.

MRS. YOUNGWON: In order to be economical, George, I kept the twenty dollars for pin-money and had the hat charged.—*Roxbury Gazette*.

"SPEAKING of getting a tooth pulled," said the Cornfed Philosopher, "that is one instance where a man is bound to stay and see the thing out."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

EMPLOYER: What! I've just agreed to give you every Saturday as a holiday, and now you want an increase of salary?

EMPLOYEE: Yes, sir, so I can enjoy my holiday.—*Polichinelle*.

"You children turn up your noses at everything on the table. When I was a boy I was glad to get enough dry bread."

"I say, pa, you are having a better time of it now you are living with us!" replied Tommy, consolingly.—*Northern Budget*.

MORE EXCITING.

SHE: Do you like MacLaren's stories?

HE: No. I prefer golf. It's better exercise and not so hard to understand.—*Truth*.

THE DIZZIEST HEIGHT OF VALOR.

NO LAUREL wreath entwine for me,
My very name posterity
Shall never know. And yet, without
The slightest shadow of a doubt,
A hero brave, triumphant, free,
I've this day proved myself to be.

Not in the battle's crimson fray,
Not in the sight of men, I say ;
That which I did was braver far
Than any fearful feat of war—
Than any deed which song or book
Perpetuates. *I fired the cook.*

—*Truth*.

TEACHER: What is an island?

JOHNNY TELLER: A body of land entirely surrounded by war-ships, ma'am.—*Judge*.

"BLYKINS has his own way in his house."

"Yes. But his wife always tells him what it is going to be beforehand."—*Exchange*.

MADAM: Mary, I do not approve of your entertaining your sweetheart in the kitchen.

MARY: Well, ma'am, it's very kind of you ; but he's too shy to come into the drawing-room.—*Tit-Bits*.

OUR THEATRICAL PLAYGROUND.

THE literary critics are rending the air with the relative merits and demerits of the rival translations of Edmund Rostand's French melodrama, "Cyrano de Bergerac," and apostrophizing to their hearts' content on this or that defect in the English rendering, or this or that beauty in the original, mainly, as it would appear, to air their own superior knowledge of the Gallic tongue; but however divided on this point, they unite forces in praise of the rendering of the character of the graceless Gascon by Mr. Mansfield at the Garden Theatre. It is no small thing to essay comparisons with Coquelin, but to have done so and succeeded is evidence of high merit. *Cyrano* would test the versatility, ability and stagecraft of the most accomplished actor; to add to that the need to compare with the great French master is to place a burden that might easily be beyond the strength of most. And yet it is rather by creating a new *Cyrano* that Mansfield has achieved his great success. Through each act he grew in power and intensity. From the quaintness, sometimes bordering on buffoonery, in the first and second acts, the exquisite appealingness of the third, the rattle of the camp in the fourth, to the last scene, where, old and worn, he comes to the feet of *Roxane*, he rose step by step in power and in public estimation. The play, although bringing into use half a century of characters, really revolves round four: *Cyrano*, a Gascon of the Gascons, quaint, irritable, arrogant, passionate and poor, secretly in love with *Roxane*, a beautiful "leading lady" of the period, who will have none of him, being enamored deeply with a soldier brave named *Christian*. Of course she is pursued by the relentless stage villain, in the guise of a noble, bad man, or rather a bad nobleman, through three acts, and ends by marrying *Christian*. Such a skeleton sketch as this, however, does no justice to the brilliant, volatile and inspiring play. Indeed, it is one of those compositions and representations that defy analysis and will not be represented other than to the senses on the stage. To all who seek the intellectual enjoyment of the highest form of melodrama and dramatic art, we say, go thou to the Garden and see and hear *Cyrano* Mansfield and his very able supporters.

FRANCIS WILSON is the good fairy of New York playgoers, if such a term can be applied to so material a body. At any rate, it has the attribute of truth, inasmuch as it is the function of a good fairy to make everybody happy. That is what the appearance of Francis Wilson does. We say appearance advisedly, because it is so. 'Tis no matter, or at least not much matter, what are the words of the play or what are the times to which some of it is set; Francis Wilson's fun is what the bulk of the audience have come for, and they get it at the Broadway in "The Little Corporal." Those who expect to find the Napoleonic hero in the flesh will be disappointed. Those who go to enjoy the passing hour under the magic influence of their old-time favorite will get their reward in kind. The story of "The Little Corporal" is clearer than is usual in comic opera. *Petitpas* is a

faithful Breton, who pretends to be a Republican in order to save the old castle and its treasure for his master, the exiled *Marquis de St. André*. He loves *Jacqueline*, but she has exchanged places with her mistress, *Adèle de Tourville*, and he thinks her far above him. The *Marquis* returns, and the royalist party are carried off to Egypt by the rough riders of Napoleon's army. There the *Marquis* is discovered to be an aristocrat, but a new uniform for Napoleon happens to be handy; *Petitpas* puts it on, is mistaken by the troops for "The Little Corporal," and saves his friends.

JOHN DREW, at the Empire, is meeting with the support he has so long and well earned. His present venture is "The Liars," by Henry Arthur Jones. It is a graceful comedy, if indeed that title is not too light for a theme that borders at times on the tragic. It is the old, old story; a foolish young matron who contemplates eloping, but becomes reconciled to her equally foolish and neglectful husband. Mr. Drew, as in the "Squire of Dames," is the good genius who prevents the climax of mutual misery. It is not by any means a character that calls upon Mr. Drew for his utmost, as did "The Bauble Shop," nor will it be handed down, like that, as one of the cherished traditions of the American stage, but in what he has to do he shows the subtle art and grace of a comedian whose place is individual and unrivaled.

KOSTER & BIAL's gather around them each fall the pick of the foreign vaudeville stars, and their patrons, whose tastes they know so well, will be regaled through all the winter nights with just the fare for their palate. Koster & Bial's is one of the off-nights for every visitor to Gotham, and many a New Yorker finds there the pleasure and diversion that a hard-worked brain requires. Koster & Bial do not burden their *clientèle* with problem plays.

DALY's "Runaway Girl" is staying long. Beginning on the 25th of August, it still holds the boards, with no apparent falling off of satisfied patrons. There is scarce wonder for this, for it is bright and clear in story, the music is melodious, and the company, all round, satisfactory. It is a two-act musical play by Seymour Hicks and Harry Nichols, the music by Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton, the lyrics by Aubrey Hopwood and Harry Greenbank.

AT Wallack's Alice Neilsen was fortunate in starting her starring with the acceptable "Fortune Teller." The engagements of the Neilsen Opera Company will fill Wallack's, to all appearance, far into, if not through, the winter—a certain sign of meritorious renderings of good opera. Miss Neilsen plays the dual rôle of *Irma* and *Musette*, and the story is based on the amusing complications which ensue from the resemblance of *Irma*, the heroine (Miss Neilsen), to her twin brother, *Fedor*, a lieutenant of hussars, and to *Musette*, a gypsy girl. To escape from an odious marriage *Irma* dons her brother's clothes, and very dapper Miss Neilsen looked in the second finale brandishing her sword in the uniform of the Red Hussars.

ODDS AND ENDS.

THE quality of anything invariably regulates its price. It is a reasonable presumption that, all else being equal, the thing which costs the most is the best.

This is particularly true of Champagne, the wholesale prices of which are regulated for the entire world by the London market, in which the greatest connoisseurs and most discriminating judges are engaged. There Pommery invariably sells at a higher price than any other Champagnes. This is proof positive that it is considered by the best judges to be superior. In America its retail price is usually the same as other brands, but those familiar with the facts appreciate that they are getting better value for their money if they order Pommery.

LADIES who love to swing the golf club and handle the tennis racquet, or who are interested in any other of the diversions of outdoors, are always glad to know of a thoroughly high quality glove for street or evening wear. The Marvex Glove, made from the very highest quality of kid skins by the best glove makers of Europe, will admirably meet every requirement. It is remarkable for its easy and graceful fitting, and it is to be had in the most delicate shades. It is sold exclusively in America by B. Altman & Co., of New York.

THE output of Bailey's "Won't Slip" tire during the present year has been so satisfactory to the makers, and given so much satisfaction to the riders, that the manufacturers have been able to announce a reduction in their price—pretty good evidence of success.

THE DAIMLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S new catalogue of gasoline motors for boats, carriages, quadricycles, fire engines, street railways and vehicles of all kinds, as well as for stationary, manufacturing and other purposes, is picturesque and startling with novelties in application of modern inventions to practical purposes.

GOERZ'S TRIEDER BINOCULAR is indeed wonderful as a field and opera glass. It has eight or ten times the power of the old style, is small in size, and such a glass is simply indispensable for sportsmen, yachtsmen, travelers, for regattas and races, the track, the field and the theatre. Send to C. P. Goerz, Union square, New York, for descriptive catalogue.

No powder, no paste, no odors when polishing with the "Champion" polishing fibre, of the Champion Chemical Co., of Philadelphia. Cyclists, golfers, sportsmen, yachtsmen, and all who take a pride in the cleanliness, the brightness of the metal work, will appreciate it.

THE dog in captivity demands humane treatment and the modification of the ills that dogs are heir to. To keep your dog free from disease and in the pink of condition use "Sanitas" sawdust and softsoap. They are kennel necessities that no wise dog-owner or dog-lover will ever be without.

TROPHIES and prizes, artistic and appropriate, add value to the most cherished victory, and hand it down as a family inheritance. The Gorham Mfg. Co. pay special attention to this branch of the silversmith's art. Their established position as manufacturers of standard silver and sterling goods enables them to do so with assurance of perfection and economy.

THAT deservedly successful firm, the Hunter Arms Company, of Fulton, New York, has just issued a very neat catalogue, which contains much useful information for those who believe in strictly high-class guns like the famous "L. C. Smith." The \$60 ejector, with Damascus barrels, is a very popular gun. The new nitro-steel barrels and crown-steel barrels also have found marked favor among leading sportsmen. Every user of an "L. C. Smith" is its friend for life, and it is a pleasure to note that the Hunter Arms Company has never been busier than this month.

AMERICAN wines no longer need fear comparison with the best imported. Doubters on this point can be convinced by sending \$5 50 to the Germania Wine Cellars, of Hammondsport, N. Y., for a sample case, which will include, amongst other good things, some of their Grand Imperial Sec. The products of this company can well be left to speak for themselves.

BE the huntsman ever so circumspect he will be betrayed if he has not a noiseless boot. The ideal boot for still hunting is "The Ideal," manufactured by M. A. Smith & Son, of Philadelphia, Pa. They are made of the softest and toughest leather, will never harden, and are practically indestructible.

INDORSED by men of affairs, by artists, statesmen, singers, writers, scientists, and hosts in every land whose brains and bodies alike weary under excessive strain, Vin Mariani, for its nourishing, strengthening and refreshing qualities, is a tonic of deserved fame. Send for album of indorsements to Mariani & Co., New York.

By extending to coffee the principle so successfully applied to condensing milk, Bordens have met the wants of hunters, campers, yachtsmen, and all who go afield or afloat for business or pleasure. "The Eagle Brand" is known from Alaska to Patagonia, and appreciated as widely as known.

AIR in the place of solid substances for mattresses and cushions saves space, and provides comforts never before obtainable in camp or afloat. The Mechanical Fabric Co.'s mattresses are inflated in no time with a foot pump, and when deflated packed away in next to no space.

"HELPS IN BRAZING" are helps in a material point of manufacture. The Dixon Crucible Co. have just issued a pamphlet which all manufacturers should have, treating incidentally of brazing graphite, the application of which to bicycle tubes prevents the adherence of the spelter and effects a very considerable saving both in labor and in gas.

PLEASURE, TRAVEL AND RESORT.

THE Southern Railway Co.'s acumen and enterprise have done a notable service to the South, indeed to the whole country, by the publication of "The Empire of the South," its resources, industries and resorts. It is full in matter and illustrations, typographically perfect and elegant enough for a gift book. As an exposition of the resources and development of the South it is of more than local interest.

FOR the greatest ducking grounds in the world take the beautiful new steamships of the Old Dominion Line. They will take you to Currituck Sound, Chesapeake Bay, Albemarle Sound, the James River, and to all the gunning resorts of Virginia, West Virginia and North Carolina. Send to the Traffic Manager, New York, for *Pilot*, containing a description of short and delightful trips.

BEAN'S New Departure Trunk, manufactured at 73 Haverhill street, Boston, Mass., is a capital thing for campers, sportsmen and those who cross the ocean frequently. As a wall trunk, too, it possesses marked advantages. When closed, at first glance it appears like an ordinary flat-topped trunk, thoroughly well made and unusually strongly metaled. It can be opened without moving it from the object against which it rests or interfering with anything hanging above. By an ingenious device the open cover stands only about eight inches above the trunk body; it closes automatically, and no matter in what position it be dropped, the corner irons must receive the jar. A special style is made for sportsmen.

CONTINUANCE in cruising testifies the public appreciation, and again the Hamburg-American line announce a winter cruise to the Orient, of their superb twin-screw express steamer *Auguste Victoria*. Leaving New York January 26th, the cruise continues till the 3d of April. The itinerary includes Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Genoa, Villefranche (Nice), Syracuse (Sicily), Malta, Alexandria (Cairo and the Pyramids), Jaffa (Jerusalem, the Jordan and Dead Sea), Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, Palermo, Naples, Genoa, and return to New York.

WITH the first sign of color in the home forests, Bermuda rises to the mind of thousands as their haven from the coming strain. The Princess Hotel is opening its doors again and inviting its old patrons and many a new one to the comforts of home and the serenity, balminess and beauty of Hamilton and its surroundings. The finely appointed steamers of the Quebec line leave New York fortnightly until January 1st; after that, weekly.

"THE luxury of modern railway travel" is a fact on the New York Central and Hudson River system, yet the indefatigable general passenger agent has thought it worth while to explain in a pamphlet, which can be obtained for two cents, exactly the manner of it. There is nothing to equal it in all Europe, is the curt, voluntary, but truthful testimony of an American traveler.

THE ROYAL BLUE LINE has just issued No. 1 of second volume of the "Book of the Royal Blue," a worthy exponent, published monthly by the company, and guide to the commercial, historical and scenic features of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The text is interesting and useful, and the illustrations of the highest character. The "Book of the Royal Blue" should be in the hands of all travelers.

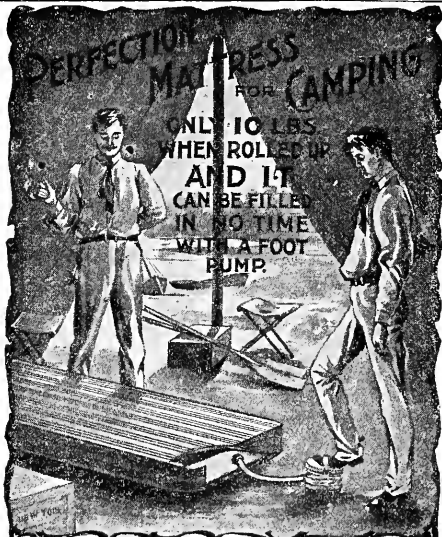
THE Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., Reading, Mass., have contracted with the International Navigation Co. to equip the *City of Paris* and *City of New York* (formerly the *Yale* and *Harvard*) with their Pneumatic Mattress, thus insuring their patrons not only a luxurious but a life-saving mattress. It is this progressiveness on the part of the management that makes the American Line so popular.

THOSE exceedingly clever taxidermists, Messrs. Wm. W. Hart & Co., of 47 East 12th street, have received a number of grand deer heads from northern points. The antlers are running unusually large and fine. Among the finer heads are a few in the velvet, which would indicate a later than ordinary completion of the antler-growing process. The firm's showrooms are now filled with beautiful work, and many rare specimens are on view.

DUCK and grouse shooting this season has been much better than the average at many Western points, and the cream of Minnesota, Dakota, Wisconsin and Iowa grounds is best reached by the popular Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway. This line caters to sportsmen. Dogs are carried free, and every attention is paid to patrons. Elegantly appointed trains afford every possible comfort, and they take you to shooting grounds unsurpassed. A neat little publication gives all useful information as to distances, guides, expenses, etc. For a copy, write to T. W. Teasdale, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., or to any agent of the company.

SUCCESSFUL trapping, while one of the most fascinating of occupations for the man who combines the spirit of observation with the knowledge of wild things and their ways, yet depends to a very great degree upon the excellence of the traps. The standard steel traps of the Oneida Community are quick, smooth-working, strong, and perfectly adapted to their purpose. In addition to traps the Community make all kinds of steel chains, silver-plated ware, sewing silk, and are large packers of canned fruits and vegetables.

FOR all banes there is an antidote provided by nature. The difficulty under modern conditions is to find it. The Buffalo Lithia Water from the Virginia Springs has approved itself to thousands, upon whose good word its reputation is broadly and securely based. It needs but little else than to insure the circulation of their testimony to assure its wider use.



Campers and Yachtsmen

can have home comforts by providing themselves with our "PERFECTION" AIR MATTRESSES and CUSHIONS. Waterproof—Light—Convenient. Made in any shape or size desired.

Illustrated catalogue sent free on application.

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Air-Goods Department. PROVIDENCE, R. I.

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An ideal preparation of Coffee for tourists, sportsmen and exploration parties. The finest grades of coffee combined with Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and sugar. Ready for use by diluting with water. If you cannot obtain it from your dealer write to the manufacturers.

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WHAT YOU WANT!

To polish and clean your gun, bicycle, fishing reel and golf club instantly, so they will be bright as the sunlight, is

"Champion" Collie Bruce.

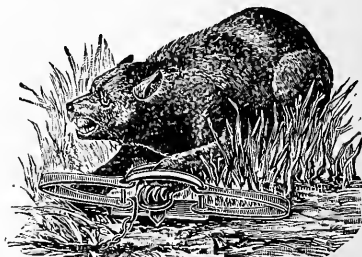
"CHAMPION"
POLISHING FIBRE.

Polishes all Jewelry, Silverware, Metals, Etc., instantly. No powder, no paste, no bad odor. It is clean and always ready. Guaranteed to outlast three dozen bottles or boxes of polish.

Price, 25 cents in silver or 1c or 2c stamps, sent to any address. Good agents and general agents wanted. Send 25 cents for outfit and terms. It will last a year.

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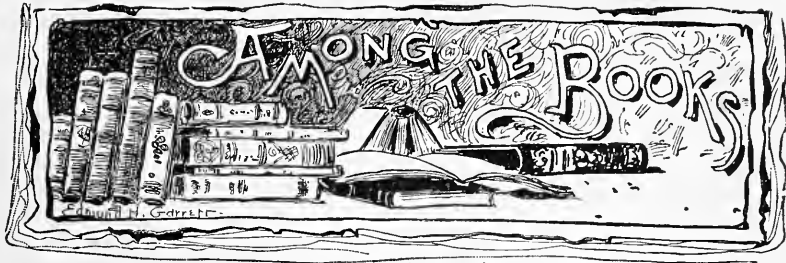
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"NAVIGATION AND NAUTICAL ASTRONOMY," by the late J. H. C. Coffin, professor of astronomy, navigation and surveying at the U. S. Naval Academy. Revised by Commander Charles Belknap, U. S. Navy.

That another edition of so highly technical, yet so indispensable a work as this, should be called for, is evidence of its popularity amongst those who go down to the sea. Time has necessitated a thorough revision, and Commander Belknap has performed the task with accuracy and fullness of scientific knowledge. The work has been brought fully up to date, all the examples being based on the ephemeris of 1898. Sailors and yachtsmen will welcome this new edition of an old friend.

[D. VAN NOSTRAND Co., N. Y.]

A "WORLD OF GREEN HILLS," observations of nature and human nature in the Blue Ridge, by Bradford Torrey.

Mr. Torrey's pen and style are so well known and highly appreciated that it needs only to say here that he has gathered in this volume, in handy form, many old friends from various sources. North Carolina and Virginia are his favorite haunts, and the six tours and chapters of "A World of Green Hills" disclose the reasons, and they are good ones. One wishes that "A Nook in the Alleghanies" were available for one's daily resting-place, and "In Quest of Ravens" the occupation.

[HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston and N. Y.]

"THE BOOK OF THE OCEAN," by Ernest Ingersoll. Illustrated.

This is a capital gift-book for boys and girls and a storehouse for the elders, full of information on scientific subjects, told in a way so attractive that the acquisition is a pleasure. The mere recital of some of the subjects covered is sufficient guarantee of the scope of the work. "The Ocean and Its Origin," "Waves, Tides and Currents," "The Building and Rigging of Ships," "Early Voyages and Explorations," "The Frozen North," "War Ships and Naval Battles," "The Merchants and Robbers of the Sea," "The Fishing Industries," and "Sea Plants," open a vista wide enough for the outpouring of the vast accumulation of facts and the flow of instructive idealism which are Mr. Ingersoll's special recommendation as a writer for the edification and delight of the rising generation and their forebears.

[N. Y. CENTURY Co.]

"HOME GAMES AND PARTIES," by various authors, and here edited by Mrs. Hamilton Mott, with a chapter on light refreshments for evening company by Mrs. S. T. Rorer.

This collection of miscellaneous games and amusements gives, in an exceedingly small space and handy size for the pocket, a mass of valuable information specially desirable for the coming season, although they range wide, from "Ring Games and Frolics" to "Home Parties for Children" and "Lawn Parties and Outdoor Fêtes," "Tableaux Arranging" and "Etiquette."

[DOUBLEDAY & McCLURE Co., N. Y.]

"FOUR-FOOTED AMERICANS AND THEIR KIN," by Mabel Osgood Wright. Edited by Frank M. Chapman and illustrated by Ernest Seton Thompson.

Under this somewhat fanciful title is hidden away the fact that this is a book in which the four-footed animals, wild and indigenous to our hills, plains and waters, are scientifically described in popular language and depicted by a master pencil. The grouping is sometimes erratic, but the truthfulness of the touch and accuracy of Mr. Thompson's drawings is most praiseworthy. Nothing equal to them has hitherto appeared, and were it for them alone this is a book for all nature lovers to be thankful for.

[THE MACMILLAN Co., N. Y.]

"UNDER DEWEY AT MANILA, OR THE WAR FORTUNES OF A CASTAWAY," by Edward Stratemeyer. Cloth. Illustrated.

In martial interest the story of Larry Russell and his fortunes, resulting in heroic service on the *Olympia*, reminds us of the famous "Army and Navy Series," by Oliver Optic. The sea stories that have so charmed young and old are to a certain extent obsolete, and Mr. Stratemeyer shows what a boy would find on a battleship of to-day. This, combined with a vivid and accurate description of the memorable contest at Cavite and the store of historical and geographical information skillfully presented, gives the book vitality and opportuneness. The chapter telling the story of Admiral Dewey's life is of special interest. The hero, while full of a life and vigor that render him abundantly able to take care of himself in his perilous adventures, is manly, true, and clean throughout, rendering the book wholesome as well as thrilling.

[LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, Mass.]



A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

SUITOR: I fear it is a great presumption on my part, sir, to aspire to your daughter's hand, as I only keep a shop.

HER FATHER: That does not matter, young man; the question is, does the shop keep you?—*Exchange*.

THE ARTFUL DODGER.

"Grandpa," said Kathleen, very seriously, "I want to ask your advice."

"Yes, darling. What is it?" asked the old gentleman.

"I want to know what you think it will be best for you to give me on my birthday."—*Tit-Bits*.

REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

Tears are more powerful with a lover than a club can ever hope to be with a husband.

A man who expects to do all his wife's thinking might as well marry a fool.

Married women will sob out their unhappiness on a girl's shoulder, and the next week ask her why she doesn't get married.

Womankind suffers from three delusions: marriage will reform a man, a rejected lover is heart-broken for life, and if the other woman were only out of the way he would come back.

A man will make a comrade of the woman who stimulates him to higher achievement; he will love the one who makes herself a mirror for his vanity.—*Myrtle Reed in Judge*.

NATURALLY.

MRS. YOUNGLOVE: These women who write about how husbands should be managed—do you suppose they manage their husbands any better than we do?

MRS. ELDERS: Do I? Why, pshaw, child! don't you know they haven't any husbands?—*Brooklyn Life*.

HARD-EARNED LAURELS.

"I understand that our friend now rejoices in the title of Colonel."

"Yes," replied Major Mott, rather disparagingly; "but he had to go to war to get it."—*Washington Star*.

"I asked her if she thought she could learn to love me. She said she couldn't, because she was already studying Spanish and learning to swim."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"We girls have been slumming."

"Yes?"

"Such dreadful poverty! We discovered a family whose bicycles had had no repairs whatever for more than a week."—*Detroit Journal*.

MRS. SPOOKS: Spooks said it was as much as his life was worth to go into that museum; and I guess he was right.

MRS. SNOOKS: What was the admission?

MRS. SPOOKS: A dime.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

A STORMY RUSH.

When fathers jump up and they holler,

"Here, Jim! you rascal, you scamp!"

And hustle you round by the collar,

And waggle their canes and stamp,

You can laugh right out at the riot—

They like to be sassed and dared;

But when they say, "James," real quiet—

Oo—oo—that's the time to be scared!

—*St. Nicholas*.

SPOILED HIS CANDIDACY.

MRS. BARRENLANDS (*in Kansas*): So you got the nomination for the Legislature? I thought Thistlefields was workin' hard for it.

BARRENLANDS: He was, but I took a lung-tester right into the caucus and challenged him to a contest on the thing. That settled his case. Why, that feller couldn't blow a candle out without gettin' within two feet of it.—*Judy*.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

AUTHOR: Supposing this play should turn out a success?

ACTOR: I will pay you, and give it out that I am the author.

AUTHOR: Supposing that it should fall flat?

ACTOR: You will be the author.

AUTHOR: Supposing it should do neither one nor the other?

ACTOR: The good things will be mine, and the bad ones yours.—*Harlem Life*.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

How oft deluded people are,

And have been since the fall.

It's the man who really knows the least

That thinks he knows it all,

And the girl who thinks she sings the best

Whose voice is but a squall.

—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.



"THE YARN OF THE YAMPA," by E. L'H. McGinnis. Illustrated.

Mr. McGinnis was fortunate in many things. He made the last Transatlantic trips in the world-famed yacht *Yampa* before she was purchased by the Emperor of Germany as a birthday gift to his consort; he made phenomenal passages in her across the Atlantic and back; he saw the cities of Hamburg, Stockholm, St. Petersburg and Moscow, Madeira and the West Indian Islands, under exceptionally pleasant circumstances. He has told the story in a way that all fellow yachtsmen and travelers will appreciate, and he has enriched the yarn with the product of a very ably managed camera.

[OUTING PUBLISHING CO., N. Y.]

"THE GOLFING PILGRIM ON MANY LINKS," by Horace G. Hutchinson.

Mr. Hutchinson's intimate acquaintance with the links of the world, his accurate knowledge of the game and its characteristic devotees, and his pleasant and facile pen, mark him as a worthy chronicler of the sport he loves so well and has done so much to popularize. Pilgrims the world over will thank him for gathering together these bright and entertaining sketches.

[Imp. by CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, N. Y.]

"FLASHLIGHTS ON NATURE," by Grant Allen, author of "The Story of the Plant," etc. Illustrated by Frederick Enock.

As a novelist Grant Allen has many rivals. As a student of natural history under the microscope, and a writer who can transmute science into popular and interesting articles, he has scarce a competitor. In text and illustration Mr. Allen's "Flashlights on Nature" will enhance his reputation, and afford pleasant and instructive matter for thousands to whom original investigation is, by force of circumstances, almost forbidden. It is a book for the million, and it is one of the volumes that will be sent on approval postpaid to any address by the publishers.

[DOUBLEDAY & McCLURE Co., N. Y.]

"A HISTORY OF ART FOR CLASSES, ART STUDENTS AND TOURISTS IN EUROPE," by Wm. Henry Goodyear, M. A., Curator of Archaeology and Fine Arts in the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

That this history of art has reached its eighth edition speaks more than words in its favor as a tried and trusted exponent of the elements and principles of the allied arts of architecture, sculpture, painting and music. It is clear, accurate, and precise in its information, and beautifully illustrated.

[A. S. BARNES & Co., N. Y.]

"IN NATURE'S IMAGE," chapters on pictorial photography, by W. I. Lincoln Adams. Illustrated.

Encouraged by the cordial reception given to his previous volume, entitled "Sunlight and Shadow," W. I. Lincoln Adams has supplemented that work, principally written and illustrated from the standpoint of out-of-door subjects, by the more interesting and more advanced work of figure composition and portraiture and still life. His subjects are well chosen, his text is instructive, and his illustrations are gems of photographic art. The world of the amateur photographer is under obligations for the lucid text and the admirable specimens, which do really more than the professed aim of the artists and author. "Hold the mirror up to nature." They idealize it and show that the line between photography and art has disappeared.

[THE BAKER & TAYLOR Co., N. Y.]

"REMINGTON'S FRONTIER SKETCHES," by Frederic Remington.

The title "sketches" for this beautiful set of finished water-color drawings is really a misnomer, to their detriment. They differ widely from the sketches which Mr. Remington supplies lavishly to the periodicals of the day, and are indeed a worthy record of the great master of the pictorial life of the plains. When the turbulent soul of the last Indian shall have passed to the Great Spirit, Remington's admirable pictures will abide, preserving for all time an unique likeness in a setting true to nature and worthy of the subject.

[THE WERNER Co., Chicago, Ill.]

"CANNON AND CAMERA—Sea and Land Battles of the Spanish-American War in Cuba, Camp Life and the Return of the Soldiers," described and illustrated by John C. Hemment, war artist at the front, with index and an introduction by W. I. Lincoln Adams.

At no period of photography has it had, in the national history of America, so important an opportunity as in the recent campaign. Few if any artists at the front had the opportunities which fell to the lot of Mr. Hemment, and fewer still had had the preliminary training to give them so masterful a control of the camera. The volume he has contributed to contemporary facts is a storehouse doubly welcome, from its artistic elegance and its perfect reliability. The camera has indeed become a most important news agent in stirring times, and an implement without which no correspondent can be said to be completely outfitted. When the camera is operated by so skillful and experienced a hand as Mr. Hemment's, it becomes more than a record, it passes into the region of art. "Cannon and Camera" will settle many a knotty point and become the index upon which contemporaries will rely and the historian in future generations will draw.

[D. APPLETON & Co., N. Y.]



THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY-MATCH.

When the snowy flakes are falling on the city pavements wide
 And a drift's accumulating on the fence's windward side,
 When within your cozy parlor there's a fire and ruddy glow,
 And the holly berries mingle with the clinging mistle-toe,
 When the children hang their stockings, and expectant creep to bed,
 You smoke your pipe and linger o'er a memory that's dead,
 And while you're softly puffing you are dreaming in the gloam
 Of a turkey-match on Christmas in the old wood-lot at home.

'Tis a memory of the country in the winters long ago;
 You seem to see the rabbit-tracks a-dimple in the snow,
 The bare limbs of the maples, as you polish up your gun,
 And scores of noisy snowbirds, all astir to see the fun.
 The range was sixty paces, and the field was free for all,
 The weapons—anything with sights that carried patch and ball,
 And boys for miles around joined in, their hearts as light as foam,
 The turkey-match on Christmas in the old wood-lot at home.

There were rifles long and slender, there were rifles short and thick,
 With very battered stocks on which some knife had left a nick,
 There were Springfields fresh from duty on the fields of '65,
 There were old Kentucky rifles such as Boone used, when alive.
 But youth is past; you're mingling in the busy marts and ways,
 There's nothing in the city like the old-time holidays,
 And you'd barter fame, position, just a boy to backward roam
 To a turkey-match on Christmas in the old wood-lot at home.

ROY FARRELL GREENE.

TOO MUCH FAMILIAR BREEDS DESPISE.

NEIGHBOR: Did that artist who boarded with you paint your doors and windows?

FARMER: He did not. At first he refused to do such common work, and after I had seen one of his pictures I refused to let him do it.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"AND ALL UNCHARITABLENESS."

MRS. PRESSLEY: Mrs. Bingle says her husband has kissed her regularly every morning and every evening during the fourteen years of their married life.

MR. PRESSLEY: I have often wondered what gave him that expression of settled melancholy.—*Chicago News*.

AN UNKIND CUT.

MAUDE: Funny what curious eyes some people have. I showed my new photograph to the Nellisons to-day. He said it was awfully pretty, and she said it didn't look a bit like me.

EDITH: So it seems that husband and wife can think alike, doesn't it?—*Boston Transcript*.

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL.

The great beauty about the political incubator is that it gives every customer a majority of chickens.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

THE SOFT PEDAL.

"What a little drum-major that band has!" remarked Miss Gaswell. "He is a mere boy." "A drum-minor, so to speak," added Miss Dukane.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

FATHER USED TO MAKE.

Said a young and tactless husband
 To his inexperienced wife,
 "If you would but give up leading
 Such a fashionable life,
 And devote more time to cooking—
 How to mix, and when to bake—
 Then, perhaps, you might make pastry
 Such as mother used to make."

And the wife, resenting, answered
 (For the worm will turn, you know):
 "If you would but give up horses
 And a score of clubs or so,
 To devote more time to business—
 When to buy and what to stake—
 Then, perhaps, you might make money
 Such as father used to make."

—*The Schoharie Republican, in Life*.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

EDYTHE: Mamma says that my ancestors lived in castles and palaces. Did yours?

POLLY: I only have one aunt's sister, and that's my mamma.—*Judge*.



OUR THEATRICAL PLAYGROUND.

IN "The Head of the Family," at the Knickerbocker, Mr. Crane has found a part suitable to the versatility of his genius. It is an old subject and in reality an old play, but has been newly and judiciously made over from the German by Clyde Fitch and Leo Dietrichstein, and in a new form presents the old problem of a professor who has let the reins of the family coach slip through his hands until the happiness of his daughter and her impulsive and jealous husband has come nigh to wrecking. There is a judicious mixture of comedy and tragedy, which in one scene brings out to the best advantage the powerful side of Mr. Crane's capacity. In the result, peace and right triumph, of course. The lighter side of life is pleasantly sketched in the professor's effective cure of his young daughter's stage craze. It is not always so easy to disabuse budding ambition that it has chosen a wrong vocation. The play is well staged and all around is well acted.

* * *

ARTHUR W. PINERO is always to be relied on to do dramatic justice to his theme, and the stock company interpreting "Trelawny of the Wells," at the Lyceum, to give him a worthy interpretation. *Trelawny* is the title of an actress, and "The Wells" is the name of an historical old playhouse dear to the memory of old London playgoers. *Trelawny* in the course of her dramatic career has an offer of marriage from a man of social distinction, but its consummation has to be postponed whilst she goes on probation into his set. The restraint of the position becomes irksome, and she goes back to the stage in the provinces. Her fiancé, too, goes into the profession. They meet by accident, and the deferred wedding becomes an accomplished fact. All this is very simple everyday matter, yet in the wizard hands of playwright and actors it becomes idealized. Mary Mannering was *Rose Trelawny*, gentle, sweet and engaging, ably supported by Mrs. Walcot, Miss Tyree, Hilda Spong and Mrs. Whiffen. Among the male actors are such standards as Charles Walcot, Edward J. Morgan, George J. Boniface, Wm. Courtleigh, Charles W. Butler, Grant Stewart and Henry Woodruff.

* * *

MAY IRWIN, the Bijou, and light comedy, with a strong musical tinge, are inseparable, and a perpetual metropolitan feature. It matters little around what this popular actress strings her mirthful numbers, they always find

responsive audiences. This year it is "Kate Kip, Buyer," on the bills, but it is May Irwin in her admirers' hearts. *Kate Kip's* adventures are an assurance that there is one stage on which negro melodies are still appreciated, and the combination is one likely to satisfy metropolitan audiences through the greater part of the winter. Miss Irwin's new crop of ballads are "I've got him dead," "Ef you ain't got no money you needn't come 'roun'," "I ain't got nuffin' for him to do," and "Off ag'in, on ag'in, gone ag'in," which all go with their old-time zest. Perennial youth seems the attribute of both the actor and her chosen line of characters.

* * *

"A DANGEROUS MAID," at the Casino, is far from dangerous to the popularity of the house. It is from the German, but the facile pen of Sydney Rosenfeld has enlarged it to musical and extraordinary dimensions. That it is near its fiftieth performance testifies that it is appreciated. Extravaganza within limits is a change in a season largely devoted to more serious themes, and those who wish to while away an evening amidst the lighter frivolities will find entertainment in "A Dangerous Maid."

* * *

ENGLISH opera at popular prices, at the American, is well into its second season of undiminished success. Good singing and nearly weekly change of bill, varied by so phenomenal a success as the "Bohème," have proved the existence of a large demand for sterling operas in English. "The Bohemian Girl" has its 350th performance in English on Christmas Eve. In the week following, Wallace's "Lurline" will be given as a holiday production. It is a healthy sign of the times that the rank and file demands and supports the high musical plane maintained throughout at the American.

* * *

It was inevitable that the play adapted from Marie Corelli's "Sorrows of Satan," which has had so phenomenal a transatlantic run, should make its appearance at the Broadway. The plot bears on the wiles of Satan. It does not treat on Theosophy, but is intensely interesting, and makes up a production that admits of every possibility for effects. The "Sorrows of Satan" was first produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre in London, where its success was great. The production here is staged and produced by Messrs. A. H. Chamberlyn and Ben Teal, and under the general direction of Mr. F. M. Chapman.

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Solid Gold, \$20.00.
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E. Howard, Waltham and Elgin Watches.

20 PER CENT. LESS THAN WHOLESALE LIST PRICE.

ODDS AND ENDS.

PORTO RICO has one gift for the American, especially seasonable, and that is a cigar made by hand from its choicest tobacco. T. H. Lucke & Co., of Court street, Cincinnati, will send on receipt of \$1 one hundred Lucke's rolls, a stock equal in favor to the costliest Vuelta.

THE ardent golfer, especially the young, will hail with delight the winter diversion of "Wood's Parlor Golf," played with all the features of the field game. It is manufactured by the Parlor Golf Company, of Chicago, and will be the popular winter indoor game. One may play against the mythical Colonel Bogey, two against each other, or four, two on each side. It is a great parlor game. Get it.

THE patrons of the National Sewing Machine Co., who will shortly be preparing to inspect their celebrated Eldredge Belvidere Bicycle, will please note the company's removal to 898 Broadway, New York. In their new and commodious storerooms old friends and new will find a superlatively fine selection of the Eldredge tandems, the Eldredge Lady Diamond, the Eldredge Special and the Belvideres at prices ranging from \$60 to \$40. It will be prudent to send for and study specifications.

It is in the nature of public news to notice the approaching removal of Wm. Knabe & Co., the well-known pianoforte makers, to their magnificent new warerooms at the corner of Twentieth street and Fifth avenue, New York. In their present stock, at 148 Fifth avenue, are some bargains, slightly used, worth inspection.

THE aborigines, who knew nature better than we do, alleged confidently that nature had for every bane provided its own antidote. Buffalo Lithia Water is a standing example of the truth of their conclusion, testified to by the best known and most advanced scientists of to-day. Send for the company's illustrated handbook to the Buffalo Lithia Spring, Virginia.

AFORETIME the secrets of the make of best liqueurs was mainly jealously guarded by the monastic orders. American industry and ingenuity have made their manufacture possible, and in certain lines bettered their instructors. The Eagle Brand of Liqueurs of Cincinnati are unexcelled, and some of them unique. Twelve assorted bottles make a reliable and acceptable holiday gift.

PREVENTION is better than cure. It is better to fend off a cold than to master it. To keep the body nurtured with strength-givers is the safest method, and herein Liebig's Extract of Beef is invaluable. Fortified by a quickly made cup of this, travelers have an insurance against climatic changes, drafts and other winter risks, beyond price. It is economical, always ready, and procurable of all grocers and druggists.

THE Sanitas Company, Limited, who have done so much to make the rearing and showing of animals and birds healthy and pleasant, have brought out a new preparation in the shape of a Sanitas embrocation. We are not surprised to hear that it has already established its reputation amongst hospitals and private individuals. The company understands its business, and is ever on the lookout for reliable remedies.

THE Remington Cycle Company have announced that they are preparing for an in-

creased manufacture of the Remington Standard Bicycles, during the season of 1899, at prices ranging from \$50 to \$25. The well-known standard of the wheels which bear the shield of the Remington will be maintained.

THE Parker Gun, in the hands of Master Guy Grigsby, of Louisville, Ky. (the thirteen-year-old wonder of the shooting world), is entitled to special mention. Master Guy won the Kentucky Futurity, a fifty live bird match, at the Kentucky Gun Club Grounds, November 24th, 1898, with 49 kills and one dead out of bounds. He killed 44 straight, losing his fifth bird dead out, hit hard with both barrels. He also won the Nelson County Fair Handicap, score, 14 out of 15. On November 18th, in another match, he killed 18 straight, all he shot at. On November 23d he won the Club gold button, killing 10 straight. Master Guy is small of his age, weighing seventy-five pounds, and has always shot the Parker Gun. He uses a 12 bore, 28-in. "Titanic Steel" barrel gun, weighing 7½ pounds, and in the Futurity had a twenty-five-yard handicap. He says the Parker Gun is correctly named the Old Reliable.

MESSRS. WM. W. HART & Co., the well-known Taxidermists of 47 East Twelfth street, have every reason for feeling triumphant over their showing at the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition at Omaha, Neb. The firm has just received the diploma of award of the gold medal for the finest exhibit of taxidermy, mounted mammals, game heads and mounted fur rugs. Hart & Co. win by scientific and correct work, such as sportsmen appreciate, and the firm has an unbroken record of victories. One of the firm's most highly prized possessions is a silver medal, of small intrinsic value, cast by the American Institute Society as a special award.



W. R. CROSBY.

out of 380; at Peoria State shoot, 96 out of 100, and won State championship, scoring 98 live birds straight; at Batavia, N. Y., 203 targets out of 205, and of the last 2,000 targets shot at he has averaged 90 per cent. He shoots a "Baker" 8-pound, twelve-gauge, and his fine showing proves what this excellent trap and field gun can do.

THE genuine shooting qualities of the "New Baker" gun, manufactured by the Baker Gun and Forging Co., of Batavia, N. Y., have been finely illustrated by the trap-records of W. R. Crosby during the past season. At St. Louis he broke 148 targets out of 155; at Freeburg, Ill., 132 out of 135; at Alton, Ill., 361

PLEASURE, TRAVEL AND RESORT.

THE winter cruises of the magnificent vessels of the Hamburg-American Line have taken their place permanently in the procession of the season, and there is no wonder who would not wish to leave New York on the 26th of January and hie them eastward on one of these floating palaces, to Madeira and Gibraltar, thence across to Algiers, to Genoa, Villefranche (Nice), Syracuse (Sicily), Malta, Alexandria (Cairo and the Pyramids), Jaffa (Jerusalem, the Jordan and Dead Sea), Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, Palermo, Naples, Genoa, and return to New York in time for the tulips and the best of the year's home delights.

BETWEEN New York and Washington the Baltimore and Ohio Royal Limited reduces travel to an absolute assurance in speed and punctuality, and makes the five hours' journey a pleasure to pass. Its parlor, dining and café, and smoking cars are equal to any hotel in quality of goods and in service, and moderate in charge withal.

OLD POINT COMFORT is a name to conjure with, and a visit to the Hotel Chamberlin, overlooking Hampton Roads, the rendezvous of the United States Navy, does not belie the suggestion of the local title. It is one of the most luxuriously appointed hotels in the South, fitted with every convenience for fresh or salt water bathing. The climate is tempered by the Gulf Stream, and Old Point Comfort at the Chamberlin is comfort in deed as well as name.

THE Californian Limited over the Santa Fé route leaves Chicago and Los Angeles alternately three times a week each, namely, every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. The train leaving Chicago at 8 P. M. reaches Los Angeles at 1:50 P. M. the third day following, six hours earlier than ever heretofore, and the return is equally fast. No extra charge is made, but only first-class passengers holding Pullman accommodations are carried. The service is perfect.

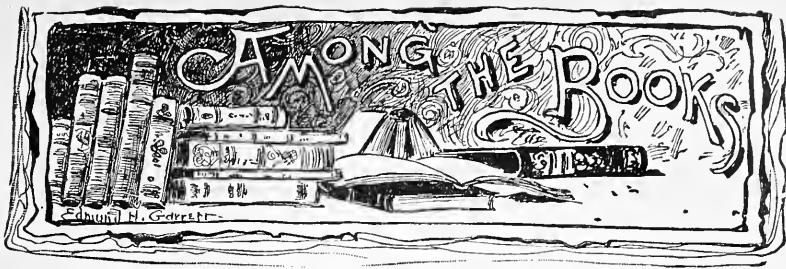
"SHOOTING AND FISHING IN THE SOUTH," just published by the Southern Railway, tells hunters where to go for deer, bear, quail, snipe and duck shooting. Copies mailed to your address upon receipt of two cents. And those in search of "Winter Homes in the South" will find valuable a booklet just published by the Southern Railway and ready for distribution, which tells you of the thousands of places where you can go to spend the winter. A list of hotels and homes that will entertain guests during the winter months shows where board can be had for from \$10 per month up to \$100 per month. For full information call on or address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, New York.

AIKEN, AUGUSTA, FLORIDA, CUBA AND CALIFORNIA.—All of these popular winter resorts are reached by the Southern Railway upon the quickest schedules and the most perfect service ever offered the traveler seeking a mild climate to spend the winter. Double daily fast trains are operated every day in the year, giving dining-car service. Through Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars from New York to Augusta (connection at Trenton for Aiken), Nashville, New Orleans, Memphis and Tampa. Commencing January 16, 1899, the third train,

known as the New York and Florida Limited, will resume service, and will be operated solid between New York and St. Augustine, composed exclusively of dining, library, observation, compartment and drawing-room sleeping cars. Special annex state and drawing-room sleeping cars leave New York every Tuesday and Saturday for New Orleans, where connections are made with the "Sunset Limited" for the Pacific Coast. On December 4th the East Coast Steamship Company inaugurate their twice-a-week service between Miami and Havana direct, making connections with the United States fast mail trains of the Southern Railway. The inauguration of the new steamship service shortens the time between New York and Havana. For full particulars, etc., call on or address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, New York.

THE WEST SHORE RAILROAD, ever alert to keep in the foremost ranks, has established a system on its line whereby passengers arriving or departing from its West Forty-second street terminal, New York City, are supplied with cab, hansom, coach or omnibus, as they may see fit to order. Westcott Express messengers are now on all through trains, to sell tickets and engage such vehicles as passengers may desire. New York City has been divided into six districts, each district having its own number and its own rates, in accordance with the kind of vehicle ordered and the number of passengers that the vehicle will carry; that is to say, District No. 1 will comprise all of the territory bounded by Twenty-third street on the south, East River on the east, Fiftieth street on the north and Hudson River on the west. The rate for cab for one or two persons to any point in this district will be 75c.; for a coach holding one to four persons, \$1.25. The Second District is the territory north of Fiftieth street to Seventy-second street, and on the south from Twenty-third street to Tenth street. The rates in these territories are 25c. higher than in District No. 1. The other districts are bounded in like manner and the rates proportionately higher. This new cab and carriage service will be maintained in first-class order, and it is the aim of the management to make it prompt and efficient. The vehicles are new and handsome in design, and are of the most modern construction. The wheels are equipped with rubber tires, thus insuring freedom from noise and jars incident to the old-style coupé. Passengers can rely upon the most careful service from the Westcott agents and their liveried drivers.

CHICAGO and New York and Boston, the centers of the East and West, are so inter-related, commercially, that the comfort and speed of the connecting train service is one on which more than the usual interest centers. The peerless trio of expresses, daily sent over the Nickel Plate Line, are unexcelled. The dining-car service and ventilated sleeping-cars enable the traveler to economize time and strength to the highest degree, and the rates are low. Particular attention is paid to the procuring of tickets from any station on the Nickel Plate Line to any station in the United States, Mexico or Canada.



"THE MANUAL OF THE CANVAS CANOE," and its construction, by F. R. Webb (The Commodore). Illustrated.

Practical and practicable are the two words that sum up this manual on the building of the canvas canoe. The methods of construction can be applied to almost any other model, but the main intention is to describe two models designed for cruising on swift, shallow streams, where only the paddle is used, and where small bulk and ease of handling are prime considerations.

[FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., N. Y.]

"FORTUNA," a story of Wall street, by James Blanchard Clews.

Mr. Clews, the author of this work, is one of the well-known Wall street bankers of that name, and a recognized authority on financial affairs, besides being a writer of considerable note on topics relating thereto. Under the above title he has written a financial story which embraces finance, politics, and love. Being a Wall street story the Stock Exchange and the dealings thereon naturally figure prominently and speculations from every standpoint are freely discussed—the author contending that practically everyone in business, from the farmer to the merchant, is subjected to the vicissitudes of chance or risk, and that even life itself is not exempt. Mention is also made of the humorous incidents connected with a broker's initiation into the New York Stock Exchange. Some prominence is given to the proposed Panama and Nicaragua canals as financial projects, and to the relations of England to Ireland and Canada—ruler and ruled—and the possibility of the last country some day becoming annexed to the United States. It is a book that presents a good opportunity for readers, who do not like dry reading, to become familiar with financial affairs without wading through a mass of confusing statistics.

[J. S. OGILVIE PUB. CO., N. Y.]

"CROOKED TRAILS," written and illustrated by Frederic Remington.

Mr. Remington is more than the Fenimore Cooper of the West, for, to a power of close observation and vivid verbal description, he has the capacity to depict pictorially with Hogarthian exactness. His works are perhaps the only satisfying mirror of several of the most remarkable, and certainly the most picturesque, phases of national life. The buffalo and the war-trail of the Indian, the men and methods of the cattle-lifters of the borders, the early mail-carriers, and many pioneer characteristics have even now become remote and restricted. They will live for the future ages in the series of works of which "Crooked Trails" is the latest, but, it is to be hoped, not the last.

[HARPER & BROS., N. Y.]

ONE of the handsomest books of the year is "Wild Animals I Have Known," by that sterling artist, Ernest Seton Thompson. If Mr. Thompson errs at all in this work, the error is upon the rather unusual side of giving the purchaser more for his money than he is entitled to. And there is a story behind this book, which the author frankly states in his introduction. An artist is not necessarily a practical man, and in this case Mr. Thompson owes much to his clever wife. Grace Gallatin Thompson has left the imprint of her dainty fingers over a work which will succeed, as it deserves to. If a house divided must fall, so shall a united house stand, and in this case we shall fairly halve the honors. The book is a good one, and it is embellished with 200 sketches by one of the most clever of American delineators of wild life.

[CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York.]

"HERMANN, THE MAGICIAN; HIS LIFE AND HIS SECRETS," by H. J. Burlingame. Illustrated.

To the student of psychology, the man of the world seeking relaxation, or the schoolboy seeking wonders, Mr. Burlingame's book offers interesting data. Himself familiarly acquainted with all the mechanical contrivances used, and acquainted intimately with the great masters of magic, he has gathered together a fund of biographical knowledge and anecdote that fall to the lot of few men to acquire, whilst his explanations and illustrations enable the amateur to go far by himself on the road of mystification, of which Hermann, the Magician, was the High Priest. [LAIRD & LEE, Chicago, Ill.]

"ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES IN NORTHERN EUROPE," by Charles F. King, author of "The Land We Live In," "This Continent of Ours," etc. Cloth, illustrated.

In this beautifully illustrated volume the author gives an account of the travels of the Cartmell family through Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Russia. Great Britain, being so closely connected with our country by language, history, and ancestry, possessed unusual attractions for them, and they spent nearly a year in visiting that country. They are natural travelers in search of the beautiful, the interesting, and the wonderful, their great object in journeying being pleasure and education. The work is written in the narrative form, and no effort has been spared to have the information given correct and up to date, so that the book may be a safe guide to travelers. The illustrations, of which there are 238, are half-tones reproduced from photographs. A list of the best books to be consulted, as well as a list of poems connected with the places described, is given at the close of the volume.

[LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, Mass.]



GERMAN PHILOSOPHY.

Der man vot blows der mosd doan'd always vas apke to raise der vind. Ain'd id vonderful how birds uf a fedder vill not flock togedder ven a man he is ouid gunning?—Some young mens sdard ouid to be prodigal sons, bud dey gedds tvisted, und id durns ouid dot dey are blaying der calf.—*Baltimore American.*

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

Miss Maude Rondebush, the grand-opera singer who was upon the wrecked *Mohegan*, says, "I am alive to-day simply through the fact that my voice had been trained and I understood how to make my cries for help heard at a distance." Maude evidently had had experience with high C's before.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Mrs. TIPTOP: I am sorry you were not at my reception last evening.

Mrs. HIGHUP (coldly): I received no invitation.

Mrs. TIPTOP (with affected surprise): Indeed? It must have miscarried. I had among my guests three foreign counts.

Mrs. HIGHUP: So that is where they were? I desired to engage them last evening to wait on the table at our theatre-party supper, but the employment agent told me they were out.—*New York Weekly.*

WHERE BOSTON'S OFF.

The Boston *Transcript* says that if the missing link were a golf-link it wouldn't be missed.

HE KNEW.

KINDERGARTEN TEACHER: Tommy, when both hands are up, what time is it?

TOMMY (*son of a prize-fighter*): It's time to undercut.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

SUITOR: I fear it is a great presumption on my part, sir, to aspire to your daughter's hand, as I only keep a shop.

HER FATHER: That does not matter, young man; the question is, does the shop keep you?—*Exchange.*

"Grandpa," said Kathleen, very seriously, "I want to ask your advice."

"Yes, darling. What is it?" asked the old gentleman.

"I want to know what you think it will be best for you to give me on my birthday."—*Tit-Bits.*

REFUSED TO RISE.

Mr. LAWHEAD: Why do you treat me so coldly? Why didn't you answer the note I wrote you last Thursday?

Miss BRUSHLEY: Sir, I don't wish to have anything more to say to you. You began your note by saying you "thought you would drop me a line." I want you to understand that I'm not a fish.—*Chicago News.*

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

FIRST ELMIRAN: How's your boy Zeke gettin' along down in Noo York?

SECOND ELMIRAN: Waal, I hain't heard from him in a long time; but I guess he's gone into the noospaper business, 'coz I read in the paper that he wuz correspondent in a big lawsuit down there.—*Binghamton Times.*

THE SNUB DIRECT.

"But can't you learn to love me?" persisted the wrong man.

She shook her head gently.

"I've learned a good many difficult things," she replied, "but they have always been things that I wanted to learn."—*Life.*

IT IS TRUE, TOO!

WILY MONEY-LENDER: You want one hundred pounds. Here's the money. I charge you five per cent. a month. And you want it for a year; that just leaves forty pounds coming to you.

INNOCENT BORROWER: Then if I wanted it for two years there'd be something coming to you, eh?—*Judy.*

NOTHING ESCAPES HER.

She's such a desperate little flirt

That I believe she'd try
To get up a flirtation with
A rain-beau in the sky.

—*Judge.*



OUR THEATRICAL PLAYGROUND.

"NATHAN HALE," by Clyde Fitch, at the Knickerbocker, marks a turn in the tide in the dramas depicting phases of the military life of the nation. Of recent years these have run mainly in the South and of the period of the sixties. "Nathan Hale" transports us to the earlier struggle for liberty in the North. It is timely, and, at a period when the stage is likely to be invaded with scenes from our more recent military operations, it is wholesome to remember that there were heroes before Hobson, to whom came, indeed, the martyr's crown. Hale's pathetic and patriotic story is too well known to need explanation. It is only needful to say that the author has, for good dramatic reasons, introduced some characters not altogether historical. He will be readily forgiven, for no more delightful sweetheart for *Nathan* could have been delineated than the one Mr. Fitch has evolved from the little schoolmarm of New London. The whole story of his courtship and self-sacrifice for his country is simply and graphically told, and is interpreted by Nat Goodwin as *Nathan Hale*, and Maxine Elliott as the heroine, in a manner highly creditable, and, to many of the former's old friends, surprising indeed. "Nathan Hale" should become one of the standards of the American drama. It has elevated both the dramatist and the actor to a welcome plane higher than either has hitherto occupied. From the rise of the curtain when, as a schoolmaster, *Nathan* woos and wins his fascinating pupil, to the final scene of his passing in the sunlit orchard of Long Island, it holds the audience with interest and rings with the truest sentiment and highest patriotism.

THE GARRICK, in "Zaza," has a play which will be the talk of the town, indeed of many a town for many a day, by reason, not only of the dramatic skill with which Mr. Belasco has wrought the French material, but from the revelation of the great actress into which Mrs. Leslie Carter has developed. Intensity and pathos we had learned to expect from her by reason of her previous efforts, but the versatility and depth of feeling with which she envelops the impersonation of *Zaza* were scarcely to be expected. Nor does she owe any of her success to the attributes of the character. On the other hand, the conditions surrounding a frivolous music-hall artiste of not too scrupulous morality are of a nature to raise a prejudice which only the author's skillful ending, in which he has departed from the French original, and the superb personality with which the actress has redeemed the situation, could save. The woman is forgotten in the powerful delineation of her redemption, and pity is followed by a higher emotion. It is not given to every actress to be able to raise such a character from

the prejudice into the region of compassion, and when one is found who can elevate it to the sphere of ecstatic sympathy, it premises the possession of the highest dramatic talent. The comparisons, freely indulged in, with Sarah Bernhardt and Duse were not exaggerated. Mrs. Leslie Carter has taken her place amongst the strongest and most able dramatic artists of the day. She has waited long and worked hard for her high position, but she has attained it.

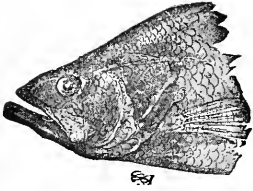
"THAT MAN," the new farce comedy, written by Mme. Vivanti Chartres, which Mrs. A. M. Palmer presents at the Herald Square Theatre, carries us back to the day of "The Pink Dominoes" for its equal.

The central theme of the comedy rests upon a man who, coming to New York, without friends, without money or prospects of any kind, hits upon a novel method of earning a livelihood. He is drawn in contact with several families, whose husbands have reached the neglectful state, and insist on spending more time abroad than at home. Jealousy on the part of the wives is the natural result, and *That Man* at once jumps into the breach and poses as one who comforts neglected wives and guarantees to arouse jealousy in the husbands. All the entanglements and misunderstandings that arise from this condition of things are most humorous.

OLGA NETHERSOLE is presenting at Wallack's a budget of favorites, beginning with "The Termagant" and including the much-criticised "Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "Camille" and "The Power of Wealth." In so wide a field there must needs be diversity of judgment, but at the same time there is variety enough to satisfy all the various admirers of Olga Nethersole's undoubted ability.

At the Garden, Viola Allen continues her successful career in Hall Caine's "The Christian," and the fact that the standing order is that tickets are on sale for performances yet six weeks ahead, is sufficient indication that she has yet a mine of patronage on which to draw that bids fair to carry "The Christian" through the entire season.

PANTOMIME at Drury Lane, its London traditional home, has pushed from the boards one of the most successful of the season's plays, "The Great Ruby." London's loss is New York's gain, for Mr. Daly has secured the exclusive American rights of the strange adventures of "The Great Ruby," together with all the scenery, furniture and effects that helped to illustrate the play. The whole of his excellent company is required for its rendition, and when that is said, enough has been said to assure the most perfect representation of any play, whatever its inherent merits may be.



“Every True Lover of Angling

knows that the pleasure it brings with it does not end with the day's sport," but lingers in memory to charm many an idle moment. Thus do angling sketches revive time-sweetened memories, and the fisherman who has the most complete angling library, enjoys the greater number of happy days away from the mossy-banked stream or sylvan lake.

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will satisfy the appetite of all who fish for sport. In its 29th volume. If you have not seen a late issue of *The Angler*, send for sample copy, and at the same time let us have a list of your friends who love a day with rod and creel, in order that we may mail them samples, and make this journal a veritable sportsman's rendezvous, where all may exchange each month their camp-fire stories.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

THROUGH THREE HUNDRED HANDS.

A BOTTLE of Pommery champagne passes through nearly three hundred different hands before it reaches the consumer. This gives some idea of the great care exercised in the manufacture of this celebrated champagne, which in all discriminating circles is accorded the choice as being the most delicate in flavor and finesse.

THAT good digestion may wait on appetite, and health on both, needs a digestive, nutritive, sedative, three qualifications united in the Eagle liqueurs, to be found at all the leading cafés and clubs. If they are not, or your dealer cannot supply them, write direct to Eagle Liqueur Distillers, Cincinnati, Ohio.

OF all the ills that flesh is heir to, none is more wearing to the nerves and the digestion than toothache. It is a boon to be able to provide against its interim ravages by the instant use of Dent's Toothache Gum. "A stitch in time saves nine," and this antiseptic gum acts like magic.

THE coming season of intense interest in matters aquatic will find many regretfully left in the lurch who have not had the precaution early in the season to provide themselves with the safe, simple and speedy naphtha launches of the Gas Engine and Power Co., of Morris Heights, N. Y. The company's capacities are extensive, but the season is rapidly approaching and it will be one of extraordinary demands.

THE Smith Premier Typewriter Co. are justified in their claim that the typewriter has been a veritable "Declaration of Independence" for women. Nature and educational technique had handicapped them in the race of life. The Smith Premier Typewriter has eliminated the difference, and opened the way to independence and self-support.

THE calendar crop is never short, as the post-office people will testify. We always get our share, and begin the new year with a great assortment, but the one we select "for keeps" is that of N. W. Ayer & Son, the keeping-ever-lastingly-at-it advertising men of Philadelphia. This one spends the whole year in our company. It is a piece of fine printing, but its good looks do not constitute its sole charm. It is clear and plain. Utility has been put first. He who seeks the date can find; he who writes may read. The matter on it interests more people every year, but the edition is limited. While it lasts, a copy can be obtained postpaid by sending 25 cents to the publishers.

SAILS that fit like paint to a post and last like their reputation are the product only of firms with experience. J. C. Goss & Co. have twenty-five years of it, and have rigged and made sails for the leading yachts of the great lakes. *The City of Straits, Two Step, Minerva, Frances A., Carrie B., Olive M., and Sultana*, all carried the canvas of this reliable firm.

If their garments are ill-fitting, grown-up people can complain and explain, but children are in these respects largely dependent upon our skill and care. It behooves everyone to select experts in make, fit, and material, and Best & Co., New York, answer this description. The Lilliputian Bazaar has the children's comfort especially in charge.

THERE is an old sign in possession of the Western Society of Engineers at Chicago, with the words "Harper's Ferry," painted in black, standing out as boldly as when they were first formed by the artist's brush, while the wood around the letters, which was painted with white paint, has worn away about one-sixteenth of an inch; and it is asserted by the owners that no paint manufactured nowadays is equal in durability to that which was applied on the old sign. Mr. Wm. Hooper, of Ticonderoga, N. Y., does not see anything specially remarkable in the preservation of the old sign, and claims there is just as good a paint nowadays as then. He adds: "Dixon's Graphite mixed with pure linseed oil, will last as long, or longer, than any other paint ever known of or used."

NEARLY every trotting-horse man in this country knows the noted breeder, trainer and driver H. C. Woodnutt, either personally or by reputation, and a large majority of them know of his "Monogram Horse Remedies." Those who do not will consult their own interests by referring to our advertising columns where his advertisement appears, and ordering a sample lot of his goods. They are used by nearly all the leading stock farms, large breeding stables, prominent trainers and drivers, as well as the police department of New York City and the fire department of the city of Brooklyn, and every one that has ever used them endorses them. Try a sample lot and satisfy yourself of their value.

THE limits of the field of the bicycle widen year by year. The latest developments are contrivances for utilizing its propelling power over snow and ice. These seasonable contrivances, made by the Ice-Bicycle Attachment Co., of Chicago, are thoroughly practicable, easily adjustable, and easily removed. By their means the cycle, instead of being relegated to the storehouse on the approach of winter, is made an active factor in the season's pleasures.

THE cultivation of country life by men of means is marked by the ever-increasing interest taken in the acquisition of cattle of the most perfect form and grace. These attributes are combined in the Sisson Jersey herd, of Potsdam, N. Y., with the richest dairy products. The product of this celebrated herd may be found in more than half the States.

SIMPLE, efficient, easily fixed, easily removed and stored away in the smallest space, the Whitely Exerciser has become a family necessity. No age is too young to master its use, and none too old not to benefit by it. Its elasticity, freedom from strain and complete subjection to the will of the user are the factors of its popularity.

PLEASURE, TRAVEL AND RESORTS.

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY makes remarkable performances by remarkable trains, and offers South-bound travelers very good and very fast train service to Aiken, Augusta, Brunswick, Jekyl Island, and Florida, by either one of two handsome through trains leaving New York daily at 4:20 P. M., and 12:15, night. "The New York and Florida Limited," one of the handsomest trains in the world, is now in service. It leaves New York daily, except Sunday, at 11:50 A. M., and reaches Augusta and Aiken early the next day, and St. Augustine in time for lunch, making the run of 1,029 miles in but little over twenty-four hours. A remarkable performance by a remarkable train! Full particulars, literature, reservations, etc., of A. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, New York.

The Southern Railway's service provides just the accommodation needful to meet the necessities of the coming winter, by its direct service to Havana, Cuba, in connection with the Pennsylvania Southern Railway, Florida Central, and Peninsular and Florida East Coast Railway. The efficient steamships, *Miami* and *Lincoln* will make twice-a-week trips to Havana, leaving Miami, Fla., on arrival of through limited trains from the East. The steamships of the Florida East Coast Steamship Company are magnificent specimens of the up-to-date passenger ship, with ample and luxurious accommodations, and perfect cuisine, and make the fastest time.

The service of the Florida East Coast Steamship Company to Nassau will run semi-weekly, except during February and March, when three ships a week will leave Miami for Nassau. The Key West service from Miami is three times a week, leaving Miami Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights, on arrival of day train from Jacksonville. The steamer *City of Key West*, which performs this latter-named service, is a magnificent side-wheel steamer, and the trip through the Florida Keys is one of great interest. For full particulars call on or address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, New York.

THE Eureka Springs of Kansas have either been endowed with supernatural powers or they exude one of the most remarkable natural water-cures the world has ever discovered. Easily reached in the Ozark Mountains by the Frisco line, in a climate that may have an effect as beneficial as the waters, they are the Mecca of thousands whose cures in some countries would be considered miraculous.

CALIFORNIA in three days seems little less than a dream, yet it is accomplished with the regularity of clockwork by the Chicago and Northwestern Railway's "Overland Limited," the pioneer line west and northwest of Chicago. It is a through-car route to the Pacific coast, departing daily at 10:30 A. M., without change to San Francisco. It is as luxurious as it is swift, punctual and safe.

GOOD wine needs no bush, and Raymond & Whitcomb's tours only need announcing to ensure cordial support. Their special vestibule trains, consisting of sleeping, dining, library

and observation cars, will leave the Eastern cities in February, March and April for California and the Pacific Coast (with stop-over privileges), the Rocky Mountain resorts, the Yosemite Valley, and the Yellowstone Park.

THE traffic between New York City and Boston, and Chicago, the business hives of the East and the West, is a matter of high moment to the commercial interests of the world. Quick time, low rates, safety and comfort are assured by the "Nickel Plate Line." It is well established, its service runs with automatic smoothness, and its management is as bright as its popular title, "Nickel Plate."

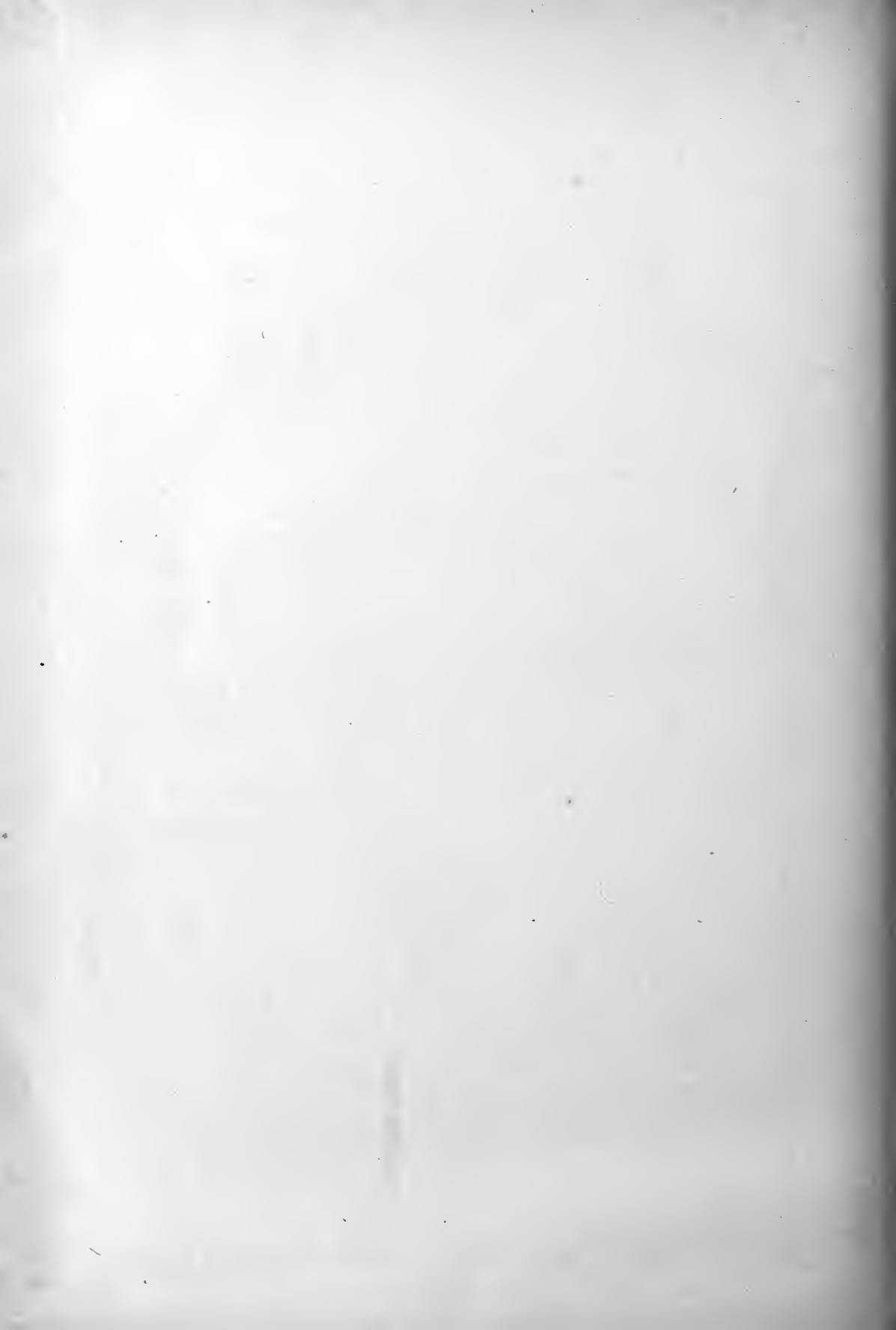
It is now possible to make the journey to Havana, Nassau, Santiago de Cuba, Vera Cruz, or any seaport in Cuba or on the Gulf of Mexico with all the comforts of home or a first-class hotel. James E. Ward & Co. are making a specialty of excursions to these points during the present season, and a tour to the tropics by such conveyance is a treat to the pleasure seeker and balm to the invalid.

WE have received, with pleasure, the very handsome calendar issued by the Grand Trunk Railway for 1899. A limited supply will be mailed free to those who apply to Mr. F. P. Dwyer, the Eastern agent of the company, at 273 Broadway, New York city. The calendar is well worth securing, as this road leads to the celebrated wilds of Muskoka, to the Haliburton region, and to the Georgian Bay—districts where thousands of sportsmen found pleasure during the season of 1898. The territory contiguous to the Grand Trunk Railway offers rare facilities to the sportsman, canoe and camper, which will not be overlooked when the season for a woodland holiday again swings round.

THE well-known taxidermists, Messrs. W. W. Hart & Co., of 47 East 12th street, this city, have lately received a couple of quite interesting and very large moose heads from Alaska. One head has a spread of 64¾ inches; length of palm, 36½ inches to outside of brow antler; circumference of beam just without the burr, 9 inches. The second head shows a spread of 65½ inches; length of palm, inside, 42 inches; beam, 8½ inches.

A GOOD mechanic may do fair work with poor tools, but when he is granted the best of tools he should do the best of work. Those who utilize the skates made famous by the brand of Barney & Berry, know that they are skating on blades which, in curve and edge, illustrate the best of modern workmanship. For easy, graceful movement, in intricate or simple figures, there is nothing better than the Barney & Berry. The champion skaters of the world have used this blade, and novices had best follow the experts.

CHAMPAGNE is freely sold in America. There are innumerable inferior brands, and many positively bad. Discriminating judges—those who enjoy champagne for its own sake, and fully appreciate its finer qualities—invariably pronounce Pommery an absolutely perfect wine.



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